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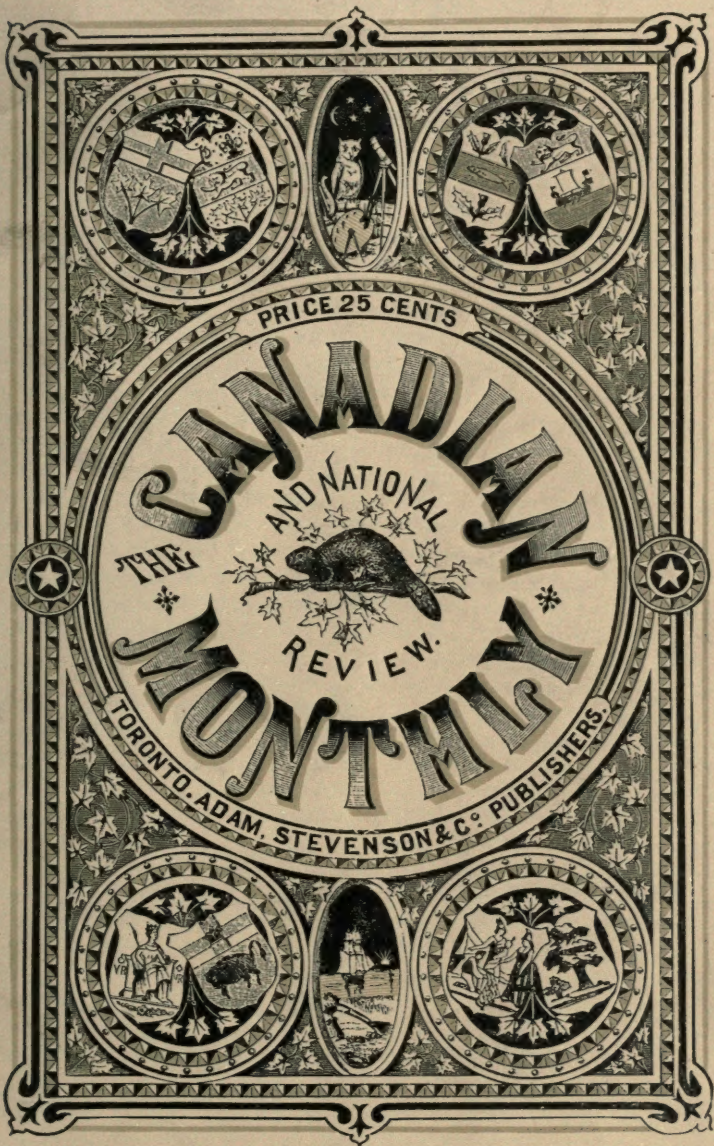

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THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

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VOL. I.] JANUARY, 1872. [No. 1.

INTRODUCTORY.

WHERE several attempts have failed, the success of a new attempt must always be doubtful. But it is hoped that the effort to give an organ, in the form of a periodical, to the intellectual life of Canada, is now made under better auspices than before. There has been of late a general awakening of national life, which has probably extended to the literary and scientific sphere: of the large number recently added to our population, the ordinary proportion may be supposed to be writers or readers; and special circumstances have favoured the present publishers inobtaining literary assistance in the conduct of their Magazine.

The plan of paying for all contributions, adopted by the present publishers, will, besides its more obvious advantages, secure them that perfect liberty of selection which could not be enjoyed by the managers periodicals conducted on the other system. The chief promoters of the enterprise feel t, at all events, the creation of a worthy iodical for Canada is an object important enough to warrant them in expending some labour and encountering some risk. They are confirmed in this conviction by the favour with which this project has been received, and by the generous and patriotic support already afforded.

To deal with Canadian questions and to call forth Canadian talent will be the first aim of the managers of the *Canadian Monthly*. But they will seek in all quarters the materials of an interesting and instructive Magazine.

The utmost latitude will be allowed to contributors in the expression of opinion, as well as in the choice of subjects; but the Magazine is not open to party politics or to party theology; nor will anything be admitted which can give just offence to any portion of the community.

Having a national object in view, the managers of the Magazine will sincerely endeavour to preserve, in all its departments, a tone beneficial to the national character and worthy of the nation.

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

BY CHARLES LINDSEY.

A GENERAL settlement of all disputed questions between two such nations as England and the United States may well be cause of international congratulation. Family quarrels are proverbially bitter, and the two peoples are near enough akin to give vehemence to their inevitable wrangles. A list of old, unsettled scores was liable to be converted into a cause of quarrel, at the most inopportune moment. The satisfaction arising out of the settlement, may, on the one side or the other, be tempered with the feeling that too little has been obtained here, and too much sacrificed there; that the rough balance struck, in the somewhat incongruous mingling of questions, which bore no relation to one another, and in which third parties were interested, has left just causes of complaint. A simpler and more natural way of proceeding would have been to conclude in form, as there are in fact, two treaties; but, as in 1818, it was found impossible to settle one question without bringing in others, so now, the central idea was to lump every thing together, and apply the sponge to the aggregate score. The settlement will avert all immediate causes of uneasiness as to the continuance of peace, and it has somewhat ameliorated the tone of international criticism; but it will neither change the respective characters of the two nations nor bring about the millenium. Nor can we, looking closely at the stipulations, and contrasting them with the omissions of the treaty, congratulate ourselves that international morality has made a marked advance, or that this country has received new securities against the annoyance of irregular invasion. The great merit of the treaty is that it removes, for the time, every serious ground of dispute; but no arrangement that could be made now could prevent new complications arising in the future. If, in many respects, all available guarantees to that end are taken, in one particular, as we shall hereafter see, there is a manifest failure on this point. The best terms obtainable were probably secured, but while the work entrusted to the Commissioners is, in the main, satisfactory, it is, in some respects, open to grave objection.

The British High Commissioners, appointed on the sixteenth February, 1871, to settle all questions of difference with the United States, comprised Earl de Grey, Sir Stafford Henry Northcote, Sir Edward Thornton, Sir John Alex. Macdonald, and Mr. Montague Bernard, Professor of International Law at the University of Oxford. The American Commissioners were: Mr. Secretary Fish, Mr. Robert Schenck, Mr. Justice Nelson, of the Supreme Court of the United States, Mr. Ebenezer Hoar, and Mr. George H. Williams. Any three of the British Commissioners would, by the powers conferred upon them, have been sufficient to conclude a treaty. Of discretionary power they had little or none, as the references made, from time to time, to their government clearly show. The Joint High Commissioners first met on the 27th February, and concluded their labours on the 6th May.

In the settlement of the Alabama question, England has accepted rules of international law which she holds were not in force at the time of the occurrences out of which the American claims arose. This sacrifice may be compensated, in a pecuniary sense, and

in that sense only, by the advantages which a great maritime nation like England may, in future, reap from the following rules becoming obligatory on the two contracting powers :—

"A neutral Government is bound—

"First, to use due diligence to prevent the fitting out, arming, or equipping, within its jurisdiction, of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended to cruise or to carry on war against a Power with which it is at peace; and also to use like diligence to prevent the departure from its jurisdiction of any vessel intended to cruise or carry on war as above, such vessel having been specially adapted, in whole or in part, within such jurisdiction, to warlike use.

"Secondly, not to permit or suffer either belligerent to make use of its ports or waters as the base of naval operations against the other, or for the purpose of a renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms, or the recruitment of men.

"Thirdly, to exercise due diligence in its own ports and waters, and, as to all persons within its jurisdiction, to prevent any violation of the foregoing obligations and duties."

It would not be difficult to understand the acceptance of an *ex post facto* rule, by one party to the contract, if the other came under a similar obligation. But we look in vain for any thing like reciprocity here. The case of the Fenian raids was of a more flagrant character than that of the Alabama. All that could be urged against England was that she may have failed to use due diligence to prevent the sailing of that famous corsair. A vessel can be fitted out with a secrecy which is impossible in setting on foot a land force. The Fenian raids were organized with the greatest ostentation of publicity, in a time of peace. The municipal laws of England, on the subject of neutrality, were feeble compared with those of the United States. The government of the latter country on the occasion of the first Fenian raid, stood silently still till the soil of Canada had, after weeks of loud-trumpeted preparation, been invaded. Then it issued a proclamation. Having so completely failed in its duty, there was more reason that it should pay the damages occasioned by these raids than that England should pay the Alabama claims. In refusing to do so, it stands condemned by international law, by its own municipal laws, and by its early traditions in the days of Washington, Jefferson, and Randolph. England not only pays but apologizes for the depredations of the Alabama. The contrast is more striking than agreeable.

Let us look at the Fenian raids question in the light of the past, and we shall see how the United States of to-day performs its national obligations compared with the way it performed those obligations at the close of the last century. No nation ever pushed to a greater extent the maxim that individual citizens have no right to be at war while their government is at peace. The early statesmen of the Republic contended that the restriction extended not merely to masses of men, but included every individual citizen. Nor did they rest content with declaring the rule: they sought to enforce it. In 1793, when war existed between England and France, the French contended that they had a treaty right to enlist men for the naval service in the United States. And they tried to put this alleged right into force. An American citizen, Gideon Henfield, was arrested by his own government and tried for having taken service, illegally, on the French cruiser *Citoyen Genet*. Besides being an old revolutionary soldier, he pleaded ignorance of the law he was accused of violating, and expressed contrition for his conduct; and he was, probably for these reasons, acquitted by the jury. The arrest gave occasion for the Government to make a public exposition of the law on the subject of private citizens making war on their own

account. Besides being punishable because his conduct was in violation of treaties, by which the United States stipulated with other countries, that there should be peace between their citizens and subjects, Attorney General Randolph declared every such offender was indictable at Common Law, because his conduct brought him within the description of persons disturbing the peace of the United States. And Jefferson, who was at the time Secretary of State, laid down the rule in words which ought never to be forgotten. "For our citizens," he said, in an official communication to the French Minister to the United States, "to commit murders and depredations on the members of nations at peace with us, or to combine to do it, appeared to the Executive, and to those whom they consulted, as much against the laws of the land as to murder or rob, or to combine to murder or rob, its own citizens, and as much to require punishment, if done within their limits, or where they have a territorial jurisdiction, or on the high seas, where they have a personal jurisdiction, that is to say, one which reaches their own subjects only." He gave notice that the laws would be enforced against all persons so offending, whether citizens or aliens within the jurisdiction of the Republic and enjoying the protection of its laws. The argument against an individual citizen going to war on his own authority was that what one might do all had the same right to undertake; and if this were allowed the nation might find itself at war without the authority of the Government.

The right to restrain individual citizens, and the arguments by which it was upheld, now find few defenders. The Americans afterwards confined their restriction to bodies of men, intending to act together against any power with which the Government was at peace.

When we apply these facts to the case of the Fenian expeditions, and to the refusal of the Washington Government to give compensation for the injuries Canada received therefrom, it is difficult to find any reason for being jubilant over this part of the treaty, as indicating an advance in the principles of international justice and morality. The Fenian raids were organized under circumstances very different from those in which individual American citizens joined the French standard in 1793. There was no war in progress; no flag for the Fenians to take shelter under; no government for them to transfer their allegiance to. The pretence, which was not allowed, at the former epoch, in time of war, of divesting themselves of the character of American citizens and transferring their allegiance to a foreign sovereign by the mere act of engaging in his service, could not be set up by the Fenians. They were a lawless band of marauders, composed of American citizens and persons under the protection of American laws; incapable of accomplishing any thing beyond rapine and murder. Of the few leaders against whom legal proceedings were taken by their own Government, the punishment was only a form, equally without reality or deterring influence. For this great international wrong—this invasion of our territory in a time of profound peace—the Americans neither make apology nor would give compensation. England, we are given to understand by a speech of Mr. Gladstone, stands vicariously charged with the damages. So Canada will be paid. It makes no difference to us, we may be told, in a money point of view, whence the compensation comes; but it makes a vast difference in the guarantees of future security whether or not a nation, bands of whose citizens have committed unprovoked outrages on our soil, holds itself amenable to the rules of international law and the plainest principles of justice. The practical immunity of the offenders could hardly fail to serve as an encouragement to them; the national disavowal of responsibility may put the whole nation in a temper to believe that raids on

the territory of a country coterminous with the Republic may at any time be made a safe diversion from the dull routine of every day life. We know, as a matter of fact, that before the treaty has, in all its parts, gone into operation, another raid by American citizens has been made on the frontier of the North-West. If this last raid was thoroughly contemptible, it involved the Dominion in the expense of sending up a hundred men to Fort Garry.

The opening of the United States market to Canadian fish reconciles to the treaty the class who have the greatest and most direct interest in the fisheries: the fishermen of Canada. Their views of the arrangement are at once coloured and circumscribed by their interests. They know that it is to their advantage to have free access for the products of their industry to the nearest, and in some respects the best, market. They have no sympathy with a feeling that would bar the American market to them, unless these fisheries could be converted into a make-weight in securing a general reciprocity of trade, which American statesmen show no disposition to grant. The unpopularity of the fishery articles of the treaty with other classes is, in a measure, compensated by their ready acceptance by the fishermen. The latter are most nearly interested; the former most numerous. Nova Scotia, whose greatest material interest lies in her fisheries, was brought into the confederation in a manner which her population deeply resented. She complained that she was dragged into an union about which her people were not fairly consulted; that undue restraint was put upon her will. The sullen gloom inspired by that event had not been wholly dissipated; and it would have been highly impolitic to act as if other parts of the Dominion had a greater interest in the fisheries of the Province than her own fishermen. As between the fishermen of the two countries, the Canadian appear to be better satisfied than the American; and it is not improbable that the complaints which went up from Barnstable and Plymouth, Massachusetts, to Congress in 1806, at having to meet the competition of British Colonial fish, in American markets, may be repeated.

When they were excluded from the United States, by high duties, the fishermen of Nova Scotia were loud in their demands for a strict enforcement of the prohibitions of the Convention of 1818. In 1836, the Local Legislature passed an Act authorizing officers of the Government to board American fishing vessels found hovering within the prohibited limits, and to remain on board till the vessels moved away. That Province was foremost in urging the exclusion of Americans from the Bay of Fundy and Bay Chaleur, and in denying them the right to navigate the Strait of Canso. The Local Legislature claimed the right to prevent foreign vessels passing through that strait, where, it was complained, they cast bait to lure fish, and by this means negatively contravened the treaty.

More than a quarter of a century ago, the British Government would have thrown open to the Americans all the Bays over six miles wide, if it had not been for the assurance of Lord Falkland, then Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, that the measure would create deep-rooted dissatisfaction both in that Province and New Brunswick. Nova Scotia deprecated any concession to their rivals; and insisted on their being held to a strict construction of the treaty. And in 1845, excepting only the Bay of Fundy, she succeeded in bringing over the Imperial Government to her views. She sometimes employed as many as four armed vessels for the protection of the fisheries; and she was loudest of all the colonies in demanding from England an increase of naval armaments. While she contributed four, her sister Province, New Brunswick, in 1852, tardily furnished two; and Canada, not exceeding in this respect

the efforts of the little island of Prince Edward, did not furnish more than one vessel. When to these was added a naval force of English steamers and sailing vessels, for the avowed purpose of preventing encroachments on our fisheries, a storm arose in Congress. The more fiery of the Senators, including the most responsible among them, the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, treated the collection of this naval force as an "insult and indignity to the whole American people." This fleet, they said, must have some ulterior object. War was freely spoken of as a possible result. But the American Executive took the matter more calmly, and instead of sending the whole home squadron into our waters sent only the frigate *Mississippi*.

This threatening aspect of affairs had been mainly brought about by the pertinacity with which Nova Scotia had insisted on the treaty being executed, in its full rigour. That the fishermen of this Province should accept the treaty of Washington, as a boon, shows how fully they appreciate the opening of the American market to the products of their industry. It is the more remarkable that this should occur among a people whose political passions have for four years been inflamed almost to the highest pitch consistent with the preservation of order.

If we have given away, on new terms, those fisheries which, on a previous occasion, were accepted by American statesmen as an equivalent for a more general yet necessarily limited reciprocity of commerce, it does not follow that under the altered circumstances, we have not done the best we could. The treaty of 1854, never long popular with the Americans, was finally abrogated by Congress. The chief objections urged against it were its restricted scope and its alleged one-sided character. It admitted our raw produce to American markets and excluded their manufactures from ours. The latter were chargeable with duty; the first was free. This discrimination was, unreasonably, but not the less pertinaciously, held to be unfair; for it is one thing to enter on the free list raw products which serve as food, or enter into manufactures, and altogether another thing to admit along side of them completed manufactures. Many nations, when there is no question of treaty stipulations, make a difference between the two classes. They find it advantageous to obtain raw produce on the cheapest terms; whether in the shape of food or materials, to be worked up into manufactures. American politicians and manufacturers failed to recognize the necessity of discriminating in this way between different articles of import. The treaty having been legally terminated, the Cabinet of Washington, through Mr. Seward and Mr. Secretary McCulloch, declined to discuss proposals for any new arrangement from which manufactures should be excluded. And in any case, they refused to enter on negotiations for a new reciprocity treaty. They proposed reciprocal legislation as a substitute; and they insisted on placing raw materials and manufactures on the same footing. These terms Canada rejected with an unanimity that was unbroken by any voice of dissent loud enough to be heard amid the general din. To have admitted American manufactures free would either have involved a loss of revenue, with which it was impossible to dispense, or a discrimination in favour of the United States and against all the rest of the world, England included. So far, the objection urged by Canada was reasonable. But it went beyond this, and embraced legislative reciprocity in any and every possible form.

Under like circumstances, when all the resources of diplomacy had been exhausted, England once tried the expedient of reciprocal legislation with success. And, as in this case also, it was the United States that had to be dealt with. The questions to be settled were questions of commerce and navigation. There was, in the words of Canning, an evident conviction among the

diplomatists, on both sides, "that there existed an unconquerable difference of principle, and it was by that difference, rather than by an irreconcilableness of interest, that a satisfactory arrangement was rendered hopeless." Under these circumstances, England passed an Act of Parliament which contained proposals to be carried into effect on their being reciprocated by Congress, or the authority of other nations, as respected the nations so reciprocating. In this way, England, from 1823 to 1830, overcame a difficulty which had baffled negotiation and survived the exhausted efforts of diplomacy to remove.

But whether Canada were right or wrong in refusing to try the experiment of reciprocal legislation, the fact remains that she did resolutely and persistently refuse. The statesmen of Washington were not less persistent in refusing to negotiate a new reciprocity treaty. In 1871, as in 1867, they refused to listen to propositions for galvanizing into new life the treaty of 1854, which they had strangled amidst loud exclamations of national delight. We might have insisted on holding the fisheries as a latent reserved power; but in that case, the only certain result would have been continued disputes about encroachments, while it would have rested with the authorities at Washington to give, or refuse to give, the only equivalent for which we could have consented to part with them. If they had, for four years, refused our terms, we could not point to any time in the future when they would accept them. As a means of repurchasing the conditions of the old Reciprocity Treaty, or anything like them, it would have been a blind self delusion to rely on the fisheries.

We do not forget that, in 1851, the President declined to negotiate, and suggested a regulation of the commerce of the two countries by reciprocal legislation; and that this objection to the mode of proceeding was overcome three years later. But the circumstances were then different. No previous treaty had existed to become unpopular, and be terminated with the assent of all parties in the Republic.

We have, then, to consider the Fishery clauses on their merits; and without prejudice in favour of an alternative arrangement, which the stern facts oblige us to look upon as impossible. The facility with which excuses could be found for objecting to the British interpretation of the Treaty might be made a dangerous source of mischief in the hands of politicians willing to subordinate all questions to their personal success. The claim made by Americans of a right to fish in the large bays, which Mr. Webster, when Secretary of State, admitted was not tenable on a strict construction of the Treaty, had long, and especially since 1842, been a fertile subject of dispute. It was reserved to General Butler to encourage American fisherman to encroach on the inshore fisheries, within the three mile limit, and to use force to repel attempts at capture. Before giving this advice he had been their District representative in Congress, and had latterly been living for some months among the fishermen on the coast of New England, whose good will he was now doubly anxious to secure in view of a prospective election, in which the gubernatorial chair of the State would be the object of contest. It is possible that he may have heard from those fishermen how some of their progenitors, in the last generation, resorted to acts of violence, akin to those he recommended; and that they escaped all punishment. Of the nine American vessels captured in 1824, by Captain Hoare, of Her Majesty's brig *Dotterel*, one was retaken by her crew, and two others were rescued by the joint efforts of their crews and an armed party from Eastport, Maine. When the British Government complained of these proceedings, its communication remained unanswered a year and a half; and when afterwards, waiving any demand for the

punishment of the persons concerned in the outrages, it asked an acknowledgment of the wrong done, even that satisfaction does not appear to have been given.

In the interval, between the exchange of ratifications and the action of the Dominion Parliament necessary to give full effect to the Treaty of Washington, the opportunity was availed of by the owners of the American fishing schooner, *E. H. Horton*, seized in September, for a violation of the fishery laws, and lying in Guysborough harbour, awaiting an investigation before the Court of Admiralty, to act upon the rash advice of Gen. Butler. On the night of the 8th October, in the absence of the guards, she was cut from her moorings and taken in triumph to Gloucester, Mass., where her arrival, after this outrage, was cause of much wild local excitement and rowdy rejoicing. But the act does not command much sympathy outside of the circle of interested fishermen and their immediate neighbours. General Butler, in making so rash an appeal to men proverbial for their ignorance, and liable by the accidents of the season to find their venture unrewarded, must have known that he was sowing seed on a soil that might possibly prove alarmingly fertile. If he encouraged them to take forcible possession of the shore fisheries, they would easily persuade themselves that any attempt to exclude them from Bay Chaleur was alike unreasonable and illegal. If the claim to fish in that Bay rested on an application of the principles of international law, we think it likely that it would have been tenable. But the question, which had previously given much trouble, depended for its solution on the interpretation of the Convention by which the Americans renounced the right of taking fish within three miles of any bay as well as of any creek or harbour. The English interpretation was that the three mile line must be drawn from the headlands; an interpretation which the Americans, unable to prove ncorrect, were never willing to accept. In 1845, the British Government, while adhering to this construction, conceded to them the privilege of fishing in the Bay of Fundy; but it was with the condition that they should not go within three miles of the entrance of any other bay on the coasts of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick. The United States, through its minister, Mr. Everett, accepted the concession, but denied that to be a favour which had been contended for as a right. It mattered not that the Americans had themselves applied the term bay to a water of their own, Delaware Bay, nearly as wide as Bay Chaleur, and treated it as the exclusive property of the nation. The British ship *Grange*, captured in Delaware Bay, by the French frigate *Embuscade*, in 1793, was demanded for restoration by the Washington Government, on the ground that the capture had taken place in the neutral waters of the United States. And France, at a time when she was in a sufficiently contentious mood, complied without a word of objection, by the pen of Citizen Minister Genet, the most contentious of mortals. But this question of the right of fishing in the Bay of Chaleur always remained, like an open fester, which stubbornly refused to yield to treatment. And it is possible that we have not seen the last of it; for it would revive with the termination of the Treaty of Washington.

A factitious importance was formerly attached to the fisheries from the belief that they were the best nurseries for the naval marine of the countries by whose people they were prosecuted. This notion was not confined to any one country: it prevailed alike in France, in England, and the United States. Bounties on fish were formerly, and are sometimes now, defended on this ground. A nation largely engaged in fisheries and having but a limited commercial marine, might seek among fishermen the materials with which to man its navy; but it is difficult to believe that the fisheries now form the best, or even a good school of naval

seamanship. Now that the navies of the world are formed largely of steamships, often armour plated, there is very little to be learned in a fishing smack that would be of use in the naval service. A fisherman will learn to keep his feet in a rough sea, and will not be liable to be prostrated by sea sickness like a landsman; but he learns not much else that would be of use in the navy. The merchant marine, though an imperfect, is a better school. How many British American fishermen are annually drafted into the English navy? Very few at all; directly, scarcely any. The habits of the fishermen are eminently sedentary. The great majority of them return, year after year, when the season's venture is over, to the same spot. England no longer encourages this supposed nursery for seamen by bounties: Canada, of all these British Provinces, did so, before Confederation, and her fishery never attained respectable dimensions. France may gain something to her navy by the Newfoundland fisheries, because they are largely followed by a home population, who once a year visit their native country. And though Daniel Webster may have been in the right when he flattered the American fishermen by giving them credit for success in naval encounters, it is very doubtful whether, with the modern way of conducting naval warfare, this will ever be true in future. As for Canada, she has not yet become burthened with the cost of maintaining a navy; and if some day, she should find it necessary to do so, and the fisheries were as good a resource as has been alleged, she would be found to possess abundant raw material for the purpose.

President Grant's opening message to Congress, in 1870, gave rise to a suspicion that he had taken his tone, on the Fishery question, from General Butler, without going to the length of his supposed mentor; and showed a tendency to increase the number of difficult and irritating questions arising under the Convention of 1818. His bill of complaint had but slender ground of justification; much of it none at all. He set out by alleging that it had been customary for the British or Colonial authorities to warn American fishermen not to trench on what he called the technical rights of Great Britain; but that this practice had not been followed when the Parliament of the Dominion resolved to grant no more licenses to Americans to engage in our shore fisheries. This complaint of want of notice is not a new one. It was made by Minister Everett, in 1842, when British rights were enforced in the Bay of Fundy; and it was made by Senator Mason, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, in 1852, when an extra protective naval force of British vessels had been sent to the fishing grounds. As the Americans had, as far back as 1845, been allowed the liberty of fishing in the Bay of Fundy, this privilege, we may admit, should not have been withdrawn without notice, if at all. There is nothing in the Canadian Fishery Act of 1867 to exempt this Bay from its purview. But the President made no complaint on this score; and it is possible that the fact of the prior concession had escaped his notice, as it seems to have escaped the notice of the Canadian Parliament. The chief reason for abolishing the license system was that that it was not honestly carried out; that for one licensed vessel there were several poachers, and the difficulty of distinguishing between the two classes was very great.

Another objection made by President Grant was that, though the treaty obligations of the United States were towards England, Canada exercised a delegated power to seize and condemn American vessels hovering within three miles of any creeks or harbours; that she, an irresponsible power, exercised her authority harshly and with a view to producing political effect on the Government of Washington.

If the authority to seize American vessels hovering in forbidden waters, were exercised

by Canada, the President threatened in loose and general terms, that the authorities of the Republic would take steps to enforce what he called American rights. Whether in the shape of an Imperial or Colonial enactment, or both, the substance of the provision here denounced had existed ever since the first Act of Parliament was passed to give the treaty effect ; and this is the first time that the American Government made it the ground of a like intimation. The President might fairly claim that, as the treaty was made between the United States and England, each country is entitled to look to the other for a fulfilment of its obligations. But is Canada no part of the British Empire ? In point of fact, whatever seizures were made were nearly all made by vessels belonging to the British navy. British subjects living in this part of the Empire might surely act in conjunction with those sent by the metropolitan power to see the treaty obligations enforced. The fishery laws of the Dominion cannot go into effect till they receive the assent of the Crown, in one form or another. A question might be raised whether an error was not committed in the Act of 1867. This Act is in part, a literal copy of an Act passed by the Legislature of Nova Scotia, in 1836. Both these Acts authorized certain officers to board foreign fishing vessels, found in any harbour of Canada or hovering within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks or harbours ; and to take certain prescribed proceedings afterwards. There can be no doubt about the right to capture vessels fishing within three miles of any of the places mentioned ; for the enactment, so far only follows the wording of the treaty. But whether a vessel preparing to fish would properly be liable to seizure and condemnation under the treaty, as it was under these Statutes, is a question that might fairly have been raised. But we do not find that it ever was raised till the Convention had been in force twenty-three years. In 1841, Mr. Forsyth, American Minister in London, brought this along with other objections against the Nova Scotia Act of 1836, apparently in ignorance of the fact that this provision did not originate with the Legislature of that Province, but had first been embodied in an Imperial Statute passed the very next year after the treaty was concluded. No objection was then made that the prohibiting of foreign vessels from preparing to fish within limits which they could enter only for other purposes, was beyond the scope of the treaty ; and for nearly a quarter of a century, this provision was practically acquiesced in by the Americans. In all the long diplomatic controversies which grew out of these fisheries, we find no further reference to this question till it found a place in the list of grievances presented by President Grant to Congress : good evidence that he was making the most of his material.

That functionary also complained of the provision requiring a vessel found within a harbour to depart, on being warned to do so, within twenty-four hours. These foreign fishing vessels had a right to go into harbours to buy wood and obtain water; but they might be subjected to such restrictions as would be necessary to guard against their abusing this privilege. Was the requirement that a suspected vessel should leave within twenty-four hours a necessary restriction ? In 1842, the English law officers of the Crown gave an opinion on the legality of another form of restriction. To the question, whether American fishermen had the right to enter the bays and harbours of Nova Scotia for the purpose of purchasing wood and obtaining water, when they had provided neither of these necessaries, in their own country, at the commencement of the voyage ; or whether they had a right to do so only when their original supply of these articles had been exhausted : the answer was that the liberty of entering for these purposes was conceded in general terms, unrestricted by any conditions express or

implied, and that none such as those suggested could be attached to its enjoyment. But this is quite consistent with the clearly expressed right to impose such restrictions as might be necessary to prevent any abuse of the liberty, whether by illegal trading, or catching or drying fish; and we do not think that, in case of a suspected vessel, having no further apparent reason to prolong her stay, the requirement that she should depart within twenty-four hours would be an act of undue rigour. But the provision is one that is liable to abuse, and requires the exercise of an equitable discrimination in its enforcement.

President Grant claimed for American fishing vessels a general right of trading in the ports of the Dominion; a claim, which, during the more than half century, which the Convention has been in force, was never advanced before. He seemed at a loss to know whether the denial of this right was based on the British construction of the treaty: if it was, he could not acquiesce in it; if it was founded on Provincial Statutes, he felt at liberty to ignore them, all the dealings of the Republic, on this subject, being with England and not with Canada.

The Canadian Statute to which exception is taken goes, on this point, neither beyond the Imperial Act of 1819, nor the Convention of 1818, both of which state, in so many words, that the fishermen of the United States may enter the harbours of certain specified portions of British America, "for the purpose of shelter, and repairing damages therein, of purchasing wood and obtaining water, and for no other purpose whatever." The prohibition could hardly have been stronger, though it might have been expressed in more positive terms; it might, like the Treaty of 1798, between England and Spain, have engaged the party receiving the right of fishery, near the possessions of the other, to take measures to prevent this right being made a pretext for illicit traffic. All trade by one nation with the colonies of another was then illicit; and for this reason British subjects, in carrying on fisheries in the Pacific, were to keep ten marine leagues from the Spanish possessions.

When the Convention of 1818 was being negotiated, President Grant says, the American Commissioners opposed a proposal to render fishing vessels with goods on board liable to forfeiture, with their cargoes. Rush, one of the American negotiators, in his elaborate *Memoranda*, makes no such statement. And in any case, the Treaty must carry its own interpretation. It is plain from the language of the Convention, that a fishing vessel cannot engage in general trade; and it would be a suspicious circumstance if she were found with goods on board not required for the purposes of the voyage she was ostensibly prosecuting. But she could be condemned only on proof that would satisfy the Admiralty Court that she was engaged in illegal trading. This question still possesses a living interest; for, far from being settled, it is in no way affected by the Treaty of Washington. Complaints of American fishing vessels engaging in smuggling are older than the Convention of 1818; but when we are asked to believe that the fifteen hundred of them which were employed in the Labrador fishery, in 1812, were smugglers of tea and coffee, it is impossible not to be convinced of exaggeration, since we cannot conceive where they found their customers. Owing to the much greater price of nearly all articles of consumption in the United States, than in Canada, the business of smuggling by fishing vessels must now be very limited. Goods could be much easier carried the other way; but as Canadian fishing vessels are not likely to avail themselves of the barren liberty of fishing in American waters, there is no danger of smuggling in that direction.

When President Grant asked Congress to arm him with power to suspend the Bonding Act of 1846, and to interdict Canadian

vessels from entering the ports of the Republic, as a means of retaliating assumed wrongs, in case they should be committed, we fear he did so for the purpose he attributed to the Dominion; to put pressure on this Government for political purposes. Whether that helped him or not, he has so far obtained his object as to have secured for the American fishermen, in a treaty requiring the indirect approval of the Parliament of the Dominion, the much coveted liberty of fishing along the Atlantic coasts of the whole of Canada, Prince Edward Island, and, if its Legislature assent, of Newfoundland. The extent of the compensation to be given to Canada for the cession of this liberty to the United States will not be known until the whole question is passed upon by a Commission of Arbitration. The British Commissioners asked, but failed to obtain, a renewal of the former Reciprocity Treaty; nor did the proposal, when modified so as to embrace the reciprocal throwing open of the coasting trade of each country to the inhabitants of the other, with the freedom of the navigation of the St. Lawrence to Americans, meet a better fate. A counter proposal from the American Commissioners contained an offer to purchase in perpetuity access to the shore fisheries; and a million of dollars was the price named. The British Commissioners refused to make any arrangement which did not include the admission, duty free, of the produce of the British fisheries into the markets of the United States; and they said a million of dollars was utterly inadequate as a compensation.

And now came a most remarkable phase in the negotiations. The American Commissioners, after repeating their previous decision on a reciprocal tariff and the coasting trade, proposed that there be a free reciprocity in three articles, at once: coal, salt and fish, and, subject to the approval of Congress, lumber, after the first of July, 1874. This proposal was referred by the British Commissioners to their Government, and rejected as inadequate, with the suggestion that lumber should, as well as the three other products, be admitted free at once, and that these concessions should be supplemented by a money payment. The Americans then, instead of making an advance on their previous offer, withdrew it, saying that it was more than an adequate compensation for the fisheries, and that it had been made entirely in the interest of a peaceable settlement and with a view to removing a source of irritation and anxiety. They followed up this backward movement by repeating the proposal of a money payment for the fisheries; and adding that the amount, if the two Governments could not agree what it should be, should be determined by an impartial arbitration. The British Commissioners, besides adhering to their former proposal to secure a free market in the United States for the products of our fisheries, insisted that any arrangement come to should be limited to a term of years. This last proposal of the American Commissioners, with the limitation contended for by the British Commissioners, was agreed to. British subjects received, in addition, the nominal privilege of fishing—shell fish excepted in this as in the other case—on the eastern coasts of the United States, north of the thirty-ninth parallel of north latitude, along the adjacent islands, and the bays, harbours and creeks; with permission to land and dry their fish, subject to the rights of private property and without interfering with American fishermen. The terms of this agreement are reciprocal; Americans obtaining access to those of our shore fisheries from which they were previously excluded, on precisely the same conditions.

This is not the first time our fishermen were admitted to part of the American coast fisheries; but the only time at which this liberty would have been of any possible value, it was withheld. Critics, who commented adversely on the Treaty of 1783, by

which the Americans received from England, besides an acknowledgment of their independence, the privilege of fishing on the coasts of British America, objected to this absence of reciprocity in an instrument the preamble of which declared "reciprocal advantages and mutual convenience" to be the only permanent foundations of peace and friendship between States. But the better opinion, even then, was that the Colonies lost nothing of real value by this variance between the professions of the preamble and the stipulations of the articles. When the question was subsequently mooted, the proposed concession was treated as of no practical value. The Treaty of 1854 gave the liberty of fishing on the American coast down to the 36th degree of latitude; but a matter of three degrees is of no consequence when there is no probability that any part of these waters will be used by British fishermen. A liberty of fishing in waters exhausted of fish long ago can be of no value to a people at whose doors lie the rich fisheries which had long been an ardent object of desire to Americans. There is one possible objection which the obtaining of this unprofitable concession may overcome; the objection to fleets of foreign vessels entering the private waters of our coasts, and penetrating far beyond the headlands towards the heart of the country. If this be an objection, on one side, it is balanced by a like concession on the other.

The admission, duty free, of our fish and fish oil into the markets of the United States is a real advantage; though to measure its money value may be a difficult task for the Commissioners by whom it will have to be decided. It has always, except during the period of the Reciprocity Treaty, been a subject of complaint among Nova Scotia and New Brunswick fishermen that the products of their industry were burthened with high duties on their entrance into the United States. In 1845, the British Government addressed a complaint to that of Washington, on this subject; and some reduction was for a time made, as if, though not by stipulation or avowedly, in return for the concession of the liberty to Americans to fish in the Bay of Fundy. But whatever the value of the freedom of the United States market, assuredly it is not an equivalent for the liberty obtained by their fishermen of enjoying our shore fisheries on the same terms as our own people engage in them. It remains to ascertain the balance to be paid in money. The difficulty will be to appraise the concessions, on the one side and the other, and to strike a balance. That very difficulty would have prevented the Joint High Commission from deciding the point, though it would have been more satisfactory if a summary solution had been possible. It is true the same machinery—an arbitration—is to be used to determine the amount of the Alabama claims. But the cases are not parallel. The moment England consented to pay these claims, some joint authority for examining and passing upon them became necessary, But the fisheries constituted a property possessed on the one side, and participation in which was desired on the other; and it would have been better, if it could have been managed, to determine definitely the terms on which the coveted concessions should be made. There is no objection to arbitration in itself: the objection is to selling for a price afterwards to be ascertained; introducing an element of uncertainty where certainty should prevail. But we have no right to conclude that the money balance will not be equitably determined. It is beyond doubt that, if Canada had had the right to initiate the arrangement, this way of dealing with the question would not have been taken; and the bargain that has been made will be accepted only in deference to Imperial wishes and in the interests of peace between two nations which could not go to war without making a battle-ground of the Dominion.

Situated as Canada is, it can have no political connections which would not involve some sacrifices, on one side and on the other. In the absence of this fishery arrangement, unsatisfactory as it may be, all the old disputes that have arisen under the Convention of 1818 would revive; and, as we have seen, there is a constant tendency to add to the number, and an increased acrimony, at least on one side, in their discussion. Nothing is easier than to find a new interpretation of an old instrument; and the moment this is done the objection is raised that, acting in reliance of a meaning never before questioned, we have no right to capture offending vessels, since the difference is one to be settled by diplomacy. We may be thankful that we have got rid of this difficulty, though not on terms that we should have preferred.

There is an apparent difference in the time for which the freedom of the navigation of the River St. Lawrence is granted to the Americans and that for which British subjects obtain a title to the navigation of Lake Michigan. The first is, in express terms, granted "forever;" the second for the period of ten years, during which the Treaty will be in force, and the additional two years, during which it would continue to exist after notice of its termination had been given. If no such notice were given, the time might be prolonged indefinitely; but this freedom of the navigation of Lake Michigan is liable to be terminated at the end of twelve years. Is this, then, so unequal a bargain as the difference between twelve years and forever? Can a Treaty, liable to be terminated, convey rights in perpetuity? The Treaty being the foundation of those rights, do they not fall with it? In case of the termination of this Treaty by war, would not the two parties to it be remitted to the positions they respectively held before the Treaty was made? There are cases of a precisely similar character, which seem to supply the answers to these questions. The Treaty of 1783 stipulated that the navigation of the Mississippi, from its sources to the ocean, should "forever remain open to the subjects of Great Britain and the citizens of the United States." After the war of 1812, the American diplomatists, at Ghent, refused to renew this article. When the Convention of 1818 was negotiated, this refusal was persisted in. The American negotators argued that since it had been discovered that the source of the Mississippi was not in British territory, there was no reason why British subjects should have the freedom of this river, The use of the word "forever" in a Treaty of which all those parts not obviously of a permanent nature—as were those which recognized the independence of the Republic—had been abrogated by war, counted for nothing. The difficulty under which the American negotiators insisted on their point may be imagined, when it is remembered that, for other reasons, they were driven to the necessity of arguing that the war had not vacated the Treaty. And even while depriving of all value the word "forever," as used in the Convention of 1783, they, with bold inconsistency, refused to have any other word to mark the duration of certain fishery concessions they were then obtaining. But in spite of the use of this word, Rush admits that England would hold, in case of war, that the Treaty had been abrogated.

But if the difference between the effect of the words used in the cases of the navigation of the St. Lawrence and of Lake Michigan is only nominal, and if there be some possible conjunctures in which each party would revert to the position it respectively held before the treaty was concluded, we can conceive of no circumstances, in time of peace, which would render it desirable to attempt to exclude the Americans from the St. Lawrence. President Grant made it a subject of complaint that the Dominion claimed a right to deny to American citizens the freedom of this river. Something over

twenty years ago, the late Mr. Merritt did make a suggestion of this kind, in the Legislature, as regarded the artificial navigation, and the Inspector General—the Finance Minister of that day—gave it a momentary countenance. And in 1854, the United States Government discountenanced the idea of its citizens having a right to this navigation by making its acquisition a matter of treaty stipulation; and agreeing in an instrument, the major part of which could not be cancelled by notice for eleven years, that England should be at liberty at any time to recall the privilege. But our great object has always been to attract American commerce through this channel. This policy has grown into a tradition, and is in no possible danger of being reversed. Of the naturally navigable parts of this great highway, England has, through her Commissioners, recently disposed, without deeming the consent of Canada necessary.

Canada has nothing to gain by opposing the principle that a nation whose territory lies on the upper portion of a river, has a right to navigate that river in its entire length. The navigation of the St. Lawrence is of no value, without the use of the canals; and all that the Imperial Government has undertaken to do, in respect to them, is to urge upon the Dominion to allow American citizens to make use of them, as in fact they do, on the same terms as British subjects, an obligation of precisely the same import as that under which the Americans came, in 1854, in respect to canals which are the property of individual States. Whenever there has been discrimination against vessels which used only the Welland Canal, the object has been to draw the commerce of the Western States down our great water way to the ocean. We have only to look at the map of the northern part of British Columbia, hemmed in by a fringe of American territory, nowhere more than thirty miles wide, from latitude 54° 40ᵐ to above the parallel of 60°, a distance of over 440 English miles, to be convinced that it is our interest to accept the claim of the Americans to a right to navigate the St. Lawrence, on the ground that, at some point, their territory borders upon its banks. On what other principle could British subjects have obtained a right to navigate the rivers which lead through the long strip of American territory, on the Pacific coast, to the British territory in the interier? The commercial value of this right will of course depend upon the nature of the country, climate included, to which the Yucan, the Porcupine, and the Stikine, one of them certainly, and all of them presumably, serve as highways. But if there be more navigable rivers in that distance, we ought to have been secured in the freedom of them also. The ground would have been completely covered by following the words of the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1825, which gave British subjects the right forever of navigating all streams which cross the boundary between the British possessions and Russian America. The three enumerated may be all the known rivers which fulfil these conditions; but the best known of them, the Stikine, was only discovered some forty years ago, and up to the time of the settlement of the Oregon dispute, Vancouver continued to be the principal authority for the geography of the Pacific coast. We can hardly be sure that only three navigable rivers cross this frontier strip of American territory. We have the authority of Sir George Simpson for the statement that most of the streams north of Frazer's river, possess the character of mountain torrents, fed in winter by the watery deluges of that climate, and in summer by the melting of snows; and he adds, incorrectly, no doubt, that the Barbine, the Nass, and the Stikine, are the only rivers that can be ascended to any distance. Their navigation is attended with considerable difficulty and danger. The conformation of the country would lead us to expect rivers not unlike those above described; for the mountain range has its summit, in

some places, nearer than thirty miles of the coast. The Stikine enters the ocean by two channels; one of which is navigable by steamers a distance of thirty miles, when the water is high; the other can be navigated only by canoes. Fort Stikine, built by the Russian American Company, was leased to the Hudson Bay Company about thirty years ago, with the right of hunting and trading as far northward, in the Company's territories, as Cross Sound, a range of about three degrees of latitude. Four or five thousand people were dependent on the fort for supplies; but the great mart for the Indians was an interior village one hundred and fifty miles from the ocean, whither the Indians went four times a year, to trade at the Hudson Bay Company's establishment. This shows that the navigation of these rivers is not destitute of commercial value. If it had been withheld from British subjects, and the Americans had succeeded in 1846, in their claim to all the territory up to 54° 40″, the British possessions to the north of that line would have been almost utterly valueless from want of communication with the sea.

New Brunswick, when not restrained by treaty, has been in the habit of imposing an export duty on American saw logs, floated down the river St. John; logs which had taken the water where one of the upper branches spreads out into the State of Maine. This duty, whatever it might be called, was really a tax on the use of the river; and it could not be allowed to remain in a treaty which gave the freedom of the Yucan, the Porcupine, and the Stikine to British subjects. The treaty of 1854, like that of 1871, abolished this duty. This tax was a local perquisite; and the Provincial Government will probably be compensated for the loss out of the Imperial exchequer. It would have been better to adhere to the prohibition contained in former, and perhaps existing, royal instructions, to colonial governors—for it is difficult to say when they have been revised—to assent to no law that imposed a duty of export, rather than, as was done in the British North American Act, to grant to one of the confederated Provinces the right of interfering with a navigation which has an international character, under the pretext of levying an export duty.

There is a certainty attached to the new navigation arrangements which the treaty of 1854 did not assure. Under that treaty, England could at any time have withdrawn from the citizens of the United States, the privilege of navigating the St. Lawrence, and this act could have been retaliated by the exclusion of British subjects from the freedom of Lake Michigan. Nothing short of war can cancel the new stipulations, for a period of twelve years. It is noteworthy that the previous treaty gave the British Government greater power over the navigation of the St. Lawrence than it gave that of the United States over Lake Michigan: while the former could at any time have closed the St. Lawrence to American vessels, the latter could only exclude British vessels from the American Lake after the British Government had provoked this retaliation by a specific act; and whenever it might have pleased England to remove the prohibition to navigate our great river, the corresponding privilege of navigating Lake Michigan would have revived.

The right of way overland, from Atlantic ports of the Republic to the territory of the Dominion becomes, for the first time, the subject of treaty stipulation. It is but a confirmation of the privilege of the United States Bonding Act, which has been in force a quarter of a century, and under which goods destined for Canada are entered at ports of the Republic, and sent forward without the payment of duty. The right of way overland, when it is essential to the country asking it, rests substantially on the same foundation as a right of way over water: convenience and necessity. To make it the subject of treaty arrangement, is

to admit that it does not exist as of right. By obtaining it for a period of twelve years, we are protected from a repetition of the menace that the privilege may be withdrawn at a moment's notice, in a period of profound peace. But if the treaty were abrogated, a liberty which did not previously depend on any treaty, would presumably lapse, though that could not happen without a repeal of the Bonding Act. It is difficult to say whether, in the long run, we shall gain or lose more by the inclusion of this subject in the new treaty. The Commissioners, acting for their respective Governments, went on a principle that finds a ready welcome with most negotiators: providing for the present and leaving the future to statesmen of the future.

In referring to arbitration the San Juan boundary question, the only possible means of settlement has been resorted to. There had long since ceased to be any hope in diplomacy. A reference to some third party was indispensable; and there is no reason why the Emperor of Germany should not make a just award.

The treaty, though immeasurably valuable as wiping off the old scores which the two nations had run up against one another, is not without defects and omissions, more or less serious. The most conspicuous omission has already been noticed. The refusal to take cognizance of the Fenian raid claims of Canada was distinct on the part of the American Commissioners. The United States Government has not come under treaty obligations, though it had more than once done so before, to prevent its citizens from going to war with a Government with which it is at peace. Such a stipulation would necessarily have been reciprocal; but its desirability arises from the frequent recurrence of raids by American citizens and persons living under the protection of the laws of the Republic, on the soil of Canada. That Government is bound by the law of nations, as well as by its municipal laws and its own early traditions, to which it has occasionally in later times been flagrantly recreant, to perform this duty. But it is not the less true that it is not always well or promptly performed; and there was as much necessity to make it a subject of binding treaty obligation as to draw up rules to prevent future Alabamas playing havoc with the commerce of a belligerent. The question, raised by President Grant, of the right of American fishing vessels to engage in general trade, has been overlooked, The navigation of all the rivers that run through Alaska into British territory ought, in distinct terms, to have been secured to British subjects. It may be that the three mentioned are all; but there ought to have been left no room for uncertainty. Better still would it have been if the principle that each country has a right to navigate, in their entire length, all rivers which touch at any point on its territory, had been declared of international obligation.

Of these omissions, the first is so serious as to impair, in some measure, the value of the general settlement, which cannot easily be overrated. There remain some matters for adjustment between two of the parties interested, England and Canada, whose interests are lumped together in the treaty. England stands charged with the Fenian raids claims, and, as the case was put before the Commission, not unjustly. The refusal of the United States Government to consider them was based on the fact that the question was not included by Sir Edward Thornton, in the preliminary correspondence, as among those with which the Joint High Commission would deal. Whatever the motive for the omission, the fact throws on the English Government the pecuniary, if not also the moral and political responsibility.

MARCHING OUT.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE LAST BRITISH TROOPS FROM QUEBEC.

AT evening the flag of the Brave was unfurled
On the Citadel famous in story,
And the war-drum whose note runs with day round the world,
Beat its heart-stirring summons to glory.

But the flag in the sunset seemed sadly to wave,
And the drum's martial tone spoke of sorrow;
And we mournfully breathed our farewell to the Brave,
For we knew they must part on the morrow;

Knew the dawn must behold the last gathering, the march
That a bond of a century would sever,
And hear the last echoes, as under the arch
The column would tramp forth for ever.

Long we gazed on the bark as it flew from the shore,
And fast on our hearts the thoughts crowded,
Of the light of the Past that would guide us no more,
Of the Future in darkness shrouded.

Are ye borne to the north, to the south, to the east,
To realms where fresh laurels are growing,
Where new medals are gleaming for victory's breast,
Where empire's bright tide is yet flowing?

Or seek ye in sadness, yet proudly, a land
The sun of whose power is declining,
Like Quebec's granite wall round her weakness to stand
Against rivals their armies combining?

In advance or retreat, be your lot what it may,
Duty's wreath still be yours the world over;
May the spirit of Wolfe on the dread battle day
O'er the ranks of his soldiers still hover!

Whom now shall the land ye have shielded so well
From the near-lying foe find to guard her,
When the red line no more is drawn out on the hill,
When the gateway has lost its last warder?

Perchance in your fortress the foeman may stand
And traduce in his triumph your story;
But he never shall silence the rock and the strand
And the river that speak of your glory.

YORK.

ANNE HATHAWAY: A DIALOGUE.

BY DANIEL WILSON, LL.D.

HARDEN.—You fancy Shakespeare to have been a very wise fellow.

DELINA.—I think of Shakespeare as the very wisest man that ever lived.

HARDEN.—Well, well, leave that aside for the present. We have, of course, his moralizing Jaques, his subjective Hamlet, his experienced Timon, his Falstaff, Richard, Iago, and all the rest; and can gauge his wit and wisdom as a dramatist. I speak of the man.

DELINA.—Speaking of him then as a man, I picture him to myself in his Stratford mansion at New Place,—not unlike Sir Walter Scott in those bright young Abbotsford days, before ruin came on his romance of a life;—genial, kindly, hearty, one of the most sagacious, far-sighted men of his time; respected by all for his shrewd common sense: and also, like Scott, asserting at times with quiet dignity his rightful place among the foremost of nature's noblemen.

HARDEN.—Your fancy is no photographer, but a court-painter after the fashion of the Elizabethan age, when royalty was pictured without shadows. You take your poet in sober middle age—when the wildest scapegrace gets some common sense,—after he has sown his wild oats; repented him of his youthful escapades in Charlecote chace; and is looking, no doubt, for his next cut of venison, above the salt, at Sir Thomas Lucy's own table. But surely you will not deny that we know enough of Shakespeare's early pranks to feel assured he must have been a graceless young varlet.

DELINA.—Pardon me, but our gentle Shakespeare stands, in my imaginings of him, so far above all common humanity that it grates on my ear to hear his name associated, even in banter, with such language as you now employ. It is irreverent; I would almost say profane. But, taking you on your own ground: you speak of sowing his wild oats: What are the facts? Shakespeare goes to London a mere youth,—we know not precisely how young; but he was only eighteen when he married Anne Hathaway—

HARDEN.—There you have it! Where's all the wisdom, the far-sightedness, the common sense you credit him with in that dainty procedure?

DELINA.—I shall discuss that point with you willingly. But let us consider first this sowing of his wild oats, of which you have spoken. He went, I say, a mere youth, fresh from his native village, right into the great London hive; and cast in his lot with Kyd and Greene, Peele, Lilly, Marlowe, and all the rest of the actors and playwriters of his day. They were all University bred men. Lilly, a scholar, pluming himself on his fine euphuisms and pedantries, was Shakespeare's senior by some ten years; and doubtless looked down condescendingly enough on the Warwickshire lad. But, if Nash is to be credited, he was himself "as mad a lad as ever twanged;" in fact, "the very bable of London." As to Peele, and Kyd, and Greene, and Marlowe, they led the lives of rakes and debauchees; scrambled at the theatres for a living, and died in misery; Greene, a repentant, ruined profligate, at thirty-two; Marlowe, still younger, in a wretched tavern brawl. Shakespeare shared with them the same busy haunts of social life; as in later days with Ben Jonson, Drayton, and other wit-combatants of the "Mermaid" in Friday Street; and learned for himself what Eastcheap and its ways were.

HARDEN.—Well, and how did it end? In a fever brought on by the roystering merry-meeting with that same Drayton and Jonson, which finished your wisest and most

prudent of poets and men, and left rare old Ben to enjoy life for another score of years.

DELINA.—A wretched piece of village gossip, unheard of till half a century after his death. Shakespeare's will is dated a month before that, which in itself justifies the inference that his death was far from sudden. I conceive of him there, surrounded by his weeping wife, his daughters and sons-in-law, calmly dictating that simple confession of faith of England's greatest poet: "I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting."

HARDEN.—Poh! a mere lawyer's formula. Picture him rather—as Malone says,—with his weeping Anne at his bed side, cutting her off—not indeed with a shilling,—but an old bed! The simple truth is your wise poet made as foolish a marriage as ever ruined a man's prospects for life; repented of it when too late; and so forsook her, for London and the choice society of such clever rakes as you speak of.

DELINA.—The choice society, ere long, of the young Earl of Southampton, of the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, as well as of Raleigh, Jonson, Drayton, Beaumont, Fletcher, and others of nature's peerage. The idea that Shakespeare—the calm, the wise, the gentle Shakespeare,—thrust into a formal testamentary document, set forth otherwise with such solemn earnestness, a poor insult to the wife of his youth, and the mother of his children, is too preposterous to be seriously entertained. Charles Knight has dealt with that scandal long ago. With all the gravity of Dr. Dryasdust himself, he gives you Coke upon Littleton to show that the best bed was an heirloom due by custom to the heir at law, and therefore not to be bequeathed; that Shakespeare's widow—an heiress in her own right,—had an ample dower from his landed estate, and that the bequest, on which you would put so vile a construction, was really a substantial mark of respect according to the usage of that seventeenth century.

HARDEN.—You don't mean to pretend that you fancy Shakespeare ever looked otherwise than with irritation and disgust on the woman who took advantage of his youth and inexperience to beguile him into so preposterous a misalliance?

DELINA.—Shakespeare's marriage with Anne Hathaway was no misalliance. She was of gentle blood; and in her greater maturity suited the precocious genius of the young poet. I don't mean to deny that there is a certain amount of imprudence,—folly if you will,—in the marriage of a youth of eighteen to a young woman seven years his senior. But I have frequently noted the preference shown by thoughtful, gifted youths, to women considerably their seniors. If it were not for the prudence of the ladies, such alliances would be commoner than they are. Young Shakespeare probably found a wise counsellor, a sagacious critic, a discriminating admirer of "the first heirs of his invention," in Anne Hathaway, before either thought of anything but the pleasure of congenial society.

HARDEN.—Found in Anne Hathaway a wise counsellor! found in her a designing baggage, who took advantage of his youth to as well nigh ruin all his prospects for life as ever woman did since Adam's——

DELINA.—Come! come! You don't mean to make out her whom Milton styles "the fairest of her daughters,"—our good mother Eve,—the senior of her husband by seven years! But, to be serious; remember you, if there is one point more than all others, in which Shakespeare surpasses his contemporaries, it is in his delineation of woman.

HARDEN.—And, if I remember rightly, one of the earliest of these delineations is "the wondrous qualities and mild behaviour" of Kate the Shrew!

DELINA.—Well: Kate became a model wife.

HARDEN.—And so must we fancy did Anne Hathaway; but I rather fancy both Petruchio and "our pleasant Willy,"—as Spenser calls him,—found themselves most comfortable when their charmers were a hundred miles off. Shakespeare at least put the road to London between them, and once there, it is not hard to find what he thought of young men marrying old wives.

DELINA.—Where, I pray you, does he ever allude to his marriage? The very marvel of Shakespeare's dramas is that, with perhaps the solitary exception of "the dozen white luces" in Justice Shallow's coat-armour, and the Welshman's blundering travesty of it for the benefit of the "old coat" of the Lucys of Charlecote, there is not a personality noticeable in his whole writings.

HARDEN.—I said nothing about personalities. But what say you to the allusion in "Midsummer Night's Dream"? That is one of his earliest comedies, you must be aware; and contains interesting traces of the goings on in his own Warwickshire neighbourhood when he was a boy.

DELINA.—What allusion?

HARDEN.—No better known passage is to be found in all Shakespeare's plays,——Lysander's melancholy inventory of the course of true love:—

> "Either it was different in blood,
> *Or else misgraffed in respect of years.*"

Do you fancy the poet was thinking very lovingly of his absent wife when he penned that line?

DELINA.—I don't believe he was thinking of her at all. In the original, Hermia has her running comment on one after another of the reputed impediments: regarding each but as—

> "A customary cross,
> As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
> Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers;"

and to this special one she responds:—

> "O spite! Too old to be engaged to young!"

It seems to me that Shakespeare has the best of it even according to your interpretation of his allusion.

HARDEN.—What say you then to the Duke's advice to Viola in "Twelfth Night"? You can scarcely get over that, I think.

DELINA.—Repeat it.

HARDEN.—Let us have the book. Here it is:—

> "Let still the woman take
> An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
> So sways she level in her husband's heart;
> For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
> Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
> More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
> Than women's are."

There surely spoke the poet's own personal experience. You don't fancy he jumped to his knowledge of human character and motives by intuition, and with his eyes shut.

DELINA.—By intuition, I do verily believe; though certainly not with his eyes shut.

HARDEN.—Well, but listen again. The Duke goes on thus:—

> "Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
> Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
> For women are as roses, whose fair flower
> Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour."

If you can get over that there is no use reasoning with you.

DELINA.—Nay; let us hear Viola's reply; remembering that she is a youth, a "boy," as the Duke calls her,—young Shakespeare, let us suppose.

> "And so they are," she says,
> "Alas that they are so;
> To die, even when they to perfection grow!"

I don't think that chimes in very aptly with your theory of Shakespeare as the repentant Benedict, pillorying his own folly "for daws to peck at."

HARDEN.—You will never persuade me that Shakespeare is not there putting his own experience to use, as one who had committed the very folly he warns against.

DELINA.—A most un-Shakesperianlike procedure. Pardon me, if I say that you must have given little study to the play as a whole. Viola, in her page's suit, looks a mere boy. The Duke, by right of his own matured manhood, constantly addresses her as such. There is a delicate humour involved in the page's comment on the account he gives of his imaginary sister's experience:

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek," &c.

Then he turns to the Duke,—a man, we may suppose, of some forty summers,—and asks:—

"Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
Our shows are more than well; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love."

Whereat the Duke, without any direct notice of the claim of manhood and its experiences, asks:—

"But died thy sister of her love, *my boy?*"

He has already, you will remember, selected the supposed page, as fittest by his very youth, to bear a message to Olivia; for, he says:—

"Dear lad,
They shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man."

There is no irony in this, be it remembered. The Duke is throughout addressing the supposed boy with kindly sympathy, though with a humorous sense of the incongruity of such a stripling having set his affections on a lady of the Duke's complexion, and about his years.

HARDEN.—She looks somewhat young, perhaps, to play the lover; but after all, not greatly more so than the Stratford youth of eighteen with his full blown cabbage-rose.

DELINA.—Not at all. Anne Hathaway at twenty-five would be in the bright bloom of womanhood; and, if with an intellect at all capable of responding to his genius, was well calculated to captivate a youth of such rare precocity.

HARDEN.—*If* with an intellect!

DELINA.—I assume the woman of Shakespeare's choice to have had an intellect capable of estimating him in some degree at his worth. On no other theory can I account for her reciprocating his love. To her I believe he addressed the fine sonnet, which is meaningless otherwise:—

"I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue!
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days."

HARDEN.—You fancy he sent that to his absent wife, from London?

DELINA.—It seems to me a legitimate inference from the sonnet itself. I doubt not his love for her was the grand armour of proof which bore him scatheless through the temptations that wrought the ruin of so many of his gifted contemporaries. Why, Greene was making the grand tour through Spain, Italy, and where not, while Shakespeare was at home, courting Anne Hathaway; and who had the best of it? For one man that an early marriage cripples, I'll engage to find you a hundred that it has been the making of.

HARDEN.—I wonder if that is the sort of crippling that he refers to in one of his sonnets:—

"So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite!"

DELINA.—I should not wonder if it is. "Fortune's dearest spite" is a very Petrarchian fashion of speaking of just such a favour as a dear wife, and the welcome cares and duties it brings with it.

HARDEN.—Why, he ran away from her!

DELINA.—If he did, was it not to return and make her the sharer of a fortune worthy of her love, such as she in her turn might

call "Fortune's dearest spite?" Was there no place but Stratford where the prosperous poet could buy himself lands, and write himself gentleman? Had London and "The Mermaid," with Raleigh, and Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and all the rest of them, no attractions? As to the story of his flight from Stratford a disgraced man, there is not a tittle of evidence in its support; unless you think Walter Savage Landor, and his inimitable trial scene, good contemporary authority. Critics have been deceived with less excuse.

HARDEN.—Well! Well! I'll grant you, he never sneered at the Shallows, or made sport of "the dozen white louses" which so became the Knight of Charlecote's old coat! There are no Dogberrys in his plays! It is all a much-ado-about-nothing, this talk of youthful escapades. He loved a Justice, as Falstaff would have certified, better than "a Windsor stag, the fattest in the Forest."

DELINA.—Nay, but let us consider it seriously. Can you produce nothing more to the point than what you have yet advanced? If you are to credit Shakespeare with all the sentiments of his dramatic characters, you will indeed make him "not one, but all mankind's epitome." What say you to his Katherine, in Henry VIII.? If she and the bluff Tudor were "misgraffed in respect of years," the poet went out of his way—as a courtier at least,—when he made of her a model wife.

HARDEN.—You go wide afield, indeed, if Harry the Eighth is your model husband. But I still venture to think I have already advanced some pretty apt passages. Can you match them with one in support of your view—from Henry VIII., or that other pattern husband, Othello, or Crookback Richard, or Hamlet's uncle, or Benedict himself? Let us have it, no matter where you cull it from.

DELINA.—I grant you, the demand is a hard one. Gladly would we recover, if we could, some clue to the personal history of this, the greatest of poets, and as I believe, the greatest of men. But his very dramatic power arises from the objective character of his mind. His was, moreover, too healthy and masculine a nature for morbid introversions of the Byronic type. But if anywhere an autobiographic glimpse is to be looked for, it is in his "sugared sonnets,"—as Meres calls them,—some of which were doubtless among the earliest productions of his muse.

HARDEN.—When you can make any sense out of that incomprehensible riddle with which some wiseacre introduced his sonnets to the world; and tell us who "*The onlie Begetter of these insuing Sonnets, Mr. W. H.*" is, to whom "*The well-wishing Adventurer in setting forth, T. T., wisheth that eternitie promised by our ever-living poet:*" it will be time enough to solve the remainder of the mystical puzzle. But what of the Sonnets? I thought the critics were pretty well agreed that the "*Laura*" of our Petrarchian sonneteer was one of the rougher sex. I have looked into them sufficiently carefully, myself, to know that Anne Hathaway's name is not to be found in the whole hundred and fifty-four.

DELINA.—Perhaps not. Yet Anne Hathaway may be. Wordsworth says of the Sonnet:—

> "With this key
> Shakespeare unlocked his heart."

HARDEN.—And you still persuade yourself Anne had a place there?

DELINA.—I am more certain she had a place in Shakespeare's heart than in his Sonnets; for they resemble in their general character, other well-known collections of the time, by Daniel, Constable, Spenser and Drayton; and were, as Meres tells us, first circulated in manuscript among his private friends. Too much has been attempted to be made out of them. Some undoubtedly express the poet's own feelings. Others deal with fanciful loves and jealousies; or

dwell on the personal experiences of friends. But there, if anywhere, we have some insight into the inner life of the poet. You know the fine one where he chides Fortune :

" That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breed."

Petrarchian Sonnets, I am well aware, are sufficiently intangible things. I have tried to extract autobiographical material out of those of Wyatt and Surrey, as well as of Spenser : and know it to be something like getting sunbeams out of cucumbers ! Still some of the Sonnets of Shakespeare immediately succeeding that lament over his banishment from the favourite haunts of his boyhood's and lover's days, seem to me to acquire a fine significance as addressed to his absent wife :—

" Alas ! why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, ' Now I love you best,'
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?
Love is a babe ; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow ?"

Fancy the young husband dwelling, in his absence, on the one disparity between them, of which officious friends would not fail to make the most, and so writing :—

" Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove."

HARDEN.—You are ingenious, I own ; but you will admit that a score of other applications could be, and indeed have already been made to appear equally apt.

DELINA.—I am well aware of the perplexity the Sonnets have occasioned to critic and biographer ; and of the fashion in which some have dogmatized about them. Chalmers had no doubt they were addressed to the maiden Queen! Dr. Gervinus, of Heidelberg, is not less certain that they are all, without exception addressed to Mr. W. H. This indeed he pronounces to be "quite indubitable"; only he thinks Mr. W. H. was not Mr. W. H., but a mystification for the Earl of Southampton—an idea of old date. Tyrwhitt, Farmer, Steevens, Malone, and others of the antiquarian type, only differ as to who the man was on whom Shakespeare expended all this amatory verse ; while Mr. Armitage Brown thinks they are not sonnets at all, but stanzas of some half dozen continuous poems to a friend and a mistress. Shakespeare had a nephew, William Hart, the son of his sister Joan. He had a patron William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, to whom his literary executors dedicated his dramatic works, as one to whom their author owed much favour while living. There was a William Hughes in Shakespeare's time ; and one of the Dr. Dryasdusts—Tyrwhitt, I think,—made the grand discovery of his name in the twentieth sonnet, disguised under a pun bad enough to have been the death of old Sam. Johnson :

"A man in hue all *Hews* in his controlling !"

Dr. Drake, another of the wiseacres, finds that Lord Southampton's name was Henry Wriothsley.—H. W., if not W. H.—and so thinks he has found the mystical initials of the dedication ; only reversed for the purpose of concealment ; and so we get back to the idea fathered so unhesitatingly by the Heidelberg Professor, and are no wiser than when we set out.

HARDEN.—Truly it is rather a narrow foundation to build a hypothesis upon ; as Lovel said when called in as umpire in the famous Pictish controversy at Monkbarns.

DELINA.—Not a whit, not a whit, say I, with the redoubted Oldbuck ; men fight best in a narrow ring; and any one may see as far as his neighbour through a millstone, —provided only it has a hole in the middle !

HARDEN.—Pray then what do you believe about these same Sonnets and their only begetter? Steevens has pronounced them to be too bad for even the genius of their author to make tolerable ; beyond even the power of an Act of Parliament

to enforce their perusal! Wordsworth says of the very same Sonnets: that in no part of Shakespeare's writings is there to be found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed. Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

DELINA.—Between two such doctors the choice is not difficult, I should think; and as to their interpretation, why should the Sonnets be judged by a different rule from those of Petrarch and Surrey, of Spenser or Drayton. Meres, who knew of them while still in private circulation, before 1598, in his "Wits' Treasury" calls them "Shakespeare's sugared sonnets among his private friends." That is simple enough. To him with all his knowledge of the man and the period, they were just such detached sonnets, written from time to time under varying emotions and external influences, as those in Spenser's Amoretti, in Daniel's "Delia," or in the "Idea's Mirror" of Drayton. Many of them were written in those earlier years in which he penned his "Venus and Adonis," and other lyrical pieces, before he discovered where his true strength lay. But long afterwards I doubt not he found in many a thoughtful mood:—

> "'Twas pastime to be bound
> Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground."

until at length the whole were collected and printed by Thomas Thorpe,—the T. T. of the involved dedication,—so late as 1609.

HARDEN.—So far, I am very much of your mind. But who then was Mr. W. H.? Have you found in him the father of Anne Shakespeare, and so the only begetter of her and the sonnets too? A William Hathaway would be a match for any W. H. yet named.

DELINA.—I do not greatly concern myself about Mr. W. H. He certainly was not the poet's father-in-law; for his name was Richard. "Mr." in those days implied a University graduate: what if the said Mr. W. H.—to whom, be it remembered, the publisher, and not the author, makes his quaint dedication,—was no more than some amateur collector, who had earned the gratitude of Thomas Thorpe, by augmenting Jaggard's meagre collection of "Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musicke," printed ten years before? Printers and publishers in those old days troubled themselves as little about an author's right to property in his own brain-work, as any Harper or Harpy of the free and enlightened Republic of this nineteenth century. Initials are common on their title-pages. Mr. I. H. prints one edition of the "Venus and Adonis," Mr. R. F. another, Mr. W. B. a third, and Mr. T. P. a fourth. One edition of the "Lucrece" bears the initials I. H., another N.O., a third T. S., and a fourth J. B. Sometimes the mystery lies with the printer, at other times with the publisher. The sonnets of 1609 are "By G. Eld, for T. T., and are to be sold by William Aspley." Why should not the dedication have its share. Everybody who cared to know, could find out who I. H. the printer, or T. T. the publisher was; and probably Mr. W. H. was then no more important, and little less accessible.

HARDEN,—It may be so; and this Will o' the Wisp has led us a round, much akin to that of the old bibliomaniacs you refuse to follow:—

> "Through bog, through bush, through brake, through briar."

What of your promised glimpse of Anne Hathaway in these same sonnet-riddles?

DELINA.—Reading them with the idea of an absent husband responding to the regrets of one who deplores that time has her already at a disadvantage, I find a significance cast on many that were before as obscure, though not as barren, to me as they proved to the critical lawyer, George Steevens. Look for example, at the beautiful one beginning:

> "Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
> So do our minutes hasten to their end;"

and yet he comforts himself that his verse shall live to praise her worth, despite Time's

cruel hand. The same idea is repeated in many forms.

HARDEN.—And by many lovers—though they had not married their grandmothers!

DELINA.—If you can but jest, we had better drop the subject.

HARDEN.—I crave your pardon. I shall try to dismiss altogether from my mind the seven-years disparity between the boy-poet and his bride. Proceed if you please.

DELINA.—Not, if you are to dismiss from your mind that difference of age; though the sooner you rid your mind of the assumed domestic discord of which it has been made the sole basis, the better.

HARDEN.—I await your disclosures with unbiased impartiality.

DELINA.—Disclosures I have none. What can you make of scores of Wordsworth's sonnets, for example, but crystallizations of the poet's passing thoughts. So also is it with those Shakespearian gems. Sometimes they are his own thoughts, at other times he manifestly impersonated others. Let me direct you to one of the latter. I have repeatedly pleased myself with the fancy that Shakespeare penned the twenty-second sonnet as the expression of his absent Anne's feelings; cheering her thus, by putting her own thoughts in verse, when in some despondent hour she has recalled how time with her started unfairly in the race:—

"My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary,
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again."

HARDEN.—You fancy this sonnet should be headed "*Anna Shakespeare loquitur!*"

DELINA.—It seems to me it might.

HARDEN.—And that the poet has himself in view in "all that beauty" he refers to!

DELINA.—I suppose him to be only versifying the thoughts of his wife; in fact, rendering one of her letters into a sonnet.

HARDEN.—An ingenious fancy, certainly; and not worse than some of the older hypotheses you reject. Better indeed than that of William Hart, the nephew, who was not born when some of the sonnets were written; or than William Hughes so ingeniously unearthed by Tyrwhitt out of a sorry pun! And you would find by a like process some definite meaning or other in each of those vague little abstractions.

DELINA.—Many of them are full of meaning and personal character. Look at the very one that follows:—

"As an imperfect actor on the stage.
Who with his fear is put beside his part."

The personality is obvious in the 134th sonnet, where he puns, and sports with his own name. It is no less so in the 111th, where the poet complains of the fortune that forced him into public life; and why not also, when, as in the 97th sonnet, he bewails an absence that made the "summer time" and "the teeming autumn" seem to him like the freezing of old December; or again in the 98th:—

"From you have I been absent in the Spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his train,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything."

HARDEN.—The story of Shakespeare's unhappy wedded life has been so long current, and so oft repeated, that I confess I have never before fully recognized how entirely it is an inference, or invention of later times. I shall turn a new leaf, and try to read the page on which you throw this novel light. But it will take some schooling before I can hope to reach your enviable state of faith; and without that I fear the sonnets must still remain a riddle. Perhaps I had better betake myself meanwhile to Niebuhr, and cultivate anew my school-boy faith in the loves of Numa Pompilius and the nymph Egeria.

JANUARY.

BY SAMUEL JAMES WATSON.

SNOWS wrap him like a mantle; to his feet
He binds the inland oceans; around his waist
He belts himself with rivers; stinging sleet
Goads his mad hurricanes to wilder haste.

The forests at his nod uncrown their heads;
The white fields shiver as they see him come;
His whisper rocks the valleys, and he treads
Life out of all sweet sounds in snow graves dumb.

The grim north is his booming armoury,
Wherein he forges tempests, which he hurls,
From catapults of cloud, o'er every sea—
Even to the wave that o'er earth's mid-line curls.

At night, from infinite depths of frost-filled sky,
His stars look down with biting, sleet-cold gaze;
Charles'-wain wheels him through immensity,
For him Orion's threatening splendours blaze.

For him Aurora shakes her ghostly spears,
Over the day's grave, o'er the zenith's crown,
Like phantom phalanx, marshalled by his fears
Against the returning sun (in wrath gone down).

But, in Hope's sunshine, half his strength is shorn;
The spirits of the air whom he enslaves,
Hope sees exorcised by sweet April's morn,
By smile of flowers, and chorus-laugh of waves;

By song of bird, by honey-hymn of bee,
By the emblazoned rose in emerald set;
By fragrant buds, sun-sealed on every tree;
By the Dawn's pearl and Twilight's violet.

TORONTO.

MARGUERITE KNELLER, ARTIST AND WOMAN.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE LUXEMBOURG.

SOME years ago, a French painter of high celebrity stopped one day, in his hasty transit through the picture gallery of the Luxembourg, to look at the work of a young girl who was copying one of his own paintings ;—"Madame Roland before the Convention." At first sight there was nothing remarkable about this girl. She seemed about four and twenty, but she probably looked older than she really was from her sallow complexion, and the still and thoughtful expression of her face. Her features were irregular with no beauty of colouring to redeem their want of harmony, and her dress was as plain and unpretending as her person—a grey stuff gown and a black lace handkerchief tied over her black hair formed her costume. Yet, after a glance at her work, the great painter thought her worthy of some attention. He looked at her scrutinizingly for a minute or two; then he turned again to the picture on her easel.

"This copy is admirably done, Mademoiselle," he said at last.

The girl never once looked up. She seemed unmoved by his praise.

"It is very nearly, if not quite, equal to the original," continued the great painter. "I even think you have infused a nobler and more characteristic beauty into the heroine's face and figure than you found in your model; and given a simpler and more unconscious grandeur to her air and expression. And I should be something of a judge," he added, with a smile, "for the picture you are now doing so much honour to was painted by me."

The young girl started, and dropped her brush. Instead of stooping for it, she looked up at the speaker, who quietly picked it up and handed it to her. Cold and indifferent as she had seemed before, there was neither coldness nor indifference in the look with which she regarded him, as she took it.

"It is true, Mademoiselle," he said, smiling at her eager questioning face, "I am Eugene Delacroix, and it is also true that I see in you all the elements of a great painter."

A handsome fair-haired young man, himself an art student who had before noticed this girl, and been struck by her peculiarly absorbed look and manner, and evident devotion to her work, was standing near, and saw that these words made her eyes gleam and her face glow. It was not flattered vanity that called forth the unwonted brightness, it was the noble delight of finding her genius recognized by one whom she knew to be a master in her art and whose authority she never dreamt of questioning; a pure and grateful joy such as the timid Neophyte feels when his offering is approved by the Hierophant of the shrine at which he kneels. Then for a moment, while every feature was illumed by the inward flame "brighter than any light on sea or shore," the young student thought her beautiful. Whether the great master did or not, he was evidently much interested. He made a few criticisms on her work which the girl received with grateful intelligence, and before he went away he asked her name and residence. She readily gave both, but the

young student, still watching her, could not catch her words.

"With your permission, Mademoiselle, we shall soon meet again," said the great painter, "till then I say to you: Courage; a great career is before you."

The girl watched his retreating figure for a moment; then she passed her hand across her brow as if to calm her emotions, and turned again to her work. But her hand shook, a mist seemed before her eyes, and while she was still struggling for self-command, she felt a sharp tap on her shoulder, and saw the pale small face of a sprightly girl of fourteen bending over her.

"So soon, Clarie," she said with a sigh.

"So soon! so late you must mean. But you grow worse and worse. Here you sit painting day after day, week after week, month after month, I believe there is nothing else in the world that you care for. No wonder for Mère Monica to say you will make yourself ill. But how fast you are getting on, Marguerite," she exclaimed suddenly. "Thank goodness, it will soon be finished."

"Yes, but my work will not be finished with it, I hope. I have heard something to-day, Clarie, that will make me work harder than ever."

"What nonsense! you couldn't work harder than you do. But what have you heard?"

"I will tell you another time, perhaps. Now, I am ready to go home."

An elderly woman in a picturesque Norman cap and quaint black dress had accompanied Clarie, and now handed Marguerite her shawl. "Not that you need it to-day," she said in a brisk cheerful tone, "the air is so mild it is easy to see that summer is coming even in Paris, and the gardens are almost as sweet as the apple orchards in my old home. It will do you good to get into them out of this gloomy place."

"I don't know how she can bear to spend these bright spring mornings shut up here," cried Clarie. "See how she looks back at that tiresome painting. Take fast hold of her, Mère Monica, and lead her away, or we shall never get her out of this dungeon." And, while she was speaking, she tripped on before, leading the way down the steep stone staircase, more quietly followed by her companions. They passed through the beautiful gardens where the trees were putting forth their first green leaves, and the earliest flowers beginning to open. Children and nurse-maids, soldiers in their uniforms, priests in their robes, students, grisettes, and representatives of nearly all the *bourgeois* classes of Paris, strolled up and down or sat on the benches. Clarie would have been glad to stay for a while and move among the gay groups that attracted her lively fancy, but Marguerite reminded her that their father would be lonely, and hurried on. Clarie reluctantly followed, and, looking back at some striking costume she had caught sight of as they were descending a flight of steps, her foot slipped, and she fell on the pavement with a sudden cry.

"Oh, Clarie, are you hurt?" exclaimed Marguerite, trying to raise her sister with a tenderness which showed there was at least one thing besides her art about which she cared.

"Yes, my arm," gasped Clarie. "Oh, don't touch me, Marguerite," she cried, in an accent of great pain; "let me lie here. Oh it pains me so much, it must be broken."

Marguerite turned white with terror, and Mère Monica wrung her hands in agony. Some passers-by stopped, but before any one else could offer assistance, the young student who had seen them in the Luxembourg, and who had followed them through the gardens, came forward.

"There is a surgeon living close by," he said to Marguerite, "let me carry Mademoiselle there. I will not hurt you," he said to the poor child, who was moaning piteously, "I will carry you very gently."

Raising the little one tenderly and dexterously in his arms he carried her to the surgeon's house, which was not a dozen yards away. Happily the arm was not broken, and the lotion which the surgeon applied soon relieved the pain. The young student, who gave his name as Maurice Valazé, then summoned a cabriolet in which Clarie was soon placed with her sister and Mère Monica.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle, but you owe me no thanks," he said, "are we not both artists, and should there not be fellowship between us. May I not call to-morrow to see how Mademoiselle Clarie is?"

"Yes, certainly," said Marguerite, "if you will take the trouble. My father will be so glad to see you and thank you."

"Then I shall not fail to come," said Maurice, and so they parted.

CHAPTER II.

SOMETHING ABOUT MAURICE.

MAURICE VALAZE'S father possessed a small estate in Provence, but as it was entailed on the eldest son, and his family was large, Monsieur Valazé *père* was not able to do more for Maurice than give him the means of living respectably while studying the art he had chosen as his profession. This was, however, sufficient to exempt Maurice from many difficulties which those poor students who are compelled to make art the "milch cow of the field," as well as the "celestial goddess," are obliged to encounter. And he did not misuse the advantages his independence secured him. His nature was high and refined, and not to be tempted by low pleasure or dissipation; his talents, enthusiasm, and skill in his art, were such as seemed to insure him future eminence and fame; and at the same time he was so generous, frank, and spirited, that even the wildest of his fellow students loved him.

He was now preparing for a journey to Rome, where he intended to spend some years, hoping to find there, in marble, on canvas, and in those ruins which charm all who behold them into love with decay and death, the realization of those phantoms of grace and beauty which from childhood had haunted his imagination; and to learn from them the secret of concentrating his powers into some deathless form, through which he and all the world might recognize his right to participate in the immortal life of the children of genius.

For the last few days he had been making a study of some antique limbs and torsos which had been lately brought to the Luxembourg, and there he had first seen the young copyist, whose still steadfast face and intent absorbtion in her work had so greatly interested him. His excitable imagination had quickly exalted the slight service he had rendered Marguerite and her sister into something of a romantic adventure. He woke the next morning pleasantly excited as if he had found a fresh interest in life, and it was with a very agreeable sense of satisfaction that he arranged his hair and his dress at his looking-glass before setting out to pay his new friends a visit, and contemplated the reflection of the handsome face which he found there. In fact it would not have been easy to find a handsomer one any where; his hazel eyes were at once soft and brilliant, and his smooth broad brow and rich brown curls, and the clear pale hue of his complexion harmonized well with the refined and somewhat Greek type of his head and features; his figure was tall and perfectly well made; and all these advantages were scarcely marred by the careless carriage, the studied negligence of dress and the thick untrained beard and moustache of the modern art student.

CHAPTER III.

A FETE IN PARIS NOT AT ALL PARISIAN.

THE street in which Marguerite lived had before the Revolution been inhabited by people of rank and fashion. Its houses were Gothic, built with a strength and solidity to defy centuries of time, and with an artistic beauty and richness of ornament which would have filled Mr. Ruskin or any of his disciples with rapture, but the taste of later days having condemned their architecture as barbarous, they had been abandoned to that numerous class of persons who endeavour to support what is called a respectable appearance on narrow and precarious means. It was a very quiet street and tolerably clean, and as Maurice entered it, the evening sun half lighted up the antique buildings with a golden glory, half left them in soft and beautiful shadow, producing a variety of picturesque effects which delighted the young painter.

"Truly, this is not an unfit abode for an artist," thought Maurice, as he looked up at Marguerite's dwelling with its stone porch, its deeply embayed windows, and their rich ornamental tracery and mouldings.

The door was opened by Mère Monica, whose quaint figure and antiquated costume were in perfect keeping with the Gothic porch Maurice had been admiring, and the grey stone hall from which she had emerged. Her small, sharp, clearly marked features, and eyes full of quickness and life, were surmounted by a high Norman cap of white muslin, and her square figure was clad in a black petticoat and jacket, with a huge white apron; a bunch of keys, a pair of scissors, a pin-cushion, and some sort of knitting apparatus hanging at her waist. She received Maurice very graciously, and in answer to his inquiries told him that Clarie was much better. "Both the Demoiselles were in the garden," she said. "So was Monsieur, their father. Would Monsieur Valazé walk in while she went to let them know he was come?"

Maurice followed her into the hall, which contained a table and chairs of walnut curiously carved, with a buffet to match. There was a high Gothic window looking towards the street, the upper part richly stained, crimson, blue, and gold; the lower half wreathed with a screen of living ivy, after the German fashion. In the recess of the window stood a large arm-chair, and a table on which lay two or three books and a German pipe. From the hall Mère Monica conducted him into a little sitting room, and, requesting him to wait there till she found Mademoiselle Marguerite, she opened a glass door and passed into the garden. This little parlour had an air of cheerful life and comfort about it which Maurice scarcely expected to find in that gloomy old house. It was furnished in a very inexpensive and simple style, but he fancied he could discern the fine taste and graceful touch of the artist in its arrangements. There was a pretty green and white paper on the walls, the curtains were of striped white and green chintz, the couches, chairs, and tables, though of very common material, were of forms that pleased even the fastidious taste of Maurice. There were some water colour landscapes in pretty wood frames, which he never doubted to be the work of Marguerite, and their merit increased the high opinion he had already formed of her genius. Vases filled with China roses gave a fresh and delicate brightness to the room, and on a stand near the window was a basket, the centre one mass of sweet violets, the sides wreathed with living ivy. Between the windows stood a small bookcase, and Maurice saw with surprise that most of the books it contained were English and German. As it seemed to him that Marguerite's hand and taste were visible in every other part of the room, he could not help concluding that these books had been chosen by her; yet, according to his ideas, some of them were calculated more

to puzzle than to enlighten the feminine intellect.

"I hope she is not too much of a *femme savante*," thought Maurice; but this fear was instantly put to flight as the glass door again opened and Marguerite entered. Her hair was plainly folded back from her forehead, and coiled round her head, and her dress, a grey gingham gown, was plain enough for any learned lady; but then it was fresh and spotless, neatly made, and neatly put on, and she looked so gentle and unaffected, spoke to Maurice with so quiet, yet so sweet a voice, shook hands with him so frankly, and invited him to the garden, where her father and Clarie were, so pleasantly, that he at once exonerated her from any unwomanly acquaintance with science and philosophy, and even forgot for the moment how little of the beauty he deemed essential to woman, she possessed.

The garden was large, well-filled, and in good order; a great abundance of vegetables grew there, and fruit trees were trained against the walls. In the middle was a trellised arbour, covered with grape vines, and in front of the arbour was a grass plot, bordered with beds of flowers. Early as the season was, pansies, auriculas, hyacinths and tulips bloomed there in profusion, filling the air with their delicious fragrance. Monsieur Kneller was sitting on the grass plot in a wheeled chair, and at his feet sat Clarie, her straw hat, gay with pink ribands, lying beside her, and her bruised arm in a sling. She was reading a volume of Beranger's poems to her father, but as Maurice approached, she tossed it away, as if glad to be released from an irksome task.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come," she exclaimed; "now I may stop reading."

"And I am glad that I may thank you for your kindness to this troublesome girl," said her father. "You will excuse me for not getting up to welcome you, when you know that I cannot rise without being helped."

Monsieur Kneller was at least sixty years old, stoutly made, with a large head, much more German than French in its form, and something also of his German ancestry in his grave face and slow manner. He was instantly pleased with Maurice Valazé's pleasant looks and ways, as almost everyone was. Maurice had the gift of winning hearts, and ere long the little group in the garden were as good friends as if they had been known to each other for years. Monsieur Kneller was a passionate admirer of Beranger's lyrics, and he found that Maurice's knowledge and appreciation of that poet of the people was scarcely inferior to his own. Delighted with his young guest, he invited him to stay and take coffee, and suggested that as the evening was so summer-like, they should have a little fête in the garden; a proposal to which the girls eagerly assented, and which was warmly applauded by Maurice. Clarie ran into the house to coax Mère Monica to make some of her best cakes for the occasion, and when she returned her father sent her and Maurice to help Marguerite, who was gathering strawberries.

"You must make a basket for them, Marguerite," said Clarie, when they had gathered enough; "one like that you made on my birthday." And darting away, she returned in a minute with some vine leaves, which she threw into her sister's lap. With these the dexterous fingers of Marguerite soon wove a graceful and picturesque little basket, and, when it was piled high with bunches of the rich coral fruit, Maurice declared it was worthy of being made immortal.

"By whom?" asked Clarie, saucily.

"By me," answered Maurice,—"I intend to become a great painter, just for the purpose of transmitting this *chef d'œuvre* to the admiration of future ages."

"I don't think you will ever become a great painter," said Clarie, demurely; "you look too gay. If you were to see Marguerite, how grave she looks when she is painting."

"I have seen her," said Maurice.

"Oh, have you? Where, then?" exclaimed Clarie. "But of course it was in the Luxembourg yesterday."

"Yes, and before yesterday."

"Well, did you not notice how grave she looked?"

"Grave, do you call it? I should say rapt, inspired, like the muse of painting herself."

"Oh, indeed! that is a grand compliment, but Marguerite does not care for compliments."

"I am not worthy to pay her compliments," said Maurice; "but if I were as great a painter as Eugene Delacroix——"

"Ah!" exclaimed Marguerite, who had not seemed to hear them before, but now looked up with a vivid blush, and met Maurice's eager and sympathetic glance, "*you* heard him. I have sometimes felt since as if it was all a dream. But come," she added, hastily, "I must go and prepare the table, or Mère Monica will be here with her cakes and coffee before we are ready for them."

And when the table was spread with a snowy cloth, pretty pencilled china cups and plates, and bright spoons and forks, with delicious little French rolls, fresh butter and sweet cream, which Mère Monica always seemed able to provide as if by magic; when to these were added exquisite cakes and coffee, Marguerite's vine-leaf basket with its tempting store, and a bouquet of flowers in the centre; when these dainties were crowned by the good-natured hospitality of Monsieur Kneller, the girlish joyousness of Clarie, the brilliant sallies of wit and fancy with which Maurice, who was in a humour to enjoy everything and make others enjoy it also, enlivened the repast, and the quiet delight of Marguerite, a feast was provided which every lover of simple and natural pleasures might have envied.

Pleased and animated, Marguerite looked so much better than Maurice had till now thought she could ever look, that he began to consider her, if not pretty, yet something better. He remembered what the lady said whom Carlyle quotes when speaking of Varnhagen Von Ense's famous wife, Rachel, "Are not all beautiful faces ugly to begin with?" He now remarked that the shape of her head was fine and noble, and her forehead and brows beautiful; that her dark eyes were deep and soft; her smile sweet and bright, and her black hair glossy, silken, and abundant. Clarie was very unlike her sister, and Maurice thought much plainer. Her features were delicate, but her complexion was pale and sallow. Her thinness made her blue eyes look too large and too light, and her fair hair was all tucked away under a green silk net, which made her look almost ghastly. But, pretty or plain, Maurice liked his new friends, and this evening reminded him of the pleasant home-life he had left behind him in sunny Provence. He gladly accepted Monsieur Kneller's invitation to come and see them again; and left them at sunset, determined to do so as speedily as possible.

(To be continued.)

TWO CITIES.

BY J. C. H.

PART I.

A CITY rose in pride,—
Vast were its wealth and merchandize;
From far, o'er lake and river glide
Full many a craft, that to its side
Still came and went; while wondering eyes,
Regarding, saw the reign of arts and peace,
Nor feared such happy reign could cease.

But hark! what rends the air?
O'er dome and spire flame follows flame;
Strong men aghast, the young, the fair,
Run here, run there, but find despair;
Thus fall great plans of far-seen aim,
Rich marts, high palaces, and dwellings fair;
Come days of toil and nights of care.

But soon again shall rise,
Renewed, as bird of legend old,
This city, where now only sighs,
From widows, orphans, poor, arise;
Its bells shall joyful ring, ten-fold
More great the glory of its future days
Than was its early far-sung praise.

PART II.

A city higher still,
And fairer far, and where my heart
Can tell, most beauteous grew, each pinnacle,
Bulwark, wall, tower, and citadel
Of gold and gems in-wrought with wondrous art,
A host of angels guarded from above;
Mystic their watchword—it was Love.

Wandering I stray, till dazed
With varying scenes, then homeward turn,
High on a hill I stood and gazed,—
And gazed and stood, and cried amazed,—
Has earthquake come, or fire to burn?
But lo! the darkness breaks, the thick clouds rise,
Dear home! I cry and feast my eyes.

And then I heard a call,—
My name, and words of cheer:—"Fond heart,
"Behold and learn, tho' darkness all
"Your dear hopes seemed to shroud; the pall
"Has proved but clouds; they opening part,
"And Love, the sun, with radiant hues now dyes
"The clouds you dreaded, as they rise."

MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE.

BY H. ALLEYNE NICHOLSON, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.E.

THAT the earlier stages of man's history were passed under conditions little different from those of the brutes was an opinion held by many of the ancient writers. Horace expresses this view in a very definite form in the well-known and often-quoted lines:

"Quum prorepserunt primis animalia terris,
Mutum et turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter
Unguibus et pugnis, dein fustibus, atque ita porro
Pugnabant armis quæ post fabricaverat usus,
Donec verba, quibus voces sensusque notarent,
Nomiuaque invenere; dehinc absistere bello,
Oppida cœperunt munire et ponere leges."*

Even Rome, however, produced men who held a different opinion to the one expressed in this celebrated passage; and the nineteenth century, if it has not left the controversy just where it was in the time of Horace, has nevertheless failed as yet to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to man's place in nature. Now-a-days, every theory must be able to give scientific grounds for its existence, and vigorous attempts have been made recently to place the dictum of Horace upon a basis of scientific fact. It is the object of the present paper to examine how far these endeavours may be said to have succeeded; and in so doing it is not necessary to consider more than one of these attempts, Mr. Darwin's work on the "Descent of Man." It is to be borne in mind, however, that the limits of a Magazine article will only permit of allusion being made to some of the more salient points of such a vast and intricate subject.

The difficulty which is generally felt as to man's place in nature, is well expressed by the different schemes of zoological classification adopted by different writers on natural history. Thus, some authorities place man in a distinct "sub-kingdom," or primary division of the animal kingdom; others give him the rank of a distinct class; others reduce his privileges to that of a separate order; whilst others, finally, consider that man's peculiarities are so few and so little marked that he may be considered as a subdivision of a common order with the monkeys. It is, therefore, worth our while to consider shortly what are the grounds upon which man's position in the zoological scale may justifiably be fixed, or, in other words, what points ought properly to be included in the zoological definition of man.

As to his mere anatomical structure, man differs from the man-like apes chiefly in his habitually erect posture; in having the hind limbs exclusively devoted to locomotion, whilst the fore-limbs are equally exclusively devoted to acts of grasping; in having a thumb capable of being brought in contact with the extremities of the other digits, whilst the great toe is *not* so "opposable;" in having no general covering of hair on the body; in having an even and uninterrupted series of teeth; and in having the largest, most highly developed, and most richly convoluted brain in the entire series of the quadrupeds. Many naturalists would consider, as we think with great reason, that these anatomical differences taken by themselves are amply sufficient to entitle man to claim at any rate the place of a distinct order in the

* "When animals first crept forth from the newly-formed earth, a dumb and filthy herd, they fought for acorns and lurking places with their nails and fists, then with clubs, and at last with arms, which, taught by experience, they had forged. They then invented names for things, and words to express their thoughts, after which they began to desist from war, to fortify cities, and enact laws."

Mammalian series. They are to the full as numerous and as weighty differences as those which separate any two allied orders of quadrupeds, and are much more striking than those which separate some of the orders. Temporarily, however, and for the sake of argument, we may admit that these differences are not such as to entitle man to a position in the class of Mammals more select than that of a mere family of an order containing also the monkeys; and we may next ask if these characters do indeed constitute the zoological definition of man.

All naturalists are agreed that the value of any given classification depends upon the extent to which it is "natural." That is to say, the value of any given classification depends entirely upon the extent to which it is grounded upon and takes into account *all* the characters of the objects classified. It is very easy and often very convenient to classify objects by some one character alone; and the more superficial and conspicuous such a character may be, the better will it be fitted for such a purpose. Classifications founded upon such single characters, ignoring the totality of the objects classified, are, however, stigmatized as "artificial," and have been now universally and finally abandoned by every science which has cut its leading-strings, and has attained to the power of walking alone.

The question, then, inevitably arises: Does the above classification embrace *all* the characters of man? Or, does it ignore some of his most important peculiarities, and thus brand itself as "artificial"? We do not think that two answers ought to be possible to such a question, and we may take an imaginary illustration in support of this assertion. Suppose naturalists were to unearth in some remote corner of the globe an assemblage of beings possessing all the physical characters of man—large-brained, erect, bipedal, and hairless—but wholly destitute of his higher characters, speaking no articuate language, using no tools, building no habitations, ignorant of fire, and showing no mental powers higher than those of the monkeys. It may be said that such an assemblage of animals is an impossible conception, and that an animal with a human brain would of necessity exhibit the psychical characters of man. This, however, is begging the question, and we are not bound to accept such an assumption in an imaginary case. Let us suppose, then, that naturalists suddenly stumble upon such a race as the above—how are they to be classified? Are they to be placed unreservedly and unequivocally in the same group as *Homo sapiens*, or are they to be regarded as merely a peculiar group of the Apes, or may we consider them as transitional between man and the monkeys? Assuredly, those who maintain that man's zoological position is to be wholly determined by his anatomical, or so-called "zoological" characters, would be logically compelled to group this race with the family of "articulately-speaking men," and that, too, without any line of demarcation. Many naturalists, however, would declare that such beings, in spite of their anatomical structure were not *men*, and we venture to think that this conclusion would be backed by the common sense and innate feeling of the world at large.

We think, then, that any naturalist is justified, as a scientific man, in maintaining that all classifications of man by his anatomical characters alone are *artificial*, and as such are indefensible. Such classifications do *not* embrace the totality of man's organization, and can not, therefore, be natural. If, as most people would readily admit, a race of beings possessing man's physical structure, but not endowed with his mental characters, is not truly to be regarded as human, then man's zoological definition must be made to include something more than his mere physical and anatomical structure. *That* something is man's mental and moral constitution; and we repeat our belief that any naturalist is justified, without disparagement to either

his knowledge or his ability, in maintaining that man's psychical peculiarities are as much an integral factor of his zoological definition as his physical structure, or perhaps more so. We will not allow that mental characters do not come under the head of "zoological" characters, and we should be perfectly willing to have this principle applied to the whole series of the Mammals. If mental characters are characters at all, surely they serve to distinguish the objects which exhibit them, quite as strongly as the grosser and more palpable characters to be derived from anatomical structure; and if so, they certainly must be taken into account in any classification which pretends to be "natural." We are far from saying that, even in man, due prominence should not be given to the details of the physical organization. Such characters are necessarily almost the only available ones in the Mammals generally, and are undoubtedly of the greatest importance even in man himself. Few, also, would be disposed to doubt that the mental organization of an animal must be most closely and intimately correlated with its physical structure. If we knew thoroughly the laws of such correlation, then it would be amply sufficient to classify all animals, including man, solely by anatomical characters; for then the statement of the physical structure would instantly furnish the instructed naturalist with the key to the mental *status* of any given animal. It is needless to say, however, that in place of possessing any such thorough knowledge, our ignorance of the laws of correlation may fairly be characterized as profound. Indeed, when we come to the brain, and the nervous system in general, we may be said to know literally nothing as to the correlation of structure and function. We do not even know enough to secure assent to the very probable supposition that here a very minute and apparently trivial difference in structure may be correlated with an almost immeasurable difference in mental power.

It seems, however, that no more completely retrograde step has been taken in the whole of this discussion than the importation into this subject of the question whether the mind be the product of the brain, or whether the brain be merely the organ of the mind. It is difficult to conceive of any discussion more hopelessly idle and futile than this; since it is clear that the premises at present at our command will allow of either conclusion being logically arrived at. We know the material structure which we call the brain, we recognize certain phenomena which we call mental, and we have every reason to be certain that there is the closest connection between the brain of any animal and its mental phenomena. We have not, however, any means of determining with absolute certainty what is the nature of this connection; and if it be one of effect and cause, we have no single *datum* to determine which is effect and which is cause. We know the sequence of phenomena; we do not know which phenomenon precedes the other in point of time. It is just as scientific, therefore, and just as logical, to believe that the brain exists as an effect of the mind, as it is to believe that "the brain secretes mind as the liver secretes bile." The one opinion has no scientific advantage over the other; and it is at present very difficult to see how we can arrive at any absolutely unassailable conclusion upon this point, any more than upon many other kindred questions. In the meanwhile, at any rate, either opinion is open to the impartial and unbiassed reasoner, and each individual will adopt one or other view, just as he may be guided by the general tendency of his mind and the general drift of his studies.

It may not, perhaps, be out of place to point out here, that the discussion as to the nature of life and its connection with matter, rests upon a precisely similar basis. We recognize certain phenomena which we call "vital," as being exclusively manifested by living beings; and we recognise further that

these phenomena are never manifested except by certain forms of matter, or, it may be, by no more than a single form of matter. It is clear therefore, that there is the closest connection between vital phenomena and the "matter of life." It is a bold conclusion, however, from these premises to deduce that life is the result of living matter, or one of its inherent properties. We know the succession of phenomena, but we know no more; and it is just as logical to conclude that living matter is the result of vital forces. This may seem to be a digression as regards the matter in hand; but in truth the two questions are very intimately connected, and a final decision in one case would almost inevitably determine the other.

We have, then, arrived so far in our argument as the assertion that man's psychical characters ought to be taken into account in the determination of his zoological position; and that, indeed, they ought to have at least as much weight as his anatomical structure in deciding this question. We are aware that many eminent naturalists would deny this assertion *in toto*; but the question is at present certainly one of individual opinion, and no argument, as we shall see, can be carried out on such a subject without some such assertion on one side or the other.—Allowing, then, this assertion to pass, it becomes clear that the question of man's zoological position will turn ultimately upon the value which we attach to his mental characters; since man does not differ much in anatomical structure from the Anthropoid apes, but certainly does differ greatly from them as regards his psychical manifestations. Mr. Darwin, indeed, tacitly admits this; for he is obliged to base his argument wholly upon the assumption that the mental phenomena, moral and intellectual, exhibited by man differ from those of animals in *degree* only and not in *kind*. This assumption we may examine in detail, but it is well to bring forward one point prominently beforehand. If, as asserted by Mr. Darwin, man's psychical phenomena differ from those of monkeys or other Mammals in degree only, then by the logical necessity of Mr. Darwin's own hypothesis there is no mental difference, other than that of degree, between man and the lowest of the Vertebrate sub-kingdom, the degraded little fish known as the Lancelet. As Mr. Darwin has further explicitly declared his belief in a genetic connection between the Lancelet and those degraded Molluscs, the *Ascidians*, it follows that man's mental constitution does not differ *in kind* from that of a Sea-squirt. So far Mr. Darwin himself leads us, and we may rest contented here, but it would not be difficult to show that his theory leads us logically to the inevitable conclusion that man's intellectual and moral endowments do not differ in kind from those of a Sponge, or any still lower Invertebrate. It is quite true that it might be difficult to demonstrate any mental phenomena in a Sponge, at least we are not aware that any have hitherto been recorded. Still, all man's faculties must be present in the Sponge in an undeveloped condition; for Haeckel assures us that it is not difficult to show how the Polypes have descended from the Sponges, and the former have decided relationships to the lower Molluscs, whilst the last undoubtedly have connections amongst the fishes, and so, further, up to "the noblest work of God." No one, however, will be disposed to deny Mr. Darwin the possession of the "courage of his opinions," and it is possible he would not shrink from believing that all man's faculties are present, in germ, in plants, since the animal and vegetable kingdoms probably spring from a common progenitor.

Mr. Darwin prefaces his argument by the remark that "no classification of the mental powers has been universally accepted," without apparently recognizing how enormously such a state of things detracts from the value of any comparison of the mental constitution of man and the lower animals. Such a comparison is wholly within the domain

of Psychology, and Psychology has not yet agreed about her fundamentals! Psychology, in fact, as a science, if it can fairly be said to exist at all, is certainly as yet in extremest infancy. Surely this ought to induce caution in the acceptance of any solution of one of the profoundest problems to the consideration of which Psychology can at any time be called. Admitting that we are tolerably well acquainted with the constitution of the human mind, though assuredly we have yet much both to learn and unlearn even on this head, there still remains the fact that we are almost totally ignorant of the mental organization of animals. We have, of course, been able to observe and record a greater or less number of authentic mental phenomena, as exhibited by the lower animals. We know, however, absolutely nothing of the source and nature of these phenomena, and it is begging the whole question to assume that the mental phenomena of animals arise from a source of the same *kind* as those of man, merely because man himself thinks he can detect in their mental acts a certain similarity to his own. We should bear in mind, then, from the very outset, that the comparison between the mental powers of man and those of the lower animals is a comparison between one very partially known quantity, and another about which hardly anything is known and still less is universally agreed.—Taking the lower animals first, we meet with the very general belief, even at the present day, that the mental actions of animals are mainly, if not exclusively, to be ascribed to what is vaguely called "instinct." Hardly any two writers have succeeded in agreeing as to what we are to understand by instinct; but we may here look at two definitions.—Mr. Darwin knows perfectly well what he means by instinct, for he understands by this term "inherited habit." In spite, however, of the perfect clearness of this definition, Mr. Darwin speaks of the instincts of "self-preservation, sexual love, the love of the mother for her new-born offspring," and speaks of these as being instincts which man has in common with the lower animals.—Now, if an instinct be an inherited habit, it is clear that there must have been a time in the history of each instinct when the instinct was not; for the term "habit" implies a previous absence of habit. But, we cannot suppose it possible that there was ever a time in the history of man, or of any other species of animal in which sexual love did not exist; nor could we properly speak of the "habit" of self-preservation. Mr. Darwin, again, seems to us to have by no means happily evaded the difficulty of the peculiar instincts of sexless animals, such as worker-bees, and ants, which have no offspring, and which, therefore, cannot transmit acquired or inherited habits. The instincts, for example, of a worker-ant are wholly different from those of the queen, and yet the worker is the offspring of the latter. The instincts, again, of a soldier-ant differ both from those of the worker and from those of the queen, and yet the soldier is both neuter and the immediate offspring of the queen. We have, therefore, the queen, with one set of instincts, giving origin to other queens with the same instincts, and to workers and soldiers, each with peculiar instincts, and each incapable of transmitting these instincts by heredity.—To say that these instincts appear to arise "through the natural selection of variations of simpler instinctive actions" hardly seems to render matters much more perspicuous, and certainly deprives Mr. Darwin's definition of instinct of almost its entire value.

At the very best, however, the proposition that instinct is "inherited habit" is an assumption, and is one in support of which no evidence of weight has been brought forward. That habits may become instinctive is certain, and it is equally certain that these habits may be transmitted in the way of inheritance. It by no means follows from this that *all* instincts were originally habits, nor does there seem any probability in such

a view. The late Professor Goodsir, on the other hand, one of the most profound anatomists that Britain has ever produced, defines instinct as "a collective term applied to those laws in virtue of which the psychical endowments of the animal are so adjusted in reference to its organism with its functions, and to all the necessary and contingent circumstances in its existence, as to enable them to work together harmoniously in the adaptation of means to ends, without self-consciousness." In other words, instinct is a collective term applied to those laws in virtue of which each species of animal acts in a definite and unvarying manner under given circumstances, its actions being performed "with unerring accuracy and without previous training."

Whatever definition of instinct be ultimately adopted, few of those who have studied the subject will be disposed to deny that animals, in some cases, exhibit phenomena which cannot rightly be called instinctive. Mr. Darwin concludes that animals exhibit emotions essentially similar to those of man: maternal affection, jealousy, love of praise, shame, wonder, curiosity, imitation, attention, memory, imagination, and reason; and the evidence, as regards most of these, will no doubt bear him out in his assertion. We may remark, however, *en passant* that it is an assumption that dreaming is an act of the imagination, and no other proof is adduced that animals possess this faculty beyond the fact that they certainly dream. As regards the faculty of reason, few unprejudiced observers will probably deny its possession to the brutes, though there are doubtless some to whom such an allowance would be distasteful. In reality, however, no stronger assistance could be given to the Darwinian theory of the descent of man than by an obstinate adherence to the untenable doctrine that animals possess nothing higher than mere blind and mechanical instincts.

The late Prof. Goodsir, indeed, whilst denying to the brutes the possession of a reason comparable to that of man, nevertheless believed that it could not well be denied "that there is in the constitution of the brute an essence which is not material." He believed that this immaterial principle is the essential element of the animal, "failing which, the body of the animal would have had no existence," and that it is in this immaterial principle that "the instinctive consciousness of the animal subsists." He believed, however, that the immaterial principle of the brute is destitute of self-consciousness and, therefore, necessarily incapable of "intellectual movement;" so that "its so-called intellectual processes resolve themselves into mere suggestive acts. Its so-called thoughts, or trains of thought, are merely individual acts of objective consciousness connected by the determining law of its instinct. These acts of objective consciousness may be immediate—that is, induced by the actual presence of the object; or they may be mediate—that is reproductions of acts of objective consciousness, through the memory or imagination."

It is not necessary that we should accept all the views of this profound observer upon this subject; but the belief that animals possess a much higher mental organization than that usually allotted to them is one which is constantly gaining ground, and which certainly in no way interferes with the belief that man's mental powers are *sui generis* and wholly distinct in kind from those of animals. The admission of this cuts away from the Darwinian theory one of its strongest supports, for it deprives the evidence to be obtained from domesticated animals of almost all its weight. If animals possess a mental organization peculiar to each species, then there is no reason whatever why such an organization should not be influenced and improved by man. We know that we can influence and improve the physical organization of a horse or a dog, without thinking that we could convert either into an elephant or a monkey. We may believe

also, with equal reason, that we can influence and improve the mental powers of these animals, without thinking that we could ever teach them to do Euclid, or to write poetry. Because the psychical or mental organization of an animal is within certain limits plastic and capable of improvement or degradation, it by no means follows that its power of change is illimitable, however long a time be allowed for such a process.

On this theory, therefore, the truly marvellous mental phenomena manifested by the dog, and to a less extent by other domestic animals, lose almost their entire weight as bearing on the unity of man's mental organization with that of the lower animals. If such a unity is ever to be proved it must be by observations made upon wild animals in a state of nature. The mental phenomena exhibited by the domestic animals are the result of the action of man's personality upon their partially plastic organization; and no proof has yet been advanced to show that this plasticity extends beyond certain very definite limits.

Up to this point, then, in our enquiry we may admit that man and the lower animals show differences of degree only and not of kind; both alike exhibiting certain fundamental emotions and instincts, along with the power of reasoning and the faculty of memory. Before going on to consider if there is any proof of the same community between man and brutes as regards the higher faculties, we may pause to consider a point which seems highly adverse to Mr. Darwin's theory. Upon this theory, we ought beyond all doubt to find the highest mental development in those animals which are themselves highest in the zoological scale, and nearest to man in physical structure. It may very fairly be doubted, however, if this holds good, even within the narrow limits of the Mammals. It may fairly be doubted, for instance, if the highest of the Anthropoid Apes can be compared as regards his mental development with the dog or the horse, or even the elephant. Much stress need not, however, be laid on this, for it may be said that this depends on the different opportunities of mental improvement enjoyed by each. A very much greater difficulty is presented to us when we consider the case of some of the lower animals which unquestionably owe none of their peculiarities to man's influence or man's interference. If we take the case of some of the ants, and more especially the various species which are known to make and keep slaves, we are in the first place dealing with Invertebrate animals, whose nervous system is of a very low type, only doubtfully presenting anything which can be compared with the brain of the Vertebrates. And yet, they present mental phenomena of the most striking nature, and which certainly can not be set down to mere instinct, at any rate not according to Mr. Darwin's definition.—The Russet Ant (*Formica rufescens*), for example, habitually keeps slaves which are captured when young. These slaves belong to a wholly different species, yet so entirely do they forget their instincts or "inherited habits," that they actually devote their lives to their masters, feed them, build their nests, bring up their young, and defend them with the utmost bravery. They show no recollection of their own species, and manifest no desire to return to their own people. Being of no developed sex, they cannot, of course, transmit these qualities to any descendants; and, for the same reason, the masters can only keep up their stock by constantly making fresh captures. The masters, on the other hand, accept the services of the slaves in every particular, except that they go alone on their slave-making expeditions. That this system was one which was not born with the species is shown by the fact that long holding of slaves has completely demoralized the masters, who can no longer even feed themselves without assistance. Were it not for the slaves, therefore, the species would die out. If we admit that the system of

slave-making is an inherited habit—as indeed it almost certainly is in part—there must have been a time when the species dispensed with such artificial aid, but we fail to see any adequate explanation of the change. The change must certainly have been in opposition to previously contracted habits and instincts, and could hardly have arisen without some exercise of reasoning. That the behaviour of the slaves cannot be ascribed to instinct—if instinct be but "inherited habit" —is quite certain; since their conduct is by no means in accordance with any habits they could have derived from their parents. That the conduct of the masters is not wholly instinctive seems also almost certain, the delicate touch of nature, betrayed by their not allowing their willing slaves to accompany them on slave-making expeditions, being almost human.

To those who, like the present writer, believe that animals have certain mental endowments, each according to his kind, and apart from what is ordinarily called instinct, the romantic history of the slave-making Ants offers no difficulties. It appears, however, to present an almost insuperable bar to the theory of the evolution of man's mental faculties out of those of the lower animals. If, as before said, the germs of man's faculties are present in the lower animals, then most certainly we ought to find the nearest approach to man's mental phenomena in the animals nearest him in anatomical structure. Upon this theory we should hardly expect to find any psychical phenomena comparable to those of man, except in the highest Vertebrates; and the advocates of this view might have fairly explained the absence of high mental powers in all lower than the Mammals, by saying that these alone possessed a brain in any way comparable to that of man. Here, however, we have an *Invertebrate* animal, further removed in anatomical structure from the lowest Vertebrate than man himself is, exhibiting a sequence of mental phenomena which—whatever their true nature may be —are of at least as high a character as those exhibited by any quadruped whatsoever in an undomesticated condition. It may be doubted, indeed, if any domesticated Mammal has ever exhibited phenomena so strictly human; for no cases seem to be on record in which one species of Mammal has succeeded in making another species work for it.* It will not do to say that the one set of actions are instinctive and another set of the same, or of a higher, order are actuated by reason. Whatever theory we adopt, we must apply the same reasoning to all cases, and from this point of view it seems impossible to concede the possession of reason to the Apes, and to deny at least an equal amount of it to the Ants. Nor is it a sufficient explanation to say that these are "social instincts" arising from the fact that Ants live in communities; since this leaves untouched the fact that no social Birds or Mammals have exhibited anything higher in point of mental development. From whatever point of view we look at it, it would seem that either the Ants, as Invertebrate animals, are much more clever than their type of nervous system should permit, or the Apes and other Mammals are far less clever. The same conclusion may be reached by a consideration of many other phenomena in the marvellous history of Ants, to say nothing of White Ants or Bees, but the case here chosen will be sufficient for its purpose.

Let us pass on now to consider very briefly some of the points in which man is asserted to be superior to the lower animals, so superior that he differs from them in kind and not in degree only. According to Darwin, these points are "that man alone is capable of progressive improvement; that he alone makes use of tools or fire, domesticates other

* The Jackal has sometimes been spoken of as the "Lion's provider"; but there is no reason to believe that jackals have any connection with lions other than that caused by their anxiety to secure the leavings of the stronger beast.

animals, possesses property, or employs language; that no other animal is self-conscious, comprehends itself, has the power of abstraction, or possesses general ideas; that man alone has a sense of beauty, is liable to caprice, has the feeling of gratitude, mystery, etc; believes in God, or is endowed with a conscience." Many of these alleged peculiarities are so palpably dependent and consequent on others of the same list, or are intrinsically of such secondary importance, that it will be sufficient to confine our attention here to two of them, namely man's self-consciousnesss, and his moral sense. The possession of language will not be touched upon here, partly because, at best, language is merely an outward and visible sign of something far deeper, and partly because there are phenomena in certain diseases, more especially in *aphasia*, which appear to have been overlooked by Mr. Darwin, and to be utterly fatal to his beliefs as to the origin, nature and development of language.

As regards the presence of self-consciousness, as distinguishing man from any and all animals, we can not do better than shortly consider the views advocated by Goodsir, in his admirable lectures on the "Dignity of the Human Body," without entering into any discussion as to the extent to which these views may be defended. According to this eminent observer, man consists essentially of three elements—a corporeal, a psychical and a spiritual. The psychical element of man agrees in its nature with the immaterial principle of animals, and is the seat of his instinctive consciousness. To this psychical element is due the form and structure of the human body; and in it "are *based* all those instincts, emotions, appetites and passions which, stronger, keener and more numerous than in the animal, were conferred on man for his higher purpose and greater enjoyment, so long as subject to his higher principle; but which have, under his freedom of choice, become the sources of misery and death." The human organism properly so-called is the combination of this psychical element with the corporeal mechanism. It is "the animal in man" and is the only point in which man resembles the animal. In addition, however, to his corporeal and psychical elements, in which he resembles the animal, man possesses a spiritual principle or rational consciousness, in virtue of which he becomes *self-conscious*.—Self-consciousness, in turn, implies the exercise of thought; since it "involves a comparison and jndgment regarding two things, neither of which we can think down or out of existence—namely, the self which thinks, and the self which is thought of." In virtue of this self-conscious spiritual principle, man alone of all the organized beings on the earth, is capable of disobeying the laws of his psychical principle or organism; man alone is capable of thought and speech, "the phonetic expression of thought"; man alone "is impressed with the belief of moral truth and divine agency," and alone possesses a will properly so termed. "At this point we reach the solution of the question as to the essence of humanity. With an animal body and instincts, man possesses also a consciousness involving Divine truth in its regulative principles. But along with this highly endowed consciousness, the human being has been left free to act either according to the impulses of his animal or of his higher principle. The actual history of humanity, of its errors, its sufferings and its progress, is the record of the struggle between man's animal and Divine principle, and of the means vouchsafed by his Creator for his relief." This possession by man of a form of conscious principle higher than and distinct from that of any animal "leaves no place for man in any conceivable arrangement of the animal kingdom."

Such, stated in the briefest and baldest manner, are the views entertained by one of the greatest anatomists which this century has produced, as to the constitution of man

and his proper place in the world which he inhabits. It were doubtless easy to point out that many of these views are more or less of the nature of unprovable assumptions. It were easy, however, to point out a similar defect in many of the views entertained by his opponents. We prefer, therefore, to abstain from all comment, merely remarking that it is a noteworthy fact, that views acceptable to all advocates of a Spiritual Philosophy should have been arrived at, by a wholly independent line of thought, by one whose life was devoted to the study of man's physical structure.

It remains only very cursorily to consider how far man's possession of a "moral sense" can be said to distinguish him from animals. By the term "moral sense" is understood the conception of *right*, or, in the words of Darwin, the comprehension of all that "is summed up in that short but imperious word *ought*, so full of high significance." The presence of a moral sense, or of a conception of right, has long been advanced as one of the most striking characters by which man is distinguished from the brutes; since animals certainly have no comprehension of the meaning of the word "ought." Animals, however, appear to have some idea of what is *useful* to them, as they possess the power of experiencing both painful and pleasurable sensations. Animals can, therefore, be taught in many instances either to perform certain acts, or to abstain from the performance of others. Those who regard man's faculties as differing from those of animals in degree only, have sought to break down the barriers which distinguish the moral sense, and have endeavoured to show that the conception of *right* is at bottom but an expanded and developed comprehension of what is *useful*. This is absolutely essential to the view that man, in his totality, has been evolved out of the lower animals. How a perception of expediency becomes converted into a sense of right might at first sight appear a somewhat puzzling problem. We will, however, give the views of those who hold that this conversion has actually taken place, in the terse and vigorous language of St. George Mivart:—

"They say that 'natural selection' has evolved moral conceptions from perceptions of what was useful, *i. e*, pleasurable, by having through long ages preserved a predominating number of those individuals who have had a natural and spontaneous liking for practices and habits of mind useful to the race, and that the same power has destroyed a predominating number of those individuals who possessed a marked tendency to contrary practices. The descendants of individuals so preserved have, they say, come to inherit such a liking and such useful habits of mind, and that at last, (finding this inherited tendency thus existing in themselves, distinct from their tendency to self-gratification) they have become apt to regard it as fundamentally distinct, *innate*, and independent of all experience. In fact, according to this school, the idea of 'right' is only the result of the gradual accretion of useful predilections which, from time to time, arose in a series of ancestors naturally selected. In this way, 'morality' is, as it were, the congealed past experience of the race, and 'virtue' becomes no more than a sort of 'retrieving,' which the thus improved human animal practises by a perfected and inherited habit, regardless of self-gratification, just as the brute animal has acquired the habit of seeking prey and bringing it to his master, instead of devouring it himself."

It appears to us that this debasing and degrading view of man's morality is one, the refutation of which might safely be left to the innate feelings of the great bulk of mankind. That virtue is but a sort of *retrieving* is an opinion which is hopelessly at variance with the knowledge which, we should hope, most men intuitively possess as to their moral constitution. The theory, however, is one which must be met upon scientific grounds, and it is satisfactory to believe that the

balance of even strictly scientific evidence is decidedly opposed to it. We have not space here to enter into a discussion of the arguments which may be brought forward to prove man's possession of a moral sense, different *in kind* from anything possessed by any brute. It will suffice here to give in a summary form some of the leading objections urged against the Darwinian view of this question by Mr. St. George Mivart. This able writer rejects the view that man's moral sense is merely a developed form of a perception of what is useful, upon the following grounds :—

1. The utmost degree of morality which could be produced upon the strictest Darwinian principles by "natural selection," extends only to what is useful to the species or individual. The first perceptions, however, as to the propriety of many acts admittedly right would either have been useless to the species, or at any rate so slightly useful that they could never have been preserved and perpetuated by natural selection. In other words, "natural selection might possibly give rise to beneficial habits," but could never generate any genuine sense of right.

2. There is no possibility of accounting for the *beginnings* of perceptions which might ultimately be evolved into a moral sense.

3. Many actions admittedly right are certainly not useful to the community, at any rate in a savage condition (*e.g.*, the preservation of the aged and the infirm).

4. The present sense of right actually and explicitly excludes the notion of expediency or of personal benefit.

5. The actions of brutes, even when good as regards their effect on the community, are "unaccompanied by mental acts of conscious will directed towards the fulfilment of duty;" and are, therefore, only *materially* moral, but not *formally* so.

6. It is wholly unnecessary to assume that man is endowed with any innate perception of *what particular acts are right.* It is quite enough to believe that he has an innate perception of there being a "higher" and a "lower."

We may, in conclusion, add that man's possession of a moral sense carries with it the melancholy pre-eminence that to man alone is it given to do wrong. Man alone of all created beings can offend against the laws of his organism, and on him alone of all animals is thrown the responsibility of choosing whether he will live according to the "higher" or the "lower" impulses of his nature. Other animals may offend against laws which *we* have laid down; but their offences are committed in obedience to the laws of their own organism. Other animals fulfil the laws of their being completely and "instinctively," having no power of departing from these laws. Man alone is enabled to determine when he ought not to act in obedience to the impulses of his appetites and passions. Man alone has free will, and man alone is conscious of its possession and of the duties which thereby devolve upon him.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

BY CHAS. SANGSTER.

THE mocking-bird sits in the old apple-tree,
Jovially, jauntily singing;
Who trills a daintier song than he?
With a wilder gush, or a deeper glee,
Fresh from his glad heart springing?
Up steps my passionate oriole,
And sings till you'd think the bird had a soul,
So mellow, and deep, and rich the strain—
Song-mist and sweet showers of music rain.

The mocking-bird hears, in the old apple-tree,
The oriole's dainty singing,
When all at once, like a master, he,
My plain-dressed herald of minstrelsy,
High up the maple springing,
Pours forth a song just as full of soul
As that of my passionate oriole:
Wild and mellow, and deep and strong,
He has every note of my dear bird's song.

He has a rare touch of grave humour, too:
Up in the maple perching,
Hiding, and singing a score of songs,
Until the birds appear in throngs,
Each for its own mate searching.
Now like an absolute bird of prey,
Scaring the terrified flock away;
Sudden the flutter, the flight absurd—
Is he not laughing, the jovial bird?

My robin peers out from his cage in the hall,
Strutting, and fluting loudly;
Rapid and clear is his morning call,
Graceful and cheering his madrigal,
Bird never sung more proudly.
Back to the apple-tree flies my thrush,
Strikes a fine chord through the calm and hush,
That follows my robin's melodious strain,
And gives him his strophes all back again.

Bobolink whistles his treble note,
Rossignol sings a minute;
Delicate airs up the ether float,
Melody pours from each vocal throat,
Tanager, jay and linnet.
Let them all flutter in plumage bright,
Warble and sing from morn till night,
Still, my plain mocking-bird there in the tree
Proves himself master of minstrelsy.

THE CAVALRY CHARGES AT SEDAN.—THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.—THE MORAL THEY CONVEY.

BY LT.-COL. G. T. DENISON, JUNR.

THE years succeeding great wars have always been marked by an increased impetus given to military science and literature. The success of the victors and the causes which produced it, as well as the lessons taught by the failure of the vanquished, point out with equal force to those nations, which have occupied the position of bystanders, the faults to avoid and the reforms to adopt.

The victories of Frederick the Great caused his army to become the model for Europe, and revolutionized the tactical and to a certain extent the strategical science of war. His plummet line and pace-stick are still retained in modern armies, although, at the present day, we do not attain the precision of drill which gave to Frederick's army a power of tactical manœuvring which no other has ever acquired; although the system which arose out of it, and which required it, is a thing of the past. Napoleon also imprinted upon the warfare of his times the impetuous and dashing spirit of his military genius; while, in the Autumn Manœuvres just completed in England, we see the effect of the late war between France and Germany.

The English Government are taking a lesson from Prussia, and are imitating the field manœuvres by which the Prussians obtained that skill in the real practical work of campaigning which contributed so much to their success. The system hitherto adopted in our army has been simply ridiculous. Officers and men were taught with great care the routine of interior economy, elementary drill, field movements, &c., on rules laid down with mathematical precision. The time devoted to duty was occupied in learning and continually repeating and practising complicated manœuvres conducted upon the most rigid rules. This was all right as far as it went, but instruction should not have ceased there, as it practically did. The system was bad in its results. The faculty of thought was never exercised, the power of reasoning never brought into play. On the contrary, they were distinctly and positively ignored and their use forbidden. Stolid obedience to orders, and a rigid adherence to routine and red tape were considered the highest type of military discipline and the best evidence of efficiency. The phrase "a soldier has no right to think" became a maxim the importance of which, it was supposed, could not be overrated.

The effect of this upon the intellect has never been properly appreciated. Officers living all their lives in an atmosphere where the repetition of apparently unmeaning duties forms the every-day occupation, where rule and line have laid down in advance the manner of performing every minute detail, cannot acquire that decisive, vigorous promptitude of judgment and fertility of resource so necessary in the ever-changing conditions of active operations. The greatest natural talents must certainly feel the depressing and rusting effect of want of exercise.

It is a common remark that old army officers or men rarely succeed in business undertakings in civil life; and it is as frequently said that life in the army, in time of peace, unfits men for ordinary employments outside of mere routine. How can it be otherwise with men carefully trained never to think?

Nothing could be more ill-judged than the present system. One might as well teach a child his alphabet, teach him every letter and its pronunciation, make him go over it day after day and year after year, and then on examination expect him to read without ever having taught him to spell, as to make officers repeat manœuvres year after year and expect them by inspiration to know how to apply them practically, in the ever-varying contingencies and trying straits of actual war. Sir Henry Lawrence well says, "No; it is not elementary knowledge "such as barrack life or regimental parades "that can give that which is most essential "to a commander—it is *good sense, energy, "thoughtfulness and familiarity with inde-"pendent action.* * * * * *

"It is not by three times a day seeing "soldiers eat their rations, or by marching "round barrack squares, that officers learn "to be soldiers, much less generals."

One of the general officers in the late autumn campaign, speaking of the advantage of it to a correspondent of the "Times," said, "It teaches us to think,"—a remark almost pathetic in its honest simplicity.

The Prussians found out the secret of this weakness, and seem to have been the only nation to have seriously set themselves to remedy the evil. They invented a method of exercising their armies as near as possible approaching the real operations of war, by opposing two forces against each other, and by employing a staff of umpires to decide disputed points and to settle which side was entitled to the credit of the victory. There was a continual struggle of wits between the officers and men of the opposing forces, and consequently they were obliged to think, and to decide promptly and clearly their course of action in difficult and continually changing circumstances and conditions. Their practice-campaigns were in fact grand dress rehearsals of the part they afterwards played in earnest, and with such marvellous success upon the plains of Bohemia and France.

We regret to find that almost all the English papers make the same complaint, that the manœuvres in Hampshire were not free enough—that even generals commanding were tied down to a great extent to certain fixed conditions. There seems to have been too much constraint—too little freedom and dash. It is nevertheless a matter of congratulation that a step has been taken in the right direction.

The lesson conveyed to England on this point, applies with equal force to us in Canada. We have a well drilled volunteer force, thoroughly equipped and armed and composed of active and intelligent young men; but our staff officers are almost all imported from the regular service, and the whole English system, with its rules, regulations, manœuvres, uniforms and pipe-clay, has been adopted by us as closely as it can be imitated.

In the Camp at Niagara last June, there were assembled nearly 5,000 men, consisting of one regiment of cavalry, 3 field batteries and 11 battalions of infantry. The force was in excellent condition, and the regimental and company officers deserve the greatest credit for the strength, efficiency and general good appearance of their corps. The management of the camp, however, and the method of drilling adopted, formed a brilliant illustration of the old-fashioned principles of routine and red tape. The whole sixteen days were occupied in continually repeating parade and field movements. It was professed that everything was done "as if it were in actual war," yet there was no chain of outposts covering the camp as would be absolutely necessary before an enemy; there were no videttes posted, no patrols sent out, no reconnoitring or scouting duty explained or taught. There seemed to be no attempt made to instruct the force in those duties of covering a camp, a bivouac or a line of march, on the proper

performance of which their safety would depend during nineteen days out of every twenty of active hostilities.

Our authorities should take advantage of the experience of the late war in this particular, and give our volunteers an opportunity of learning, by field campaigning with umpires, those practical duties, the knowledge of which is so necessary to the safety of an army in the field.

The war seems also to have settled conclusively the hitherto vexed question as to the inutility of cavalry of the line in modern warfare. Heavy cavalry has been continually decreasing in value in the same ratio as the weapons for the projection of missiles have been improved. Before the invention of gunpowder, the cavalry then (under the feudal system) composed of knights and men-at-arms, formed the main portion of armies, and infantry were practically powerless to oppose them.

The invention of gunpowder gave the infantry a projectile weapon of far greater range and power. About the middle of the 16th century, the Spanish musquet was invented. It was a large unwieldy weapon, fired from a rest with a cushion or pad to relieve the force of the recoil. Its bullets pierced the best coats of mail. The Duke of Alva introduced it into the war in Flanders about the year 1550, and, soon afterwards, opinion so completely changed that defensive armour was for a time looked upon with contempt. Cavalry were consequently much lightened in their equipment, in order to increase their mobility and enable them to diminish the effect of the bullets as much as possible, by shortening by increased speed the interval between their arriving within range of fire and the moment of contact in the charge.

Cuirasses were afterwards re-introduced, and have been often used since that date. It is stated that Gustavus Adolphus, at the battle of Leipsig, could not conceal his uneasiness when he compared the accoutrements of Pappenheim's cavalry, who were completely cased in armour, with his own, who were for the most part destitute of such protection. The result proved that these iron-clad warriors were more formidable in appearance than in reality.

Maurice of Nassau, Prince of Orange, gave cuirasses to his cavalry, but it was as a protection against the Spanish lancers. We find also that the cavalry of Frederick the Great comprised 13 regiments of cuirassiers, 12 of dragoons and 10 of hussars. But Seidlitz, his great cavalry general, does not appear to have had much confidence in his cuirassiers. General Warnery, his bosom friend and compeer, in his "*Remarques sur la Cavalerie*," published in 1781, says, "Seid-"litz, whose regiment ought for the useful "(*pour le solide*) to serve as a model to all "the cavalry of the universe, Seidlitz, I say, "admitted that, in a march of moderate "length, he could not with his regiment re-"sist 600 good hussars."

The Emperor Napoleon revived the heavy cuirassier at the commencement of the Empire, by giving cuirasses to several of his cavalry regiments, and by decree of the 24th December, 1809, he also gave them to the regiments of carabineers.

Great as is Napoleon's authority on all military questions, his opinion on this point is now entirely out of date. From the first use of gunpowder, for some three hundred years, the infantry musket had not attained any great perfection of precision, rapidity or range. The flint-lock muskets of Napoleon's era, were much the same as they had been since their invention, which took place so far back as 1630, and were not much more deadly than the matchlock which preceded them. It is only of late years that rifles have been brought into use, which seem to have arrived at perfection of aim, range and rapidity of fire. These rifles render it almost impossible for cavalry to charge over the space which intervenes between a line of infantry and the extreme

range of their weapons, without being destroyed in the attempt.

Cavalry officers have lately theorized to a great extent upon the question of the effect of the breech-loading rifle upon the future employment of heavy cavalry. Some of them admit that, under most circumstances, charges of cavalry against the long-range rifle could not be made, but hold the view that contingencies must occur and chances arise where the impetuous charge would be followed with great results. We have shut our eyes too long to the fact that while the speed of the horse and weight of the man have remained stationary, the precision of aim, length of range, and rapidity of fire of the new rifle have increased to such an extent, as to destroy the conditions which formerly made cavalry charges so important an element in winning battles.

An article in the "Saturday Review" of the 7th October last, on "the tactical lessons of the Autumn Campaign," is a good illustration of the theories held on this question of cavalry charges. It says:—

"We have learnt that cavalry of every "description is as necessary a component of "an army as it ever was, but that it must "be handled and organized in a new fash-"ion. At present our cavalry leaders are "but mere apprentices, and the glorious arm "at their disposal was in the recent campaign "rather an incumbrance to the army than "otherwise. In the intervals between the "battles, the light cavalry very imperfectly "performed their duty as purveyors of intel-"ligence, and on the day of battle, the "chief object of every one appeared to be to "get our squadrons out of the way, both of "harm and of the other branches of the ser-"vice. It is very evident that masses of "cavalry will for the future be only used ex-"ceptionally, and that they must be kept in "reserve until the decisive moment. * *

"By a sudden swoop on the flank, how-"ever, or even a direct attack, where from "the nature of the ground, the enemy's fire "cannot take effect until within 200 yards' "distance, great things are still to be effected. "In the concluding battle of our sham cam-"paign, we had a proof of this. A body of cav-"alry suddenly appeared on the brow of a hill "and dashed at the skirmishers of the 42nd "Highlanders, who, startled at the appari-"tion, hastily proceeded to form rallying "squares. The dragoons were, however, "upon them before they could complete "the movement, and had the contest been "a real one, would have sabred them to "a man. The Highlanders have been "blamed for forming squares. They ought, it "is said, to have remained steady, and have "trusted to the effect of their fire. Setting "aside, however, the moral effect of the "sudden appearance of a body of horsemen "charging down at full speed, the High-"landers could not at the outside have fired "more than twice, and that hurriedly, and, "under any circumstances, they would have "been annihilated."

The above is the most common theory on this subject. We will now quote an account of the French cavalry charges at Sedan, from a letter received by the writer of this article from a distinguished officer who was with the Prussian army during the earlier battles of the war. This officer, who has himself seen much service, says:

"The question of cavalry charging infan-"try with breech-loaders is, I think, settled "conclusively by this campaign. Where-"ever it has been tried—by the 8th and 9th "French cuirassiers at Woerth, by the 7th "Prussian cuirassiers at Vionville, on the "16th of August, or by the two French "Light Cavalry brigades on their extreme left "at Sedan—the result has been the same—"a fearful loss of life with no result what-"ever.

"General Sheridan was an attentive eye-"witness of the four charges made by the "French Light Cavalry, at Sedan, and gave "me a most minute account of them. I "examined the ground most carefully only

"thirty hours after, while the dead men and "horses all lay there, so that I formed as "correct an idea of it as if I had seen it.— "The first charge delivered by the 1st "French Huzzars, was made under the most "favourable circumstances possible. They "were very well handled. As the Prussian "infantry skirmishers, in advance of the main "body, came over the hill behind which they "had been waiting, they were led round "under cover of the brow till they got com- "pletely *in rear* of, and on the right flank of "the skirmishers. They thus got within one "hundred yards of them before they were "seen, and then charged most gallantly, sweep- "ing down the whole line. But, even under "these advantageous circumstances, the "charge had no result worth speaking of.— "The Germans ran into knots and opened "fire; a very few who ran to the rear, say "twenty-five or thirty, were cut down. On "the other hand, the fire of these clumps "and rallying squares completely destroyed "the huzzars. The two rear squadrons "wisely swerved off and regained the shelter "of the hill. Those who went down the "line were all killed, wounded, or driven "down on the Prussian side of the slope "into a village and there captured. It did "not delay the advance of the Prussian in- "fantry five minutes. The succeeding "charges made by the 1st, 3rd, and 4th "Regiments of Chasseurs d'Afrique, and the "6th Chasseurs came to nothing, though "they were most gallantly and perseveringly "made. The Prussians simply waited for "them in line till they got to one hun- "dred and fifty yards, and then just mowed "them down with volleys. They were shot "down before they could get within 50 yards. "It was a useless, purposeless slaughter. It "had, practically, no result whatever. The "hill side was literally covered with their "dead, and the bodies of their little grey Arab "horses. These two brigades of five regiments "must have lost quite 350 killed, besides "their wounded and prisoners. There can "be no greater calumny than to say they "did not charge home. General Sheridan as- "sured me they behaved most nobly, coming "up again and again at the signal to charge.

"They were sheltered from fire till the "last moment, were carefully handled, and "skilfully and bravely led. The ground "they charged over was not more than four "hundred yards, yet the result was virtually "their destruction as a military body, with- "out any effect whatever.

"I took great pains to ascertain the facts. "A friend of mine, whom I had known in "Africa ten years before, was a major com- "manding two squadrons of one of these "regiments. He showed me the roll of "his two squadrons, with each man's name "marked off. The result was fifty-eight men "of all ranks left effective, out of two hun- "dred and sixteen that went into action.— "The whole time they were under musketry "fire must have been under a quarter of an "hour. So much for charging against breech- "loaders."

A comparison between the circumstances of the charge on the skirmishers of the 42nd Highlanders and this charge on the Prussian skirmishers will show the parallel in the two cases to have been almost complete. They form a good illustration of the difference between theory and practice.

The fact is our Cavalry force must be reorganized. The Life Guards, splendid men and well horsed as they undoubtedly are, are nevertheless mere relics of the feudal age in their equipments. Imposing in their appearance upon peaceful parades, and as escorts in State ceremonials they may be; but they are useless in modern warfare, loaded down as they are by armour designed as a protection against missiles long since disused. One of the old German Emperors is said to have remarked that "armour protects the wearer and prevents him from injuring others." The first part of this saying no longer holds good, but the latter is almost as appropriate as ever.

There is another element in modern warfare not always considered that will materially affect this question. In the time of Frederick the Great, when Cavalry reached the highest point, and exercised the greatest influence on the result of actions, armies fought on open fields, pioneers levelled the ground, made roads for the columns, and removed obstructions; and one could overlook a whole battle-field. In the future, the deadly effect of the Infantry weapons will necessitate a careful attention on the part of officers to avoid level plains and to obtain cover for their men. Armies will rather choose broken and intersected country for their operations, than where no protection or cover can be obtained. The spade will be more used than ever, and breastworks will often be employed, and in such situations Cavalry cannot make effective charges.

Sooner or later, heavy Cavalry will have to be done away with, but the late civil war in America, fought over a country much like our own, has shown that there is looming up in the future a species of light cavalry—the Mounted Riflemen—which is destined to play a great part in the wars of the future. A force of this nature properly equipped, and armed and drilled so as to give them the greatest possible advantage from the improvements in fire-arms, will be a most useful auxiliary to armies, not only in lines of battle where they might in case of need be used dismounted, as they were continually during the war in the Southern States, but more particularly in partizan warfare, reconnoitring, outpost duty, and all that which the French include under the term "*Les operations secondaires de la guerre.*"

It has been often said that Canada is so much cut up with fences and woods that Cavalry could never operate in it. This is doubtless true with reference to heavy Cavalry, but the same statement does not apply to Mounted Rifles. It is in intersected, broken and partially wooded country that the mounted riflemen can operate to the greatest advantage where their movements can be concealed, their horses kept under cover, and their sharp-shooters obtain protection.

Canada is peculiarly suited to this style of fighting, and it is a gratifying reflection that this arm of the service is especially adapted to defensive warfare, which is the only kind of hostilities that we are ever likely to be engaged in. Although there is no service which requires so much individual intelligence, we have as good material from which to organize a force of Mounted Rifles as can be found in any part of the world. In the young farmers of this country we find a class owning their farms, accustomed to out-door life, and possessing, in addition to physique and intelligence, two great qualifications for a dragoon, namely, a good seat on a horse, and a general knowledge of the use of the rifle. A small amount of drill and a little practical training in outpost and reconnoitring duty, would make these young men a most valuable force for defensive war.

The value of such a force swarming around an invading army cannot be over estimated. We can hardly over-rate the assistance given by the Uhlans to the Prussian invading columns, nevertheless they would have been infinitely more useful had they been trained and armed as mounted riflemen. As soon as the French *franc-tireurs* were organized this was clearly shown, for the Uhlans were afterwards always accompanied by bodies of Infantry, who were required to dislodge those partizans from villages and woods where the Cavalry could not reach them mounted. On the other hand, Bazaine was shut up in Metz on account of the inefficiency of his light Cavalry, who failed to warn him of his right flank being turned and his communication being threatened, until it was too late for him to retreat.

Applying these examples to ourselves, it is evidently important that we should have a strong body of Light Cavalry in

Canada. Our present force is entirely too weak in proportion to the other branches of the Service. Jomini says Cavalry should constitute one-sixth of an army. Gen. MacDougall, in his "Theory of War," says one-fourth. We have positively less than one-thirtieth, and that in a country where a large number of our Infantry volunteers actually ride their horses to drill, and leave them tied to fences and under driving sheds while they are being taught Infantry manœuvres in the drill rooms.

The late war, as well as the wars in the Crimea, in Italy, Denmark, and Austria have taught us another lesson. They have shown that the millennium has not yet arrived.—They have shown that the security of States depends mainly on their own inherent strength and determination, and upon their warlike skill and preparation for defence. We have a great future before us, if we can but preserve our independence as a people. The northern portion of this continent is destined to be the home of a great and powerful nationality. It is our duty therefore, now, in the youth of our Dominion, while it is gathering strength under the protection of the Mother-country to lay the foundations of military power. As long as our people are defensively warlike, we have the best safeguard for peace. It is our duty to let other nations see that while we desire to live on friendly terms with our neighbours and with the whole world, nevertheless if any attempt be made to deprive us of our independence and our national existence, it will be met by the whole energies of a determined and united people, organized, armed and led so as to give the utmost possible effect to our small population. A thorough organization, and a confident, self-reliant spirit is all that is required to secure the peace which we all desire.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF SCIENCE.

FROM THE OPENING OF THE SECOND BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

'TIS sweet, when tempests lash the tossing main,
Another's peril from the shore to see;
Not that we draw delight from other's pain,
But in their ills feel our security:
'Tis sweet to view ranged on the battle plain
The warring hosts, ourselves from danger free:
But sweeter still to stand upon the tower
Reared in serener air by wisdom's power;

Thence to look down upon the wandering ways
Of men that blindly seek to live aright,
See them waste sleepless nights and weary days,
Sweat in Ambition's press, that to the height
Of power and glory they themselves may raise.
O minds misguided and devoid of light,
In what a coil, how darkling do ye spend
This lease of being that so soon must end!

Fools! What doth nature crave? A painless frame,
Therewith a spirit void of care or fear.
Calm Ease and true Delight are but the same.
What, if for thee no golden statues rear
The torch to light the midnight feast, nor flame
The long-drawn palace courts with glittering gear,
Nor roofs of fretted gold with music ring,
Yet hast thou all things that true pleasure bring—

Pleasure like theirs that 'neath the spreading tree
Beside the brook, on the soft greensward lie,
In kindly circle feasting cheerfully
On simple dainties, while the sunny sky
Smiles on their sport and flowrets deck the lea,
Boon summer over all. Will fevers fly
The limbs that toss on purple and brocade
Sooner than those on poor men's pallets laid?

And as to chase the body's ills away
Wealth, birth and kingly majesty are vain,
So is it with the mind's disease: array
Thy mail-clad legions on the swarming plain,
Bid them deploy, wheel, charge in mimic fray,
As though one soul moved all the mighty train,
With war's full pomp and circumstance: will all
Set free the mind to dreadful thoughts a thrall?

Crowd ocean with thy fleets, a thousand sail;
Will thy armada banish from the breast
The fear of death? If then of no avail
Are all these baubles, if the soul's unrest
Yields not to bristling spear or clashing mail,
If haunting Care climbs an unbidden guest
To Power's most awful seat, and mocks his gown
Of gorgeous purple and his radiant crown—

Delay no longer Reason's aid to try,
Since Reason's aid alone can mend our plight
That walk in darkness, and, like babes that cry
With silly terror in the lonesome night
At their own fancy's bugbears, ofttimes fly,
Mere grown-up babes, from bugbears of the light.
These shadows not the glittering shafts of day,
Must chase, but Science with more sovran ray.

G. S.

CURIOSITIES OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.

WASHINGTON AND JUMONVILLE.

BY W. J. ANDERSON, LL. D., QUEBEC.

IN his second series of *Maple Leaves*, published in 1864, M. Lemoine gives a very interesting paper under this heading, taken from the New York *Historical Magazine*, which may be looked upon as a review of de Gaspé's account of the same affair, as given in his *Les Anciens Canadiens*. M. Lemoine also has given under the title, "Defeat of Washington at Fort Necessity," Bell's translation of Garneau's account of that affair, preceding it by his view of the Jumonville *rencontre* also.

As M. de Gaspé has concluded his statement by asking the reader to judge, whether he has not succeeded in rescuing his grandfather's memory from the accusation of being a spy, we shall, by and by, return to his interesting and generous attempt.

We shall then be in a better position to decide "whether there is a discrepancy, easily explained," between the tradition of his family "and the truth of history." In the meantime, to be in a position really to understand the question at issue, which is *not*, was Jumonville a spy, but was Washington guilty of *guet à pens*, a cold blooded murder, we will state the actual position of affairs, before this first act in what has been called the *Seven Years' War*.

In 1753 the Ohio Company opened a road from Virginia into the Ohio Valley, and established a plantation at Shurtie's Creek. France and England were then at peace. There was no friendly feeling between the colonists of the two nations, but a jealousy of each other's encroachments, particularly on the Ohio, which was claimed by both. Duquesne, then Governor General of *New France*, was aware of the objects of the Ohio Company and resolved to defeat them. Early in the spring, he sent a strong body of troops and Indians from Montreal, to reinforce the western posts and establish forts in the Valley of the Ohio. These were met at Niagara by an envoy from the Six Nations, who warned them not to proceed. On the other hand, the aid of Sir Wm. Johnston was solicited to assist in repelling the French encroachment. The French commander disregarded the warning, and established fortified posts at Erie, Waterford, and Uenango. On this, Dinwiddie, Governor of Virginia, selected George Washington, then just of age, to proceed to Uenango, and demand the reasons for the invasion of the British territories in a time of peace. Washington was accompanied by Christopher Gist, agent of the Ohio Company, an interpreter and four attendants, making a company of seven. On his way he attended a council of Delawares and Shawnees, when it was resolved that a deputation should accompany Washington, and again require the French to quit the territory. On arriving at Uenango the message was delivered, and the French made no secret of their intention to take possession of the whole valley. Washington from thence proceeded to Waterford, and St. Pierre, the commander, at once replied to his summons, "I am here by orders to which I shall strictly conform. I am ordered to seize every Englishman in the valley of the Ohio; and I shall certainly do it." Washington turned his face homewards, and leaving all but Gist at Uenango, steered by aid of his compass across the country. They suffered much hardship, and Washington made a

narrow escape for his life, having been fired at by a lurking Indian at only fifteen paces. Luckily the Indian missed and was captured by Washington, who, strange to say, notwithstanding the protestation of Gist, spared and released him. They arrived safely at Shurtie's Creek, and the Ohio Company at once commenced the building of a Fort at the *Fork*, and Washington proceeded to Alexandria to recruit. He received from Dinwiddie a Lieut.-Colonelcy of a regiment of one hundred and fifty men "self-willed and ungovernable," and was instructed to join him at the Fork, and "*to make prisoners, kill or destroy all who interrupted the English settlements.*" Washington proceeded with due despatch, but before he could reach Mill's Creek, the French, under Contrecœur, had compelled the English at the Fork, thirty-three in number, to capitulate and withdraw. Contrecœur occupied and fortified the post, which he called *Fort Duquesne* in honour of the Governor-General.

An Indian Chief, known as *Half King*, sent word to Washington to hasten to his assistance, with this warning, "Be on your guard, the French intend to strike the first English whom they shall see." The next day Washington was informed that the French were only eighteen miles distant, at the crossing of the Youghiogeny. He hastened to the Big Meadows, where he hurriedly threw up an intrenchment, forming what he called "a charming field for an encounter." He then sent out scouts, and on the morning of the 28th of May, Gist brought in information that he had seen the trail of the French within five miles of the post. About 9 a.m. of the same day, *Half King* also sent a messenger to say that the French were lurking in the neighbourhood. Bancroft, the American historian, says, "*that by the rules of wilderness warfare, a party skulking or riding, is an enemy.*" Washington, who, though young, well understood this warfare, marched in the darkness of night and in rain, single file, through the woods and joined *Half King*, when it was decided to go together and at once attack the invaders. Two Indians discovered their lodgment away from the path, and concealed among the rocks. This was at 7 a.m., and arrangements were immediately made with the Indian chiefs to fall upon them by surprise. Seeing the English approach, the French flew to arms, when Washington gave the word "Fire"; at the same time discharging his own musket. An action of about a quarter of an hour ensued: ten of the French with Jumonville were killed, and twenty-one were made prisoners. This is the substance of the story of this tragedy as related by Bancroft and McMullen. According to the horrid practice then prevalent in American warfare, the dead were all scalped by the Indians, and a scalp sent to each of the tribes urging them to rise.

Here is the account given by Garneau:—"M. de Contrecœur received intelligence that a large corps of British were advancing against them, led by Col. Washington. He forthwith charged M. Jumonville to meet the latter, and admonish him to retire from what was French territory. Jumonville set out with an escort of thirty men; his orders were to be on his guard against a surprise, the country being in a state of commotion, and the aborigines looking forward for war; accordingly his night campaigns were attended by great precaution. On May 17th, at evening tide, he had retired into a deep and obscure valley, when some savages, prowling about, discovered his little troop, and informed Washington of its being near to his line of route. The latter marched all night in order to come unawares upon the French. At daybreak he attacked them suddenly; Jumonville was killed along with nine of his men. French reporters of what passed on the occasion declared that a trumpeter made a sign to the British that he bore a letter addressed to them by his

commandant; *that the firing ceased*, and it was only *after he began to read* the message which he bore, that the *firing recommenced*.

"Washington affirmed on the contrary that he was at the head of his column; that at the sight of him the French ran to take up arms, and that it was *false to say* Jumonville announced himself to be a messenger. It is probable there may be truth in both versions of the story; for the collision being precipitate, great confusion ensued. Washington resumed his march, but tremblingly, from a besetting fear of falling into an ambuscade. The death of Jumonville did *not cause* the war which ensued, but only hastened it."

We do not always agree with Garneau, but we willingly accept this as a reasonable and strictly impartial statement of the case; but we must also hear what de Gaspé has to say. He tells us that many years after the conquest, and when Col. Malcolm Fraser had become an intimate friend of his family, his grandfather was discussing with him the question of the devastations in which he had borne a part, and that he had excused himself by saying, "*à la guerre comme à la guerre.* How could we help it, my dear friend, war is war." When his grandmother, who was present, spoke, saying "War is war, but was it fair to kill my brother Jumonville, as Washington your countryman did at Fort Necessity?" "Ah, Madam," replied Fraser, "for mercy's sake, do not for the honour of the English, ever again mention *that atrocious murder.*" De Gaspé goes on to say, "I once slightly reproached our celebrated historian M. Garneau, with passing lightly over that horrible assassination. He replied that it was a delicate subject, and that the great shade of Washington hovered over the writer, or something of that kind." This might be, but that he felt it incumbent on him to clear the memory of his great uncle Jumonville, because the tradition in his family was, "Jumonville presented himself as the bearer of a summons requiring Major Washington, commandant of Fort Necessity," to evacuate that post erected on French territory, that he raised a flag of truce, showed his despatches, and that nevertheless the English commander ordered his men to fire on him and his small escort, and that Jumonville fell dead with a part of those who accompanied him."

After admitting and endeavouring to explain the discrepancy of introducing Fort Necessity, which did not exist, till *de post facto*, he asserts that it had no bearing on the question of the assassination, and adds, "No one is more disposed than myself to render justice to the great qualities of the American hero," and that, in discussing it with his family, he had been in the habit of excusing Washington on account of youth, and expatiating on his virtues and humanity, and was only compelled to draw the deplorable event from oblivion, when Washington made it necessary, by seeking to clear himself, by publishing several years after the catastrophe a memoir, in which he blackened Jumonville's reputation, by asserting that he had been prowling for several days around their post, and that he had to consider him as a *spy*. On reading carefully M. de Gaspé's statement and reflecting that the unhappy event occurred in 1754, that Garneau first wrote in 1845, and that M. de Gaspé himself did not publish his account till nearly a century after the event, when he himself was in extreme old age, we cannot but think that his formerly clear intellect and honourable mind had begun to be clouded. We shall for the present leave M. de Gaspé, but it will be necessary to quote one more passage, because we shall have to refer to it by and by: "Washington should never have signed a capitulation where the words assassin and assassination are thrown in his face."

We could not understand the meaning of this sentence till we read the capitulation itself, which will be found in Dussieux' "*Le*

Canada sous la Domination Française," published in Paris, 1862. We will refer to it in due course, but wish, in the first place, to give a summary of the affair as related by Dussieux, who tells us that the authority for his statements will be found in unpublished documents in the Archives of the Marine and War Departments in Paris. His relation of the state of things in Europe and America, at the commencement of 1754, accords with the statement at the commencement of this paper. We will commence, however, at the point where Contrecœur commissioned Jumonville to carry the summons to the English to withdraw from the Ohio. He commences by assigning as the reason, why he, the simple bearer of a flag, was attended with an escort of thirty-four men, that he had to traverse, though in French territory, forests which were frequented by hostile Indians. He then states that Jumonville was surprised about 7 a. m., of the 28th, "by Washington's command; he was killed with nine others, and the rest were either taken prisoners or escaped. That this was probably the result of a system pursued by the English colonists, and that the murder of Jumonville was caused by an error or failure in taking proper precautions to ascertain the character of the party, as alleged by English writers." He admits that Governor Dinwiddie asserted "that Washington had done no more than his duty in protecting the territories of His Majesty; that Jumonville had entirely departed from the ordinary practice of the bearer of a flag of truce, and, that if Washington had committed any fault in attacking him, it could only be charged as an imprudence."

He then quotes Bancroft, but as his quotation accords with our own, we need not repeat it. He concludes the English side by citing Washington's letters, wherein he says "that he considered the English territories invaded by the French, and that active war existed, as they had attacked and taken Ensign Ward prisoner; that he was ordered to advance and repel the invaders, who on seeing his party, rushed to their arms; that, on his giving the order to fire, a combat of a quarter of an hour ensued, in which the French had ten men killed or wounded, and twenty-one taken prisoners; that he had one man killed and three wounded; that it was utterly false that Jumonville made any attempt to make it known that he was the bearer of a flag; and that there was no murder, but that it was a surprise and skirmish, common in fair warfare."

Dussieux, having thus made known the sentiments of "the enemy," then refers to French documents, especially to Contrecœur's letter to the Governor General, to the effect that, "at seven in the morning, they were surrounded, and after two discharges of musketry by the English, Jumonville, through an interpreter, intimated that he had something to say. The firing ceased; and the Indians who were present say, that while he was reading the summons, he was shot in the head, and that unless they had rushed forward to prevent it, the English would have cut the whole party to pieces."

It is to be borne in mind that Contrecœur is writing of Indians in Washington's party; Jumonville's escort consisting solely of Canadians.

Then we have the testimony of L'Abbé de L'isle de Dieu, who wrote to the Minister of Marine that he had heard, "that, when it was known that the English were on the march, an officer, with thirty-four men, was sent to summon them to retire, and that, while he was reading the summons, he was fired upon, and himself and seven others killed and the rest made prisoners; and that it was very evident that it was a cold-blooded murder." Duquesne, writing to the Minister, says, "I have assumed a great responsibility in not sending forth fire and sword, after the unjustifiable attack on Jumonville's party." Dussieux likewise says that Berger and Parent, two of Jumonville's party who had been taken prisoners,

and were returned to France in 1755, confirmed all the circumstances of the assassination, and he sums up by giving Vaudreuil's letter to the Minister, from which we extract the four following paragraphs:

"1st. That nine men with M. de Jumonville were assassinated by Colonel *Wemcheston*, and his troop of Indians and New Englanders.

"2nd. That M. Drouillon, officer, two cadets and eleven Canadians were sent to London.

"3rd. That Sieur Laforce, an excellent and brave Canadian, was detained a prisoner in Virginia.

"4th. That six other Canadians were sent to Martinique; two of whom, on their return, had informed him of the cruelties which had been practised on them by the English."

Further, Dussieux mentions that the affair produced a profound sensation in France and Europe, and that, four years after, Thomas published a poem in four Cantos, entitled Jumonville, in which were given all the traditions, which he was now making known, and that even Voltaire could not restrain himself, but wrote to the Marquis de Courtivron:—"As to the English, I have heard nothing more since they *assassinated* our officers in America, and have become pirates at sea."

Before we make any comments we prefer to give some account of what immediately followed, and which must be looked upon as a natural sequence. After his *rencontre* with Jumonville, Washington, while waiting for reinforcements which he immediately sent for, employed himself in making a road. The expected aid did not arrive, but he was at length joined by an independent company from South Carolina. McKay, the Captain of this, as he held his commission direct from the King, refused to recognize the authority of the Virginian commander, and declined to serve under him. In the meantime Contrecœur, determined on vengeance, collected a force of six hundred Canadians and one hundred Indians, whom he placed under the command of Coulon de Villiers, brother of Jumonville, and according to Dussieux, gave him orders to proceed at once to attack the English and to destroy them altogether if he could, or in part, in order to avenge the *assassination* which had been committed, in violation of the most sacred laws of civilized nations. That should the English have retired, he was to follow them as far as, in his judgment, the honour of the King's arms required, and in case he found them intrenched and saw that he was not able to attack them, then he was to ravage the country; but notwithstanding the unheard-of crime of Washington, he on his part was recommended to be guilty of no cruelty, but that if he should be able to meet and defeat them, and take any prisoners, he was to send one of them to announce to the English commander, that, if he would retire from the territory and surrender the prisoners he had taken, the French troops would be ordered not to regard them for the future as enemies. This order is dated Fort Duquesne, 28th June, just one month after the first *rencontre*.

Washington, not having received the reinforcements he had applied for, was unable to advance on Fort Duquesne as originally intended, but fell back on the stockade at the Great Meadows, which had been named Fort Necessity. Little judgment had been shown by him in the selection of this spot, for though the ground round the stockade had been cleared for the space of sixty yards, it was completely commanded by two eminences clothed with wood. All authorities, French and English, agree on this. These eminences were taken possession of by the enemy on the morning of the 3rd July, and every soldier found there shelter, from which he could in perfect safety, fire on the occupants of the Fort beneath. The assault was at once made and, according to Bancroft, was maintained for nine hours in the midst of heavy rain. Thirty of the Eng-

lish had fallen, and only three of the French, when Jumonville, fearing that his ammunition would give out, proposed a parley.—Bancroft continues, "The terms of capitulation which were offered were interpreted to Washington who did not understand French, and, as interpreted, were accepted, and on the 4th of July the English garrison, retaining all its effects, withdrew from the basin of the Ohio."

We now let Dussieux speak again; "M. Villiers conducted matters with great energy. Fort Necessity was defended by five hundred English and nine pieces of cannon, and after ten hours' combat in heavy rain, our musketry forced the English cannon to cease fire. The English had ninety either killed or mortally wounded, and a great many slightly, and they resolved to capitulate.

"We have come, said M. de Villiers to Washington, to avenge an assassination, not to imitate it."

We have before us the text of the capitulation, and, under all the circumstances, we cannot suppose, that there will be anywhere found such another document.

De Gaspé tells us that when Jumonville's affair became known, "a cry of horror and indignation resounded through all Canada, and even Europe," and Contrecœur at once despatched de Villiers to avenge his brother's assassination. How was it done? De Villiers had a superior force; his enemies, including the chief culprit, were overcome and completely in his power, if we are to credit one of the accounts. Did he avail himself of his position and hang Washington as he ought, if he believed him to be the cold-blooded villain which it is asserted he was? No! says the magnanimous brother, "*I have come to avenge an assassination, not to imitate it.*"

Here is how he avenged it, according to the text of the capitulation, which is signed as follows: James McKay, George Washington, Coulón Villiers.

"As it is our intention not to disturb the peace and good understanding at present existing between two friendly princes, but only to *avenge an assassination* of an officer, the bearer of a message and his escort, and also to prevent any establishment on the territories of my master the King.

"From these considerations I am willing to accord grace to the English in the Fort on the following conditions:—

"Art. 1st.—The English Commander will be permitted to withdraw, with the whole garrison, and to return in peace to his own country, and we undertake to prevent any insult from the French, and, so far as we can, from the Indians who are with us.

"Art. 2nd.—We permit them to depart, carrying with them everything that belongs to them, with the exception of Artillery which we reserve.

"Art. 3rd.—We accord them the honours of war; they shall march out with colours flying and one small piece of artillery, as we wish to prove that we desire to treat them as friends.

"Art. 4th.—When both parties shall have signed the capitulation, the English flag shall be lowered.

"Art. 5th.—To-morrow at sunrise a French detachment shall take possession of the Fort."

The sixth Article recites, that, as the English had but few horses and oxen, they were free to put their effects *en cache*, leaving as guards any number that they chose, till such time as they could collect sufficient animals for transport, giving their parole not to erect any work, during one year counting from that date.

"Art. 7th.—As the English have in their power, an officer, two cadets, and other prisoners made at the time of the *assassination* of Jumonville, they promise to return these with a safeguard to Fort Duquesne on the Ohio, and, in surety for the performance of this Article, as well as of the treaty generally, MM. Jacob Van Braam and Robert Stobo, both captains, will remain as

hostages, till the return of the aforementioned French and Canadians. We oblige ourselves on the other part, to send back, in safety, the two officers left with us, in two months and a half, etc., etc."

This was signed in duplicate.

It has been remarked that Captain McKay's signature preceded that of Washington, by which it would appear that he had asserted his right of precedence, as a Royal officer.

M. de Gaspé says that Washington should never have signed such a capitulation. His friends assert that he never did. Or, if he did, that a fraud had been practised on him, as he did not know a word of French till many years after. But the capitulation is inconsistent with itself. It permitted a man charged with an atrocious, cold-blooded murder, to march out with all the honours of war, "as they wished to prove their desire to treat them as friends." This capitulation, too, is granted by the brother of the murdered man, who was specially sent in command, that he might avenge his brother's blood which was crying from the ground.—The history of the world does not afford such another instance of Christian conduct. Is any reliance to be placed on the testimony of Indians, who had most probably been active participators in the slaughter? We have read many instances of the whites being unable to restrain their Indian allies, but this is the first case in which we are told that, unless the Indians had rushed forward to prevent it, the whole of Jumonville's party would have been cut to pieces. Dussieux is evidently incorrect as to the numbers under McKay and Washington. He says there were 500; another French Canadian historian, Garneau, says 400. We have no means at present of ascertaining the exact amount. All we know is that Washington had under him one hundred and fifty men. The number of Captain McKay's Independent Company is not stated; Lord Mahon says the whole force was 400. It is curious to note how completely Garneau differs from Bancroft, Dussieux and others in his narration. He says, "Contrecœur, on learning the tragic end of Jumonville, resolved to avenge his death at once. He put six hundred Canadians and one hundred savages, under the orders of the victim's brother, M. de Villiers, who started directly. Villiers found on his arrival at the scene of the late skirmish, the corpses of several Frenchmen; and near by, in a plain, the British drawn up in battle order, and ready to receive the shock. At Villiers' first movement to attack them, they fell back on some intrenchments which they had formed and armed with nine pieces of artillery. Villiers had to combat forces under shelter while his own were uncovered. The issue of the battle was doubtful for some time; but the Canadians fought with so much ardour, that they silenced the British cannon with their musketry, and, after a struggle of ten hours' duration, obliged the enemy to capitulate so as to be spared an assault. The discomfited British engaged to return the way they came; but they did not return in like order, for their retrograde march was so precipitate, that they abandoned all, even their flag." Whom are we to credit?*

In closing this paper we wish to say, that as neither of the parties had power to declare war or peace, the articles of capitulation, even had they contained nothing which could be objected to, were of no effect, and according to the interpretation of public law were in no respect binding. On the contrary, in such cases, the government of the country of either party objecting, required and commanded its subjects to pay no respect to it, but to act as if they had never been parties to it. We mention this here as it may have something to do in forming our estimate of the conduct of Robert Stobo, whose case we next propose to bring under review.

* Garneau also says that the British loss was 58 and the French 73.

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.

. . . . . Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice,
Nella miseria * * *

Dante: L'Inferno, V. 41.

By John Reade.

Author of "The Prophecy of Merlin and other Poems."

I NESTLED in the quick, warm breast of Hope
And saw, as in a mirror-telescope,
A wide and happy prospect—star on star
Of golden promise, glittering afar,
Till night was gemmed with glory.

Then there came
From the abyss of heaven a meteor flame
Of dazzling beauty, brighter than the day;
And, as it came, shed showers of golden spray
O'er all the earth, which died not as it fell,
But, with the murmur of a vesper bell,
Rose drawing shapes of beauty from the earth,
Such as, of old, in Eden had their birth.
And then Hope rose and took me by the hand
And, smiling, led me through my Fairy land
To where my princess was—a happy way,
All bright and sweet with flowers.

The princess lay
Sleeping—so fair the beauty of the place
Seemed centred in the wonder of her face.

Entranced I stood and speechless in my love,
Fearing the rustling of a leaf would prove
My bliss a mockery.

Softly as a flower
Opens its eyes, awaked by April shower,
She opened hers. Francesca, they were thine,
Ruthlessly beautiful as deadly wine
Which smiles and kills! I drank that wine and fell—
And Hope fell too and darkness as of hell
Clouded and blotted out the blessed light,
And all was dreary, hopeless, starless night.

Yet Love, which hath slain me, Death cannot kill,
And, love, though thou art slain, thou lovest still.
So Love hath conquered all and we by love
Are to each other all here as above.

Thou sayest it is grievous to recall
The happy past in this our cruel fall—
I think not so, Francesca ; unto me,
Who have no hope, dear is the memory
Of that sweet time when first thy lips to mine
Were pressed in ecstasy of bliss divine.

Thou still art mine, Francesca ; I am thine ;
With all my soul thy soul I thus entwine—
As rest together in one grave our frames,
As live together in the world our names.
Is it not better to have loved and died,
Than, never loving, all unloved, have sighed
In vain for love,—as he, the cruel one,
Who for our love has made us here atone?

Oh ! for one ray of that supernal light
That I might gaze upon the beauty bright
Which was my life, *my death !* Nay, I forgive.
Without thee, darling, think not I would live !

Forgive me thou, Francesca. I to thee
Have been the cause of all this misery.
Oh ! weep not, darling ! Yet it is in vain
To bid thee weep not in such bitter pain.

Mayhap we may not alway suffer thus.
Christ in His mercy yet may pity us
And send at least a respite to our woe.
O God ! the winds again begin to blow
Francesca ——— !

MONTREAL.

AN HISTORICAL NIGHT IN THE OLD CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

BY S. J. WATSON.

AT three o'clock, on the afternoon of Wednesday, June the 15th, 1864, Mr. Wallbridge, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Canada, took the chair. Before he declared the sitting of that day to be closed, an event took place which delivered the death-blow to the system of government under which that Legislative Assembly was authorized to exist as representing the people of the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. The weather that afternoon was warm even for the City of Quebec. The rock, on which the Parliament House stood, was hot to the touch; the sky above was without a cloud to break the eye-paining monotony of its burning blue; the streets were airless and sultry; and on the great river there was scarcely a breath of breeze to entice a ripple into play. The sultriness outside could be borne; inside the Parliament House, the sense of heat was almost overpowering. But, in spite of the oppressive atmosphere, the great majority of members were in their places; for the current of politics at that time was turbulent. The opposing parties were almost equally balanced; and in case of battle it was difficult to guess at the result.

As soon as the preliminary routine business was finished, the Hon. A. T. Galt, at that time the Minister of Finance, rose to move that the Speaker should leave the chair, in order that the House might go into Committee of Supply. This proposition at once brought to his feet the Hon. A. A. Dorion, one of the leaders of the Lower Canadian Opposition. He stated that during the last night on which the Committee of Supply sat, some curious revelations were made concerning a sum of one hundred thousand dollars advanced by the Province in 1859 to redeem bonds of the City of Montreal, but, in reality, given to the Grand Trunk Railway Company. The Financial Commission (a Committee of Investigation appointed by Parliament), had elicited the particulars of this transaction, but on account of the manner in which the liability had been transferred from one account to another, no opportunity had been afforded of bringing the whole matter before the representatives of the people. He argued that the Province was in serious danger of losing this sum, unless instant measures were taken to recover the money from those on whom the responsibility should be placed. He informed the House that, in the year 1859, the City of Montreal had issued, to the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railway Company, bonds to the amount of $100,000. Owing, however, to an arrangement between the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railway and the Grand Trunk, the latter corporation assumed the task of paying the bonds. It failed in its engagement, and the Province redeemed them out of its own exchequer. This payment had for its sole authority an Order in Council; the Order in Council had for its foundation a report of the then Finance Minister—the Hon. Mr. Galt. This report recommended that the bonds should be redeemed by the Province, and should be held by the Receiver-General until the advance was repaid, and until Montreal should make good its indebtedness to the Municipal Loan Fund. In the month of September following the issue of the bonds by the City of Montreal, although the city had only fulfilled its obligation as to the Loan Fund indebtedness,

the bonds which the Government were bound to retain, until its advance was repaid, were handed over by the Receiver-General to the Treasurer of the City of Montreal. In December, 1859, the Hon. Mr. Galt, being in England, wrote to one of the officers of his department, stating that the financial agents of the Province had acceded to his desire to charge the Province with the sum of $100,000. After this time, the sum was not mentioned in the communications of the financial agents. Further, no action was taken by Hon. Mr. Galt, up to the time when the Ministry with which he was connected, resigned their seats, May, 1862, to put this matter right. But in the December of 1862, Mr. Galt's successor, Hon. Mr. Howland, the present Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, finding that the accounts of the Provincial agents did not agree with those in the Receiver-General's office, called the attention of the financial agents to the fact. They answered, stating that they knew nothing of the transaction. In his evidence before the Financial Commission, Hon. Mr. Galt stated that he had made the arrangement, previously referred to, when in England, and that Mr. Baring—one of the financial agents—and Mr. Blackwell, Managing Director of the Grand Trunk, were present. The Hon. Mr. Holton, who was Finance Minister, at the time the Financial Commission was in session, transmitted to Baring and Glyn, a copy of the evidence given by the Hon. Mr. Galt. They replied that no member of their firm had any recollection of authorizing the payment in question. They further added that as Hon. Mr. Galt was very methodical in conducting all business matters with them, they had no doubt that had there been any such agreement as was alleged, it would have been reduced to writing. Mr. Dorion observed, in conclusion, that the question now was whether the Province should lose the $100,000; and it had also to be decided upon whom the liability rested, and what steps should be taken in order to recover the money. He laid particular stress on the fact that the money had been given away without the authority of Parliament, and finished by moving an amendment to the effect that the Speaker should not leave the chair.

This amendment was seconded by Hon. Wm. McDougall. The seconder sat, of course, on the Opposition benches. He was regarded by the House as a good debater, and as an aspirant for political fame, there were few of his compeers who seemed destined for much higher success. The Reform party regarded him as a man who, in the future, might win his way to one of the grades of leadership. And the Government side feared his facility of declamation and rapidity of attack—even though one of the members of the Administration, Hon. T. D. McGee, not very long before, had styled him, in the course of a caustic speech, "one of the most overrated men in the house." On this occasion, Hon. Mr. McDougall did not make a speech; but merely contented himself with seconding the motion.

The Government, though taken by surprise, at once saw the full scope of the amendment; and accepted it as a resolution of want of confidence. And so the debate began, and continued all that sultry afternoon. The discussion was dry by nature. There was no opportunity for brilliant speech-making; for Demosthenes himself could not wax eloquent over the multiplication table. Very few of the best speeches are ever heard in Parliament during the prosy interval that comes between three and six o'clock. Sunshine and eloquence seem, in our age, to be antagonistic to each other. One might as well try to make Hamlet and his fortunes appear to advantage on a stage without gaslight, as to evoke eloquence out of Parliamentary speakers before the evening lamps are burning. Hamlet must have the footlights blazing, and the back-ground in shadow, before he can "sport his suit of sables."

Though well acquainted with the modes of Canadian Parliamentary warfare, and having had his full share of experience in receiving and delivering assaults, the Hon. Mr. Galt addressed the House with more than ordinary manifestation of feeling. In the first portion of his remarks, he boldly took up the gauntlet that had been flung at his feet. He said that, from the manner in which the motion had been brought, it might be judged that the intention was anything but friendly; and he would meet the intention in a like spirit. The mover of the motion had spoken as if a discrepancy between the accounts of the Financial Agents and the accounts of the Province, had been first discovered by Hon. Mr. Howland in September, 1862. But this was not correct; as he (Mr. Galt) had stated in his evidence before the Financial Commission. The information as to this discrepancy had reached him a few days before he left office. On learning it, he requested the Auditor-General, Mr. Langton, to draw the attention of his (Mr. Galt's) successor to the matter, as it was a thing that required immediate action. He regretted deeply that any misunderstanding should have arisen with reference to what took place in London between the Financial Agents and himself. If the motion were carried, how would it affect the Government? He asked the House if it supposed that an attack on one member of the Government would affect them all? If he were the objectionable individual in the Government, he would call upon his opponents to take the manly ground and declare that his presence made the Ministry undesirable to the House and to the country.

Hon. Mr. Holton then took the floor. His long Parliamentary practice enabled him to perceive that what had at first appeared to promise nothing but a skirmish, was about to develope into a pitched battle; and he knew well how to accelerate that result. He began his remarks by denying that the motion of his friend, Mr. Dorion, was in the nature of a personal attack. But he (Mr. Holton) would ask the House, nevertheless, to pronounce its condemnation on the Ministerial act of Mr. Galt, when that gentleman was formerly in office. Mr. Galt, in order to defend himself, had made a charge of dilatoriness against his successor, Mr. Howland. This charge implied laxity with regard to this whole transaction; and afforded ample justification for the motion. In respect to Mr. Galt's complaint, that the act of a former Government should be converted into an attack upon the present Government, he (Mr. Holton) held that the present one was, in every respect, merely a resuscitation of the old Cartier-Macdonald Coalition. Mr. Holton proceeded to say that this was the first time, since the facts were ascertained, that the matter could be brought before the House. The transaction did not appear in the Public Accounts of '59, '60 and '61; its true character lay concealed until the Financial Commission had commenced their labours.

Hon. Mr. Howland next addressed the House. He could always, on such occasions, plead with full justification the excuse of Marc Antony—as to his being no orator. He was barely audible in the back benches; in the public galleries, his utterances were only heard in broken whispers. Still it was necessary that he should meet the charge of negligence implied in the speech of the ex-Finance Minister. Mr. Howland assured the House that Mr. Galt's charge, that he (Mr. Howland) had not acted with sufficient promptness in ascertaining all about the $100,000, was unfounded. He then proceeded to show that, as soon as the matter came under his notice, he prosecuted inquiries with the utmost diligence. He asserted that the charge of dilatoriness came with a bad grace from Mr. Galt; who, from the year 1859 to 1862, when he left office, was not aware of the discrepancy between the books of the Province and those of the Provincial Agents, with reference to an item

so large as $100,000. It was unfair in Mr. Galt to assail his successor for not having collected the money, when he (Mr. Galt) had left no evidence against the parties who were liable to pay it. He remarked that the City of Montreal, for which the payment was made, was well able to reimburse; yet the Government had released that city from its obligations. The only other party liable was the Grand Trunk, and he did not think the late Government—(that of Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald and Hon. Mr. Dorion)—would be much blamed for not obtaining money from that source. On the other hand, Mr. Galt was much to blame for putting the country in such a position that the Grand Trunk was the only source to which to look for the $100,000.

The lull in the discussion came at six o'clock in the evening, when the House rose for recess. In no city in Canada did the people evince more interest in politics than in the Ancient Capital. In that city, where society has had longer time to become settled than anywhere else in Canada, the taste for politics has descended from father to son, and become intensified in the transmission. A change has come since Confederation. The Parliament House is still there; but it is like Cape Diamond, stripped of its armament—it is a memory and nothing more.

The House had scarcely risen for recess when it was known over the city that a motion of want of confidence in the Government was under consideration. Half-past seven has arrived, and the public galleries are filled to overflowing. The members are in their places. Most of them wear an air of seriousness; the banter and jocularity, which usually prevail before the Speaker enters the House, are not apparent to-night. There seems to be a general presentiment that the vote will lead either to a "deadlock" or a dissolution of Parliament.

While the Speaker is yet absent, let us see who are the principal personages in the House. Sitting behind the first desk, on the front row at the right hand of the Speaker's chair, is the Hon. John A. Macdonald, the leader of the House. His face, always mobile, is, if taken as a mirror of what he experiences to-night, an index of something more serious than usual. His action is partly nervous and partly constrained. He is not engaged, as is his wont, in chatting with his colleague, the Hon. G. E. Cartier. There is no member in the House more capable of concealing behind a careless exterior the responsibilities of government than is the Hon. John A. Macdonald; but to-night he looks grave; his face is pale, and its expression anxious. He keeps darting rapid glances over the House; and, at intervals of seconds, looks nervously towards the door through which the Speaker will enter.

To the right of the Hon. John A. Macdonald sits the Hon. George E. Cartier. As regards the number of his followers, he is the strongest man in the House. On other occasions he seems to know it; but to-night he is not in his usual merry and conversational mood. He has a face indicative of power, and any one looking at it, even in its repose, can see that it is expressive of purpose and strength of will. There is little about it to connect it with the faces of Southern France; it has neither their fulness nor their weakness. It is a Breton, square-framed physiognomy, an excellent type of that hard-headed Northern French sea-faring race which first colonized Canada—a race akin to our own, not only through origin, but also through love of adventure and stubborn tenacity of purpose. The Hon. Mr. Cartier does not seem at ease. The resoluteness of look which always marks him is changed to anxiety. His manner, however, is not so nervous as that of his colleague. Instead of turning himself in his chair to see how his supporters muster in the back benches, he rests with his arms on his desk, and remains gazing fixedly across

the House at the seats occupied by the leaders of the Opposition.

The Hon. A. T. Galt sits to the right of the Hon. Mr. Cartier. In the Legislative Assembly there is no face to be compared with his for wearing a perpetual smile; but, to-night, it is evident that he considers himself deeply aggrieved personally by the motion now under discussion, and his looks are clouded. He has numerous sympathizers amongst his friends on the Government benches. He appears to be aware that the political fate of his colleagues depends upon his own. He evidently intends to deal his heaviest blows before the vote is taken. He is a fluent speaker, and in gift of language the equal of most debaters.

Beside Hon. Mr. Galt sits Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee. His strongly marked features are lit up with the excitement of coming battle. He leans back in his chair, gazing up at the ceiling, and seems unconscious of the crowded galleries, and inattentive to the conversation going on around him. He is expected to speak to-night; for he is the oratorical bulwark of his party. In quickness of reply, in impromptu discussion, in dexterity in the lesser combats of Parliament, his own leader, Hon. John A. Macdonald, is his superior; so also is the Hon. A. T. Galt. The same may be said if he is put in comparison with the Hon. Geo. Brown or the Hon. Mr. Holton, both of whom are masters of all the tactics by which an Opposition is allowed, by rules of Parliament, to defend itself against the power of a majority. But the Hon. Mr. McGee, in a set speech, where he is not obliged to enter into details, or to weigh down the wings of his imagination with the burden of statistics, need fear no man in Parliament, or out of it. He is master of four of the weapons in the armoury of an orator—memory, fancy, humour, sarcasm. He is always pleasant to hear; his voice is well managed, and ever under his control. In a debate suited to the range of his powers, which are better displayed in generalizing than in analyzing, the subject fairly absorbs the orator, and possesses him as the god was wont to possess the Pythoness.

On the first seat, in the front row to the left of the Speaker, sits the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald. He is the oldest member of the Legislative Assembly. Every visitor is familiar with his face and manner. He sits bolt upright in his chair, talking with apparent unconcern to those around him; but it is evident the unconcern is only assumed. Little in the House escapes the glance of that watchful Highland eye. His face is relaxed almost to a smile; but there is an amount of firmness about the mouth which indicates that he is prepared to utter that monosyllable,—the salvation of a tempted politician as well as of a tempted woman —the word "No."

To the left of the Hon. J. S. Macdonald, sits his former colleague in the Government —Hon. A. A. Dorion, the mover of the amendment. He is an object of a great deal of attention to-night, but he appears not to notice it. His smooth, well-shaped face is expressive of confidence. He seems prepared to break a lance with the Hon. A. T. Galt whenever the latter shall choose to challenge him. He has this advantage over the Finance Minister, that he is master of both languages; for he uses the English tongue with a precision and fluency to which no other French Canadian member of the House can lay claim.

Beside the Hon. Mr. Dorion sits the Hon. L. H. Holton, Finance Minister during the latter part of the Administration of Hon. John S. Macdonald and Hon. Mr. Dorion. Hon. Mr. Holton is calm as usual. His face, massive and intellectual, wears a look of pro found repose. His style is brief and practical—every sentence well poised, straight as an arrow in its directness, rounded and resonant, compact and logical.

Near the Hon. Mr. Holton sits the Hon. George Brown. In the House, or in the

whole country, there is not a man better versed in the intricacies of the political puzzle of the times—the Canadian finances. He has a talent for figures, and an eye not to be cheated even in the smallest and best concealed expenditures. He is expected to make a speech to-night, and, if so, the Finance Minister will meet his match, for the chieftain of the Upper Canada Liberals is a speaker of uncommon power.

In close proximity to the Hon. George Brown, sits Mr. Alexander Mackenzie. He has given proofs of ability, is characterized by great industry and has that faculty, as valuable in politics as Napoleon the First found it to be in war—the faculty of taking into account the most minute matters of detail. He speaks frequently, and what he says is trenchant and well-argued.

The clock indicates that it is a quarter to eight, and in a few moments more the Sergeant-at-Arms, bearing the mace, enters, followed by the Speaker. The debate is resumed, and waxes warm. Hon. Mr. Cartier rises and addresses the House in the French language. He speaks vigourously. He charges his opponents with personal motives in moving and seconding the motion; and argues that the Finance Minister is not to be held accountable for any result arising from the granting of the $100,000.

Mr. Denis follows the last speaker, and also uses the French language. He is heard with impatience, for he merely re-echoes the arguments of his leader.

After the last speaker sat down, Mr. Christopher Dunkin rose. His status in the House is peculiar. He is known to be a man of considerable logical ability, ingenious in argument and not easily to be talked down; but his influence is not commensurate with his experience in public life. He is a rapid and untiring talker; but he seems to feel that the motion may lead to a crisis, and that he owes it to his position, as an Independent member, to speak briefly and to the point. He began by expressing regret that the motion should have been brought forward. Then he proceeded to state that the facts had shown a very lax administration of the Finance Department; when, for so long a period the Finance Minister had allowed the liability of the Province for $100,000 to remain without a scrap of paper to bind the parties, while the accounts of these parties showed that they did not admit the debt. He also commented on the circumstance that Parliament had been kept in the dark about this matter. He finished by saying that when unmistakeable facts like these were brought under the notice of Parliament, he could not refuse to say that such an advance of money, and such a concealment of the facts, were not in accordance with our system of responsible Government. This speech, though not remarkable for any political boldness, was one of the events of the night. As has been already stated, the two parties were almost equally balanced. During the time that had elapsed since the motion of the Hon. Mr. Dorion was made, there had been opportunity for ascertaining with almost certainty how the vote of each member of the House would go. It was whispered about the corridors and committee rooms, that the defeat or success of the motion would depend on the vote of Mr. Dunkin. Up to the moment he began to speak, it was not known on which side his vote would be given. The speech settled the matter. He would vote against the Government. In view of the anticipation that Government would be defeated, the interest in the debate grew deeper.

Mr. Isaac Buchanan, a well-known member of the House, rose to oppose the motion. Mr. Buchanan was always heard with attention. He admitted that the Government had redeemed the bonds of the City of Montreal; but that city, in return, had paid its indebtedness to the Municipal Loan Fund, which was not done in any other instance.

Hon. Mr. McGee followed Mr. Buchanan. But the occasion was not one of those on which he could best display his gifts of oratory; for in such a debate as the one now engaging the attention of the Assembly, there was no room for imagination, or figures of rhetoric. He began by saying that the motion was hostile to Montreal, and that the accusers of that city were those whom it had rejected. He failed to see that, in the transaction before the House, there was any ground for condemnation. He thought it was unmanly to make an attack on one member of the Government on account of a matter that took place five years ago, during the existence of another Government. He informed the House, that although the assault was specially directed against one member yet all the members of the Government would feel bound to stand by him; and, throughout this controversy, make the case their own. Whatever the decision of the House might be, he had no doubt that the verdict of the intelligent public opinion of the country would be that the present motion was both frivolous and vexatious.

The debate went on, and the wave of speech swelled, and now and then threatened to break into the bitter spray of personality. The hour was now growing late, but the debate showed no signs of coming to a speedy conclusion. Mr. Cameron, a friend of the Government, sought to neutralise, by an amendment, the motion of Hon. Mr. Dorion.

The Hon. George Brown, here raised a question of order. It was to the effect that an amendment to an amendment to go into committee of supply, could not be received. The Speaker decided in favour of the objection raised by the Hon. George Brown. The motion of Mr. Dorion was opposed by the Hon. John Rose, a speaker who always won upon the House by his suavity and good temper. Mr. Rose—now Sir John Rose—was a Conservative in politics, and as such had held office. But he was not now in the Ministry. He was a fluent speaker, and his good temper often served him in cases where argument would have been demanded of other men. He rose to oppose the motion of Mr. Dorion. He styled it unfair and unnecessary, and argued that it was wrong to endeavour to fix responsibility on Mr. Galt.

After some remarks from Messrs. Rankin and Street, the Hon. John A. Macdonald rose. He is a master in the art of swaying the feelings of his followers. His speech had in it more of the pathetic than the defiant or recriminative. He accepted Mr. Dorion's motion as amounting to one of want of confidence; then raising his voice and looking first toward his own back benches, and then glancing across the House at the Opposition, he said:—"We are a band of brothers and will stand or fall together."

Mr. Cartwright announced his determination to oppose the motion of Mr. Dorion. He was followed by the Hon. Mr. Galt. There was nothing of the apologetic or the timid in his speech. He declared warmly that, though the object of the motion was to drive him from public life, it would not accomplish that intention. Mr. Thomas Ferguson, one of their most staunch friends, came to the defence of the Government and was followed by Mr. Scatcherd. The hour was now half-past eleven, and as soon as Mr. Scatcherd resumed his seat, there arose cries all over the House "divide, divide,"—"call in the members, call in the members." The Speaker, after waiting for a few moments to see if any gentleman wished to address the House, gave directions to call in the members. At this moment the excitement on the floor of the House was so great as to reach the utmost verge of Parliamentary decorum. In the public galleries, so absorbing was the interest, that not a sound could be heard from the hundreds who occupied them.

The members are in their places, and the

Clerk of the House begins to take the vote. First, he calls out the names of those on the Government benches; then the names of the members on the opposite side. He then sits down to add up the numbers. For the few moments during which the Clerk is engaged over his list, there is profound silence in every part of the building. The hush of expectation is almost painful in its depth and intensity. A few seconds pass, and then the Clerk rises to his feet and announces the result: "Yeas, 60; nays, 58." These words were the doom of the old Constitution.

The Hon. John A. Macdonald rose, and said: "I move that the House do now adjourn." The motion met with no opposition; all were silent, and at a quarter of an hour before midnight the Speaker left the chair. The sequel to this vote is briefly told. On the afternoon of the next day, as soon as the House had assembled, Attorney-General Macdonald stated on behalf of himself and his colleagues that, after the vote of last night, they considered their position was so seriously affected, that they had felt it their duty to communicate with His Excellency on the subject. He then moved an adjournment of the House until next day. Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald pressed for further information as to the course the Government intended to pursue. But Hon. George Brown pleaded that, in view of the difficulties with which the Government had to contend, the House should allow them ample time for deliberation, The motion for adjournment was carried.

The result of the matter was that a correspondence began between the Government and the leader of the Upper Canadian Opposition. Thence came a Coalition, entered into solely for the purpose of extricating the Province out of the constitutional embarrassment arising from the equal political strength of parties. Then followed the Quebec Conference; then Confederation.

LOVE IN DEATH.

From the Poem of Catullus—"Ad Calvum de Quintilia."

If aught we do can touch the silent bier,
If death can feel and prize affection's tear,
Thy wife, my friend, cut off in beauty's bloom,
Joys in thy love, more than she mourns her doom.

TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

THE END OF "BOHEMIA."

An Essay on the part played by Literature and Journalism in the recent Events in France. By E. CARO. *Translated and abridged from the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for the "Canadian Monthly."*

WE have just escaped a new species of barbarism—a lettered barbarism, for, let it be well known, this last assault upon civilization was nothing else. Its sinister army was headed by writers, some of whom were men of talent, wits even who had enjoyed a certain renown, and could still hope for one more hour's celebrity on the Boulevards. This is one of the peculiar features of the recent events. Till then the insurrectionary battalions had generally been recruited amidst the working population, under the command of ordinary barricade generals such as Barbès, or of veteran conspirators like Blanqui. This time, we see appear at the head of this mock-government, a list of names belonging originally to the civilized world, to literature, science, and the schools. The statistics of the liberal professions which have furnished their quota to the Commune of Paris show that the profession of medicine, the public schools, the fine arts, go hand in hand with an abundance of unavowable professions. The men of letters however prevail; we find them everywhere in the Commune and its surroundings. The troupe, that for two months gave such lugubrious performances at the Hotel de Ville, was chiefly composed of journalists, pamphleteers, and even novelists. It was indeed a gypsy literature that thus invaded the government. The "Bohème" was officially born in May, 1850, in a preface by Henry Murger; and it was again in May, 1871, that we saw it fall on the bloody pavement where it had played its part in an ignominious tyranny. And yet, it had entered the world in a most inoffensive manner: it began with a burst of laughter in a garret. After twenty-one years of a life which soon ceased to be innocent, and wherein idleness and vanity vied for the upper hand, it found its end behind a barricade, and breathed its last in a cry of despair and rage, leaving to the world an abhorred name and a moral enigma, which we will here endeavour to solve.

This Bohemian life did not originate with Henry Murger; he only discovered it, and revealed to us its little mysteries. He presented it so full of innocent gaiety, so charmingly careless, so delightfully indiscreet, that one would have been ill-natured indeed to cross such fine spirits, ever ready to fly off in songs at the first sunbeam, or at the first breath of spring. The critics and the public agreed in bidding the writer and his work welcome, and "Bohemia" was accepted as a sprightly revelation.

Around the Luxembourg and under its lilac trees gathered, years ago, a group of writers without reputation, painters without commissions, and poor musicians, who, united by the bonds which a wandering companionship generally forms, dreamed together in the small circles where they met, of fortune and brilliant destinies. Along with these chimeras they indulged also in the very positive satisfaction of demolishing any already established renown, growing reputation, or consecrated talent with which they happened to meet. These men, closely examined, were in reality very pitiable objects. They considered themselves the martyrs of art, and their historian, to conceal the rather distressing side of their existence, throws into it mirth, spirit, sentiment, above all, that supremely irresistible grace which covers all deficiencies—youth. Thus far "Bohemia" was comparatively an innocent institution: its gypsy heroes were only rebels against art whose austere worship they desecrated by their follies,

and whose high conditions — seriousness of thought, continuous effort, dignity of life—they ignored. After them came the rebels against society, the so-called "réfractaires," and the comparative innocence came soon to an end How was the transformation brought about? Simply thus: a needy literature became, by a fatal transition, a literature of envy. Already in the first stages of "Bohemia" we see the germs of evil passions; inability aggravated by idleness, exasperated by absurd pretensions, sharpened into a kind of a perpetual irony against every thing that labours and rises; lastly, a fixed determination to consider no one more in earnest than themselves, and horror of common sense pushed to a systematic infatuation. Transport now these instincts of the literary "Bohemia" into the midst of the political world, into the heated atmosphere of passions and the hatred they engender; add to it the fixed idea of reaching by all possible means the summit of power and fortune, the deplorable emulation which the spectacle of triumphant ambition and scandalous riches excite in certain minds: throw all these seeds into bilious temperaments, into restless and scoffing minds, into consciences long since hardened against scruples of any kind, and you will see what deadly harvests will spring up.

In the midst of these threatening symptoms appeared a curious manifestation which simple minds might well have hailed as remedial. A sudden change is felt in the light literature which heretofore had usually provided the public with small scandals, and hand to hand news. A purifying breath of generous wrath seemed to have come over the souls of fashionable authors, and there was a momentary hope that the press was going to become a school of morals. Certain ardent novelists who till then had amused the public, turned all at once moralists, pamphleteers, satirists, and well nigh converted the people. To be sure there was cause enough for using the whip against the "French of the Decadence." It would have been useless to deny that this epoch apparently so brilliant, with so dazzling a society, was undermined by a strange evil various in its forms, irresistibly contagious, and that in listening one could hear as it were the vague sound of an approaching ruin. Those insane joys and frivolities, that feverish pleasure-seeking, that mania for immediate fortune seemed so like a challenge to fate,—fate which suffers no immoderate prosperities, and always chastises them through their own excesses—that there was cause enough for patriotic anxiety. The Paris of M. Hausmann, the Bois de Boulogne seen on horse-race days, the insolent ostentation of the wealth of France spread before the eyes of jealous Europe in the Palais de l'Exposition; in short, the excess of luxury and of expenditure lavished by the hands of improvident power in evident complicity with a large portion of the nation, called indeed for rebuke; and it is not to be wondered at that austere indignation should have aroused the country to a sense of its danger. But that the very men who had most contributed to the decay of the people's morals and reason by the amiable recklessness of their works and ideas should come out as its reformers, was rather startling. Was their wrath genuine? Were they indeed inspired by a feeling of morality superior to the one they condemned? We have a right to inquire. Satire is of real worth, and produces the desired effect only when it springs from the higher regions of the soul, and from a love of justice. The Juvenal who is not a stoic is hardly much more than a declaimer. No, these redressors of wrongs were, as time as proved since, nowise animated with the desire of making virtue reign in the land. There was first the passion for the easy popularity which polemics, and especially abusive polemics, procure in a country like France; and as success increased, these self-styled philanthropists took advantage of it. How convenient and agreeable to overthrow one order of things and build up another, where one would have a chance of becoming master and tyrant! Little did these men care for liberty or the assertion of popular rights; all they aimed at was the despotism of the crowd in the place of the power overthrown; they hoped to rule through and with the people. The real name of this Nemesis was not justice but envy.

We have mentioned the two first phases of the French "Bohemia," a suffering and a militant stage: in the third stage it comes out triumphant. This triumph dates from the elections of 1869. The nomination of Rochefort to the Legislature marks in fact a new era in the destinies of "Bohemia." It is from this moment that feverish clubs are founded, and disturbing

newspapers are spread over the country. These clubs were nothing else than revolt in a state of permanence, or rather revolt on exhibition every evening; and their newspapers, a perpetual call to arms in every section of Paris. This loud voice of the political "Bohemia" reached much further, and stirred the masses much more profoundly than the official rhetoric and restrained wrath of the parliamentary Opposition. The most famous ringleaders of the crowd were Bohemians who had been trained for political life in the so-called literary cafés; why so called, it were hard to tell. In the history of recent events we have not taken sufficient account of that education in eccentric babble, and extravagance of speech around tables where the most pretentious vanities of the Parisian "Bohemia" were wont to meet; and yet it seems a fact beyond doubt that many of the episodes of the last sad times can be traced to these gatherings. To give an example of this table talk, we will quote what one of these "Bohemians," well acquainted with Bohemian morals, from having steadily practised them, says in reference to the regular visitors of these cafés:—

"After having tramped all day in the mud, they come and plunge up to the neck in discussions. Liquor is called for, and the paradoxes flare up. They want to show that they too, the ill shod and ill clad, are as good as any one else. Conquered in the morning, they become in their turn conquerors at night. Vanity is satisfied; they become accustomed to these small triumphs and lofty babblings, to these endless dissertations and little dashes of heroism. The tavern table becomes a rostrum. They talk there under the gas light the books they should have written by candle light; the evenings pass away, the days pass away; they have talked thirty chapters and have not written fifteen pages."

We have not sufficiently heeded this political generation that had passed its apprenticeship in the cafés of the Cité, and on the Boulevards, and which, on a certain day, spread over all France with its strange morals, its bold tropes, its small stock of learning, its unlimited conceit, its unhealthy flow of spirits borrowed from the glass of absinthe. This perfidious liquor has had no small share in the disorganization of the Parisian brain. The Faculty of Medicine was already alarmed about it when the political events of the last years justified its fears. The physical and moral hygiene of a nation are much more closely related than we suppose: we but indicate here one of the most dangerous maladies of our civilization. The absinthe produces in Paris orators and politicians, as the opium in China makes ecstatic dreamers: both amount to about the same thing, with this difference, that the mute ecstacy induced by the Eastern narcotic is only a slow suicide, and its victims do not inflict upon their country the scourge of despotic nonsense and impious madness; their dream, whatever it is, remains untold; they do not endeavour to realize it over ruins and bloodshed.

It was in the clubs that these tavern orators first sprang up. Those who watched their meetings with some attention, observers who did not go there as to a show, but as to a clinical lecture, could see that the most applauded orators were of two kinds: intelligent workmen, who had read much, but at hap-hazard, without guidance, overloading their memories with all sorts of indigestible stuff and anti-social declamations, and students, old Bohemians, who had long since abandoned all study and connection with the School of Law or Medicine, to devote themselves to transcendental politics and humanitarian regeneration. Add to this already very respectable group, a few physicians without practice, lawyers without cases, professors without pupils, editors of short-lived newspapers, all the pariahs of the liberal careers, "who carry their M.A. diplomas in their threadbare coat-pockets," and you have what constitutes the staff of the clubs which, for the last two years, have amused sceptical Paris and horrified all reasonable people, and who, by disturbing the mind of the nation, prepared the 18th of March. The literary element of these meetings, fully rivalled in radicalism of ideas (if such a name can be given to such things), the oratorical contingent furnished by the working classes.

There was, however, a capital difference between the two. The orator-workmen were men who studied little, and treated these social questions at random; but they were sincere—they acted from a sense of conviction—they brought into the cause what might be called the probity of unreasonableness. The others, the Paris "irréguliers," had not even that excuse. Their folly was a wilful folly; the most insane propositions were to them means of duping the people and

arriving at success. They aimed solely at that sordid popularity which might be called the prize of extravagance. They intoxicated each other by speech-making and ready applause. They commenced by being merely artists in eccentricity, and ended by becoming desperadoes.

At the same time flourished the press of the revolutionary "Bohemia." It had commenced with the "Marseillaise" and ended with the "Mot d'Ordre," and the "Cri du Peuple." What this press was, may be easily conjectured. The money question played a far more important part in it than the idea question. The traffic in lies and scandals became a lucrative business, and we know of infamous newspaper articles that secured as many as four extra editions a day.

In what such principles finally end, we have seen, and the world still shudders at it. One might trace the gradual descent of some of these journals. They proved schools of public demoralization before they became the secret laboratories and offices of public robberies. The first stage in this fatal descent is marked by an absolute want of seriousness—by a complete disrespect for everything time-honoured—by a most fanciful cynicism. The second opens a period of perpetual agitation, and an attempt to revive the reign of terror by abuse pushed to hyperbole, by the most violent polemics substituted for a dignified discussion of ideas. In the third stage, the journal becomes the most active instrument of this new reign of terror, which it has so loudly invoked, and for which it has so industriously laboured. We may well ask what influences have brought "Bohemia" to such a degree of moral and intellectual depravity? What has driven to madness and crime these vanities, at first so inoffensive? It may be accounted for in many ways; one of the chief causes, however, is the literary influence of the times; it is that which transformed the literary adventurer into the political adventurer, ready to dare anything in order to acquire wealth or power. Yes, the modern novel may claim a large and heavy share of responsibility in the recent events. The examples it gave of elegant scoundrelism and intellectual depravity, have dazzled and fascinated a number of feeble minds whom the uncertain morality of the society and time in which we live but ill-protected against their own evil propensities. Many of the unfortunates who had received no other moral education than the one they found in these books, conducted themselves through real life, as if they lived actually in that world of coarse and corrupting fictions which the sensational novel had created for them. They determined to get along in the world at all hazards, and remove the obstacles they could not overcome. Another influence of which account ought to be taken in the moral history of the last times, is that of the singular philosophies which have invaded and ruled literary Bohemia. To designate them by their true name, and without much ceremony, we shall simply call them Atheism. Heaven forbid I should carry the weighty questions which have divided philosophers into the domain of politics, nor would I insult the doctrine of Rationalism by supposing it destined to become the official philosophy of the Commune! But we cannot deny that its various disciples, the men who prepared the 18th of March, had for many years adopted some of its theories, and these had been boisterously published in their sheets and in their books. A flood of small periodicals, styled literary, appeared and disappeared at different periods, concealing under different names the same monotonous phraseology—the same doctrine repeated over and over again, and paved thereby the way for the slowly advancing Encyclopædia of the New School. Around the chief of the latter, the capitalist of the sect, gathered the larger brains of the school, the thinkers, all those that had advanced far enough in their studies to handle with impunity dangerous formulas. United with the partisans of Positivism, vagrant disciples of experimental science, they formed a large battalion, well prepared for intellectual struggles, until the hour for political struggles should strike. Among the writers that played in this new Encyclopædia the parts of those who wrote in the former one, endeavouring, as that did, to bring about a social renovation by a renovation of ideas, we can easily recognize the magistrates, the ædiles, the great office-holders of the Commune, and even those of the socialistic Republic ensconced since the 4th of September in some of the municipalities in Paris.

The teaching of this school was not purely theoretical, confined to special sheets which no one read, or to that monumental Encyclopædia which but few consulted; it descended briskly

into the political papers of the party, and even into the popular clubs. But there, in order to appear with advantage, it had to undergo a certain transformation ; it had to put aside the pedantries of the physiologist, the dissertations about first and final causes of the professor of Atheism ; the learned reasonings of doctors on the physiological conditions of the phenomenon called soul ; the clever demonstrations of the chemist, who explains the mystery of life without needing to have recourse to that old hypothesis called God ; the assertions of the critic in regard to the quantity of bile or blood it takes to write a poem, a drama, or a sermon. All these heavy doctrines, passing through the crucible of the Parisian mind, evaporated into light clouds that fell back upon the press in a shower of fine ironies and sharp sarcasms against old beliefs, old superstitions, the old fogies of philosophy and superannuated gods. Down it came like a thick and piercing hailstorm, upsetting the old order of things and making room for a new one. It was a great treat for the idlers ; never before had grave subjects and long-honoured people been handled so cavalierly. All this did not as yet present any great danger ; but look a few rounds down the ladder, and you will see what the tendency of all this impious babble and flippant raillery will be. I have followed with a sad curiosity the degradation of an idea, from the literature of elegant circles down to that of hovels, where it died in some mob newspaper, and was finally thrown into the rag-picker's basket ; I have followed it in its sad wanderings through journals of the most varied origin, tone and size, down to the "Père Duchêne." The distance between refined scepticism and gross abuse is shorter than one would think. Never before had such treacherous and varied means been employed to demoralize the people and destroy in them all faith and ideal, creating a vacuum in their minds without providing the wherewithal to fill it again, except by unlawful pleasures and unwholesome appetites.

This sketch, hastily drawn, is evidently incomplete, but on the whole it is exact. We should have to go far back, in the history of our national education, to find the origin of the revolutionary sentiments blended in our minds with the first intellectual impressions we have received. We know only two sorts of history, and those but indifferently : that of classic antiquity and that of the French Revolution. All the rest has gradually been wiped out ; but these two groups of events move and live in our imagination ; they stand out in bold relief on a vague ground of extinct notions and languid memories. We mix the heroes of ancient republics with those of our present history ; it becomes a sort of illustrious company that haunts our minds with graceful attitudes, with sublime speeches on republican virtues, on liberty, on the country. All is on a large scale, larger than nature ; it assumes superhuman proportions through our feverish sentiments, our indomitable pride, our language where the man is lost in the hero ; all this is lit up by too glaring a light, and placed in a perspective of immortality. It is a world slightly overdone, somewhat declamatory, which resembles nothing that has really existed, and which is the result of our classical education, combined with the fictions for which the French Revolution furnishes inexhaustible themes. This is the basis of our political education, such as most Bohemians acquire in the colleges and schools, amidst the rough struggles of life, and the great dangers of modern society, in the conflict of their poverty with the wealth displayed on all sides, and its accompanying power, the lustre of which dazzles their eyes and attracts their wild dreams. All serious study concerning the conditions of social existence, the progress of nations and the price at which this progress is bought ; all deep meditation on the true laws of history, on the feebleness of certain big words, on the vanity of certain formulas, on crimes disguised under pompous names, all this was unknown to them. The judicial, truthful history of the Revolution was not to their mind ; they cared very little for the teaching of the masters that had brought it back to a true perspective by reducing its men to just proportions. They wanted something more fanciful. It was not the drama of ideas that pleased their frivolous and feeble minds—it was the tumult of facts, the agitation on the public squares, the scenes of the Convention, the horrors of the Conciergerie ; nay, they delighted in the mere theatrical paraphernalia of the Revolution, its stage effects, its scarfs, its feathers, its trumpery ; they relished particularly its pompous harangues and violent language, its sudden vicissitudes of fortune, splendours and ruins, passing before them as in a dazzling and sinister dream brought out in their eyes the

grand idea, illumined by the blue-lights of poetry and rhetoric, and perceived from afar as in an apotheosis.

Our generation has been fed too much on these spectacles, this phantasmagoria, in which the French Revolution becomes a drama of scene shiftings and high-sounding phrases. Who was it that thus flattered these frivolous imaginations by presenting to them false ideals in regard to the events and men of that time, when the plainer duty was to bring them to a proper conception of human morality? Who was it fostered, in violent and feeble minds, so morbid an enthusiasm for an epoch where such great and noble aspirations were so foolishly compromised, so sadly sullied; for an epoch one must beware of commending, for fear of becoming an accomplice in the unatoneable crimes of the past, or in baleful imitations for the future? The answer may be found on all lips. We know some of these poets and rhetoricians who have wilfully transformed history, in order that they might glorify it with their endless dithyrambics, or their unreserved amnesties. These are the real culprits.

Thus sprang up among us the religion, or rather the idolatry. of the so-called infallible, impeccable, immaculate, Revolution; a worship supported by the imagination even more than by passion. The Revolution has its theologians, its mystics, and fanatics, its hypocrites even, without whom a religion is not complete. Everything concerning it is holy and sacred; the right by which it is most honoured, is to imitate it on all points. Its pompous rhetoric, the bluntness of its language, its big phrases, the attitudes and gestures of its personages are all reproduced with a labourious exactitude. Most happy are they who, by dint of study and observation, have succeeded in seizing upon some of the features of these consecrated types! Each endeavours to cut himself out a part in this history, and take out from the great picture some figure under which he may introduce himself to the public. We have had Camille Desmoulins again, his very devil-may-care gait, and cruel impertinence, minus his better parts, his fits of true sensibility, and the chivalrous promptings of his soul. You have shuddered at recognizing Danton's loud voice; the same sonorousness and power; but its lightning effects were wanting. Marat, too, was seen crossing again the bloody stage of public events, but the real Marat would have shuddered at the puppet trying to impersonate him: the new one only succeeded in defaming his prototype, persecuting and denouncing his victims instead of executing them. Barrère was seen no later than yesterday, the same as ever, a honey-tongued revolutionist, ready at any time to tune his flexible soul to the key of almost any event. All this resembles a bloody masquerade, a lugubrious and atrocious jest. It is but a miserable parody! '93, minus its ardent convictions, an artificial '93; and since it has been asserted that the reign of terror was a religion, let us say that this new reign of terror through which we have just passed is far more monstrous and criminal than the first, for it is a religion without faith. It is through such ideas and examples, taken from high quarters, through this revolutionary eloquence so applauded in books, in the theatres, and on the rostrum, that this "Bohemia," already undermined by its own vices, was brought to ruin. But, however severely we may judge it in its downfall, we must not forget that a large share of the responsibility rests with the illustrious personages who were linked with it, who courted its journals for their own selfish ends, lavishing upon it their most approving smiles, their most delicate flatteries, carrying on with the poor fools a commerce of adulation and coquetry that captivated them completely. Proud of the appreciation of those they considered their betters, the poor wretches trumpeted all round the civic virtues of their patrons, and opened to them a way to easy triumphs. It was an active propaganda and a fatal contagion. We repent of it now; may it not be too late!

The men of '93 had this advantage over the feeble comedians that have tried to imitate them, that their hearts burned with patriotism. Where do you find any trace of the same sacred flame among the modern Jacobins? The country, they said (and clubs and cafés applauded the witticism),—the country is but a post guarded by a custom-house officer. Is it to be wondered that some of our soldiers should later have remembered such speeches and behaved accordingly?

All this makes up our present history.

Add to these diverse influences the complicity of a petulant middle class applauding, without foreseeing the end, the work of social demolition; add the profound indifference of a society absorbed in business, money and

pleasures, without thought for anything else; and, below this surface already undermined, the ardent passions of fanatics digging the abyss wherein we well-nigh perished, in sympathy with the over-excited appetites of the multitude and the conspiracy of the "Internationale," and you will no longer wonder at the depth of our fall, and at the number of ruins that cover now the soil of France.

The events themselves illustrate the moral of this essay. One of the most essential conditions upon which the regeneration of France depends now, more essential even than the form of the institutions which are to govern us, is a reconstruction of the literature and the press, a reconstruction based on seriousness of thought, on hard work, on dignity of life, on mutual respect between the writers themselves, and above all, on an absolute respect for ideas. But for this it is evidently necessary that there be no longer a confusion possible between the healthy liberal ideas which represent civilization through liberty and justice, and the false anti-social ideas which represent a return to barbarism by arbitrary acts, violence and crime. To effect this, it will be very necessary in future to guard against idealizing under the charming names of fancy, of independent life and freedom, the unwholesome passions and the disorders in the morals and brains which have thrown out of their orbits, and hopelessly destroyed, talents intended by nature to be devoted to the making of "Vaudevilles" or to landscape painting, and not to the getting up of revolutions.

THE LAST TOURNAMENT.*

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L.

(*From "The Contemporary Review" for December.*)

DAGONET, the fool, whom Gawain in his moods
Had made mock-knight of Arthur's Table Round,
At Camelot, high above the yellowing woods,
Danced like a wither'd leaf before the Hall.
And toward him from the Hall with harp in hand,
And from the crown thereof a carcanet
Of ruby swaying to and fro, the prize
Of Tristram in the jousts of yesterday,
Came Tristram, saying, "Why skip ye so, Sir Fool?"

For Arthur and Sir Lancelot riding once
Far down beneath a winding wall of rock
Heard a child wail. A stump of oak half-dead,
From roots like some black coil of carven snakes
Clutch'd at the crag, and started thro' mid-air
Bearing an eagle's nest: and thro' the tree
Rush'd ever a rainy wind, and thro' the wind
Pierced ever a child's cry: and crag and tree
Scaling, Sir Lancelot from the perilous nest,
This ruby necklace thrice around her neck,
And all unscarr'd from beak or talon, brought
A maiden babe; which Arthur pitying took,
Then gave it to his Queen to rear: the Queen
But coldly acquiescing, in her white arms
Received, and after loved it tenderly,
And named it Nestling; so forgot herself
A moment, and her cares; till that young life
Being smitten in mid-heaven with mortal cold
Past from her; and in time the carcanet
Vext her with plaintive memories of the child:
So she, delivering it to Arthur, said,
"Take thou the jewels of this dead innocence,
And make them, an thou wilt, a tourney-prize."

To whom the King, "Peace to thine eagle-borne
Dead nestling, and this honour after death,
Following thy will! but, O my Queen, I muse
Why ye not wear on arm, or neck, or zone,
Those diamonds that I rescued from the tarn,
And Lancelot won, methought, for thee to wear."

"Would rather ye had let them fall," she cried,
"Plunge and be lost—ill-fated as they were,
A bitterness to me!—ye look amazed,
Not knowing they were lost as soon as given—

* This poem forms one of the "Idylls of the King." Its place is between "Pelleas" and "Guinevere."

Slid from my hands, when I was leaning out
Above the river—that unhappy child
Past in her barge: but rosier luck will go
With these rich jewels, seeing that they came
Not from the skeleton of a brother-slayer,
But the sweet body of a maiden-babe.
Perchance—who knows?—the purest of thy knights
May win them for the purest of my maids."

She ended, and the cry of a great joust
With trumpet-blowings ran on all the ways
From Camelot in among the faded fields
To furthest towers; and everywhere the knights
Arm'd for a day of glory before the King.

But on the hither side of that loud morn
Into the hall stagger'd, his visage ribb'd
From ear to ear with dogwhip-weals, his nose
Bridge-broken, one eye out, and one hand off,
And one with shatter'd fingers dangling lame,
A churl, to whom indignantly the King,
"My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil beast
Hath drawn his claws athwart thy face? or fiend?
Man was it who marr'd Heaven's image in thee thus?"

Then, sputtering thro' the hedge of splinter'd teeth,
Yet strangers to the tongue, and with blunt stump
Pitch-blacken'd sawing the air, said the maim'd churl,
"He took them and he drave them to his tower—
Some hold he was a table-knight of thine—
A hundred goodly ones—the Red Knight, he—
Lord, I was tending swine, and the Red Knight
Brake in upon me and drave them to his tower;
And when I call'd upon thy name as one
That doest right by gentle and by churl,
Maim'd me and maul'd, and would outright have slain,
Save that he sware me to a message, saying—
'Tell thou the King and all his liars, that I
Have founded my Round Table in the North,
And whatsoever his own knights have sworn
My knights have sworn the counter to it—and say
My tower is full of harlots, like his court,
But mine are worthier, seeing they profess
To be none other than themselves—and say
My knights are all adulterers like his own,
But mine are truer, seeing they profess
To be none other; and say his hour is come,
The heathen are upon him, his long lance
Broken, and his Excalibur a straw.'"

Then Arthur turn'd to Kay the seneschal,
"Take thou my churl, and tend him curiously
Like a king's heir, till all his hurts be whole.
The heathen—but that ever-climbing wave,
Hurl'd back again so often in empty foam,
Hath lain for years at rest—and renegades,
Thieves, bandits, leavings of confusion, whom
The wholesome realm is purged of otherwhere,—
Friends, thro' your manhood and your fealty,—now
Make their last head like Satan in the North.
My younger knights, new-made, in whom your flower
Waits to be solid fruit of golden deeds,
Move with me toward their quelling, which achieved,
The loneliest ways are safe from shore to shore.
But thou, Sir Lancelot, sitting in my place
Enchair'd to-morrow, arbitrate the field;
For wherefore shouldst thou care to mingle with it,
Only to yield my Queen her own again?
Speak, Lancelot, thou art silent: is it well?"

Thereto Sir Lancelot answer'd, "It is well:
Yet better if the King abide, and leave
The leading of his younger knights to me.
Else, for the King has will'd it, it is well."

Then Arthur rose and Lancelot follow'd him,
And while they stood without the doors, the King
Turn'd to him saying, "Is it then so well?
Or mine the blame that oft I seem as he
Of whom was written, 'a sound is in his ears'—
The foot that loiters, bidden go,—the glance
That only seems half-loyal to command,—
A manner somewhat fall'n from reverence—
Or have I dream'd the bearing of our knights
Tells of a manhood ever less and lower?
Or whence the fear lest this my realm, uprear'd,
By noble deeds at one with noble vows,
From flat confusion and brute violences,
Reel back into the beast, and be no more?"

He spoke, and taking all his younger knights,
Down the slope city rode, and sharply turn'd

North by the gate. In her high bower the Queen,
Working a tapestry, lifted up her head,
Watch'd her lord pass, and knew not that she sigh'd.
Then ran across her memory the strange rhyme
Of bygone Merlin, "Where is he who knows?
From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

But when the morning of a tournament,
By these in earnest those in mockery call'd
The Tournament of the Dead Innocence,
Brake with a wet wind blowing, Lancelot,
Round whose sick head all night, like birds of prey,
The words of Arthur flying shriek'd, arose,
And down a streetway hung with folds of pure
White samite, and by fountains running wine,
Where children sat in white with cups of gold,
Moved to the lists, and there, with slow sad steps
Ascending, fill'd his double-dragon'd chair.

He glanced and saw the stately galleries,
Dame, damsel, each thro' worship of their Queen
White-robed in honor of the stainless child,
And some with scatter'd jewels, like a bank
Of maiden snow mingled with sparks of fire.
He lookt but once, and veil'd his eyes again.

The sudden trumpet sounded as in a dream
To ears but half-awaked, then one low roll
Of Autumn thunder, and the jousts began:
And ever the wind blew, and yellowing leaf
And gloom and gleam, and shower and shorn plume
Went down it. Sighing weariedly, as one
Who sits and gazes on a faded fire,
When all the goodlier guests are past away,
Sat their great umpire, looking o'er the lists.
He saw the laws that ruled the tournament
Broken, but spake not; once, a knight cast down
Before his throne of arbitration cursed
The dead babe and the follies of the King;
And once the laces of a helmet crack'd,
And show'd him, like a vermin in its hole,
Modred, a narrow face: anon he heard
The voice that billow'd round the barriers roar
An ocean-sounding welcome to one knight,
But newly-enter'd, taller than the rest,
And armour'd all in forest green, whereon
There tript a hundred tiny silver deer,
And wearing but a holly-spray for crest,
With ever-scattering berries, and on shield
A spear, a harp, a bugle—Tristram—late
From overseas in Brittany return'd,
And marriage with a princess of that realm,
Isolt the White—Sir Tristram of the Woods—
Whom Lancelot knew, had held sometime with pain
His own against him, and now yearn'd to shake
The burthen off his heart in one full shock
With Tristram ev'n to death: his strong hands gript
And dinted the gilt dragons right and left,
Until he groan'd for wrath—so many of those,
That ware their ladies' colors on the casque,
Drew from before Sir Tristram to the bounds,
And there with gibes and flickering mockeries
Stood, while he mutter'd, "Craven crests! O shame!
What faith have these in whom they sware to love?
The glory of our Round Table is no more."

So Tristram won, and Lancelot gave, the gems,
Not speaking other word than "Hast thou won?
Art thou the purest, brother? See, the hand
Wherewith thou takest this is red!" to whom
Tristram, half plagued by Lancelot's languorous mood,
Made answer, "Ay, but wherefore toss me this
Like a dry bone cast to some hungry hound?
Let be thy fair Queen's fantasy. Strength of heart
And might of limb, but mainly use and skill,
Are winners in this pastime of our King,
My hand—belike the lance hath dript upon it—
No blood of mine, I trow; but O chief knight,
Right arm of Arthur in the battlefield,
Great brother, thou nor I have made the world;
Be happy in thy fair Queen as I in mine."

And Tristram round the gallery made his horse
Caracole; then bow'd his homage, bluntly saying,
"Fair damsels, each to him who worships each
Sole Queen of Beauty and of love, behold
This day my Queen of Beauty is not here."

Then most of these were mute, some anger'd, one
Murmuring "All courtesy is dead," and one,
"The glory of our Round Table is no more."

Then fell thick rain, plume droopt and mantle clung,
And pettish cries awoke, and the wan day
Went glooming down in wet and weariness:
But under her black brows a swarthy dame
Laught shrilly, crying "Praise the patient saints,
Our one white day of Innocence hath past,
Tho' somewhat draggled at the skirt. So be it.
The snowdrop only, flow'ring thro' the year,
Would make the world as blank as wintertide.
Come — let us comfort their sad eyes, our Queen's
And Lancelot's, at this night's solemnity
With all the kindlier colours of the field."

So dame and damsel glitter'd at the feast
Variously gay: for he that tells the tale
Liken'd them, saying "as when an hour of cold
Falls on the mountain in midsummer snows,
And all the purple slopes of mountain flowers
Pass under white, till the warm hour returns
With veer of wind, and all are flowers again:"
So dame and damsel cast the simple white,
And glowing in all colours, the live grass,
Rose-campion, bluebell, kingcup, poppy, glanced
About the revels, and with mirth so loud
Beyond all use, that, half-amazed, the Queen,
And wroth at Tristram and the lawless jousts,
Brake up their sports, then slowly to her bower
Parted, and in her bosom pain was lord.

And little Dagonet on the morrow morn,
High over all the yellowing Autumn-tide,
Danced like a wither'd leaf before the hall.
Then Tristram saying, "Why skip ye so, Sir Fool?"
Wheel'd round on either heel, Dagonet replied,
"Belike for lack of wiser company;
Or being fool, and seeing too much wit
Makes the world rotten, why, belike I skip
To know myself the wisest knight of all."
"Ay, fool," said Tristram, "but 'tis eating dry
To dance without a catch, a roundelay
To dance to." Then he twangled on his harp,
And while he twangled little Dagonet stood,
Quiet as any water-sodden log
Stay'd in the wandering warble of a brook;
But when the twangling ended, skipt again;
Then being asked, "Why skipt ye not, Sir Fool?"
Made answer, "I had liefer twenty years
Skip to the broken music of my brains
Than any broken music ye can make."
Then Tristram, waiting for the quip to come,
"Good now, what music have I broken, fool?"
And little Dagonet, skipping, "Arthur, the King's;
For when thou playest that air with Queen Isolt,
Thou makest broken music with thy bride,
Her daintier namesake down in Brittany—
And so thou breakest Arthur's music too."
"Save for that broken music in thy brains,
Sir Fool," said Tristram, "I would break thy head.
Fool, I came late, the heathen wars were o'er,
The life had flown, we sware but by the shell—
I am but a fool to reason with a fool,
Come, thou art crabb'd and sour: but lean me down,
Sir Dagonet, one of thy long asses' ears,
And hearken if my music be not true.

"Free love—free field—we love but while we may:
The woods are hush'd, their music is no more:
The leaf is dead, the yearning past away:
New leaf, new life—the days of frost are o'er:
New life, new love to suit the newer day:
New loves are sweet as those that went before:
Free love—free field—we love but while we may."

"Ye might have moved slow-measure to my tune,
Not stood stockstill. I made it in the woods,
And found it ring as true as tested gold."

But Dagonet with one foot poised in his hand,
"Friend, did ye mark that fountain yesterday
Made to run wine?—but this had run itself
All out like a long life to a sour end—
And them that round it sat with golden cups
To hand the wine to whomsoever came—
The twelve small damosels white as Innocence,
In honour of poor Innocence the babe,
Who left the gems which Innocence the Queen

Lent to the King, and Innocence the King
Gave for a prize—and one of those white slips
Handed her cup and piped, the pretty one,
'Drink, drink, Sir Fool,' and thereupon I drank,
Spat—pish—the cup was gold, the draught was mud."

And Tristram, "Was it muddier than thy gibes?
Is all the laughter gone dead out of thee?—
Not marking how the knighthood mock thee, fool—
'Fear God: honor the king—his one true knight—
Sole follower of the vows,—for here be they
Who knew thee swine enow before I came,
Smuttier than blasted grain: but when the King
Had made thee fool, thy vanity so shot up
It frighted all free fool from out thy heart;
Which left thee less than fool, and less than swine,
A naked naught—yet swine I hold thee still,
For I have flung thee pearls, and find thee swine."

And little Dagonet mincing with his feet,
"Knight, an ye fling those rubies round my neck
In lieu of hers, I'll hold thou hast some touch
Of music, since I care not for thy pearls.
Swine? I have wallow'd, I have wash'd—the world
Is flesh and shadow—I have had my day.
The dirty nurse, Experience, in her kind
Hath foul'd me—an I wallowed, then I wash'd—
I have had my day and my philosophies—
And thank the Lord I am King Arthur's fool.
Swine, say ye? swine, goats, asses, rams and geese
Troop'd round a Paynim harper once, who thrumm'd
On such a wire as musically as thou
Some such fine song—but never a king's fool."

And Tristram, "Then were swine, goats, asses, geese,
The wiser fools, seeing thy Paynim bard
Had such a master of his mystery
That he could harp his wife up out of Hell."

Then Dagonet, turning on the ball of his foot,
"And whither harp'st thou thine? down! and thyself
Down! and two more: a helpful harper thou,
That harpest downward! Dost thou know the star
We call the harp of Arthur up in heaven?"

And Tristram, "Ay, Sir Fool, for when our King
Was victor wellnigh day by day, the knights,
Glorying in each new glory, set his name
High on all hills, and in the signs of heaven."

And Dagonet answer'd, "Ay, and when the land
Was freed, and the Queen false, ye set yourself
To babble about him, all to show your wit—
And whether he were king by courtesy,
Or king by right—and so went harping down
The black king's highway, got so far, and grew
So witty, that ye play'd at ducks and drakes
With Arthur's vows on the great lake of fire.
Tuwhoo! do ye see it? do ye see the star?"
"Nay, fool," said Tristram, "not in open day."
And Dagonet, "Nay, nor will: I see it and hear.
It makes a silent music up in heaven,
And I, and Arthur and the angels hear,
And then we skip." "Lo, fool," he said, "ye talk
Fool's treason: is the king thy brother fool?"
Then little Dagonet clapt his hands and shrill'd,
"Ay, ay, my brother fool, the king of fools!
Conceits himself as God that he can make
Figs out of thistles, silk from bristles, milk
From burning spurge, honey from hornet-combs,
And men from beasts.—Long live the king of fools!"

And down the city Dagonet danced away.
But thro' the slowly-mellowing avenues
And solitary passes of the wood
Rode Tristram toward Lyonesse and the west.
Before him fled the face of Queen Isolt
With ruby-circled neck, but evermore
Past, as a rustle or twitter in the wood
Made dull his inner, keen his outer eye
For all that walk'd, or crept, or perched, or flew.
Anon the face, as, when a gust hath blown,
Unruffling waters re-collect the shape
Of one that in them sees himself, return'd;
But at the slot or fewmets of a deer,
Or ev'n a fall'n feather, vanish'd again.

So on for all that day from lawn to lawn
Thro' many a league-long bower he rode. At length

A lodge of intertwisted beechen-boughs
Furze-cramm'd, and bracken-rooft, the which himself
Built for a summer day with Queen Isolt
Against a shower, dark in the golden grove
Appearing, sent his fancy back to where
She lived a moon in that low lodge with him:
Till Mark her lord had past, the Cornish king,
With six or seven, when Tristram was away,
And snatch'd her thence; yet dreading worse than shame
Her warrior Tristram, spake not any word,
But bode his hour, devising wretchedness.

And now that desert lodge to Tristram lookt
So sweet, that, halting, in he past, and sank
Down on a drift of foliage random-blown;
But could not rest for musing how to smooth
And sleek his marriage over to the Queen.
Perchance in lone Tintagil far from all
The tonguesters of the court she had not heard.
But then what folly had sent him overseas
After she left him lonely here? a name?
Was it the name of one in Brittany,
Isolt, the daughter of the King? "Isolt
Of the white hands" they called her: the sweet name
Allured him first, and then the maid herself,
Who served him well with those white hands of hers,
And loved him well, until himself had thought
He loved her also, wedded easily,
But left her all as easily, and return'd.
The black-blue Irish hair and Irish eyes
Had drawn him home—what marvel? then he laid
His brows upon the drifted leaf and dream'd.

He seemed to pace the strand of Brittany
Between Isolt of Britain and his bride,
And show'd them both the ruby chain, and both
Began to struggle for it, till his Queen
Grasp't it so hard, that all her hand was red.
Then cried the Breton, "Look, her hand is red!
These be no rubies, this is frozen blood,
And melts within her hand—her hand is hot
With ill desires, but this I gave thee, look,
Is all as cool and white as any flower."
Follow'd a rush of eagle's wings, and then
A whimpering of the spirit of the child,
Because the twain had spoil'd her carcanet.

He dream'd; but Arthur with a hundred spears
Rode far, till o'er the illimitable reed,
And many a glancing plash and sallowy isle,
The wide-wing'd sunset of the misty marsh
Glared on a huge machicolated tower
That stood with open doors, whereout was roll'd
A roar of riot, as from men secure
Amid their marshes, ruffians at their ease
Among their harlot-brides, an evil song.
"Lo there," said one of Arthur's youth, for there,
High on a grim dead tree before the tower,
A goodly brother of The Table Round
Swung by the neck: and on the boughs a shield
Showing a shower of blood in a field noir,
And therebeside a horn, inflamed the knights
At that dishonour done the gilded spur,
Till each would clash the shield and blow the horn.
But Arthur waved them back: alone he rode.
Then at the dry harsh roar of the great horn,
That sent the face of all the marsh aloft
An ever upward-rushing storm and cloud
Of shriek and plume, the Red Knight heard, and all,
Even to tipmost lance and topmost helm,
In blood-red armour sallying, howl'd to the King,
"The teeth of Hell flay bare and gnash thee flat!—
Lo! art thou not that eunuch-hearted King
Who fain had clipt free manhood from the world—
The woman worshipper? Yea, God's curse, and I!
Slain was the brother of my paramour
By a knight of thine, and I that heard her whine
And snivel, being eunuch-hearted too,
Sware by the scorpion-worm that twists in hell,
And stings itself to everlasting death,
To hang whatever knight of thine I fought
And tumbled. Art thou King?—Look to thy life!"

He ended: Arthur knew the voice; the face
Wellnigh was helmet-hidden, and the name
Went wandering somewhere darkling in his mind.
And Arthur deign'd not use of word or sword,
But let the drunkard, as he stretch'd from horse
To strike him, overbalancing his bulk,
Down from the causeway heavily to the swamp
Fall, as the crest of some slow-arching wave
Heard in dead night along that table-shore
Drops flat, and after the great waters break

Whitening for half a league, and thin themselves
Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,
From less and less to nothing ; thus he fell
Head-heavy, while the knights, who watch'd him, roar'd
And shouted and leapt down upon the fall'n ;
There trampled out his face from being known,
And sank his head in mire, and slimed themselves ;
Nor heard the King for their own cries, but sprang
Thro' open doors, and swording right and left
Men, women, on their sodden faces, hurl'd
The tables over and the wines, and slew
Till all the rafters rang with woman-yells,
And all the pavement stream'd with massacre :
Then, yell with yell echoing, they fired the tower,
Which half that autumn night, like the live North,
Red-pulsing up thro' Alioth and Alcor,
Made all above it, and a hundred meres
About it, as the water Moab saw
Come round by the East, and out beyond them flush'd
The long low dune, and lazy-plunging sea.

So all the ways were safe from shore to shore,
But in the heart of Arthur pain was lord.

Then out of Tristram waking the red dream
Fled with a shout, and that low lodge return'd,
Mid-forest, and the wind among the boughs.
He whistled his good warhorse left to graze
Among the forest greens, vaulted upon him,
And rode beneath an ever-showering leaf,
Till one lone woman, weeping near a cross,
Stay'd him, "Why weep ye?" "Lord," she said, "my man
Hath left me or is dead;" whereon he thought—
"What an she hate me now? I would not this.
What an she love me still? I would not that.
I know not what I would"—but said to her,—
"Yet weep not thou, lest, if thy mate return,
He find thy favour changed and love thee not"—
Then pressing day by day thro' Lyonesse
Last in a roky hollow, belling, heard
The hounds of Mark, and felt the goodly hounds
Yelp at his heart, but, turning, past and gain'd
Tintagil, half in sea, and high on land,
A crown of towers.

Down in a casement sat,
A low sea-sunset glorying round her hair
And glossy-throated grace, Isolt the Queen.
And when she heard the feet of Tristram grind
The spiring stone that scaled about her tower,
Flush'd, started, met him at the doors, and there
Belted his body with her white embrace,
Crying aloud, "Not Mark—not Mark, my soul !
The footstep flutter'd me at first : not he :
Catlike thro' his own castle steals my Mark,
But warrior-wise thou stridest through his halls
Who hates thee, as I him—ev'n to the death.
My soul, I felt my hatred for my Mark
Quicken within me, and knew that thou wert nigh."
To whom Sir Tristram smiling, "I am here.
Let be thy Mark, seeing he is not thine."

And drawing somewhat backward she replied,
"Can he be wrong'd who is not ev'n his own,
But save for dread of thee had beaten me,
Scratch'd, bitten, blinded, marr'd me somehow—Mark?
What rights are his that dare not strike for them?
Not lift a hand—not, tho' he found me thus !
But hearken, have ye met him? hence he went
To-day for three days' hunting—as he said—
And so returns belike within an hour.
Mark's way, my soul !—but eat not thou with him,
Because he hates thee even more than fears ;
Nor drink : and when thou passest any wood
Close visor, lest an arrow from the bush
Should leave me all alone with Mark and hell.
My God, the measure of my hate for Mark
Is as the measure of my love for thee."

So, pluck'd one way by hate and one by love,
Drain'd of her force, again she sat, and spake
To Tristram, as he knelt before her, saying,
"O hunter, and O blower of the horn,
Harper, and thou hast been a rover too,
For, ere I mated with my shambling king,
Ye twain had fallen out about the bride
Of one—his name is out of me—the prize,
If prize she were—(what marvel—she could see)—
Thine, friend ; and ever since my craven seeks
To wreck thee villanously ; but, O Sir Knight,
What dame or damsel have ye kneeled to last?"

And Tristram, "Last to my Queen Paramount,
Here now to my Queen Paramount of love,
And loveliness, ay, lovelier than when first

Her light feet fell on our rough Lyonesse,
Sailing from Ireland."

Softly laugh'd Isolt,
"Flatter me not, for hath not our great Queen
My dole of beauty trebled?" and he said,
"Her beauty is her beauty, and thine thine,
And thine is more to me—soft, gracious, kind—
Save when thy Mark is kindled on thy lips
Most gracious; but she, haughty, ev'n to him,
Lancelot; for I have seen him wan enow
To make one doubt if ever the great Queen
Have yielded him her love."

To whom Isolt,
"Ah then, false hunter and false harper, thou
Who brakest thro' the scruple of my bond,
Calling me thy white hind, and saying to me
That Guinevere had sinned against the highest,
And I—misyoked with such a want of man—
That I could hardly sin against the lowest."

He answer'd, "O my soul, be comforted!
If this be sweet, to sin in leading-strings,
If here be comfort, and if ours be sin,
Crown'd warrant had we for the crowning sin
That made us happy: but how ye greet me—fear
And fault and doubt—no word of that fond tale—
Thy deep heart-yearnings, thy sweet memories
Of Tristram in that year he was away."

And, saddening on the sudden, spake Isolt,
"I had forgotten all in my strong joy
To see thee—yearnings?—ay! for, hour by hour,
Here in the never-ended afternoon,
O sweeter than all memories of thee,
Deeper than any yearnings after thee
Seem'd those far-rolling, westward-smiling seas,
Watched from this tower. Isolt of Britain dash'd
Before Isolt of Brittany on the strand,
Would that have chill'd her bride-kiss? Wedded her?
Fought in her father's battles? wounded there?
The King was all fulfill'd with gratefulness,
And she, my namesake of the hands, that heal'd
Thy hurt and heart with unguent and caress—
Well—can I wish her any huger wrong
Than having known thee? her too hast thou left
To pine and waste in those sweet memories?
O were I not my Mark's, by whom all men
Are noble, I should hate thee more than love."

And Tristram, fondling her light hands, replied,
"Grace, Queen, for being loved: she loved me well.
Did I love her? the name at least I loved.
Isolt?—I fought his battles, for Isolt!
The night was dark; the true star set. Isolt!
The name was ruler of the dark —— Isolt?
Care not for her! patient, and prayerful, meek,
Pale-blooded, she will yield herself to God."

And Isolt answered, "Yea, and why not I?
Mine is the larger need, who am not meek,
Pale-blooded, prayerful. Let me tell thee now.
Here one black, mute midsummer night I sat
Lonely, but musing on thee, wondering where,
Murmuring a light song I had heard thee sing,
And once or twice I spake thy name aloud.
Then flash'd a levin-brand; and near me stood,
In fuming sulphur blue and green, a fiend—
Mark's way to steal behind one in the dark—
For there was Mark: 'He has wedded her,' he said,
Not said, but hiss'd it: then this crown of towers
So shook to such a roar of all the sky,
That here in utter dark I swoon'd away,
And woke again in utter dark, and cried,
'I will flee hence and give myself to God'—
And thou wert lying in thy new leman's arms."

Then Tristram, ever dallying with her hand,
"May God be with thee, sweet, when old and gray,
And past desire!" a saying that anger'd her.
"'May God be with thee, sweet, when thou art old,
And sweet no more to me!' I need Him now.
For when had Lancelot utter'd aught so gross
Ev'n to the swineherd's malkin in the mast?
The greater man, the greater courtesy.
But thou, thro' ever harrying thy wild beasts—
Save that to touch a harp, tilt with a lance
Becomes thee well—art grown wild beast thyself.
How darest thou, if lover, push me even
In fancy from thy side, and set me far
In the gray distance, half a life away,
Her to be loved no more? Unsay it, unswear!
Flatter me rather, seeing me so weak,
Broken with Mark and hate and solitude,
Thy marriage and mine own, that I should suck
Lies like sweet wines: lie to me: I believe.
Will ye not lie? not swear? as there ye kneel,

And solemnly as when ye sware to him,
The man of men, our King—My God, the power
Was once in vows when men believed the King!
They lied not then, who sware, and thro' their vows
The King prevailing made his realm:—I say,
Swear to me thou wilt love me ev'n when old,
Gray-haired, and past desire, and in despair."

Then Tristram, pacing moodily up and down,
"Vows! did ye keep the vow ye made to Mark
More than I mine? Lied, say ye? Nay, but learnt,
The vow that binds too strictly snaps itself—
My knighthood taught me this—ay, being snapt—
We run more counter to the soul thereof
Than had we never sworn. I swear no more.
I swore to the great King, and am forsworn.
For once—ev'n to the height—I honour'd him.
'Man, is he man at all?' methought, when first
I rode from our rough Lyonesse, and beheld
That victor of the Pagan throned in hall—
His hair, a sun that ray'd from off a brow
Like hillsnow high in heaven, the steel-blue eyes,
The golden beard that clothed his lips with light—
Moreover, that weird legend of his birth,
With Merlin's mystic babble about his end,
Amazed me; then, his foot was on a stool
Shaped as a dragon; he seem'd to me no man,
But Michael trampling Satan; so I sware,
Being amazed: but this went by—the vows!
O ay—the wholesome madness of an hour—
They served their use, their time; for every knight
Believed himself a greater than himself,
And every follower eyed him as a God;
Till he, being lifted up beyond himself,
Did mightier deeds than elsewise he had done,
And so the realm was made; but then their vows—
First mainly thro' that sullying of our Queen—
Began to gall the knighthood, asking whence
Had Arthur right to bind them to himself?
Dropt down from heaven? wash'd up from out the deep?
They fail'd to trace him thro' the flesh and blood
Of our old Kings; whence then? a doubtful lord
To bind them by inviolable vows,
Which flesh and blood perforce would violate:
For feel this arm of mine—the tide within
Red with free chase and heather-scented air,
Pulsing full man; can Arthur make me pure
As any maiden child? lock up my tongue
From uttering freely what I freely hear?
Bind me to one? The great world laughs at it.
And worldling of the world am I, and know
The ptarmigan that whitens ere his hour
Wooes his own end; we are not angels here
Nor shall be: vows—I am woodman of the woods,
And hear the garnet-headed yaffingale
Mock them: my soul, we love but while we may;
And therefore is my love so large for thee,
Seeing it is not bounded save by love."

Here ending, he moved toward her, and she said,
"Good: an I turn'd away my love for thee
To some one thrice as courteous as thyself—
For courtesy wins women all as well
As valour may—but he that closes both
Is perfect, he is Lancelot—taller indeed,
Rosier, and comelier, thou—but say I loved
This knightliest of all knights, and cast thee back
Thine own small saw 'We love but while we may,'
Well then, what answer?"

He that while she spake,
Mindful of what he brought to adorn her with,
The jewels, had let one finger lightly touch
The warm white apple of her throat, replied,
"Press this a little closer, sweet, until—
Come, I am hunger'd and half-anger'd—meat,
Wine, wine—and I will love thee to the death,
And out beyond into the dream to come."

So then, when both were brought to full accord,
She rose, and sat before him all he will'd;
And after these had comforted the blood
With meats and wines, and satiated their hearts,
Now talking of their woodland paradise,
The deer, the dews, the fern, the founts, the lawns;
Now mocking at the much ungainliness,
And craven shifts, and long crane legs of Mark—
Then Tristram laughing caught the harp, and sang:
"Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bend the brier!

A star in heaven, a star within the mere!
Ay, ay, O ay—a star was my desire,
And one was far apart, and one was near;
Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bow the grass!
And one was water and one star was fire,
And one will ever shine and one will pass.
Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that move the mere."

Then in the light's last glimmer Tristram show'd
And swung the ruby carcanet. She cried,
"The collar of some order, which our King
Hath newly founded, all for thee, my soul,
For thee, to yield thee grace beyond thy peers.'
"Not so, my Queen," he said, "but the red fruit
Grown on a magic oak-tree in mid-heaven,
And won by Tristram as a tourney-prize,
And hither brought by Tristram for his last
Love-offering and peace-offering unto thee."

He rose, he turn'd, and flinging round her neck,
Claspt it; but while he bow'd himself to lay
Warm kisses in the hollow of her throat,
Out of the dark, just as the lips had touch'd,
Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek—
"Mark's way," said Mark, and clove him thro' the brain.

That night came Arthur home, and while he climb'd,
All in a death-dumb autumn-dripping gloom,
The stairway to the hall, and look'd and saw
The great Queen's bower was dark,—about his feet
A voice clung sobbing till he question'd it,
"What art thou?" and the voice about his feet
Sent up an answer, sobbing, "I am thy fool,
And I shall never make thee smile again."

BOOK REVIEWS

AMERICANISMS; THE ENGLISH OF THE NEW WORLD. By M. Schele de Vere, LL.D., Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Virginia, author of "Studies in English," etc. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co.

It seems that both Mr. Marcy, the United States Secretary of State, and the Czar of Russia, when in a towering rage against England, ordained that the "English" language should be superseded in documents by the "American" language; a proof, perhaps, that demagogic despots are as liable to outbreaks of silly and undignified passion as despots of the ordinary kind. The term "American," as applied to themselves by the people of the United States, is, moreover, a usurpation against which all the other inhabitants of the Continent have a right to protest. If a language distinct from that of England has been formed in the States, let it be called Yankee: or if that name is wanting in dignity, by some other name which correctly denotes the fact.

Large additions have undoubtedly been made to the English language in the United States. Of these additions Dr. de Vere gives a very full and interesting account, classifying them under twelve heads, which are the titles of his chapters:—"The Indian," "Immigrants from Abroad," "The Great West," "The Church," "Politics," "Trade of all kinds," "Afloat," "On the Rail," "Natural History," "Old Friends (old English words) with New Faces," "Cant and Slang," "New Words and Nicknames."

The Indians, like other exterminated races, have left melancholy monuments of themselves in the names of the great landmarks. But they may also be said to have given a few words to the language. *Yankee* itself is now allowed to be *Yengee*, the Indian mispronunciation of *English*. The headquarters of the Democratic party in New York are their *wigwam*, and Tweed is their *Sachem* as well as their "Boss." *Tammany* was the seat of an ancient Indian chief, who, it seems, was party to a sale of the territory which is now Rhode Island, on terms very like the Tammany contracts of modern times. *Pow-wow* has also pretty well effected a lodgment in the language.

Of the immigrants, the Dutchman has given be-

sides plenty of local names (including *Bowery*, now the Alsatia of New York, but "once the pleasant *Bowery* or garden-bower of Dutch governors"), some general words; e. g., *overslaugh* (from *overslaan* to skip) for preferring an outsider over the heads of those entitled by seniority. A more familiar instance is *boss* from the Dutch *baas*, an overseer. "I suppose the Queen is your boss now," said a Yankee stage-driver to Lord Carlisle. "I did not *boss* the job, it was sister," cried a Yankee child five years old, when he wanted to charge his sister with being the aggressor in a quarrel. The French words are not many; but *prairie* and *sault* (now pronounced *soo*) are from that source. Some French local names appear in strange masquerade: *Bois Brûlé* is *Bob Ruly*, *Chemin Couvert* is *Smack Cover*, *Rivière du Purgatoire* is *Picketwire*. With plenty of French fashions, some French phrases have also found their way. A Confederate soldier who was picked out of a ditch, where he lay apparently dead, at Gettysburgh, told General Lee that he was not hurt or scared, but "terribly demoralized." The Spaniard has contributed *negro*, *mulatto*, *quadroon*, and its bastard derivative *octoroon*. He seems also to have contributed *filibuster*, the verb of which has now the political sense of manœuvring to delay a final vote. More Spanish words, such as *ranche*, a farm, and *stampede* (*estampida*) are coming from California and New Mexico. The German, though he has added so vast an element to the population, has not added, according to Dr. De Vere, a dozen important words to the language, so rapidly has he been absorbed into Yankeedom. One well-known German word is *lager*: while *loafer* (*läufer*) expresses the dislike of an industrious people for those who lead an irregular and unsettled life. From the negro come *Buckra*, and indirectly *marooning*, which originally denoted the life of a runaway negro in the wilds, but is now used for picnicking. The Negro English, however, is a dialect of itself, and has acquired through the negro minstrelsy a place in literature. Dr. de Vere goes so far as to say that "America owes the negro no small gratitude for the only national poetry which it possesses, as distinct from all imitation of old English verses and all competition with the English writers of our day." The Chinaman is bringing in a little Canton jargon, such as *first-chop* for *first-rate*; and *kootoo*, or *kowtow*, low bowing, is a Chinese word. But the introduction of Chinese words and of the Chinaman himself will be difficult while the feeling of the people in the West against him remains what it is now. Dr. de Vere cites a set of resolutions which he says were actually moved, though not carried, in the Legislature of Oregon in 1870. "Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon:—Section 1. No Chinaman shall be allowed to die in this State, until he has paid $10 for a new pair of boots with which to kick the bucket. Section 2. Any Chinaman dying under this Act shall be buried six feet under ground. Section 3. Any Chinaman who attempts to dig up another Chinaman's bones, shall first procure a license from the Secretary of State, for which he shall pay $4. Section 4. Any dead Chinaman who attempts to dig up his own bones, without giving due notice to the Secretary of State, shall be fined $100."

"The Great West," says Dr. de Vere, "has impressed the stamp of its own life even more forcibly (than New England) in the speech of its sons. Everything is on such a gigantic scale there that the vast proportions with which the mind becomes familiar, beget unconsciously a love of hyperbole, which in its turn irresistibly invites to humour. Life is an unceasing activity there, and hence speech also is racy with life and vigour. All is new there to those who come from older countries or crowded cities, and hence new words are continually coined, and old ones receive new meanings; nature is fresh and young there, and hence the poetic feeling is excited, and speech assumes unconsciously the rhythm and the elevation of poetry." From the chapter which follows, and from our own experience of Western talk, we should say that humorous hyperbole, rather than elevated poetry, was the characteristic of the West. Land settling has produced some terms, humorous but not poetic. "Any man who has married a lively blonde, and sees himself reflected in two blue eyes, has thereby made himself sure of heaven, having *preempted* two quarter-sections of it and settled on the same." *Locate* has been the unhappy parent of a line of similar barbarisms, such as *orate* and *donate*, culminating, or rather reaching the lowest abyss, in *vocate* and *missionate*. The terms derived from pioneer life are legion: *Stump oratory* is among them, and so, we presume, is *axe-grinding*. To *save, i. e.*, to make safe by shooting dead, is, it seems, a term of frontier hunting and warfare. "I calculate, Mr. Hossifer (officer) that *war* the most decisivest and the most sanguinariest fight you ever seen in all your born days, We boys, we up and pitched in thar and we give the yaller bellies the most particular Hail Columby. We chawed 'em all up; we laid 'em out colder nor a wedge; we *saved* every mother's son of 'um—we did that 'ar little thing, boss." *Honey-fugling*, used for *kissing* by the classic lips of Susan B. Anthony, is a term, it seems, of Western bee-hunting. A question having been propounded by a philological enquirer in *Harper's Monthly* as to the meaning of the phrase, the answer was, "It is cutting it too fat over the left."

The language of the New England Church, as well as the temper of the New Englander, bears traces of

the fact that with the Puritans "antagonism was the normal condition of life." The great object was to differ in phraseology, as well as in customs, from the old country. The peculiar extravagances of religious enthusiasm in the new world, have also produced some new terms, such as *jerks* for religious convulsions. The terms *Hard Shell* Baptists, and *Soft Shell* Baptists, grotesquely denote one instance of the universal disintegration, which, under the action of liberalizing influences, is taking place in all the Churches of the United States from the Episcopalian to the Quaker. Mormonism and Spiritualism are the latest sources of religious additions, if religious additions they can be called, to the English of the New World.

From politics have come a host of terms, all of them vulgar, and almost all of them denoting something tricky and roguish. The political vocabulary of our neighbours is pretty well known here. Our readers may, however, be glad to be informed that the term *gerrymandering*, denoting the fraudulent division of a State into districts, so as to give the party which has the minority in number a majority of the votes, is derived from the name of its inventor, Mr. Elbridge Gerry, a prominent politician of the State now adorned by General Butler. *Buncombe*, *log-rolling*, *lobbyiug*, *land-grabbing*, *ballot-box stuffing*, *repeating*, *ring*, are too well known. *Pipelaying* is less familiar ; it was derived from a scheme for importing voters from Philadelphia into New York, which was concealed under the form of a contract for laying water-pipes from the Croton aqueduct. The etymology of the *caucus*, which under the system of party government, has practically superseded the constitutional legislature, is lost in philological night. The term has been wildly derived from *scyphus*, a divining cup ! A *pincher* is "a bill which promises to secure a pecuniary reward to those who are interested in its defeat." A *rooster* (our cousins are too delicate to say *cock*) is "a bill which will benefit the legislators, and no one else." The vocabulary is of course rich in new terms for illicit gains, *chicken-pie* being one of the latest. We knew what *wire-pulling* was, but we did not know that peculiar skill in it was called *sculduggery*. To *crawfish* is equivalent to *ratting* in English. *Sound on the goose* seems to baffle etymology ; but it means sound on the main question. *Highfalutin* is equally puzzling to the philologist, who desperately struggles to find a derivation for it in *high-flying*, *high-floating*, and even in the Dutch *verlooten*—to flay by whipping. *Spread-Eagleism*, on the contrary, calls for no philological research. As a practical illustration of its meaning Dr. de Vere gives an extract from the Report of Legislative Proceedings in Indiana—"The American people—and we are proud to call ourselves that—are rocked in the bosom of two mighty oceans, whose granite-bound shores are whitened by the floating canvass of the commercial world ; reaching from the ice-fettered lakes of the north to the febrile waves of Australian seas, comprising the vast interim of five billions of acres, whose alluvial plains, romantic mountains and mystic rivers rival the wildest Utopian dreams that ever gathered round the inspired bard, as he walked the Amaranthine promenades of Hesperian gardens, is proud Columbia, the land of the free and the home of the brave." *Free soil*, *free labour* and *free love* are terms of which the first two are pregnant with evil memories of the past, while the last is full of evil omen for the future. *Skedaddle*, a word of the civil war, has been pretty well incorporated into the slang portion of the English language. Its etymology seems to be satisfactorily traced to the Scotch or Scandinavian language, in both of which the word means to spill water or milk from a pail.

"Trade of all kinds" has, of course, contributed its quota. Dr. de Vere has the candour to admit that "if the English are a nation of shop-keepers, the Americans are *not unmindful* of the same source of wealth." He, however, charges to the account of England the phrase *Almighty Dollar*, begging Englishmen to recall the first lines of Ben Jonson's epistle to the Countess of Holland :—

> "Whilst that for which all virtue now is sold,
> And almost every vice, *almightie gold*."

But the omnipotence of gold, though not of greenbacks, has been the complaint of all lands and ages. "Money itself," says Dr. de Vere, has in the United States, as in England, more designations than any other object, liquor alone exeepted." He admits, however that the English Slang Dictionary does not comprise *John Davis*, *Ready John*, *spondulics*, *dooteroomus* or *doot*, *tow*, *wad*, *hardstuff* or *hard*, *dirt*, *shinplasters*, *wherewith*, *shad scales*, or *scales*, *dye-stuffs*, *charms*, *stamps*. *Bogus* is rather unexpectedly derived from the noble Italian name *Borghese*, borne by an itinerant drawer of fictitious notes, checks and bills of exchange, whose genius merited a monument in our language since he succeeded in swindling Yankee smartness out of large sums. *Skinning* is resorted to whenever the merchant is *short* ; and *short* is a word of large significance and great practical utility. "A common practice is to withhold a little of a poor sewing-girl's pay from week to week, on the plea of being *short*, and when a handsome aggregate has been reached, to boldly deny the debt." As to the vocabulary of liquors and liquoring, we really must disclaim for the backward and torpid old country anything like rivalry with the foremost of nations.

"Afloat" is said to have contributed *schooner*,

scoon in New England being used to express the skipping of stones thrown so as to skim over the surface of the water. It has certainly contributed *flummadiddle*, a nautical mess, at the mention of which New England fishermen lick their chops, and among the main ingredients of which are pork-fat and molasses. *Aboard* used with reference to a land conveyance is also an innovation. To go *ahead* is English enough; but when a New York journal remarked that "in this complication of European difficulties a favourable opportunity was offered to American *go-aheaditiveness*," it enriched the maternal tongue at the same time that it painted American character. We should have thought that to the list of "Afloat" might have been added *bust up* and *gone up*, which sound like word-pictures of steamboat travelling in the States :—

Coroner—"Witness, when did you last see deceased?"

Witness—"The last time ever I saw deceased, as I was *a goin' up* I met 'im and the smoke-chimney a comin' down."

On "The Rail," democracy, afraid of saying first and second class, has been obliged to draw on its magnificent imagination for such splendid aliases as *Palace Cars* and *Silver Palace Cars*; and at last we suppose it will come to *Gold* and *Diamond*. The *Cowcatcher* depicts the unfenced state of an American railroad, and *baggage-smasher* too well describes the American porter. The verb *telescope* is a railroad word of still more unpleasant import. "The frequency," observes Dr. de Vere, with scientific calmness, "with which trains collide on American railways has led to the use of the word for the purpose of designating the manner in which, on such occasions, one train is apt to run right into the other, as the smaller parts of the telescope glide into the larger."

"Natural History," of course, supplies a number of special terms. But *big bug*, for a person of consequence, is an addition to the general language; and so is *rooster* "an American ladyism," which has so far supplanted the less lady-like term that an English traveller professes to have heard of "a *rooster* and *ox* story." The unapproachable qualities of the *skunk* have also given him, as was his due, a place in the language beyond the mere pale of natural history.

"Of "Old Friends with New Faces," there is a very long list. What was good English when the Pilgrim Fathers left England has, in many instances, since become obsolete or provincial. When an American lady tells you that she "dotes on *bugs*," meaning that she is fond of entomology, her language is perfectly classical, though archaic. A number of peculiar modes of spelling also, such as *becase* and *bile* (for *boil*), are not vulgarisms, but archaisms. Of all the perplexing words to a native of the old country in America, the most perplexing is *clever*. "This troublesome word," says Dr. de Vere, "a favourite with our race wherever they are, can neither be traced back to an undoubted derivation, nor defined in its meaning beyond cavil: used in England generally for good-looking (?) or handy and dexterous, it means in Norfolk, rather, honest and respectable, and sounds there like *claver*. In some districts of Southern Wales it indicates a state of good health; in a few southern counties perfect clearness and completeness, and in other parts, as with us, courtesy and affability. The American pet word *smart* has however largely superseded it in our speech, and only in Virginia and some parts of the South *clever* is still much used in its old English meaning of skilful at work and talented in mind." *Transpire* for *occur* is not an old friend with a new face, but an old friend with face horribly distorted. John Randolph was quite right when he called out to a speaker in Congress who had used it repeatedly, "If you say *transpire* once more, I shall *expire*. *Gentleman* and *lady*, as might have been expected, "have no longer in America any distinctive meaning." The Duke of Saxe Weimar was asked, "Are you the *man* that wants to go to Selma?" and upon assenting, he was told: "Then I'm the *gentleman* that is going to drive you." Nothing sounds more intensely vulgar to an English ear than the universal substitution in the United States of *lady* for *woman*. "Wanted, two competentent sales-ladies." Dr. de Vere cites a distinguished writer as authority for the statement that an orator said in a public meeting where bonnets predominated, "The *ladies* were the last at the Cross and the first at the Tomb."

The heading "Cant and Slang," also presents an *embarras de richesses*. We like *flambustious* (showy), *slantendicular* and *sockdolager*—the last said to be a corruption of *doxology*. But our favourite on the whole is *catawampous*. A political character in the Legislature of Missouri, attacked by a host of hostile orators, was said to have been "*catawampously* chawed up." Then again, the great West, with "the matchless features of nature on the largest scale ever beheld by man, &c.," plays a great part; but "the low-toned newspaper written for the masses," in the opinion of Dr. de Vere, plays a still greater part. The degradation of a national language in point of fact generally keeps pace with the degradation of national character, of which it becomes in turn no important source.

The last heading is "New Forms and Nicknames." New nicknames of course must be invented for new persons and places. But we protest against such "new forms" as to *erupt*, to *excurt*, to *resurrectionize*, to *itemize*, to *custodize*, to *resolute*, as barbarism in the very deepest sense of the word. The terms *clergywoman* and *chairwoman* (President of a Woman's Rights Meeting) are still more repulsive, though not on philological grounds.

We are much indebted to Dr. de Vere for his work, and beg leave to commend it to all British tourists in the United States, as the means of acquiring a familiarity with the idiom which cannot fail to render them acceptable to the natives. We trust that it will also find its way into the hands of the Archduke Alexis, who may then win all hearts by promising that between the bear and the eagle the British lion shall be catawampously chawed up.

THE FIRST ENGLISH CONQUEST OF CANADA; with some account of the earliest settlements in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, by Henry Kirke, M.A., B.C.L., Oxon. London: Bemrose & Sons.

We have here from Mr. Henry Kirke, author of *Thurstan Meverell*, the first detailed history, by an English writer, of the First English Conquest of Canada, in 1629. There are numerous French accounts of that event, in which the hero, Captain David Kirke, whose name is so transformed as to be barely recognizable, and whose career is ranked among the buccaneers of America, is painted in no

enviable colours. The namesake of that conquering Captain does full, if tardy, justice to his merits. Captain David Kirke, with two brothers, Lewis and Thomas, sailed up the St. Lawrence, with half a dozen vessels, the largest of which was only 300 tons, and made an easy conquest of the starving garrison of Quebec. Kirke, who had acted under letters of marque, was greatly disgusted, when despoiled of the fruits of his conquest by the restoration of Canada to France. That Government agreed to pay him an indemnity of £20,000, of which he never received a farthing. The £60,000 which the backers of Kirke had advanced to set the expedition afloat was all lost. Kirke got an empty title and a grant of Newfoundland, which he lived to see revoked. In telling the story of Kirke, the author has drawn much of his materials from State papers in the Record Office. The history of Canada can be written only by one who has access to these papers; and let us here urge the necessity of copies of them being obtained for the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa. With the Paris documents already there, they would complete the materials out of which our national history can be written. When off the track of the main story, Mr. Kirke is content with very secondary materials; relying on the authority of Macgregor and Haliburton, authors of our time, when he might have consulted the voyage of Cartier and the History of Lescarbot. He writes for Pontgravé, Pontgravè; Gaspé, Gaspè; and Saguenay, Saghanny; he fails to identify the island of St. John with that of Prince Edward, and Bacailos with any place. He supposes Bacailos to be the Indian name of codfish. If he had consulted Lescarbot (ed. 1618) he would have read: "*Quant au nom de Bacailos il est de l'imposition de nos Basques, lesquels appellent une morue Bacailos, et à leur imitation nos peuples (Indians) ont appris à nommer aussi la morue Bacailos.*" It is certain that the word came from Spain or Portugal; whether it were first applied by Biscayan fishermen, or by Corte Real, the Portuguese navigator. But in spite of this, and other omissions and minor errors, Mr. Kirke has given us the best and most authentic account of the deeds of his namesake. The policy of restoring Canada to its original owners in 1632, he strongly condemns; but surely he does not sufficiently reflect that if it had been retained then, it would almost certainly have followed the fortunes of he other Eng lish Colonies in 1776.

WOMEN; OR CHRONICLES OF THE LATE WAR. By Mary Tucker Magill. Baltimore: Turnbull Brothers.

The thread of the story in this book is slight; but it serves to connect a series of very vivid pictures of life in the South during the war for Southern independence. It is another proof that, though the extension of slavery may have been the motive of the leaders of Secession, the conflict, once commenced, became on the part of the Southern people a real struggle for national existence, carried on with fervent patriotism and unbounded self-devotion. It is evident, too, from this among other manifestations of Southern feeling, that, though crushed under the heel of the conqueror, Southern patriotism still lives and glows; lives and glows perhaps even with sufficient intensity to carry in itself the earnest of ultimate independence. It was always said that the women exceeded the men in enthusiasm, and this book confirms that impression: indeed, the display of female patriotism seems to have been carried to such a length as partly to justify the Federal Commanders in sometimes thinking less of the privileges of beauty than of the necessities of war. We get portraits from the life of several notable men, and descriptions of several notable scenes. There is Stonewall Jackson, of course, idol of every Southern heart and eye, "with his tall, gaunt figure, ungainly in its proportions, awkward in its movements, sitting erect with military stiffness upon his saddle, with his sharply defined and resolute features, and eye of mild hue but gleaming with fire. There is Ashby, whose portrait might almost be taken for one of Graham of Claverhouse. On the Federal side there passes before us, among other forms, that of General Cluseret, late General of the Parisian Commune, then, according to his own account, representing European Republicanism in the Federal camp. He appears at Winchester, issuing a requisition upon the depleted larders of the town for five thousand pounds of bacon, and threatening that if the bacon were not forthcoming by the time specified, the town should be given up to the soldiers. 'Citizens, conduct the Republic, one and indivisible, to the suspected citizens' strong-box.' But perhaps the most interesting thing in the volume is the description of Richmond after the entrance of the Federal conquerors, of the suspense respecting the fate of General Lee's army, and of the reception of the news of his surrender.

"Very little allusion was made from the pulpits to the condition of affairs: indeed it had been forbidden so far as prayers for the Confederacy were concerned; but no order could govern the nation's heart, and many an anguished supplication ascended to heaven from those altars for the little band of fugitives whose cause was even then beyond the reach of prayer.

"One old Baptist minister prayed:

"'O Lord, thou who seest our hearts, knowest what we so earnestly desire, but dare not specify in words, Grant it, O Lord, grant it!'

"About eight o'clock at night, the tense nerves of the people vibrated painfully at the sound of a gun, and before its echoes died away another followed, and another and another, until sixty were counted. It was a salute to celebrate some triumph. What could it be? They dared not think. At last the suspense grew too horrible to be borne; even certainty could be no worse.

"Ellen Randolph, opening her window and seeing a Federal soldier passing by, called out:

"'Can you tell me the meaning of those guns?'

"'What say?' said the man, approaching the window.

"'Can you tell me the meaning of those guns?' repeated the young lady, tremulously.

"'Yes, ma'am: them guns is fired to celebrate the surrender of General Lee's army.'

"He heard something like a gurgling, choking sound as the figure disappeared from the window. It was the dying gasp of hope in the young heart.

"After some days the disbanded soldiers of the dead cause began to flock back to the city, with bowed heads and bleeding hearts. They told with eloquence which alone is the offspring of true feeling, of the last hour of the life of the Army of Northern Virginia; of the hard ships of the march, when the expected rations failed to reach them, and how the soldiers were obliged to

scatter in order to get food to save them from starvation. How they lived for days on raw corn and even roots, but still the thought of surrender was far from them; and how when the hour for meeting the enemy arrived, and they were rushing on to the conflict, suddenly the field seemed to be alive with white flags, and their old warrior General riding into their midst, the tears streaming down his cheeks, said:

"'I have done what I could for you; I can do no more.'

"Then hardy soldiers fell down in his pathway, and were not ashamed of their tears; and the officers seeing the terrible suffering of the Commander-in-chief, who must take the responsibility of action, showed their love for him by striving to share it, and many a strong man bowed his head over the hand of the noble old soldier in deeper reverence and love than in the days of his greatest triumphs.

"In a few days General Lee returned to the city, and his friends flocked around him to testify their love and sympathy; and truly he was grander in the moment of defeat than he had ever been at the head of his conquering armies; and never had he been so entirely the leader of the Southern people, whom he swayed by his moderation and wisdom into like action.

"In the delirium of the moment thousands would have sought foreign homes, talked wildly of Brazil and Mexico. But he ever advised all to remain and accept the situation which was inevitable, and do their duty as became good, honorable men, hoping for better times in the future. For himself he nobly refused wealth and honors, preferring to set the people who so loved him the example of a life made noble by misfortune, and of a greatness which could know no fall.

"Choosing for his profession in life the simple duties of an instructor of youth, he led young men into the battle of life, and showed himself the great General in instructing them how to overcome its difficulties and perils by a dependence upon the Captain of their salvation. And here in his home among the hoary hills of his native State, beside the grave of his former comrades, he found the happiness he sought in the paths of duty; and when at last he laid his honored head down to rest, the people whom he had served so faithfully mourned him as a father, and wept again as for the second loss of the cause of the South."

We repeat that the story is slight; the interest of the book lies in the descriptions. But the descriptions are not only interesting, but historically valuable as giving us the woman's view of the war.

CUES FROM ALL QUARTERS, or Literary Musings of a Clerical Recluse. London: Hodder and Stoughton; Boston: Roberts Brothers; Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

This extremely entertaining work is evidently the fruit of many years' plodding in the field of literature. The author has not only read extensively but thoughtfully also, and with a purpose beyond the amusement of a leisure hour. The result is a book that may be opened any where and read at any time with pleasure and profit. Each chapter is a little treasury of choice thoughts from the best writers, judiciously selected and skilfully fitted together to illustrate the subject immediately in hand. The plan cannot, in strictness, be called original; books of a somewhat similar character have appeared before, but in none of them do we remember to have seen combined with a felicitous choice of topics, evidence of reading so extensive or a moral purpose so clearly kept in view. We heartily recommend "Cues from all Quarters" to the notice of our readers as a delightful and instructive book. We can only refer here to one subject treated of in this work. In a chapter entitled—"The Brute World, a Mystery" there are some reflections which will be favourably received by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. "Mrs. Jameson avows her impression that in nothing do men sin so blindly as in their appreciation and treatment of the whole lower orders of creatures. To the affirmation that love and mercy towards animals are not inculcated by any direct precept of Christianity, she answers that surely they are included in the spirit; though it has been remarked that cruelty towards animals is far more common in Western Christendom than in the East. With the Mahometan and Brahminical races, she adds, humanity to animals, and the sacredness of life in all its forms, is much more of a religious principle than among ourselves. Bacon does not think it beneath his philosophy to point out as a part of human morals, and a condition of human improvement, justice and mercy to the lower animals—'the extension of a noble and excellent principle of compassion to the creatures subject to man.' 'The Turks,' he says, 'though a cruel and sanguinary nation both in descent and discipline, give alms to brutes and suffer them not to be tortured.' To Mrs. Jameson, then, who was apt both to think freely, and to speak frankly, it appeared as if the primitive Christians by laying so much stress upon a future life in contradistinction to this life, and placing the lower creatures out of the pale of hope, placed them at the same time out of the pale of sympathy, and thus laid the foundation for this utter disregard of animals as being our fellow creatures."

Those who are fond of curious speculations and are at a loss to account for the acts, motives and feelings of the lower animals will do well to carefully read this chapter—"Paradoxical or not, preposterous or not, the hypothesis of an after-life of the brute creation has been sometimes mooted, sometimes favoured, sometimes actually taken up, by accredited apologists for the Christian religion. Leland, in his strictures on Lord Bolingbroke, admits the supposition of brutes having 'immaterial, sensitive souls, which are not annihilated by death.' Bishop Butler, the author of the Analogy, pronounces an objection to one of his arguments, as implying by inference, 'the natural immortality of brutes to be no difficulty; since we know not what latent powers and capacities they may be endued with.' John Foster, the great John Foster, the Essayist, thus apostrophises in his journal a wee warbler of the woodlands:—'Bird! 'tis a pity such a delicious note should be silenced by winter, death, and, above all, by annihilation. I do not and I cannot believe that all these little spirits of melody are but the snuff of the grand taper of life, and mere vapour of existence to vanish for ever.' He would or could have criticised with sympathy Le Maire's *Amant Verd*—the hero of which has been mistaken by half-awake commentators for a man, whereas 'twas an Ethiopian bird, Marguerite of Austria's pet paroquet, which died of regret, Miss Costello says, during its mis-

tress's absence, and which the poet represents as received into 'an imaginary Paradise of animals, where many readers who have lost and mourned similar favourites would be sorry to fancy they were transported.' Samuel Rogers, the poet, could 'hardly persuade' himself that there is no compensation in a future existence for the sufferings of animals in the present life—for instance, said he, 'when I see a horse in the streets unmercifully flogged by its brutal driver.'"

"By the light of philosophy, we know nothing about the matter either way; the brute world is a mystery, yet it is a beautiful school of philosophy (though it has few disciples) which teaches man to say of most things: 'It may be so, and it may be otherwise; it is a point on which I only know that I do not know,

> Behold we know not anything
> We can but trust———

or fear, as the case and our own disposition may chance. 'I hope there is a heaven for them,' said the late Mr. Æsop Smith of his horses."

Southey in his verses on the death of a favourite old spaniel says:—

> "But fare thee well! Mine is no narrow creed;
> And He who gave thee being did not frame
> The mystery of life to be the sport
> Of merciless man. There is another world
> For all that live and move * * * a better one!
> Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine
> Infinite Goodness to the little bounds
> Of their own charity, may envy thee."

In the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, the Shepherd says:—"I have never been able to perswade my heart and my understandin that dowgs haena immortal sowls." And then, pointing to Bronte, "his sowl *maun* be immortal." "I am sure, James," rejoins Tickler, "that if it be, I shall be extremely glad to meet Bronte in any future society." "The minister wad ca' that no orthodox," resumes the Shepherd. "But the mystery o' life canna gang out like the pluff o' a cawnle. Perhaps the verra bit bonny glitterin insecks that we ca' ephemeral, because they dance out but ae single day, never dee, but keep for ever and aye openin and shuttin their wings in mony million atmospheres, and may do sae through a' eternity, The universe is aiblins wide aneuch."

LITERARY NOTES

Canadians review, with justifiable pride, the material progress of the land in which they live. In spite of the ignorance displayed by many of our countrymen at home, and the misrepresentations of our neighbours across the line, Canada has, at length, secured the favourable attention of the world. In the natural order of events, this result was inevitable. The energy of men in conflict with the forces of nature, interesting while in progress, is never doubtful in its issue. Within the memory of some not yet past their prime, the face of the country has undergone a marvellous transformation. The area of cultivated soil, at first a mere fringe upon the skirts of the wilderness, has gradually extended many miles from the frontier. The rude farming of the early settler has given place to a thrifty and intelligent agriculture, by which the resources of the land are more fully developed and less wastefully employed. Similar evidence of progress is manifest in the improvement of stock and in the general use of labour-saving machinery. The vast frame-work of railways, whose giant limbs will soon stretch from ocean to ocean—the important and growing interests of manufacturer and merchant—the commercial marine, now third or fourth only in the shipping-list of the world—are all, for the most part, the work of the last five and twenty years.

The literary life of Canada, properly so called, is of more recent date. In point of time, the material progress of every country necessarily precedes the intellectual; indeed, they stand to one another somewhat in the relation of cause and effect. Whether the settler values or despises mental culture, let him only be industrious and provident, and he will be an unconscious instrument in its advancement. Every acre of wild land cleared by the axe of the woodman, every bushel of grain taken to the rude mill on the creek, every little hoard saved from the fruits of toil, will contribute to the intellectual progress of the generations to come. Fortunately ample provision has long since been made in Canada for the education of the whole people. The struggle in England—begun in Parliament, thence transferred to the school-boards, and now, it appears, to be relegated to Mr. Forster and the House of Commons—seems strange to us who have for years enjoyed a national system established upon a firm and equitable basis. We hold in just esteem the energy of those who first hewed out a pathway for civilization in the forest; ought we not to remember with gratitude the men who laid broad and deep the foundations of our Common and Grammar Schools systems, or dedicated to superior education the universities and colleges of the Dominion? The inestimable value of these institutions is fully admitted, so far as it can be easily traced in the growing intelligence of the people, the general respect for law and the order and propriety of our social and domestic life. These advantages lie upon the surface; but, important as they are, they do not adequately measure the results of general culture. To trace its subtle influence moulding individual minds, and, through them, developing silently and almost imperceptibly the intellectual life of the nation, would be an impracticable task. Still a fair estimate of general results may be drawn from a comparison of the literary condition of Canada at the

present time with that of any period, not too remote, in the past. To enter at length into such a comparison would carry us beyond our present purpose; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with a brief reference to a few points of contrast. The first and most obvious, is the immense improvement in the typographical execution of our books and periodicals. Whatever literary merit may have been possessed by the essays and lectures of twenty years ago, the manner in which they were embalmed for posterity, was sufficient of itself, to repel all but the most curious readers. How folks managed to wade through those dreary pages of rugged typography, imprinted on smoky-brown paper, passes understanding. Up to a still more recent date, our Canadian schools were dependent upon the American publishers for many of their elementary school-books. The geographies, such as Morse's and Olney's, had been written apparently with the special purpose of glorifying the great Republic; and even the reprints of European histories were sent forth with a sting for us Britishers, in the shape of a one-sided narrative of the wars of the United States. Thus our youth left school entirely uninstructed in the geography of their country, and quite unconscious that it had a history with which Canadians ought to be familiar. By the enterprise of publishers in Montreal and Toronto this reproach has at length been taken away. Of the great advance made by the newspaper press we have not space to enlarge on the present occasion; but to the rapid growth of the book-selling and publishing trades, we must devote a few words. It is to be regretted that we have no record of the works which have issued from the press during the last thirty or forty years. A catalogue, or much better, a collection of them, would afford valuable material for our literary history. In the absence of either, we may safely assert that until within the last decade, the Canadian publishing trade had no existence worthy of the name. The pamphlets and treatises of former days fell still-born from the press. The reading public was too limited to warrant the risking of capital in so precarious a venture. With the exception of a few standard works of a religious character, our books, generally professional, with a dash of popular poetry, were invariably American reprints. Meanwhile, as wealth accumulated, opportunities for culture presented themselves to a larger number of those who, by taste or ability, were inclined to literary pursuits. Thence arose the intellectual life amongst us. The readers of to-day are not as those of past times. They are no longer contented with the dole which satisfied their predecessors half a generation ago. The range of study has grown wider, and taste is becoming critical, if not fastidious. There is an evident desire to keep up with the knowledge of the time, and although the *helluo librorum* has not yet made his appearance in Canada, there is a general demand for the latest and noblest fruits of contemporary intellect.

In this department of the Magazine, we propose to give a carefully prepared summary of current literature in so far as it is readily accessible to Canadian readers and likely to command their attention. Those works which appear to require more extended notice or to deserve a more formal introduction to the public, will find a place in our Book Reviews. These, together with the shorter references here, will afford a tolerably complete guide to the literature of the month. As we especially desire to stimulate and encourage active talent and enterprize, we intend to give prominence to works issuing from the Canadian press, and we shall feel obliged, if publishers will assist us in making our Canadian section as full and comprehensive as possible. The CANADIAN MONTHLY will be distinctively native in its tone and character, and therefore, we hope to receive the hearty co-operation of the friends of literature all over the Dominion.

In attempting to take a general view of contemporary literature, we naturally give precedence to works bearing upon the subject of Religion. To make a judicious selection from the voluminous mass of publications in this department is, by no means, an easy task. The prevalence of the critical spirit in theology, as in other branches of science, has caused the production of a class of books reflecting the varied phases of individual or partizan opinion. Within a brief period, no less than eight treatises have appeared on the life and mission of our Saviour. Of these, the works of Dr. Pressensé and Mr. Beecher are worthy of note; although they cannot be called critical. The work of Dr. Lange is far more satisfactory in this respect, and will doubtless be accepted as the evangelical authority on this subject. In company with these, we may place the Conferences of Père Lacordaire on God and on Jesus Christ. In the former, the learned Dominican discusses the work of creation, and also the rational and moral nature of man; in the latter, three chapters are devoted to a refutation of rationalism. As, however, the father views religious questions from the rigid stand-point of his Church, and in the spirit of a mystic, his reasonings will scarcely convince any not already persuaded. "Human Power in the Divine Life," by the Rev. N. Bishop, is an attempt to reconcile philosophy and religion. The author's object, to use his own words, is to "aid those who, like myself, have been, for years, perplexed by expressions in theology which have no corresponding expressions in the philosophy of the human mind." Of works which have so far secured popular approval, as to attain the honour of a second edition, we may note—Dean Howson's "Companions to St. Paul;" Mr. Stanford's "Symbols of Christ;" and Mr. Dale's "Lectures on the Ten Commandments." M. Guizot has published a work entitled "Christianity in reference to Society and opinion;" but, as it has not yet reached us, we have no means of pronouncing upon its merits. Miss Charlotte Yonge's "Scripture Readings" are well adapted to family use. The series before us extends to the death of Moses, and includes some portions also of the book of Job. Critical difficulties are not discussed at length; but they are honestly stated, and solutions of them suggested. "Musings on the Christian Year," also, by Miss Yonge, with Sir J. T. Coleridge's "Life of Keble," will be interesting to students of the most popular sacred poet of our time. Mr. Field's "Stones of the Temple, or Lessons from the Fabric and Furniture of the Church," is a contribution to art from the High Church party. The work, which is profusely illustrated, contains much that is valuable to those interested in sacred architecture. Passing to religious biography, we may simply mention Rev. Mr. Stephen's "Life of St. Chrysostom," with portrait, published by Mr. Murray. Tyerman's "Life of John Wesley," now in course of republication by Harper Brothers, is the first biography of the founder of the Methodist society, written by one whose entire sympathies are

with his subject, and who possesses literary abilities adequate to the task. The author is a Wesleyan minister, who having had the opportunity of consulting materials hitherto inaccessible, has used them with skill and discretion. In this connection we may notice a little work which has reached a fourth edition, entitled, "John Wesley in Company with High Churchmen." Its object is to show that Mr. Wesley held the highest views regarding the sacraments, prayers for the dead, apostolic succession, &c. This is done by reprinting passages from his works. A Wesleyan journal in England appears to admit the correctness of this writer's inferences, but refuses to acknowledge Wesley as a pope. "If Methodists," says the *Watchman*, "believed in the personal infallibility of John Wesley, the argument of this book would be conclusive." Two Presbyterian biographies have appeared during the month, both of considerable interest. The one records the "Life and Ministry of the Rev. Dr. Chas. Mackintosh, of Tain and Dunoon," and is especially valuable for a preliminary sketch of the evangelization of the Northern Highlands. The other is the "Life of the Rev. Dr. Cooke," a name familiar in the annals of the Irish Presbyterian Church. There has been a tendency of late years—stimulated by the recent movement in Germany—to examine critically the doctrines and polity of the early Church. Of the works on this subject, two recently published are worthy of note—Dr. Killen's "Old Catholic Church, down to the establishment of the temporal power of the Pope;" and the "History of the Christian Councils to the close of the Council of Nicæa," from the original documents, by Dr. Hefele, Bishop of Rottenburg. Dr. Dorner's "History of Protestant Theology," is a valuable contribution to church history. It is not a chronicle of events; but a critical examination of the literature of Protestantism, with a view of proving that, with many external differences, it possesses a substantial unity. The writer is evidently familiar with the philosophy and theology, not only of Germany, but also of England and Scotland, and has carefully investigated their latest phases in our most recent literature. Mr. Hunt's "History of Religious Thought in England, down to the close of the Eighteenth century," in many respects resembles Dr. Dorner's. It is liberal and judicial in tone, and affords evidence of extensive learning and research. The first volume, which has just appeared, concludes with Hobbes and Baxter. Mr. Hunt does not affect to write without bias, but he claims that he has avoided inferences, wishing rather to state facts honestly; believing that, in every case, the inferences he would wish to draw will be made inevitably by all impartial minds. "Sects and Heresies," by the Rev. Mr. Blunt, editor of the "Annotated Book of Common Prayer," promises to be a useful book of reference. Dr. Döllinger's "Fables respecting the Popes of the Middle Ages," is a *réchauffé* of a previous work; nevertheless, it will attract general attention at this present juncture. "The Boston Lectures for 1871" somewhat resemble the series issued by the Christian Evidences Society in their aim and method. The "Bampton Lectures" (1871), by the Rev. G. H. Curteis, have for their subject, Dissent in its relation to the Church of England. Bishop Colenso, it would seem, has not succumbed beneath the blows of his legion of opponents. He has again appeared in the field with an additional part (vi) of his celebrated work. Not content with this, however, he has unmasked a new battery, in the shape of a critical examination of the "Speaker's Commentary." We observe that Mr. T. L. Strange, formerly a judge at Madras, has also published a review of the same work.

It is possible the Bishop may be lost sight of, by reason of the Darwinian controversy, which is still raging fiercely. A second edition of Mr. Mivart's "Genesis of Species" has made its appearance; and in addition, a little *brochure*, entitled "Homo *vs.* Darwin," has been published. A favourable critic claims that it completely demolishes Mr. Darwin; as it is now being reprinted by arrangement in Philadelphia, our readers will soon have the opportunity of judging it for themselves. On the other hand, Prof. Huxley, with characteristic impetuosity, has assailed Mr. Darwin's critics in the *Contemporary Review*. In physical science the learned Professor is unassailable, and it is to be regretted, therefore, that he should expose his weak side in discussions on theology, psychology, or ethics. A man is seldom successful as a disputant in any department of study investigated only for destructive purposes. To Prof. Huxley, perhaps, more than to any other living physicist, we may apply Mr. Mill's words—"Physiologists have had, in full measure, the failing common to specialists of all classes; they have been bent upon finding the entire theory of the phenomena they investigate within their own speciality, and have often turned a deaf ear to any explanation of them drawn from other sources."

"The Desert of the Exodus, or Journeys on foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years Wanderings," by the Rev. E. H. Palmer, is the fruit of Ordnance Survey and the Palestine Exploration Fund. "Jerusalem, the city of Herod and Saladin," an interesting work on a cognate subject, is also from the pen of Mr. Palmer, assisted by Mr. Besant. "Rome and the Campagna," by Mr. Burn, Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, gives the most complete and satisfactory description of the antiquities of Rome yet given to the world. Like the two works just mentioned, it is splendidly illustrated, and contains, in addition, twenty-five maps and plans. "Japan," is the title of the first issue of Messrs. Scribner & Co.'s "Illustrated Library of Travel, edited by Bayard Taylor." It is an interesting work, presented in an attractive form, with upwards of thirty full-page engravings. Of popular works on science we may cite Tyndall's "Fragments of Science for Unscientific People," which has passed through several editions; the "Manchester Science Lectures for the People;" Proctor's "Light Science for Leisure Hours;" and Prof. Helmholtz' "Popular Lectures for the People." "The Earth," by Elisée Reclus (reprinted by the Harpers), is an illustrated work on physical science written in an extremely attractive style. A competent English critic declares that, if he were condemned to a sick-room for six months with the choice of half-a-dozen books, he would be well content with this as one of them. The text-books of "Zoology" and "Geology," by Prof. Nicholson, of University College, Toronto, have been handsomely reproduced by Messrs. Appleton. They are to be followed, we understand, by a third, on the subject of "Biology." In mental science, the first place should unquestionably be conceded to the works of Bishop Berkeley, edited by Prof. Fraser, of Edinburgh University, and printed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford. In the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. John Stuart Mill contributes an appre-

ciative article on Berkeley's philosophy. As an introduction to the study of his works, Mr. Mill's paper will be found exceedingly useful. Speaking of the Bishop's merit as an original thinker, he claims "that of all who have employed their minds to metaphysical inquiry, he is the one of greatest philosophical genius." "Ueberweg's History of Philosophy" (vol. i.) is the first issue of Scribner's "Theological and Philosophical Library." It is translated by Prof. Morris, of Michigan University, and edited by President Porter of Yale College and the Rev. Dr. Schaff. It is a work of great learning, and, like all the valuable philosophical works we owe to Germany, gives abundant proof of great critical power and indefatigable research. This volume reaches to the close of the fifteenth century. Prof. Blackie, of Edinburgh, recently delivered four lectures on "Ethics," at the Royal Institution. These have been published in a collected form, as "The Four Phases of Morals"—"Socrates," "Aristotle," "Christianity," and "Utilitarianism." The Professor is an intuitionist, and, therefore, falls foul of John Locke, as a matter of course. His book will be read with interest; although it sometimes lacks dignity of tone and accuracy of thought, or, at any rate, of expression.

Of recent contributions to the department of History, Mr. E. A. Freeman's "Historical Essays" and his "Norman Conquest," are especially to be noticed. In the latter work, now in course of publication, we have, as nearly as possible, a model of the spirit in which history ought to be written. The author is sound in point of learning, reliable and discriminating in judgment, and a thorough enthusiast in his department. Moreover, his style is natural and vigorous; hence he has succeeded in bringing out the figures of "Harold" and "Godwin" in relief before his readers with a distinctness which leaves nothing to be desired. "Edward I.," by the author of the "Greatest of the Plantagenets," should be mentioned. It is founded upon the former work of the same author, and was doubtless written to fortify his position against the hostile attacks of the critics. "The Councils and Ecclesiastical Documents relating to Great Britain and Ireland," edited by Messrs. Haddan and Stubbs; and "The Charters and other illustrations of English Constitutional History, down to the reign of Edward I.," edited by Prof. Stubbs, are extremely valuable collections of historic materials, arranged with a running commentary, showing their value and bearing upon the events to which they refer. Of the recent war in Europe, two important narratives are in course of publication—"The Franco-Prussian War," by Captain Hosier, of which Division four is announced; and "The War for the Rhine Frontier," by Colonel Rustow, formerly of the Prussian army, but now a resident of Switzerland. Rustow's first volume concludes with the last effort of Marshal Bazaine to break through the beleaguering Germans at Vionville, and his final retreat within the works at Metz.

In Biography there is as usual an abundant supply of greater or less merit. Four able articles published in the "Catholic Monthly," by J. F. Meline, form the basis of an interesting book on a subject which would seem to be inexhaustible. "Mary, Queen of Scots, and her latest Historians," is the title of the work. Its tone will be understood from the following remarks of Mr. Wm. Cullen Bryant's paper in the N. Y. *Evening Post*:—"A strong case is made out, against Mr. Froude, of the perversion and even falsification of documents;" and the reader "cannot follow the arguments of Mr. Meline, without the conviction that truth has rarely been more recklessly disregarded than in the brilliant chapters of Mr. Froude's history, which refer to Mary's reign and execution." "The Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," one of the ablest and most sagacious of our Indian viceroys, has been written by the late Sir Herbert Edwards and Mr. Herman Merivale. "The Life of Charles Dickens," vol. I. (1812-42) is the work of Mr. John Forster, the biographer of "Goldsmith," and the "Statesman of the Commonwealth." The task could not have been committed into more competent hands. Mr. Landseer's "Life of William Bewick," the artist,—who is not to be confounded with *Thomas* Bewick, the celebrated engraver on wood—is chiefly valuable for the anecdotes and gossip concerning the authors and artists with whom Bewick came in contact. The same may be said of the Rev. W. Harness's "Literary Life," and to a less extent, of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Lives of the Kembles." The subjects of the latter are, of course, interesting in themselves, apart from the world in which they moved. "A Shadow of Dante: being an Essay towards the Study of Himself, his World, and his Pilgrimage," is an able and interesting introduction to the works of the great Florentine. Miss Rossetti, its author, belongs to a family distinguished both in art and literature. The subject of Dante they have made peculiarly their own, and the present volume is an additional evidence of their enthusiastic devotion to it. We can only refer our readers to Mr. Arthur Helps' "Life of Cortez," Mr. J. Morley's "Voltaire," and Mrs. Oliphant's "Life of Montalembert." It may also be worthy of note that the "Memoirs of Talleyrand," suppressed during the Napoleonic *régime*, are at length to be given to the world.

NOTE:—We have been compelled, from lack of space, to present the Literary Notes in an incomplete and unfinished state. For the same reason, our Record of Current Events and the Science and Art Summary, are entirely omitted, and several Book Reviews of interest reserved for the present. These deficiencies we hope to remedy in our next number.

THE

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THE CANADIAN CENSUS OF 1871.

BY ARTHUR HARVEY, F.S.S.

THE census of 1861 gave to Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, about three million souls, and if these Provinces had continued to increase until 1871, as fast as they were said to have done for the ten preceding years, they would now have numbered four millions and a quarter, instead of under three millions and a half.* The difference between the anticipated figures and the actual statement is grave and the public are as steadily denying the accuracy of the recent census, as the officials are upholding it. It does not follow from the fact that the general expectation has been disappointed, that the officials are mistaken. The previous census, both of 1851 and 1861, or either of them, may have been wrong, and the difference thus be easily accounted for. Still, the system of enumeration adopted in 1871 is more likely to have brought about an under than an over statement of numbers, and critical examination should, in the first place, be pointed in this direction.

The census of 1861 was taken in one day; and the *de facto* population, that is, the population actually there, was assigned to each house, village, county, city. The census of 1871 was intended to assign to each Province its *de jure* population, or the population that should of right have been there,

* The last two census compilations shew the following results :—

	1861.	1871.	Increase.	In. pr. cent.
Ontario	1,396,091	1,620,842	224,751	16.10
Quebec	1,111,566	1,190,505	78,939	7.11
New Brunswick	252,047	285,777	33,730	13.38
Nova Scotia	330,857	387,800	56,943	17.21
	3,090,561	3,484,924	394,363	12.76

Entered according to Act the of Parliament of Canada in the year 1872, by Adam, Stevenson & Co., in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

and the necessity for taking it in one day no longer existed, though all enquiries had reference to the same hour. The *de facto* principle gives to each locality the transient residents who may be in it on the census day. The *de jure* principle gives to each the persons who make it their permanent domicile, contribute to its taxation, pay customs and excise duties in it, take back the fruits of their wanderings to it, vote in it. The *de facto* principle obtains in the census systems of northern Europe; the *de jure* principle among the Latin peoples of the Mediterranean basin. Where the Teuton, with his Common Law ideas rules, and whatever is most practical is best, the census *de facto* is in favour. Where the descendants of the Roman, and inheritors of the Roman Law are dominant, and whatever is logical and theoretically right is sought to be carried out, the census *de jure* is thought preferable. In Canada, the Minister who is responsible for the recent census is a lawyer of the Province of Quebec, learned in the Roman jurisprudence, which there mystifies the unwary litigant. The Deputy-Head of his Department, who aided him, is a French Canadian, *pur sang*. It is not unlikely that the disappointment felt in Ontario and New Brunswick at the results arrived at, may lead to a greater dislike to the system than it deserves. But there is no reason why the enumeration should not be taken both of the *de facto* and the *de jure* populations, at the same time, and the one would be a useful check upon the other.

One of the evils of the length of time which is now allowed to elapse between the census-taking and the publication of results, is the difficulty of testing their accuracy when impugned. Some of the most active of our cities, towns and villages, surprised at the smallness of the figures given them, are repudiating them with indignation. If they had been announced a month after the census, as they might have been, at least approximately, by a simple change of method, steps to prove or disprove them could have been at once taken. But now, a year has well-nigh lapsed, and the value of the comparison given by partial checks is lessened. Most of the checks, however, which have been applied have shewn the census figures to be an under statement, as indeed from the nature of the *de jure* principle applied by untrained men, they are pretty sure to be. To what extent, it is hard to say. As the system is foreign to the genius of the people of Ontario, while it is cognate to that of the people of Quebec, as moreover the care with which Ontario enumerators do their work is always less than that bestowed by those of the sister Province, it is probable that Ontario suffers most: possibly to the extent of 7 or 8 per cent. Quebec, however, must also suffer. But it seems scarcely possible that any greater proportion than six or seven per cent. of the grand total can have been left uncounted, and it is certainly untrue that designed injustice has been done to any Province, the moral character of the officials concerned is too high; so that, if there has been any sectional inequality in the application of the *de jure* principle, it follows from casual circumstances, rather than from intention. We will instance one: Nova Scotia has had a registration system in operation for some years, more or less efficiently, and the gentleman who has had charge of it has been attached to the census staff. Hence, that Province has in all likelihood the most complete enumeration, and consequently gains. The other Provinces have not had this great advantage. It is, however, the smallness of the total rather than the relative proportion of the parts which is disappointing to the true patriot, and if five per cent. of the population of Quebec has been omitted, and eight of that of New Brunswick and Ontario, the additional three hundred thousand, which it is thought a correct enumeration would allot to us, would make this total more respectable.

Correct or incorrect, however, the census figures give some useful indications of social

movements to which we should be awake. First, we may observe that the population is fast crowding into cities and towns, and, while the establishment of railways is one great cause of this, it is also the mark of a transition period, during which manufacturing industries are becoming of importance. The cities of Ontario have increased from 103,884 to 132,586.* Those of Quebec from 151,185 to 179,084†. Those of the Lower Provinces from 57,995 to 77,096‡. The towns show even a more remarkable increase—Brockville, in Ontario, and Levis, in Quebec, have risen to the rank of cities (placing at 10,000 the population which should confer this rank)—while Brantford, St. Catharines, Belleville, and several others are fast following suit. The city and town population may be set down at half a million, to which it has increased from four hundred thousand in 1861, an increase of 25 per cent. The rest of the population has only increased 11 per cent. In this connection we should consider that if the *de jure* system works injustice anywhere it is in the towns and cities. The travellers staying at hotels, the young lads at schools and boarding houses, the servants in families—all these are referred to their homes, which are chiefly in the country, while foreigners passing through the Dominion who are not enumerated at all, are almost altogether in cities and towns.

	1861		1871
*Toronto	44,821	..	56,092
Hamilton	19,096	..	26,716
Ottawa	14,669	..	21,545
London	11,555	..	15,826
Kingston	13,743	..	12,407
	1861		1871
†Montreal	90,323	..	107,225
Quebec	51,109	..	59,699
Three Rivers	6,058	..	8,414
St. Hyacinthe	3,695	..	3,746
	1861.		1871.
‡St. Johns, N.B. (and Portland)	27,317	..	41,508
Halifax	25,026	..	29,582
Fredericton	5,652	..	6,006

The next thing to be remarked is that the old settled counties are the most stationary. This was to be expected, but if the census figures in 1861 and 1871 are both correct, many of them are actually retrograding. We may with instructive results subdivide Ontario into the following heads:—Front, or old settled counties on the rivers and lower lakes; Central counties, or those early settled, though not on the great water-ways; and New counties, which group themselves into two parts, the counties on the upper lakes, and the back counties, or those in rear of the old settled districts, almost all northward from them. Following out this view, we have :—

1. Front counties :—

	1861.		1871.
Glengarry	21,187	..	20,524
Stormont	18,129	..	18,987
Dundas	18,777	..	18,777
Leeds and Grenville	59,941	..	57,918
Frontenac, Lennox, and Addington	55,349	..	54,018
Hastings	44,970	..	48,364
Prince Edward	20,869	..	20,336
Northumberland	40,592	..	39,085
Durham	39,115	..	37,381
Ontario	41,604	..	45,890
York	59,674	..	59,882
Peel and Cardwell	33,608	..	32,869
Halton	22,794	..	22,606
Wentworth	31,832	..	30,883
Haldimand, Welland, Monck and Lincoln	76,321	..	80,159
Norfolk	28,590	..	30,763
Elgin	32,050	..	33,666
	645,402		652,108

2. Central or interior counties, midway between old and new ones :—

	1861.		1871.
Oxford	46,226	..	48,237
Perth	38,083	..	46,522
Waterloo	38,750	..	40,251
Wellington	49,200	..	63,290
Brant	30,338	..	32,259
Lanark	31,639	..	33,020
Prescott	15,499	..	17,647
	249,735		281,226

3. New counties :—

A. Counties on the Upper Lakes :—

	1861.		1871.
Essex	25,211	..	32,697
Kent, Bothwell, and Lambton	56,099	..	79,531
Middlesex*	48,736	...	66,769
Huron	51,954	..	66,165
Bruce	27,499	..	48,515
Grey	37,750	..	59,395
	247,249		353,072

B. Back Counties :—

	1861.		1871.
Simcoe	38,352	..	57,390
Victoria	23,039	..	30,200
Peterboro'	24,651	...	30,475
Russell and Carleton	36,444	..	40,083
Renfrew	20,325	..	27,974
Nipissing and sundries	7,010	..	15,728
	149,821		201,850

The increase in these four sub-divisions is respectively *one*, *thirteen*, *forty-three*, *thirty-five* per cent. There seems to be a point at which population in the old counties stops, and it is probably reached when there are as many people farming the land as can profitably do so by their own labour, and without employing capital in under-draining, subsoil ploughing, or artificial manures. In the present state of the continent, with new lands still within easy reach, it possibly pays the farmer better to send his sons away to seek them than to strive to increase his crops by applying science and capital to the old farm. That it does so has evidently become the prevailing belief. Nothing could be more useful to the country than to reason out this point, for if it is better to apply capital and labour to old farms than to new ones, the great surplus of Ontario had better be employed, at a low rate of interest, to help the proprietors to underdrain their land, in the way that government funds are employed in Britain. If, on the contrary, it is better to open out the new lands to the north and north-west, the actual policy of helping to build railroads into the interior is correct.

The same features obtain in Quebec. The list is long, but the point is so important that, at the risk of being tedious, we here also subdivide the counties as follows :—1. The group of counties on the South Shore between Quebec and Montreal and the old-settled counties around the latter city. 2. The counties on the north shore of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, all of which have back ranges. 3. The new English counties of the townships. 4. The counties on the south shore, east of Quebec, all of which have new lands in the back concessions.

1. Old settled counties on the south shore, between Quebec and Montreal, and around Montreal :—

	1861.		1871.
Levis *	12,383	..	11,810
Lotbinière	20,018	..	20,606
Nicolet	21,563	..	23,262
Yamaska	16,045	..	16,317
Richelieu	19,070	..	20,048
St. Hyacinthe	18,877	..	18,310
Bagot	18,841	..	19,491
Rouville	18,227	..	17,634
Iberville	16,891	..	15,413
Verchères	15,485	..	12,717
St. John's	14,853	..	12,122
Chambly	13,132	..	10,498
Laprairie	14,475	..	11,861
Missisquoi	18,608	..	16,922
Napierville	14,513	..	11,688
Beauharnois	15,742	..	14,757
Chateauguay	17,837	..	16,166
Huntingdon	17,491	..	16,304
Jacques Cartier	11,218	..	11,179
Laval	10,507	..	9,472
Soulanges	12,221	..	10,808
Vaudreuil	12,282	..	11,003
Two Mountains	18,408	..	15,615
Terrebonne	19,460	..	19,591
Argenteuil	12,897	..	12,806
L'Assomption	17,355	..	15,473
Montcalm	14,758	..	12,742
	*433,157		404,615

* Middlesex, though not actually on the lakes, belongs naturally to this group.

*Levis, town, is deducted from the county and Hochelaga is omitted because its increase from 16,474 to 25,640 is due to the overflow from Montreal.

2. North Shore counties, having "back ranges" of new lands:—

	1861.		1871.
Pontiac	14,125	..	15,791
Ottawa	27,757	..	38,597
Joliette	21,198	..	23,075
Berthier	19,608	..	19,804
Maskinongé	14,790	..	15,079
St. Maurice	11,100	..	11,124
Champlain	20,008	..	22,052
Portneuf	21,291	..	22,569
Quebec*	27,893	..	19,607
Montmorenci	11,136	..	12,085
Charlevoix	15,223	..	15,611
Chicoutimi	10,478	..	17,493
Saguenay and Labrador†	6,101	..	5,487
	220,708		238,374

3. Counties in the Townships, comparatively new and chiefly peopled by English speaking folk:—

	1861.		1871.
Brome	12,732	..	13,757
Stanstead	12,258	..	13,138
Richmond	8,884	..	11,214
Wolfe	6,548	..	8,823
Shefford	17,779	..	19,077
Drummond	12,356	..	14,281
Compton	10,210	..	13,665
Arthabaska‡	13,473	..	17,611
Megantic	17,889	..	18,879
	112,129		130,445

4. Counties on the South Shore of the St. Lawrence, East of Quebec, peopled chiefly by French speaking inhabitants, all having "back ranges":—

	1861.		1871.
Beauce	20,416	..	27,253
Dorchester	16,195	..	16,779
Bellechasse	16,062	..	17,637
Montmagny	13,386	..	13,555
L'Islet	12,300	..	13,517
Kamouraska	21,058	..	21,254
Temiscouata	18,561	..	22,491
Rimouski	20,854	..	27,418
Gaspé	14,077	..	18,729
Bonaventure	13,092	..	15,923
	166,001		194,556

The old counties thus appear to have suffered a decrease of nearly seven per cent.; the other groups have increased respectively eight, sixteen and seventeen per cent.

This result is far more surprising than the stationary condition of the old settled districts of Ontario. Among these French counties are some which were cultivated generations before Ontario was, and have been steadily increasing census after census, without the aid of immigration and simply by natural increase, at the rate of about two *per cent.* per annum, besides sending off swarms of young men to take up farms elsewhere. Why should they now first exhibit a decline? Why is the decline so uniform? We have heard that during the war, the French Canadians sent a numerous contingent to the armies of the North, but even if they furnished 40,000 men, as has been asserted—a number which must be grossly exaggerated—40,000 could be all killed off and the loss be hardly felt from a population of such fecundity as that of Quebec, where every village, almost every house, looks like a rabbit warren, for young. A similar remark might be made about the French Canadian factory hands employed in the New England States. Have the farming lands been too much subdivided?—and is a clearing out process commencing naturally, like that which was carried out forcibly in the Scottish Highlands, where in order to get the best returns, the landlords made the cotters leave their small farms and seek new ones in another country? If it has—and if the limit of population has been reached, that can by the system of farming in vogue in Quebec and Ontario be well supported, it is quite clear whither the surplus population of both Provinces must flow. It will go northward only by degrees, though

* The writer cannot understand this; there is possibly a new subdivision, of which he is not aware.

† Suffer from the *de jure* comparison.

‡ Arthabaska, though a French county, seems to belong to this group. So also does Drummond which is also in great part French.

when it does pass the Laurentian ridges, and get established on the clay soils north of them, it may fill up another tier of counties yet. It will not go southward. It will keep, if not on the same parallel of latitude, as near to it as possible; emigration movements always do. It will keep on the zone of similar vegetation. It may, for aught we know, have already largely swelled the population of Minnesota, Wisconsin and part of Michigan. Some of it may have been seduced to Illinois and Iowa, but the Canadian seldom stays there long. It will, if facilities are provided, rather remain under the old institutions, and we shall find that when a railway is constructed it will seek the North Western Territories—and probably get as far westward as it can on the Assiniboine and the south Saskatchewan to escape the extreme cold of the Red River country. Another consideration, if possible, more vital than the above, also forces itself upon the mind. Although much disputed, the weight of testimony leads to the belief that in the United States the purely American families tend steadily towards extinction. Numerous are the childless homes across the border, and numerous the families in which but one or two children are born or survive. It has been the hope of the writer that this infertility or this curious cropping up of the Malthusian laws under circumstances in which it was not foreseen they would apply, which was first observed in the Southern States, and is not so clearly traced into the Central and Northern, would not occur on this side of the St. Lawrence. The example of the French in Quebec, multiplying throughout a couple of centuries, seemed to encourage such a hope. But must it be given up for the Anglo-Canadian? Must it be given up even as regards the population of the whole Dominion? Is our progress to be fundamentally dependent upon immigration? Without a steady influx from Europe or Asia, are we like the old temple and mound builders, our predecessors on this continent, doomed to ultimate extinction?

If the per centage omitted be greater than that estimated at the commencement of this article this census is an imposture; if less it is a revelation. If it be true that the population has only increased twelve per cent. during the past decade, or only one per cent. a year, many an aspiration for political independence must be checked, many a hopeful anticipation as to our national progress moderated. For, at this rate, instead of becoming in a few years a respectable rival to the United States, aiding by our friendly rivalry the cause of true freedom on this continent, we must remain a mere pigmy beside a giant, and it will be fifty instead of a dozen years before we can safely go out of leading strings. If it be true that we have but three and a half millions now, instead of over four, as we expected, and have become a comparatively stationary instead of a rapidly progressive country, the principal hope for the Dominion must be in the wild lands and new territories of the North West; and, until they become able to contribute to the cost of government, many a financial budget must be carefully pruned, and we must anxiously consider whether we have not been incurring debts and rushing into engagements at too rapid a rate for safety. So important is this, that it would appear desirable, if the 51st section* of the Union Act will admit of it, to

* The Union Act, sec. 51, reads as follows:—

"On the completion of the census in the year 1871, and of each subsequent decennial census, the representation of the four Provinces shall be re-adjusted by such authority, in such manner, and from such time, as the Parliament of Canada from time to time prescribes, subject and according to the following rules:—

"(1.) Quebec shall have the fixed number of 65 members.

"2. There shall be assigned to each of the other Provinces such a number of members as will bear the same proportion to the number of its population (ascertained at such census) as the number 65 bear

declare the census incomplete until a general check has been applied, and to take this check census of the numbers only by a schedule combining the *de facto* and the *de jure* plans, under the charge of special commissioners for each Province. If Mr. Wood, the late Treasurer of Ontario, Dr. Taché, the present Deputy Head of the Census Bureau, Mr. Costley for Nova Scotia, and some good man for New Brunswick could be appointed to give joint supervision to this check, the work would be done expeditiously and cheaply, and the country would be satisfied; whereas, without it there will be political agitations, commercial and financial uncertainty, and a tendency to relapse from the healthy national bearing we have been hopefully assuming into the old, dead, inglorious, Colonial listlessness.

Unless such a course be taken Canada will not believe that the census figures accurately state the population. The officials set their belief against the general opinion of the country, and no doubt honestly; but what can the officials know? They depend, of course, upon subordinates, and what subordinate will confess to being guilty of sins of omission or commission? An enumerator may, when too late, remember having left out this family, that manufacturing establishment, but he will not tell of it. On the other hand, almost every one of us knows of some persons omitted from the census; some boarding-house, hotel, public office, or factory passed by, and thus a sort of public consciousness that the total is unfairly low has grown up among the people. We have heard but little of it yet, but we predict that when the subject comes to be discussed in the Legislature, there will be found a most singular unanimity in mistrusting the statements made, and a deep-seated feeling which will lead to acrimonious debates.

A radical fault underlies the whole system of census taking in America: those in charge of it attempt too much. We indulge in the expensive luxury of enumeration but once in every ten years, and from the very nature of things the people who conduct the operations are new to it, each recurring decade. For, by nothing short of a miracle, can the same official be in charge of two successive census; most of the subordinate officers, clerks, commissioners, enumerators, must have changed positions, if not died, in such an interval; and duties, which of all others require most training and most special study, are thus of necessity placed [in the hands of unskilled, untried and hastily appointed persons. At the other end, the like difficulties occur. It does not fall to many of us to fill up census papers at all similarly. The boy of to-day may, in this social atmosphere, be the father of a family in 1881; the clerk will certainly be a merchant; the artizan, perhaps, an independent manufacturer. If any of us then remember, ten years hence, how we have supplied the information lately asked of us, that recollection will probably be useless; we shall again make mistakes and commit errors of omission. Nor is the decennial system at all calcu-

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to the number of the population of Quebec, so ascertained.

"3. In the computation of the number of members for a Province, a fractional part not exceeding one half of the whole number requisite for entitling the Province to a member shall be disregarded; but a fractional part exceeding one half of that number shall be equivalent to the whole number.

"4. On any such re-adjustment the number of members for a Province shall not be reduced unless the proportion which the number of the population of the Province bore to the number of the aggregate population of Canada at the then last preceding re-adjustment of the number of members for the Province, is ascertained at the then latest census to be diminished by one-twentieth part or upwards.

"5. Such re-adjustment shall not take effect until the termination of the then existing Parliament."

Thus, each lot of 18,315 souls entitles Ontario, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia to a member. Ontario will have 88 instead of 82, and 9,122 to spare. Thirty-five more would have given her an extra representative. New Brunswick will have 16 instead of 15; Nova Scotia 21 instead of 19.

lated to remove the prejudices which men of all stations feel against revealing their private affairs. An annual assault upon them might be successful in the end, but a slight stirring of the mud every ten years only, invariably shows them as inveterate as ever. The usual rule in statistical enquiries is to obtain details, because details can be grouped into general heads, whereas general heads cannot be expanded, but in the taking of the census this excellent maxim is stretched too far; special circumstances mark at a given place the limits of the practicable. By attempting too much detail the whole work is rendered costly where it might be cheap, difficult where it might be easy, cumbrous where it should be simple, tardy where it should be rapid, and above all unreliable where it ought to be accurate.

We need not go far to establish the truth of the above. Mr. Hutton, in his report on the Canadian census of 1851, speaks feelingly of the "gross negligence" of the enumerators. The census of 1861 has long been known to be a "monument of incapacity." Even a statistical chain cannot be much stronger than its weakest links. And a singular example of the futility of endeavouring to get by a census, anywhere, accurate particulars of anything beyond the number of the population, is given in the foolish attempt made in the United States to ascertain the months in which most deaths occurred. While the exact and accurate State registrations show September to be the most deadly, the United States enumerators made it May; and the reason is that the census was taken on the first of June, that people best remembered the deaths of the preceding month, but forgot them more and more as the months receded. Grouping the year into quarters, the census made the deaths most numerous in the quarter when they really were least frequent, and fewest when they really were most numerous.* Again, though nothing is steadier than the annual rate of mortality, the census of 1850 only made 16 per cent of the deaths of a year occur under one year of age; while that of 1860 increased the proportion to 20 per cent. So well indeed is the inaccuracy of the subsidiary results of the census known to the initiated, that no actuary thinks of consulting American census tables to obtain vital statistics, no statesman bases revenue calculations on the information respecting manufactures the census pretends to give. To conclude, when we abandon the attempt to do by means of a census what should be done by means of an effective system of registration, and give over asking about births, deaths, ages and perhaps religions, we shall be more likely to have a reliable statement of the numbers and occupations of our people, and, if wanted, of their national descent. Not until we delegate to commissioners, or specially qualified officials, periodical investigations into the state of our mining, manufacturing or agricultural industries, shall we have reliable accounts of these. The union of the whole into one decennial enquiry, miscalled a census, periodically fires the ambition of a Minister, and then destroys his reputation—and gives to our Bureau a labour which we regret to believe as futile as we know it to be arduous.

* The numbers stated in the census, 1860, were 40,741 for May, and only 27,546 for the preceding June! The percentage in each quarter, compared with the State registry, is as follows—

	Census.	State Registry.
June, July, August.....	23.65 ..	25.81
September, October, November.....	22.65 ..	27.66
December, January, February.....	24.29 ..	23.29
March. April, May.....	29.70 ..	23.24

MARCHING IN.

ON THE OCCUPATION OF THE CITADEL BY THE FIRST CANADIAN GARRISON.

OLD England's music timed the march,
Old England's banner flew
Above our ranks, as towards the Fort
Of England's power we drew,

And the portal never crossed by foe
Flew wide to welcome in
Old England's younger self, and bid
A nation's life begin.

There stood a figure by the gate,
Stalwart and stern of mien,
Such as the soldier's form should be—
Such as has oft been seen

Against the sunset on the hill,
When the day went down in blood,
And the shattered hosts of the baffled foe
Rolled back their ebbing flood.

As still and passionless it seemed
As the fort's granite wall,
Yet could it wake to fiery life
At England's trumpet-call.

Medals it wore, the noble meed
Of many a field of fame,
From yonder Heights to Egypt's strand
And India's skies of flame;

But nobler was the heart beneath
Still ruled by Duty's power,
Alike in triumph's time of pride
And dark disaster's hour.

The heart that fought for Honour's sake,
When fortune's prize was lost,
Like the flag that bears the red cross still
Shot-torn and tempest-tost.

As past that form we marched, we seemed
To hear in the music's swell:
"Old England well hath kept the post,
Keep ye the post as well.

"Rich is the store she leaves her heir
In mine, in farm, in fold,
But she leaves a treasure richer far
Than corn, or mine, or gold.

"Proud will she be to see you grow
In wealth by land and main,
But prouder when misfortune's power
Is met and leaves no stain.

"This Fort that yesterday was ours,
That is your trust to-day,
Stands where, while 'Victory' rent the sky,
Wolfe's spirit left its clay.

"Swear that if e'er by fortune's spite
To yonder foe it fall,
He shall enter not through the trait'rous gate
But over the ruined wall.

"That flag ye bear and we have borne,
On the unconquered rock
Gleamed through the gathering mists of death
Upon the eyes of Brock.

"Swear, if again the invader come
Vaunting, as then he came,
Defeat perchance that flag may know,
But never shall know shame."

The halt is called, the guard relieved,
Old England's work is done:
As the new warder took his post,
A nation's life begun.

YORK.

MARGUERITE KNELLER, ARTIST AND WOMAN.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

CHAPTER IV.

MARGUERITE AND HER FATHER.

CHRISTIAN Kneller was of German parentage, but he had lived nearly all his life in Paris and, for many years, was well known there as a rich and enterprising print-seller and publisher. One day a pale delicate looking Englishman entered his shop and offered some very clever sketches for sale at a price much below their value. On enquiry Christian Kneller found that the stranger was an artist of great, though peculiar and fantastic, genius who had come to Paris in the hope that his works might meet more appreciation there than they had received in London. Proud, sensitive, shy, he was altogether unfitted to contend with the difficulties which always lie in the way of those who have to create the taste to which their works appeal. One disappointment after another crushed his hopes and energies and weakened his health. In despair he gave up the struggle, and was now dying of consumption brought on by anxiety and privation: compelled at last to sell the sketches and designs on which he had built his hopes of fame for whatever scanty sum the picture-dealers and print-sellers chose to give for them, or to see his wife and child perish with hunger. Christian Kneller's interest was excited by this sad story, and still more by the dying painter's faithfulness to his ideal of art in spite of the *ignis fatuus* it had proved to him. He bought the sketches at the price they really deserved, not that which the artist's necessities had set upon them, and made every effort in his power to serve him. He found purchasers for the works lying neglected in the wretched lodging to which the poor artist had been driven, and would have got him fresh commissions had he been able to execute them. But nothing could now restore Edward Hervey's failing strength; he sank rapidly, and died in a few weeks, comforted by the thought that his wife's last days—for she, too, was dying,—would be cared for as his had been, and his child adopted as a daughter by their kind and generous benefactor.

Before many days Christian Kneller laid Madame Hervey beside her husband. He had now to provide a home for the little one thrown on his protection, and her nurse Monica, a simple, affectionate Norman woman, who had taken care of the child from her birth, and would have endured any hardship rather than be separated from her darling.

"Oh, be kind to Monica," said Madame Hervey, the last time she saw Christian Kneller, "be kind to her, and never part her and the child. She has been a good angel to me and mine, and though God will reward her whether man does or not, you to whom He has given so many gifts and, above all, the will to use them nobly, must let Monica also feel your goodness."

"*Ah, le bon Dieu!* I want nothing," exclaimed Monica, "except to be always near the little one. I would have worked my fingers to the bone, before she should have known want, but she has found a better friend than I could ever be, and all I ask now is leave to stay with her."

"Do you think I could be so cruel as to deprive her of her second mother?" said Christian Kneller. "Certainly, you shall stay with her and, as far as it rests with me, you shall never be separated."

So after Madame Hervey's death Christian Kneller sent Monica and her young charge to board at a convent where, for ten years, they lived a peaceful and happy life, only varied by visits from their kind benefactor. The lovely child of six had then grown into a beautiful young woman, and the Lady-Superior of the convent had already dropped many hints as to the future destiny of Mademoiselle Hervey; at last seriously assuring Monsieur Kneller that it was time to provide her with a suitable *fiancé*, if he was determined not to allow her to adopt a religious life, for which the piety and sweetness of her disposition so well fitted her. This last suggestion thoroughly roused and frightened Christian Kneller. Though a Catholic, he was a cool and philosophical one, and he would as soon have permitted this young girl to be shut up in a prison as in a convent. To take her from thence before a husband was provided for her would, in the Superior's eyes, have been a heinous offence against the *convenances* of society; and where was a husband to whom he could fearlessly trust her fate to be found? Resolutely putting aside, as he believed, every consideration but the true welfare of his *protégée*, and the way in which that could be best secured, after days of anxious thought, he at last—with a degree of hesitation and uncertainty of manner so different from his usual straight-forward self-possession as almost terrified Mademoiselle Hervey out of her wits—asked her to be his wife. Under the circumstances, he scarcely expected to meet with a refusal, but his surprise was almost as great as his joy when he found that to her loving and grateful heart all the happiness of earth seemed combined in the position he had offered her. Taught by the good Monica to reverence him as the noblest and best of men, full of gratitude for his kindness to her parents, and the great debt she herself owed him, the affectionate and enthusiastic girl loved him with a depth and sincerity which could hardly have been greater. Her simple, sincere nature understood and appreciated all his good and admirable qualities, and scarcely could a young knight of romance have been better loved by his fair lady than this homely tradesman, nearly fifty years old, by this beautiful girl of sixteen.

This pure spontaneous love, so freely and artlessly given to him, brightened and beautified Christian Kneller's whole life which till now had been, though a prosperous, a somewhat joyless one. All the tenderness of his nature which, from want of a fitting object to draw it forth, had hitherto lain latent, was now called out. Now he had found some one whom he could make happy, and whose sweet and gentle disposition at once twined itself round his, insensibly softening and charming away all that was harsh and rugged in his character, till their lives were inseparably blended in a union of perfect and unbroken harmony. Proud that his young wife was an Englishwoman, and anxious to surround her with the comforts of an English home, he bought the house and garden where Maurice Valazé had visited him, and furnished it as much as possible in the English fashion. To this house he brought her, as fair and as happy a bride as ever entered a good man's dwelling; here she lived for fifteen years a happy wife and mother; here she died after a short and almost painless illness, and with her died all the sunshine of Christian Kneller's life. Grief for her loss weakened his mental and bodily energies; he neglected his business, lost his customers and gradually suffered his affairs to fall into hopeless confusion. A paralytic stroke, which, for a time, affected his intellect brought matters to a crisis. His creditors becoming urgent, two or three of his friends undertook to arrange his affairs, and when all claims on his property had been satisfied, placed the small remainder in the funds, thus securing him a small yearly income for life.

Contrary to all expectations, he grew better, and when he was sufficiently recovered to bear the intelligence, his daughter Mar-

guerite, as gently and considerately as possible told him of his altered circumstances. The shock was not as great to him as she had feared it would be; for long before his illness he had known his impending fate. Looking sadly and steadfastly at Marguerite, he put out his left hand, for his right was powerless, and drew her towards him.

"Three years ago," he said, "I had health and strength, and my life was full of joy in the present, and hope for the future; then the one great blessing that brightened all the rest was taken from me: your mother died, and all the zest and flavour of life for me died with her. I wasted my days in selfish grief and idleness; I forgot I had children; and it is only fit that I should pay the penalty. Now I am lying here helpless and poor, to see my children beggared, and to be a burden to them instead of their support and protector."

"Oh, no, dear father," cried Marguerite, clinging to him, "there can be no burden where there is so much love. If you will not grieve we shall be perfectly happy now you are restored to us again. Claire is too young to care about being poor, and as for me, I am almost glad that we are no longer rich, for you know you have often told me I was born to be a painter, and now perhaps I shall fulfil my destiny."

"You are a good child, Marguerite, and a clever girl," said her father, "but you do not know what poverty is."

"Oh, yes, father, I do," said Marguerite earnestly. "Mamma has often told me how her father and mother suffered before they knew you, and she has often taken me to see poor people. She said I ought to know about such things that I might learn to pity and help those that were in want. Now you shall see her lessons have not been thrown away upon me."

"May God bless thee, my child," said her father, tenderly kissing her, "I know not whose head thou hast got, but I know thou hast thy mother's heart."

At first Christian Kneller proposed that they should sell their house and garden and take a cheap lodging, but to this Marguerite would not consent. She knew how great a sacrifice it would be to her father to leave the home which her mother had so much loved, and where every object was tenderly associated with her memory; and besides, in his state of health, the garden where he might daily enjoy the open air, seemed absolutely necessary to his existence. She thought that by letting the upper apartments and selling fruit and vegetables from the garden, with his small yearly income to insure her father such comforts as he required, their little household could be provided with all that was necessary in the quiet and simple mode of life she had planned. Her father was easily induced to consent that a trial should be made, and henceforth this young girl of seventeen took upon her all the cares and responsibilities of the family. She had an invaluable assistant in the faithful Monica (whom they always called Mère Monica) and, besides teaching Claire and waiting on her father, she found time to earn money by copying pictures for a picture-dealer, who was an old friend of her father's, and who, though he had not sufficient taste and judgment to appreciate Marguerite's genius, had the highest admiration for her industry, good sense and affectionate devotion to her father.

Thus four years passed. Christian Kneller's right side was still helpless, but his mind had recovered its strength, and he was always cheerful and contented. Thanks to Marguerite's good management, their means were sufficient for all their simple wants and nothing disturbed the peaceful tenor of their existence. But Marguerite never forgot her resolve to be a great painter and by patient study, by earnest thought and constant labour, she strove to draw nearer day by day to that haunting ideal which, in her waking and sleeping dreams, seemed ever beckoning her towards its shining goal.

CHAPTER V.

PROMETHEUS.

MAURICE Valazé was so much pleased with his visit to Marguerite and her father that, from that evening, he seldom let a day pass without spending part of it with his new friends ; and very soon they learnt to expect these daily visits, and to welcome him as if he had been all his life one of the family. Though his nature was somewhat restless and changeable, with an intense love of pleasure and excitement, and his feelings easily swayed by every impulse, there was so much that was good, gentle and affectionate in his disposition, that he found a sweet and tranquillizing charm in the simple domestic life into which he had been so frankly admitted. The homely good sense and benevolence of Christian Kneller, the lively chatter of Claire, even the harmless gossip of Mère Monica, were a relief to him after the hackneyed cant and factitious enthusiasm of amateurs full of silly pretension, and artists who had no higher aims than wealth and praise ; or the reckless mirth and revelry which filled up his fellow-students' hours of relaxation ; and of such the only society to which he had access in Paris was composed. But the chief charm which drew him to the house of Christian Kneller lay in Marguerite. He had recognized genius in her work even before it had been stamped with the approval of the great master, from whose judgment few in Paris would have been daring enough to dissent ; but on being admitted to her *atelier*, and seeing her drawings, sketches and designs, all of the highest merit, his enthusiasm of admiration was unbounded. Her utter freedom from vanity and pretension, joined to so much genius and artistic power, puzzled and excited his curiosity and interest ; and still more, her calm, gentle, undemonstrative manner, contrasted with the depths of thought and feeling that seemed to lie behind her noble forehead and radiant eyes. Then her simple frankness had a wonderful and never ceasing charm. It was new to him to see a woman without coquetry or affectation, and he felt a pleasant sense of rest and tranquillity in watching her serene and candid countenance, and the quiet simplicity of her demeanour, and in comparing them with the restless glances and petty affectations which, in the women he was accustomed to meet, betrayed the effort after admiration and applause. Her opinions and taste very nearly coincided with his own. They had similar ideas about the grandeur and glory of art and the noble aims to which genius ought to be devoted. Though Maurice had had many good friends and faithful comrades, he had never before found any one who could thoroughly sympathize with those highest and deepest thoughts and emotions which it is impossible to reveal except to one who can truly understand and respond to them. It was a delight greater than he had ever felt before to pour forth all his hopes and dreams to a listener from whom no supercilious coldness, no vapid commonplaces, or flippant mockery ever checked his enthusiasm, whose answering sympathy was always ready, and from whom no shadow of jealousy or possible rivalry was to be apprehended. And he found it almost as pleasant to read the hidden leaves in the fair volume of Marguerite's mind which had never been opened to mortal till they were unclosed for him. He showed her his sketches and described to her the pictures he intended to paint, and the studies he meant to pursue in Italy, while she listened with eager and delighted attention, entered into all his projects, shared all his hopes, and strengthened his high resolves with eloquent words flowing from a heart rich in impassioned feeling, and an imagination filled with visions of the beautiful and good. Every day Maurice's affection for this young girl grew stronger, till at last he ceased to remember or regret that one so richly gifted in every other way,

was not endowed with the crowning charm of beauty.

One evening, coming to the house at his usual hour, Maurice found Christian Kneller sitting in his favourite seat by the ivy-wreathed window, and looking at a sketch in one of Marguerite's portfolios.

"Come here, Maurice," he said, on seeing the young man, "here is the last thing Marguerite has done." And he showed him a design from the Prometheus which Maurice had not seen before. It represented the hero vainly exhorted by Hermes to make peace with Zeus, while the Oceanides were mournfully grouped around and the vulture hovered behind, as if waiting to resume his horrid feast when the mission of Hermes should be ended. The drear and barren rocks of Mount Caucasus, without any living tree or plant to soften their austerity, were forcibly drawn; the figure of Prometheus, though half prostrate and manacled, was full of grandeur and majesty; his brow had all the power and might of a god, and Hermes appeared to shrink abashed from the lightning flash of his large, indignant eyes, and the withering scorn of his lip, which seemed uttering the sublime words the poet has given him: "Wherefore let the doubly pointed wrath of his fire be hurled at me, and Ether be torn piecemeal by thunder and spasm of savage blasts, and let the wind rock earth from her base, roots and all and, with stormy surge, mingle in rough tide the billows of the deep and the paths of the stars, and fling my body into black Tartarus, with a whirl in the stern eddies of necessity, —yet by no possible means shall he visit me with Death."

At the feet of Prometheus reclined the Oceanides, three beautiful nymphs, and in their forms, attitudes and faces, the young artist had shown as much tenderness and grace as she had displayed strength and power in Prometheus. One nymph, her hand supporting her head, was weeping quietly and softly; another was shrinking back from Hermes and towards Prometheus, but that her fear was for Prometheus and not for herself, was marked by the way her form was thrown as if to shield the object of her devotion; the third nymph, kneeling close beside the tortured Titan, was gazing on him with a passionate intensity of love and admiration which seemed to absorb her whole being in his.

"That is not much like woman's work, is it?" asked Christian Kneller, watching Maurice's looks.

"It is admirable, wonderful!" exclaimed Maurice warmly.

"Yes, in the design, but there are plenty of faults in the execution." And Christian Kneller, who was an excellent critic, pointed out some of them.

"All these can be remedied," said Maurice. "The sublime power and majesty of Prometheus, the cowering meanness of Hermes, the grace and beauty of the nymphs are perfect. I know nothing superior to them."

"Softly, softly," my good friend," said Christian Kneller, "rein in those swift steeds which are always so ready to run away with your imagination. Marguerite is not quite equal to Michael Angelo in power yet, or to Raphael in grace! Yet she is a wonderful girl. My friends tell me it is time for me to get her well married, but I doubt if there is any man in Paris she would accept as a husband. Pierre Lacoste, the picture-dealer, wished to have her for a daughter-in-law, and his son is neither ugly nor stupid, I can tell you, but she would not hear of such a thing. She says she will never leave me, and when I asked her what she will do when I am gone, she says her art will be her best friend then, and she will not want any other."

"Is she like her mother?" asked Maurice, trying to make the old man talk more of Marguerite.

"No,—her mother was an angel of goodness, but Marguerite has a stronger and

more heroic mind. She is like one of Schiller's heroines, or the noble women of Shakespeare. Perhaps it was from her mother's father she inherited her genius, but she has courage, and strength which he never possessed, and depths of thought and feeling which lie beyond common reach ; yet at the same time, she is simple, unselfish and free from vanity or display as a saint. No ; she is not like her mother. Her mother was beautiful, and Marguerite is far from that."

"Yes, sometimes she is beautiful," said Maurice ; "when some noble or tender emotion stirs the hidden power of the soul within and makes it flash forth in all its brightness : then she is more than beautiful —she is divine."

"Well, well—I will not quarrel with thee for praising my Marguerite, but if thou hadst seen her mother. See here ; this is what she was like." And taking a miniature from his breast, Christian Kneller handed it to Maurice.

It was the portrait of a most lovely girl. The face was a pure oval in shape, every feature exquisitely formed, the skin of a snowy fairness, a faint, delicate bloom warming it into life, tinting the cheeks with the softest hue of the rose and deepening into a richer red on the tender sensitive mouth ; the eyes were of the deepest and purest blue, half-veiled by long dark lashes ; the hair of a rich golden brown, hanging in curls on her neck and shoulders ; the whole face expressive of the most enchanting sweetness, purity and ideal grace.

"It is beautiful indeed," exclaimed Maurice, with all an artist's delight in loveliness.

"Hadst thou seen her living thou mightest well have said so. That picture is only the poorest shadow of what she was."

Taking it from Maurice, Christian Kneller gazed at it steadfastly for a minute or two. "Claire looks like her sometimes," he said. "When she was an infant she was her mother's image, and I think she is beginning to grow like her again."

Claire—the pale, ugly Claire—like that vision of grace and perfect loveliness! Such an idea seemed ridiculous to Maurice, and as the door opened the next instant and she entered the room, she had never seemed so plain in his eyes.

"Oh, is that mamma ?" cried Claire, running up to her father and kissing the miniature he held in his hand.

"Dear beautiful mamma ! I wish I were half as pretty."

"Or half as good either, little one ; that would be a better wish. But you never will, so don't hope it."

Claire tossed her head, with a glance of coquettish defiance at Maurice.

"I shall never be as good, that is certain,' she said, "but I am not so sure about never being as pretty. You know, papa, you sometimes tell me I am like her."

"So I do, little vanity," and pulling her towards him, her father took off the green net which confined her hair, and let the long silky masses fall on her shoulders. "Now there is a little likeness," he said.

For the first time, Maurice noticed what a quantity of hair she had, and how beautiful its texture was. He thought she looked all the better for the loss of her net, but he could not see the likeness her father discovered, and he said so.

"Maurice thinks me so ugly," said Claire, putting up her lip with an air of disdain," "but it is just because my hair is fair. He likes black hair better." And she shot another saucy glance at Maurice.

"You are quite right, Mademoiselle Claire," said Maurice, laughing.

"That depends," said Christian Kneller, "black to-day, brown to-morrow, golden the day after—is it not so, Maurice, my friend ? Now, Claire, I will go into the garden. Call Marguerite."

Claire called her sister, and then coming back, and looking at Maurice, while she

gathered her rich tresses into the net from which they had seemed so ready to escape, she said, "There's one thing I know, and that is that I shall be handsome by the time Maurice comes back from Italy. Mère Monica says I am at the ugly age now, and that I shall be sure to improve, and I mean to grow handsome if it were only to astonish Monsieur Maurice. Do you hear me, Marguerite?" she asked as her sister entered.

"What is it, Claire?"

"I am determined that Maurice shall find me beautiful when he returns from Italy."

"Nothing will seem beautiful to Maurice after he comes from the Land of Beauty," said Marguerite, with rather a forced smile.

"On the contrary," said Maurice, "I know I shall find nothing there as worthy of admiration as I have found here."

He spoke with some agitation and looked at Marguerite, but she was helping her father to put on his cloak, and he was not sure that she had heard him. He hoped she had not taken his words as one of those commonplace gallantries, which he had soon learned to feel were unworthy of her; but her quiet manner gave no indication, and her face was hidden.

"There, Marguerite," said her father, "that cloak will do admirably. You are as careful in arranging the folds as if you were going to pose me for a *tableau*. Now, Maurice, I am ready; come and wheel me along. Children, you ought to make much of Maurice while you have him, for I don't know what we shall all do when he is gone.

"But I mean to come back again," said Maurice.

"Like a prince in a fairy tale," said Claire. "But sometimes the princes do not come back, you know. They make new friends, and forget the old ones; and I dare say that's what you will do. I said so to Marguerite last night."

"And what did she say?"

"Oh, she said she thought it was very likely."

"Marguerite, how could you?" he exclaimed, quickly turning towards her.

But Marguerite's candid eyes answered him even before she could reply in words that Claire was only in jest, and he ought to have known it; while Claire's mocking laugh rang gaily through the garden.

CHAPTER VI.

UNDER THE RED AND WHITE ROSES.

A LITTLE later the same evening, when Christian Kneller sat smoking his pipe in front of the summer-house, and Claire, seated on the grass at his feet, was stringing beads for a neck-chain, Maurice stood watching Marguerite somewhat impatiently, as she tied up some flowers which a rain shower that morning had broken down.

"Marguerite," he said, when she had finished her task, "let us go down the long walk and sit in the alcove. I want to talk to you."

This long walk was bounded on one side by the garden wall, and on the other by a hedge of clipped laurels, and at the end was an alcove, with an antique, carved stone bench, over which the most luxuriant white and red roses hung their blossoms.

The sun was near his setting when Maurice and Marguerite seated themselves on the old stone bench; the garden was flooded with rosy light, the shadows of the peach-trees trained against the wall lay on the gravel walk, and two or three soft wavy crimson cloudlets floated so high above the western horizon, that they could see them from where they sat.

"I wonder if the sky of Italy can have a richer or softer light than that we are looking at now," said Maurice. "I am sure her

roses cannot be sweeter than these." And shaking the graceful canopy above their heads, the white and crimson rose leaves came showering down about them.

"Perhaps some time I shall see an Italian sunset on your canvass," said Marguerite; "Sunset on the Val d'Arno, or in the Campagna, or on the Bay of Naples will be something very different from sunset in this little garden."

The words, "It will be a sunset without the sun if you are not there," rose to Maurice's lips, but the gentle quietude of Marguerite's manner checked him, and gathering up the rose leaves he crushed them between his fingers.

"Perhaps I shall not go to Italy," he said, after a pause. "At least not just yet—I hope not."

"Not go to Italy!" exclaimed Marguerite. "You hope not? Why, Maurice, I thought it was the most cherished hope you had in the world."

"Once it was. It used to be my thought by day and my dream by night. But I think of something else now;—now I have other dreams, other hopes."

"What hope, what dream can be as dear to a painter as Italy? Maurice, tell me what you mean."

She looked anxiously up at him as she spoke. He was looking as anxiously down at her, and, bright as his eyes always were, she had never seen them flash as bright a light as shone in them now.

"Marguerite, has it never occurred to you that if I go to Italy I must leave *you?* Is it nothing to you that we shall be parted for years, perhaps never see each other again?"

She did not immediately answer, but bent her head among the roses, so that he could not see her face.

"Is it nothing to you, Marguerite?" he repeated.

"Oh, yes, Maurice," she said, with an effort, "I shall be very sorry, we shall all be very sorry to lose you, but I will hope, in spite of Claire's nonsense," she added, smiling a little wistfully, "that you will not forget us while you are away, and that when you come back, a great painter, you will not disdain your old friends."

"How quietly you say it, Marguerite; how calm and indifferent you are. But I am not so indifferent; I am not so calm. It is agony, it is death to me to think of leaving you—because I love you." He bent eagerly towards her, but she was silent, and her head drooped lower than before.

"Marguerite, Marguerite," he repeated, passionately, "don't you know that I love you? Speak to me, look at me, my Marguerite!"

She was still silent and trembling from surprise and agitation, but she raised her face to meet his eager glance. It was enough, and drawing her towards him, Maurice said, softly, "Marguerite loves me, too, a little; does she not?"

And though Marguerite could only murmur one or two words, Maurice knew that her heart was all his own.

At that moment Claire came running towards them. "Marguerite, Marguerite," she called out, "I want you to get me a clasp for my necklace."

"Go away, Claire," said Maurice; "Marguerite cannot go with you now."

"I suppose she may come if she chooses without asking your permission, Monsieur Maurice," cried Claire. "Come along, Marguerite. Why can't you come? What are you doing?"

"Talking about Italy," said Maurice.

"You are always talking about Italy, or something just as stupid," said Claire. "I wonder you are not tired of each other; but I daresay you often are, if the truth were known." And with a vague consciousness that she had suddenly intruded on an atmosphere filled with some emotion, intense, but to her incomprehensible—half-frightened, too, like one who had stepped unwittingly within some charmed circle, she ran back to her father.

"And now can you still be cruel enough to wish me to go to Rome?" asked Maurice, some little time after Claire had disappeared.

"Oh, Maurice, indeed you must go. Think of all the glorious visions the very name of Rome can conjure up—Rome, where the statues seem to bring the gods themselves to dwell with us, and the paintings lift us in spirit to heaven! How often have you told me that you felt your soul grow larger, and all your powers expand at the mere thought of beholding her treasures; and what would the reality be? Oh, yes, Maurice, you must go to Rome."

"And leave you?"

"My heart will be with you, Maurice, and you will know that it shares in all your labours and all your triumphs.

"Marguerite," said Maurice, "listen to me. If you would consent to marry me at once, and we were both to work hard and save money, in a year we might go to Rome together! Would not that be delightful? Does not your heart beat with joy at the very thought? Oh, Marguerite, say yes—say that it shall be so!"

To visit Italy, that fairy land of the earth, to feast her eyes and her soul on its treasures of art, and to visit it with Maurice—to share his thoughts, to lighten his labours by her love, to work by his side; to live that life of bliss. "rounded, complete, full-orbed," which the perfect union of two hearts and minds can give, and to live it beneath Italian skies—was indeed a tempting vision. Her soul seemed to spring toward that sunny clime as a bird soars to its native land, and in fancy she stood already in the Vatican with Maurice beside her, gazing on the marvellous works of the greatest of all those

> "Who charged cloth-threads with fire of souls electrical—"

till their beauties sank into her satisfied soul, "a joy for ever!" But the next minute, she awoke to reality, and giving a sigh to the memory of her vanished vision, she looked up at Maurice and said, "It is a beautiful dream, but an impossible one."

"Impossible—why impossible?"

"Because you must carry out the plan of study and travel you have laid down, untrammelled by any ties that could interfere with it. You must have no responsibilities or duties that could prevent you from wholly devoting yourself to your art, and becoming a great painter."

"And would not that be easier to me if you were always with me, my Marguerite? Your nature is nobler than mine, your ambition far loftier and purer—"

"Maurice!" exclaimed Marguerite, looking at him with her earnest eyes, "no one but you would say so, and you must never say it again."

"But why not, my Marguerite—you are my muse, my inspiration; with your smile to encourage me, your praise to reward me, no difficulty could daunt me, no failure make me despair, no triumphs seem too mighty for me to achieve."

"Maurice, all my thoughts, all my hopes, will be with you; my love will be always yours, my spirit always beside you; and when you come back, I will crown you with my praise, and fancy that I am indeed the muse you have called me. But Fame will have crowned you long before."

"Your praise must always be the sweetest, my Marguerite, and think, if I go to Rome, how long it will be till I can read it in your eyes! How can you bear to have me away from you all those long years?"

"I shall have your letters to live on; and you know what Thekla says:—

> "The game of life
> Looks cheerful when we carry in our hearts
> The inalienable treasure—"

You gave me that treasure when you gave me your love."

"Oh, my Marguerite, it is *your* love that is the priceless treasure. But I want *you* as

well as your love. I am not patient, and four years is a long time time to wait."

And again he pleaded, as only lovers plead, that she would consent to marry him at once.

"Dear Maurice," said Marguerite, "do not tempt me any more. If there were nothing else to prevent it, I could never leave my father."

"I wish I had never determined to go to Italy," said Maurice, gloomily.

But after a while he brightened at the picture Marguerite drew of his successful career abroad, and his triumphant return, and grew sanguine and happy as before; while Marguerite stifled her own regrets, and thought only of cheering and encouraging her lover.

"And you are not a bit afraid that I shall forget you among the beautiful Italian signorinas?" asked Maurice, gaily.

"Not a bit, Maurice," and Marguerite smiled brightly. "I am yours now, and you are mine, and I know we shall always belong to each other; though I must wonder all my life how your fastidious taste could pardon your poor Marguerite her want of beauty!"

Maurice knew nothing of Emerson's "Hermione," or he might have remembered the opening lines of that exquisite little poem,—

> "If it be, as they said, she was not fair,
> Beauty's not beautiful to me—"

but he told her passionately that she was to him the ideal of all that was good and lovely on earth; and now as he gazed on her face, always so sweet, yet so noble in its expression, he beheld it radiant with the glow of happy love, and the light of that genius which in all moments of intense feeling shone through her features: it was little wonder that she seemed fair in his eyes. Others besides a lover might have thought her so.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT CHRISTIAN KNELLER SAID.

NOTHING could exceed Christian Kneller's surprise when he learned that Marguerite had promised to be Maurice Valazé's wife as soon as he returned from Rome. Never very observant, his perceptions in this case were blunted by his belief that Marguerite was unchangeably wedded to art and would never give any other bridegroom a claim on her devotion, and his silent conviction that the world did not contain any one worthy of her—if such a one might be found, Maurice Valazé was certainly not the man.

"My poor little Marguerite," he said, after the first surprise was over, "after all, thy heart is as soft as that of any other girl, and thou hast fallen in love with Maurice's handsome face and sweet words. But art thou sure thou dost really love him? He does not deserve it."

"Father, I thought you liked Maurice," exclaimed Marguerite.

"And so I do. He is a good fellow, a pleasant companion, full of fine fancies, and with a rare gift of words; but the firm will, the large intellect, the great soul, without which I used to think no attractions could win my Marguerite's proud heart, he possesses not. I'll tell thee what, he has the true soul of a troubadour, and he ought to have been a singer of songs, instead of a painter of pictures. Like the old Provençal trouvères, he is brave, gay, generous, ready of hand and word, frank, courteous, and gentle; but like them, too, he is light, weak, fickle—"

"Father, father," cried Marguerite, starting up as if an arrow had pierced her heart, "how can you say such cruel things?—how can you believe them? You do not know Maurice. He has the finest mind, the loftiest genius, the noblest aims in life that man could have. But you do not mean what you have said; you cannot have so misunderstood his glorious and beautiful nature."

"Enough, child, enough," said Christian Kneller, with a heavy sigh; "I see thou dost indeed love him. If he does not change his mind in Italy, let him be thy husband in God's name; and if he loves and prizes thee only half as much as thy old father, thou mayest not be unhappy after all."

"Oh, he does love me," exclaimed Marguerite, coming back to her father again and sitting down beside him; "he will love me and prize me even as much as you could wish, dear father." And persuading herself that it was his dread of losing her that had made the good old man for once in his life unjust, she told him with her loving heart beaming in her happy eyes, that she would never leave him, and that Maurice had promised they should all live together in the dear old house, from which, and all its associations, she well knew her father could never have borne to be separated.

Christian Kneller said little in reply; but he smoked his pipe quietly, and let Marguerite weave her bright fancies of future bliss unchecked, and Marguerite was perfectly happy.

To be continued.

ON A HUMMING BIRD.

NOW poised to sip the happy flower
That hides its sweets for thee,
Now darting swift from bower to bower
A flash of radiant glee—

Soul of the soul of summer-tide,
Winged phantom of delight,
By thine own inward rapture dyed
With outward hues of light!

How deem thee made of earthly mould?
How think that primal clay,
Womb of these grosser things, could hold
The germ of life so gay?

Methinks when, in serenest mood,
The Maker smiled to see
That all creation's works were good,
His smile gave birth to thee.

What if no nightingale is here—
Who, having thee, would pine?
Hers is the music of the ear;
That of the eye is thine.

Nay, even if her note we miss,
Our craving does thee wrong:
Thy brooding hum of perfect bliss
Is sweet as sweetest song.

Yon tiny nest that gems the spray,
The mansion of thy love,
Might well on Beauty's natal day
Have hung in Eden's grove.

We, serfs fast-fettered to the soil,
Rejoice when thou dost bring
Thy sunshine to our home of toil,
Mourn when thou takest wing.

But thou, unbound by care or fear
Of want, dost lightly roam
To North or South as roams the year:
The Summer is thy home.

Could mortal sorrow look on thee
Without a pulse of joy?
Could mortal mirth thy joyaunce see
Nor feel its own alloy?

What art thou on this tear-stained earth,
Far from thy native sphere,
'Midst things of dark and doleful birth?
What is thine errand here?

Dost thou through clouds of doubt and woe,
That o'er our being lower,
The ever-brooding presence show
Of some benigner power—

Some power that suffers darkness now
To make a dawn divine
Of rapture, like thy bosom's glow—
Of beauty, such as thine?

G. NEOT.

EARLY CHRISTIAN ART AND SYMBOLISM.

BY THE REV. W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

THE conditions, under which Christian art was cultivated in the early centuries, were eminently unfavourable to its highest development. It was not, like pagan art, the æsthetic exponent of a dominant religion; enjoying the patronage of the great and wealthy; adorning the numerous temples of the gods and the palaces and banquet chambers of emperors and senators; commemorating the virtues of patriots and heroes, and bodying forth the conceptions of poets and seers. There was no place in the Christian system for such representations as the glorious sun-god, Apollo, or the lovely Aphrodite, or the sublime majesty of Jove, which are still the unapproached *chefs d'œuvre* of the sculptor's skill. The beautiful myths of Homer and Hesiod were regarded with abhorrence; and the Christian converts from paganism shrank, as from sacrilege, from any representation of the supreme object of their worship.

Nevertheless the testimony of the catacombs gives evidence that art was not, as has frequently been asserted, entirely abjured by the primitive believers on account of its idolatrous employment by the pagans. They rather adopted and purified it for Christian purposes, just as they did the diverse elements of ancient civilization. It was not till the increasing power and growing opulence of the Church, led to the more lavish employment of art, that it called forth the condemnation of the Fathers of the third and fourth centuries.

The art of any age is an outgrowth and efflorescence of an internal living principle; and as is the tree so is its fruit. The iconography of the early centuries of Christianity is, therefore, a pictorial history of its development and of the changes it has undergone. The corruptions of doctrine, the rise of dogmas, the strifes of heresiarchs and schismatics are all reflected therein. The frescoes of the catacombs are illustrations, inestimable in value, of the pure and lofty character of that primitive Christianity of which they were the offspring. The very intensity of that old Christian life under repression and persecution created a more imperious necessity for religious symbolism, as an expression of its deepest feelings, and as a common sign of the faith. Early Christian art, therefore, was not realistic and sensuous, but ideal and spiritual. Of the unknown artists of the catacombs, no less than those of the *Rénaissance*, may it be said:

> "They never moved their hand
> Till they had steeped their inmost soul in prayer."

The decoration of these subterranean crypts is the first employment of art by the early Christians of which we have any remains. A universal instinct leads us to beautify the sepulchres of our departed. This is seen alike in the rude funereal totem of the American savage, in the massive mausolea of the Appian Way, and in the magnificent Moorish tombs of the Alhambra. It is not, therefore, remarkable that the primitive Christians adorned with religious paintings, expressive of their faith and hope, the graves of the dead, or in times of persecution traced upon the martyr's tomb the crown and palm, the emblems of victory, or the dove and olive branch, the beautiful symbol of peace.

It must not, however, be supposed that the first beginnings of Christian art were rude and formless essays, such as we see among barbarous tribes. The primitive be-

lievers had not so much to create the principles of art as to adapt an art already fully developed to the expression of Christian thought. Like the neophyte converts from heathenism, pagan art had to be baptized into the service of Christianity. "The germs of a new life," says Dr. Lübke, "were in embryo in the dying antique world. Ancient art was the garment in which the young and world-agitating ideas of Christianity were compelled to veil themselves."* Hence the earlier paintings are superior in execution, and manifest a richness, a vigour, and a freedom like those of the best specimens of the classic period. Their design is more correct, their ornamentation more chaste and elegant, and the accessories more graceful than in the later examples. These shared the gradual decline which characterized the art of the decaying empire, becoming more impoverished in conception, stiff in manner, and conventional and hieratic in type, till they sink into the barbarism of the Byzantine age.

The art of the catacombs thus sprang out of that which was pre-existing, selecting and adapting what was congenial in spirit, and rigorously rejecting whatever savoured of idolatry or of the sensual character of ancient heathen life. As Christianity was diametrically opposed to paganism in spirit, so its art was singularly free from pagan error. There were no wanton dances of nude figures like those upon the walls of that exhumed Roman Sodom, Pompeii, but chaste pictures with figures clothed from head to foot; or where historical accuracy required the representation of the undraped form, as in pictures of our first parents in the Garden of Eden, or of the story of Jonah, they were instinct with modesty and innocence. Pagan art, a genius with drooping wing and torch reversed, stood at the door of death but cast no light upon the world beyond. Christian art, inspired with lofty faith, pierced through the veil of sense—beyond the shadows of time—and saw the pure spirit rising from the grave, "as essence from an alembic, in which all the grosser qualities of matter have remained." Hence only images of hope and tender joy are employed. There is no symptom of the despair of paganism, scarce even of natural sorrow.

Independent statues were, in the first ages, rarely if ever used. There seemed to be greater danger of falling into error by the imitation of these—the forms in which were most of the representations of the heathen deities—than in the employment of plastic art. The fabrication of these, therefore, was especially avoided; and in nothing is the contrast between ancient Christianity and the Roman Catholicism of later days more striking than in the profusion of "graven imagery" in the latter compared with its entire absence in the former. Indeed sculpture never became truly Christian, and even in the hands of an Angelo or a Thorwaldsen failed to produce triumphs of skill like those of Phidias or Praxiteles. Christian plastic art, however, in its noblest development, far surpassed even the grandest achievements, of which we have any account, of the school of Apelles and Zeuxis. Christianity is the glorification of the gentler graces, paganism of the sterner virtues. The former finds its best expression in painting, the latter in sculpture.

Primitive Christianity was eminently congenial to religious symbolism. Born in the East and in the bosom of Judaism, which had long been familiar with this universal Oriental language, it adopted types and emblems as its natural mode of expression.* They formed the warp and woof of the symbolic drapery of the tabernacle and temple service, pre-figuring the great truths of the Gospel. The Old Testament sparkles with

* History of Art, by Dr. Wilhelm Lübke, vol. i., p. 275. This admirable book is one of the most recent and authoritative works on this subject.

* Raoul Rochette. *Mémoire sur les Antiquités Chrétiennes des Catacombes. (Mem. de l'Acad. des. Inscr.* XIII.)

mysterious imagery. In the sublime visions of Isaiah, Ezekiel and Daniel move strange fantastic creatures of monstrous form and prophetic significance. In the New Testament, the Divine Teacher conveys the loftiest lessons in parables of inimitable beauty. In the Apocalyptic visions of St. John, the language of imagery is exhausted to represent the overthrow of Satan, the triumph of Christ, and the glories of the New Jerusalem.

The primitive Christians, therefore, naturally adopted a similar mode of art expression for the purposes of religious instruction. They also, as a necessary precaution, in times of persecution, concealed from the profane gaze of their enemies the mysteries of the faith under a veil of symbolism, which yet revealed their profoundest truths to the hearts of the initiated. That such a disguise was not superfluous is shown by the recent discovery of a pagan caricature of the Crucifixion, on a wall beneath the Palatine, and the recorded desecration of the Eucharistic vessels by the apostate Julian.* To those who possessed the key to the "Christian hieroglyphs," as Raoul Rochette has called them, they spoke a language that the most unlettered as well as the learned could understand. What to the haughty heathen was an unmeaning scrawl, to the lowly believer was eloquent of loftiest truths and tenderest consolation.

Although occasionally fantastic and far-fetched, this symbolism is generally of a profoundly religious significance, and often of extreme poetic beauty. In its perpetual canticle of love, it finds resemblances of the Divine object of its devotion throughout all nature. It beholds, beyond the shadows of time, the eternal verities of the world to come. It is not of the earth, earthy, but is entirely supersensual in its character; and employs material forms only as suggestions of the unseen and spiritual. It addresses the inner vision of the soul, and not the mere outer sense. Its merit consists, therefore, not in artistic beauty of execution, but in appositeness of religious significance—a test lying far too deep for the apprehension of the uninitiated. It was, perhaps, also influenced, as Kügler remarks, in the avoidance of realistic representation, by the fear which pervaded the primitive church, of any approach to idolatry.

Some of the Christian symbols, indeed, were common also to pagan art, as the palm, the crown, the ship, and others; but they acquired, under Christian treatment, a profounder and nobler meaning than they ever possessed before. Moreover there are other and more striking examples of the adoption, when appropriate to Christian themes, of subjects from pagan art. Orpheus charming the wild beasts with his lyre is a frequently recurring figure in the catacombs, and is referred to by the early Fathers as a type of the influence of Christ in subduing the evil dispositions of the heart, and drawing all men unto him by the sweet persuasive power of his divine word. The victory of Our Lord over death and hell, and probably an ancient interpretation of his preaching to the spirits in prison*, may have found a sort of parallel in the beautiful legend of the faithful lover seeking in the under-world the lost Eurydice, bitten by a deadly serpent; while at the sound of his wondrous harp, gloomy Dis was soothed, Ixion's wheel stood still, Tantalus forgot his thirst, and the stone of Sisyphus hung poised in air.† The Orphic verses were also said by the Fathers to have

* When persecution ceased, this veil of mystery was thrown off and a less esoteric art employed; but even when Christianity came forth victorious from the catacombs, symbolical paintings celebrated its triumph upon the walls of the basilicas and baptisteries which rose in the great centres of population.

* I Peter, iii., 19.

† The Mediæval conception of Christ's "Harrowing of Hell," and delivery of our first parents, ruined through the guile of the serpent, is a striking analogue of this myth. Compare, also, Bacon's rather fantastic interpretations of this legend, by the principles of natural and moral philosophy. See his "Wisdom of the Ancients," chap, xi.

contained many true prophecies concerning Our Lord. These, however, like the testimony of the Sybils, were pious forgeries of post-Christian date.

Another fable of the pagan mythology reproduced in early Christian art is that of Ulysses and the Sirens. A sarcophagus from the catacombs represents the "much-planning" wanderer of Ithaca, bound to the mast, deaf to the blandishments of the rather harpy-like daughters of the sea, and so sailing safely by. Maximus of Turin, in the fifth century, explained the ship of Ulysses to be "a type of the Church, the mast being the cross by which the faithful are to be kept from the seductions of the senses." "Thus," he says, "shall we be neither held back by the pernicious hearing of the world's voice, nor swerve from our course to the better life and fall upon the rocks of voluptuousness."*

But Christian art did not servilely follow pagan types. It introduced new forms to express new ideas. It created a symbolical cycle of especially Christian significance. Great care must be observed, however, in the interpretation of this religious symbolism, not to strain it beyond its capacity or intention. An allegorizing mind, especially if it has any theological dogma to prove, will discover symbolical evidence in its support where it can be detected by no one else. This is strikingly manifested in the groundless interpretation by ecclesiastical writers of the imaginary signs of martyrdom, as well as of the so-called "Liturgical Painting," in which they find distinct allusion to most, if not all, of the "seven sacraments."

The range of this art is so extensive and varied that we have only space to indicate a few of its more important subjects. Most of these are derived from Holy Scripture, and indicate the remarkable familiarity of the Christians of pagan Rome with the sacred books, in painful contrast with the prevalent ignorance of the Word of God of the inhabitants of the Rome of to-day. Not one of the subjects is derived from the apocryphal gospels which, with the later legends of the saints, have furnished the motives of so much of modern Roman Catholic art.

The rudely drawn figure of an anchor, in allusion to St. Paul's beautiful reference to the Christian's hope as an anchor of the soul,* is one of the most frequently recurring symbols of the catacombs. This allusion is made more apparent when it is observed how often it is found on the tombstones of those who bear the name of Hope in its Greek or Latin form, as Elpis, Elpidius, Spes, etc. There was a beautiful significance in this symbol to the tried and tempted Christian of the early ages. It assured him that his life-bark should outride the fiercest storm and wildest waves of persecution, and at last glide safely into the haven of everlasting rest.

Associated with this, in thought, is the symbol of a ship, alluded to by Clement of Alexandria,† and applied sometimes to an individual, and sometimes to the Church as a whole. The execution is often extremely rude, the design being evidently taken from the clumsy barges that navigated the Tiber.

The palm branch and the crown are figures that frequently occur. Although common also to Jewish and Pagan art, they have been clothed, in Christian symbolism, with a new and loftier significance. They call to mind the great multitude whom no man can number, whom John saw in apocalyptic vision, with whom Faith beholds the dear departed walk in white, bearing palms in their hands. They are the tokens of victory over the last enemy, the assurance that

> "The struggle and grief are all past,
> The glory and worth live on."

The crown is not the wreath of ivy or of laurel, of parsley or of bay, the coveted re-

* *Hom. I., De Cruce Domini.*

* Heb. vi., 19.

† Ναῦς οὐρανοδραμοῦσα—*Pædagogus lib. iii.*

ward of the ancient games; nor the chaplet of earthly revelry, which, when placed upon the heated brow soon fell in withered garlands to the feet; but the crown, starry and unwithering, which shall never fade away, the immortal wreath of glory which the Saints shall wear for ever at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

One of the most frequent and beautiful symbols of the catacombs is a dove generally with the olive branch in its mouth, the perpetual "herald of the peace of God." Sometimes doves are represented sipping at a vase or plucking grapes in order, as Di Rossi remarks, with considerable show of interesting evidence for which we have here no room, to indicate the soul released from its earthly cares, and entered into joy and peace.

Another exceedingly common symbol is that of the believers as sheep or lambs and Christ as the good Shepherd. Calling up the thought of that sweet Hebrew Idyl,* of which the world will never grow tired; which, lisped by the pallid lips of the dying throughout the ages, has strengthened their hearts as they entered the dark valley; and to which the Saviour lent a deeper pathos by his parable of the lost sheep: small wonder that this figure was a favorite type of the unwearying love† that sought the erring and brought them to his fold again. With reiterated and varied treatment, to which we can here only allude, the tender story is repeated over and over again, making the gloomy crypts bright with sweet pastoral scenes, and hallowed with sacred associations.

One of the most ancient and important symbols of this primitive cycle was the Fish. It was exceedingly common in the second and third centuries, but in the fourth gradually fell into disuse, and had almost, if not altogether, disappeared by the beginning of the fifth. The abandonment of this remarkable symbol may be explained by its mystical and anagrammatic character. When the age of persecution passed away there was no longer need to use a *tessera* whose meaning was known only to the initiate, to express those religious truths which were openly proclaimed on every hand. This emblem derives its peculiar significance from the fact that the initial letters of the name and title of our Lord—Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτὴρ, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour, make up the Greek word ΙΧΘΥΣ, fish. The same words also occur in certain Sibylline verses quoted by Eusebius and Augustine, which have been thought to be of Christian origin, and as such were chanted at Christmas in the Church of France. This symbol is first mentioned by Clement of Alexandria,* and probably had its origin in the allegorizing school of Christianity that there sprang up. It also contained an allusion to the ordinance of baptism. "The fish," says Tertullian, "seems a fit emblem of Him, whose spiritual children are, like the offspring of fishes, born in the waters of baptism."† This sacred fish is sometimes represented as bearing a basket of bread on its back, and sometimes a loaf in its mouth, which is probably a symbol of the bread of life which Christ breaks to his children, or possibly of the holy Eucharist.

But our space forbids the attempt to describe the whole range of sacred symbols, which for the most part point to the person and work of the Redeemer. Besides these there are others illustrating the character and duty of Christians; as the stag drinking at the water brook, the emblem of the soul panting after the living God; the hunted hare, the emblem of the persecutions of the saints; and the cock, suggesting the duty of unsleeping vigilance. The olive tree indicates the fruitfulness in good works of the Christian character; and the vine, the intimate union of the believer and Christ.

* Ps. xxiii.

† Compare the exquisite line of the *Dies Iræ*,
Quærens me sedisti lassus.

* *Pædag., lib. iii., c. xi.*

† *De Baptism.* c.i.

Another class refers to the hopes of future blessedness: as the peacock, the emblem of immortality, and the phœnix of the resurrection.

The cycle of Biblical paintings in the catacombs, comprising representations of the principal events in Scripture history, both in the Old Testament and the New, though of exceeding interest, is too vast a field to be here entered upon. It has been treated in detail by the present writer and copiously illustrated elsewhere.* We can only enumerate here some of its more striking characteristics. It is remarkable for the absence of those gross anthropomorphic representations of the Deity into which later art degenerated. All who are familiar with the subject will recall many painful examples of this offence against purity and good taste, to which not even the majestic genius of Michael Angelo can reconcile us. The writer remembers one picture in which the Almighty, in ecclesiastical garb, with a triple crown upon his head and a lantern in his hand, is extracting a rib from the sleeping form of Adam. In Germany, according to Didron,† the Supreme Being was generally represented as Emperor; in England and France as King, and in Italy as Pope. The daring artists of the middle ages even attempted to represent the incomprehensible mystery of the Trinity by a grotesque head with three faces joined together, somewhat after the manner of the three-headed image of Brahma in the Hindoo mythology. According to M. Emeric David, the French artists of the ninth century claim the "happy boldness" (*heureuse hardiesse*) of first representing the Almighty under human form. We find nothing of this in the catacombs.‡ The nearest approach thereto is a single hand stretched out to arrest the knife of Abraham about to offer up Isaac; and a hand encircled with clouds, as if more strongly to signify its symbolic character, giving the tables of the law.

The entire absence of the slightest approach to anything indicative of the *cultus* of the Virgin is a striking characteristic of this early art. The Virgin Mary nowhere appears other than as an accessory to the Divine Infant, generally in paintings of the adoration of the Magi.*

Another of the most striking circumstances which impresses the observer in traversing these silent chambers of the dead, is the complete avoidance of all those images of suffering and sorrow, or of tragic awfulness, such as abound in sacred art above ground. There are no representations of the sevenfold sorrows of the *Mater Dolorosa*, or cadaverous Magdalens accompanied by eyeless skulls—a perpetual *memento mori*. There are no pictures of Christ's agony and bloody sweat, of his cross and passion, his death and burial, nor of the flagellations, tortures and fiery pangs of martyrdom, such as those that harrow the soul in many of the churches and galleries of Rome. Only images of joy and peace abound on every side. These gloomy crypts are a school of Christian love, of gentle charity, of ennobling thoughts, and elevating impulses. "To look at the catacombs alone," says Raoul Rochette,† "it might be supposed that persecution had no victims, since Christianity has made no allusion to suffering." There are no sinister symbols, no appeals to the morbid sympathies of the soul, nothing that could cause vindictive feelings even towards the persecutors of the church, only sweet pastoral scenes, fruits, flowers, lambs and doves; nothing but what suggests feelings of innocence and joy.

* In a volume now in course of preparation by Messrs. Carlton & Lanahan, New York, entitled "The Catacombs of Rome, and their Testimony Relative to Primitive Christianity."

† *Iconographie Chrétienne*, pp. 216–227.

‡ A single apparent exception is examined in *Withrow's Catacombs*, Book ii., chap. v.

* The development of the *cultus* of Mary is traced in the book last cited. Book ii., chap 3.

† *Tableau des Catacombes*, 194.

With the age of persecution, this child-like and touching simplicity of Christian art ceased. Called from the gloomy vaults of the catacombs to adorn the churches erected by Constantine and his successors, it gradually developed to the many coloured splendour of the magnificent frescoes and mosaics of the basilicas. It became more and more personal and historical, and less abstract and doctrinal. The technical manipulation became less understood, and the artistic conception of form more and more feeble, till it gradually stiffened into the formal and immobile types which characterize Byzantine art. It is of importance, however, as enabling us to trace the development of religious ideas, and the introduction of additions to primitive belief, and as showing the slow progress toward the veneration of images. It demonstrates the non-apostolicity of certain doctrines, the beginnings of which can be here detected. It utters its voiceless protest against certain others which are sought for in vain in the place where, according to mediæval theory, they should certainly be found. It is to this period that most of the condemnations of art, or rather of its abuse, in the writings of the primitive Fathers, must be referred. Towards the close of the fourth century, Augustine inveighs against the superstitious reverence for pictures, as well as the growing devotion to the sepulchres, which he says the church condemned and endeavored to correct.* In the beginning of the century the Council of Elvira, as if with prescience of the evil consequences that would follow their toleration, prohibited the use of pictures in the churches, "lest that which is worshipped and adored should be painted on the walls."†

Where still employed in the catacombs, art shared the corruption and degradation above described, which became all the deeper with the progressive debasement of the later empire. Amid the gathering shadows of the dark ages, it became more sombre and austere, filling the mind of the spectator with gloom and terror. Thus art, which is the daughter of Paganism, relapsing into the service of superstition, has corrupted and often paganized Christianity, as Solomon's heathen wives turned his heart from the worship of the true God to the practice of idolatry. Lecky attributes this degradation of art to the latent Manicheanism of the dark ages, to the monkish fear of beauty as a deadly temptation, and, later, to the terrible pictures of Dante, which opened up such an abyss of horror to their imagination.

* Aug. *de Morib. Cathol.*, *lib.* i., c. 34.
† *Concil. Elib.* c. 36.

FEBRUARY.

"AND lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two fishes for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slyde
And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round."—

So runs sweet Spenser's ancient rhyme,
So limns he February cold;
Not so in this young Western clime
Would we the merry month behold.

It brings blythe sounds of winter-time:
The cheery whir of skater's steel,
The tiny bells in hoof-struck chime,
The ice-boat's rush and sudden wheel.

All-housed are husbandry's bright tools,—
Save such as furnish forth the flames,
Eve-flickering o'er the close-drawn stools
Of children, reddening at their games.

The long nights full of mirth it brings,
While crisp earth crackles to the tread
'Neath sky-hung change of Northern rings
And keen stars brightening, overhead.

Thou largely-loving old and young,—
From vanished years, good Valentine,
Inspire with true love heart and tongue,—
Love's martyr, all the month is thine!

B.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY,
TORONTO.

MODERN DRESS.

BY MRS. C. R. CORSON.

IT has often been said that the style is the man; we might also venture to add that the dress is the woman and, in many lamentable instances, that the woman is the dress and nothing more. Without entering upon any intricate discussion about the expediencies, proprieties or improprieties of fashion, or prophesying that better future, when every one shall be a fashion to himself, we would venture a few remarks on the prevailing mode of dressing, and its moral effects on the rising generation.

It were hard to determine what is absolutely beautiful and absolutely ugly; the significance of these terms being altogether relative; but it were well to study when a thing is ugly and when it is beautiful, and apply the rule to our style of dress.

Accidents in nature are very often beauties. A deformed weather-beaten tree in an otherwise pleasing landscape may prove a necessary discord in its harmony, and hence pass for a beauty; but discords and concords have their established laws, their *raison d'être*, and as the world is supposed to travel towards an æsthetic as well as moral excellence, we would fain maintain that dress, considered in the light of art, becomes a vital question the moment it affects the education of taste.

Our own moral rectitude and innate sense of the beautiful, in a great measure, regulate our taste; yet in new countries where art is still in its infancy, and the public mind still unschooled in that direction, the eye takes in all forms and shapes with but little discrimination; and the extravagance of dress, the Bohemian taste of a certain class of women whose very irregularities of life have often dictated a fashion, are thus introduced into otherwise pure-minded communities; and, like the sensation novel, prove as subtle a poison in corrupting their sense of the beautiful, as the former their minds and hearts.

Our fashions, with a few exceptions, come from France. Every country has its speciality. The natural good taste of the French, their tact, their quick sense of appropriateness have given their styles the grace, the fitness and the usefulness society admires in them. Germany, with all its profundity, and with all its solidity and honesty of character, could not turn out a graceful hat—such a moral, philosophical, scientific, literary hat for example, as used to be found at the Paris Emporium of "*Vital, successeur de Finot, fabricant de chapeaux.*" This illustrious hatter, by giving certain inflections to certain lines, formed from the same model an infinity of variations, which became, as occasion required, physicians', grocers', dandies', artists', fat men's, lean men's hats. He once followed up a man's political career in the modifications he made in his hat, and when the former had reached the desired position, he presented him with a hat, in every way expressive of the *juste-milieu* of his sentiments.

The Berlin costume "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null," is "dead perfection, nothing more"; it lacks the life, the (to use a very pedantic word, and seemingly out of place here) spontaneousness which characterizes all French workmanship from the simplest to the most elaborate. Berlin may claim the goddess—the Venus perfection of every limb—but France is in possession of the girdle, and it is by the *puissance* of this girdle that she rules the will

of the civilized world, in respect to dress. Long may she! For, despite the extravagance of her fashion-plates, and the absurdity of the model hats she sends to the American milliners, common sense and reason, have ever been the basis of her own home-fashions. She provides graciously for all conditions of life, and so practical are the laws she lays down for her light-headed children, so adapted her patterns to their various wants, that all instinctively submit to that higher wisdom, glad to be saved the trouble of studying colour and form, and fully convinced that they could never invent a more suitable garment than the one she has always in readiness for every demand and every occasion.

The main point lies in the proper discipline of all these shapes and folds, their right employment. We need hyperbole even in dress, witness the accusation brought against the renowned actress, Mademoiselle Favart, whose correct taste prevents her from finding the key-note to her stage attire—her costume, *simplex munditiis*, lacks character. The thing needed then adaptation. A most difficult thing, however, it will prove, to show how to adapt to a reasonable head that semblance of a hat, that meaningless little nut-shell outrageously decked with bunches of ribbons, flowers, feathers, which gives at present to our wives and daughters so alarming a look of insanity. What are its claims?—lightness, airiness? A great mass of hair is required to give it a basis, and the load of it on the head lies anything but lightly. The times have changed since fair Belinda's two precious locks were clipped; men are not so susceptible to capillary attraction as they once were, and it takes more than "a single hair" now-a-days, to ensnare "man's imperial race." An obvious purpose of a hat or bonnet is a protection to the head; and, in addition to this strictly physical purpose, a moral purpose is superadded—that seemly covering enjoined upon women by the Apostle Paul.

It would lead us quite astray from our present purpose, to trace the mazy labyrinths of influences (if indeed that were possible) that resulted in the negation of hats and bonnets which characterizes the present mode. In looking back a number of years, we see it come in, hand in hand, as it were, with the grand idea of the emancipation of women, and it is certainly a matter to be regretted that so noble an idea should present itself so ridiculously symbolized. In searching, however, with a little good will, we might even here find a redeeming feature in the case, namely, that all through history, great purposes have often borrowed the fool's cap and bells, to conceal their mighty interests. Brutus, planning the Tarquins' overthrow, plays the fool; Hamlet, to probe the soul of his murderous uncle-father, puts on the garb of insanity; the whole French nation, breaking the shell of tyranny, hides its conceptions of freedom under a red cap! What woman may have in store for us in the way of reasonableness, gentle forbearance, true companionship, wise home-management, under the curious little hat that so deceives us now, who knows!

But let us endeavour to find an application for the existing styles. We shall always have among us the "lilies of the field," that neither spin nor toil, and yet are arrayed in more glory than Solomon; those fair ones, merely "born to bloom and drop;" let us kindly assign them the place the odorless, but bright, dahlia and the showy tulip hold in our gardens. We need, indeed, offsets to that fearful activity that whirls us along we know not whither; and who would dare to say which is the wiser, the lily's "maiden meditation fancy free," or the distracting steam engine?

Thus may we find use for the elaborate costumes the *Moniteur de la Mode* sends us fresh from Paris; and very pretty indeed are some of them for our belles to stand in, or sit in, or dream in! For example, one tasty toilet, intended for a home costume, is

given as composed of a rich violet silk underskirt, scalloped at the bottom. A gray poplin upperskirt, flounced with the same violet silk as the underskirt, is brought apron-like around the sides which are held up by two heavy bows of violet silk; the rest, like the "hideous tail" of Spenser's Error is allowed to trail, "stretched forth at length without entraile." The sleeves, pagoda shape, are trimmed with violet silk, and flounced underneath with lace, to form an undersleeve, the waist, trimmed like the sleeves with violet silk, encircled by a violet velvet belt, forming heavy loops behind; a single square collar, and a neat little lace cap complete this *home costume*. Another, intended for the opera, is most ingeniously complicated, and we congratulate the seamstress and mantua-maker if they get paid for their work. An underskirt of black-satin is trimmed with trellis-work of gold-brown velvet folds, (the colour and material of the upperskirt) through which run a multitude of large and small grape-leaves, evidently meant to illustrate a grapery. The upper dress of rich gold-brown velvet is in its turn adorned in the same manner as the underdress, viz., with a trellis and grape-leaf work of black satin; the front forms two large points heavily fringed, and is caught up at the sides to form heavy puffs behind—the rest trails on the floor. If the fair one thus attired were to go to hear an opera of Offenbach, music and toilet would be well matched. We cannot help noticing also, the very simple travelling costume the *Moniteur* presents us with—a dress of maroon cashmere, trimmed at the bottom with two wide flounces; these headed by a wide plaited trimming, edged on both sides by rufflings, the whole so designed as to form a labyrinth of conchs where the rufflings seem to chase each other in and out. The upperskirt is trimmed in the same way: short in front, and forming heavy puffs behind. The waist cut waist-coat shape has a postillion in the rear. A white cloth sack richly braided and trimmed with black velvet, ending in a black and white broom fringe, completes the suit. We hope these ruffled conchs will escape the almost inevitable catches of trunks and carpet-bags, and that the cinders and the soot from the locomotive will spare the white cloth sack, and that that long broom fringe may not get entangled at some unfortunate moment in the buttons of coats and overcoats, during the very close relations into which they are bought in travelling.

We do not mean to be cynical, we only appeal to the common sense of the public in general, as to the reliance that can be placed on fashion plates. We have ourselves had occasion to compare the reality of things with these—we can hardly call them idealities without insulting the ideal—with these caricatures, and rejoiced at the generally prevailing good sense of the Parisian dress-public. In the ball-room we see the vapoury gauze, tarlatan, tulle, fashioned for dancing purposes; at the opera gorgeous materials worked into elegant simplicity; at the dinner party, velvets and silks, majestically draped, and made to show their capabilities in sweeping the drawing-room, and reclining on the sofas; in the street, the neat unpretending walking costume escaping all notice by its modest cut and sober colours; at home, the easy morning dress, and quiet evening toilet; in the school-room a quaker plainness: no signs of the existing follies, all is simple and suited to the occasion. The seamstress going to her daily work would not dream, passing by the shop windows, and gazing at its allurements, of imitating the costumes on exhibition; the chambermaid has her own neat attire, suitable for her service, and would no more crave an India shawl, than she would the rain-bow; the cook would scorn encumbering herself with puffs and bustles and hoops amidst her pots and kettles; the toilet of the French *bonne* has almost become proverbial for its modest simplicity. But, across the

seas, and out of the pale of this direct and sensible influence, the fashion-plate becomes the oracle, and painful, both to the eye and heart, are the sights its votaries make of themselves.

Extravagance in fashions has existed in all times, and it is left to the wise to make a wise selection; but whether the wise have decreased in number in proportion as folly increased, or that the appreciation of form and symmetry and proportion and harmony has degenerated, it is certain that society—male and female—has fallen very generally a victim to the prevailing passion for dress. That the young and thoughtless, the light-headed and light-hearted should devote a portion of their existence to these irresistible exigencies might be expected, but that the sober-minded women, good wives and good mothers, should spend their better thoughts and precious time upon such elegant nonsense as we have mentioned, and that in their infatuation they should, for the mere gratification of maternal vanity, sow in their children's minds the seeds of frivolity, is truly lamentable. This evil is not confined to metropolitan towns—the larger cities can oppose culture to the invading enemy—but in the villages, among country people, this increasing love of dress saps their best energies, and the good old virtues of our mothers, industry, modesty, simplicity, are superseded by what is commonly termed progress—frivolity and idleness cloaked under education—if an arm-full of big books, and a saucy face challenging public opinion from under its independent little hat, can be dignified with such a name.

A well balanced mind will never fail to modify in its own case any objectionable style of dress. But how are we to get well-balanced minds—among women especially—if from their earliest years they become familiarized with all sorts of violations of taste and common sense, and are taught to consider dress the all in all of life?

Between the quaker no-style, and the last fashion's too-much-style, there is surely a golden mean which a discriminating eye can not fail to detect; far from advocating absolute indifference in regard to becoming dressing, we should on the contrary wish to direct the young in the course of study that would open their minds to an appreciation of what is truly beautiful. So long as we must be clothed in some way or other, let us accord to dress all the importance it deserves. Why should it not through simplicity be made to approach somewhat the dignity of a fine art? Let the press take the matter in hand, let a few sturdy pens challenge the exaggerations of the too-fashionable, and convince mothers that their little ones look best and sweetest in plain attire; that their daughters' taste may, by a wholesome dress-regimen, be so directed as to acquire a vigorous health, which will make them scorn all these gingerbready, sugarplumy means of producing effects, and resort to a more robust mode of enhancing their charms, by giving them their true character through an artistic correctness of forms, materials and colours.

We boast of constant advance, why should not the modes of dressing be susceptible of progress, instead of ever revolving, as they do, within a circle of rampant monstrosities?

A higher education for the eye is wanted; it does not see clearly enough the "wedding garment" of nature; not until it is more exercised in that direction will it strike the key to the composition of a reasonable toilet. May some good genius remove the film "which that false fruit, that promised clearer sight, hath bred," and "purge, with euphrasy and rue, the visual nerve," and thus enable us to discern the beauty which nature offers as a pattern for our vestures.

THE BACHELOR'S WIFE.

BY MRS. M. E. MUCHALL.

O THE bachelor's wife is a jewel most rare,
A seraph, a being of heavenly birth ;
For surely a creature more sinless and fair
Was never mere woman, the daughter of earth.

But lest you should deem me but speaking at random,
Not sketching my portrait exactly from life—
E'en down from a bachelor's lips I shall have them,
The essentials that make up a bachelor's wife.

Her form must be faultless, and ditto complexion ;
Her eyes must be cloudless as heaven's own blue ;
Her air must be graceful, her manners perfection,
Her lips like red blossoms just tipped with the dew.

Her mind must be pure as the fresh crystal fountain
Never stained by one drop from the waters of strife,
And pure as the snow on the crest of the mountain
Each word and each thought of the bachelor's wife.

She must waste not a thought, not a look on another
Than on him the companion and lord of her life ;
Not even look kindly on cousin or brother,
So constant and true is the bachelor's wife.

She must pine in his absence all widowed and lonely,
Must watch for his coming till bright eyes grow dim ;
She must be his devoted, his fondly, his only,
And think the world nothing to her without him.

She must smile with him still in his moments of sadness ;
She must cheer him when sorrows have darkened his sky,
But hide in her bosom her own thoughts of sadness,
Lest trifles so trifling his temper should try.

She must stir not a step without his sage direction,
She must cheer him when storm clouds and trials are rife :
So sinless, so stainless, the pink of perfection—
There's nothing on earth like a bachelor's wife.

A NORTH AMERICAN ZOLLVEREIN.

BY CHARLES LINDSEY.

A GAME of hostile tariffs has often proved to be the indication of a state of incipient belligerency; and every honest attempt on the part of two nations, situated towards one another as are Canada and the United States, to remove all injurious barriers to a free commercial intercourse, is deserving of commendation. The commercial convention recently held at St. Louis, though it may not entirely fulfil this condition, has not been without its uses; and we hope, at some future day, to see the invitation under which the Canadian delegates went to St. Louis reciprocated, and the representatives of United States' commerce discussing amongst us the mutual commercial interests of the two countries. By this means, some prevalent illusions may be dispelled, and a better understanding be come to. Perhaps on our side, certainly on the other, this convention showed the existence of grave misconceptions, which only a frank explanation can remove. There was imported into the discussion a political element, so frankly self-deceiving as to express itself in something more than an occasional aside and a half-suppressed under-tone. If we are to enter into any candid discussion of the international commercial position, with the hope of succeeding, this objectionable element must be entirely eliminated. Had the question of the trade relations between the two countries been entered on in a way that would not involve political entanglements, we might have felt it our duty to carry their discussion to a greater length than will, under the actual circumstances, be necessary or desirable. There are propositions which, on the one side, it would be an affront to offer, and on the other pusillanimity to discuss. A people resolved to maintain its autonomy may well be excused if it declares that proposals which involve its absorption in another and more powerful state wound its just pride and rouse the resentment of its national susceptibilities. When that fact has been impressed on the American mind, we may hope for a better issue of negotiations looking to the formation of commercial treaties.

The National Board of Trade, which met at St. Louis in the early part of December, is composed of the active members of local Boards of Trade throughout the Union. Further than that, it has no official character; and has no other power than that which is derived from the influence of the interests it represents and the force of opinion to which it gives expression. The Canadian delegates, who were present, occupy a like position in their own country. Montreal sent Hon. John Young, Mr. John McLennan, Mr. Rimmer, and Mr. Patterson; Toronto—Mr. Wm. Howland; Kingston—Mr. Carruthers; Hamilton—Mr. Watson; and St. John, N.B.—Mr. Fairweather. It is a singular circumstance that Mr. Young, whose age and experience pointed him out as President of the Canadian delegation, can in no way be regarded as a representative of the views of the people among whom he lives when he appears, as he did at St. Louis, in the character of an advocate of a Zollverein to embrace Canada and the United States. The four resolutions offered by the executive committee of the Board had his unqualified support; and it has been said that they were probably introduced at his suggestion. They are in these terms:—

"1. The introduction of all the manufactures and

products of the United States into the Dominion of Canada free of import duty, and the like concession by the United States to the manufactures and products of the Dominion.

"2. Uniform laws to be passed by both countries for the imposition of duties on imports, and for internal taxation; the sums collected from these sources to be placed in a common treasury, and to be divided between the two governments by a *per capita* or some other equally fair ratio.

"3. The admission of Dominion built ships and vessels to American registry, enrolment and license, and to all privileges of the coasting and foreign trade.

"4. The Dominion to enlarge its canals and improve the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and to aid in the building of any great lines of international railroad, and to place the citizens of the United States in the same position as to the use of such works, as enjoyed by the citizens of the Dominion; the United States and the several States giving the citizens of the Dominion the same rights and privileges over works of the same character in the United States."

At a previous conference, in Boston, these propositions had been verbally submitted by the Council to the Dominion delegates, and were reported at St. Louis, "for the information of the Board." But the idea they embody did not originate there. Of that we trace the paternity to Mr. Larned, whom Congress, by a joint resolution, appointed in June, 1870, "to enquire into the extent and state of the trade between the United States and the several dependencies of Great Britain in North America." Mr. Larned presents a Zollverein as the alternative of annexation; and professes to regard it as equivalent to Canadian Independence. In what sense a nation could be said to preserve its independence, while surrendering its freedom and convictions to an antagonistic commercial policy, we cannot understand. He admits and defends the unwillingness of the United States to make liberal commercial arrangements with this country so long as the tie to England remains unsevered; and he bids us choose between that alliance and a "commercial and industrial association in interest with the United States." Mr. Larned's utterances have in some sort an official character; since he is acting under authority of Congress, and his report was prepared for the information of the Secretary of the Treasury. The executive committee of the National Board take up the threads of the Zollverein proposal where Mr. Larned laid them down. When they have woven them into the texture of formal resolutions, Mr. Fraley, President of the National Board of Trade, expresses the hope that the resulting discussion will lead ultimately to the political union of the two countries. There was much reason to believe that the object of the resolutions was more political than commercial.

From the first, Mr. Young, as we have stated, was in favour of the proposed Zollverein; and if it be true that it was brought forward in consequence of the countenance given to it by him, the executive committee of the National Board of Trade can at least plead that they had some warrant for what they did. But as only one other of the Canadian delegates showed the least leaning towards it, they must have become convinced that Mr. Young did not, in this matter, truly represent the national sentiment of the Dominion. It is true the resolutions were at last unanimouslyadopted, but not without the accompaniment of qualifying expressions which rendered them harmless. The executive committee was directed to memorialize Congress "to provide by law for the appointment of a Commission to meet commissioners from the Dominion of Canada (should the Government of the Dominion appoint a like Commission,) to negotiate a basis of a treaty between Great Britain and the United States, for commercial relations between the Dominion of Canada, on the principles of the proposed Zollverein or some other broad and comprehensive principles." The latitude given by these words practically authorizes the conclusion of a treaty on comprehensive principles, without any restriction to a scheme of Customs union. It

has been stated that Mr. Fraley was not brought to assent to this modification without some difficulty.

After the adoption of the modified proposition, Mr. Young contented himself with thanking the National Board for what it had done, and expressing an opinion that its action would prove entirely satisfactory. He could not speak for the delegation over which he presided, in favour of a Zollverein; for that would have been to misrepresent their views. But if nothing had been added to his statement, it might have been assumed that such sanction had been given. In this emergency, Mr. Wm. Howland felt it his duty to put the matter in a light which would prevent any misapprehension. And here we cannot do better than quote from the *Montreal Gazette*, the statements made by the observing editor whose presence at the convention enabled him the better to appreciate the situation :—

"Mr. Howland is a representative man of a party of young men who are growing up in this country, particularly in Ontario, with patriotic impulses, with an earnest love of Canada, their home, and with a watchword, 'Canada for the Canadians,' or as one of them more aptly expressed it in a lecture recently delivered, 'Canada first,' which is certain to have its influence upon the public mind. Some of them are tinged with independence notions; but the great majority of them are wise enough to see that neither the people nor the country are ready for any such movement. But they all recognize the importance of a national—a Canadian feeling, in the Dominion, and are working zealously for its cultivation. It is from such men as these, men from whom some Americans are so unfortunate as to expect comfort and assistance in the work of maturing the political union of the North American Continent, that the sentiments uttered by Mr. Howland come with especial force. 'You Americans are proud of your 'name, and would not lightly change it or sink it 'in another,' said Mr. Howland; 'give us Ca-'nadians credit for equal pride, and for an equal de-'sire to maintain our distinctive name and our inde-'pendent nationality.'"

This short reply, courteous and going directly to the point, contains the gist of the whole matter; and is a fair expression of the national sentiment of Canada. The average American thinks himself and his nation politically blessed beyond other men and other nations; and he is very apt to think he compliments you when he asks you to haul down your flag and take shelter under his. On this ground, we acquit the National Board of Trade of all intention to give offence; and we only ask that they will not forget the admonition of Mr. Howland on the occasion of any future meeting.

After this explanation, we might almost abstain from any discussion of the four points of the proposed international charter. The proposal of point number one is nothing less than that Canada shall form a customs union with the United States and against all the rest of the world. It is easy to see that this common tariff would have to be framed on a scale that would be adapted to the necessities of the United States. Mr. Larned states the average existing tariff of the United States to be forty per cent., and that of Canada twenty-three or twenty-four; but he is candid enough not to be positive that the divergence is not greater, as we believe it could be shown to be. But if we take the figures, as he gives them, without questioning their correctness, it is plain that one or both countries must, in case of a Zollverein, accept a very different tariff. And there need be no doubt as to where the principal change would be. The United States are obliged to submit to a tariff that would be intolerable to us; and there are powerful manufacturing rings, omnipotent with the lobby, who, apart from the fiscal necessities, will that this should be so. The imposition of the United States tariff upon Canada as against all other nations—for that is what it would come to practically—would create an artificial state of things wholly opposed to our interests and convictions. Practically shut out from all other markets than the United States, for a large number of things which we now obtain elsewhere, we should find

ourselves often obliged to buy inferior articles, at nearly double the prices they are fairly worth, in the markets of the world. This would inflict a great loss on our population, and one for which they would obtain no sort of equivalent. The treaty or compact establishing a Zollverein would necessarily have some definite limit, in point of time, or be liable to be terminated by notice after a stated number of years. In the meantime, Canada would have accommodated itself to the artificial state of things that would have been brought about ; and she would lie helpless at the mercy of the more powerful contracting party : in no position to make such terms as her interests would dictate.

But why should Canada agree to a tariff so unjustly discriminating? Why should we specially direct such discrimination against a country to which, ties of affection apart, we owe far more than to any other? If Canada, in the fulness of time, should accept a complete independence, we feel sure it will not find a declaration in a hostile tariff. We are obliged to touch on this question, because this is what the Zollverein proposal asks us to do. There may be individuals, like Mr. Young, ready to accept these conditions at all hazards; but they count as nothing in the general run of national feelings and national opinion. This is admitted, in the report of the executive council of the Dominion Board of Trade, submitted to the Board at Ottawa, on January 17, in which they, referring to the resolutions passed at St. Louis, say : "your delegates, however desirous of seeing the old Reciprocity Treaty in force, were not willing to admit the possibility of carrying out a free trade policy between the United States and the Dominion, in manufactures, under the present high tariff of the former."

Whatever there is of commercial belligerency, as Mr. Larned expresses it, between the countries, owes its origin to political feeling; and the belligerency is all on one side. Congress charges our wheat twenty cents, our barley fifteen cents, and our oats ten cents a bushel duty. We admit these articles free. One Session, a nominal duty was put on the small grains and coal of the United States—not discriminatingly—by our Ottawa legislators; but so strong was the feeling of the country against the impolicy of the Act, that the House of Commons insisted on its removal, at the very moment when the Joint High Commissioners were engaged in negotiating the Treaty of Washington. Congress is far from being opposed to the general principle of admitting raw products free of duty. At this moment, the free list of the American tariff embraces over two hundred and thirty articles. From this list, the raw products of Canada are, with one or two exceptions, rigidly excluded. Such legislation is liable to the suspicion of being studiously discriminating against a particular country. But the weight of the restriction falls as much on their own people as on ours.

"We exchange with them," (Canadians) says Mr. Larned, "almost equal quantities of the cereals, and almost equal quantities, on an average, of flour. Except so far as concerns the barley that we buy from them, and the Indian corn that we sell to them, this trade originates on neither side in any necessity, but is chiefly a matter of simple convenience, of economy in carriage, or of diversification in the qualities of grain. Similarly, and for the like reason, we exchange with them almost equal quantities of coal."

Such being the state of this trade, it is a wonder that it does not occur to Congress that the United States carries on the trade at a great disadvantage; that American citizens enter on the race with the unequal weight of burthensome duties. The remedy is a very simple one: it is to be found in the example of Canada, which makes this trade free, on her side. The extent to which the discrimination of the American tariff is carried

in favour of raw produce, when it is not such as Canada produces, may be illustrated by a single article, though it is one which has undergone a certain process of manufacture, but which occasionally enters into other manufactures. Carbolic acid, when used for chemical and manufacturing purposes, is admitted free of duty; when it is used as a medicine to combat disease, it is subject to a duty of ten per cent.; and when it is used as a disinfectant to stay the approach of disease, it pays a duty of twenty per cent. This is the sliding scale of discrimination in favour of manufactures, and against one of the best guarantees of human existence. We are not enquiring whether it be more important that a nation should manufacture certain articles than preserve the lives of its people from the ravages of disease, but whether Congress does not contravene its own general policy in the heavy duties it levies on the raw products of Canada.

We find in that general policy a sufficient answer to the assumption that Canada ought to admit American manufactures duty free, on condition that Congress will restore our raw products to the free list, on which they found a place during the existence of the Reciprocity Treaty. In making this proposal, Americans ask us to do precisely the contrary of what they do themselves. That alone would not be any sufficient reason against compliance; but amid all their economical errors, the practice of the United States is, on this point, and where Canada is not interested, mainly correct. It is our own policy: one to which we have adhered for twenty years, and from which we now have no reason to depart. We levy duties for revenue, and for no other purpose; while the high and sometimes prohibitive tariff of the United States has not alone that object in view.

Canada desires to establish a closer commercial connection with the United States; but desirable as is that object, she cannot pursue it at the expense of all other countries. A demand for a commercial and financial connection, in the shape of a Zollverein, involves more than can be surrendered to any prospect of trading advantages. In spite of appearances which seem to negative any immediate hope of putting the commerce of the two countries on a better footing, there are no sufficient reasons for despairing that the time is not far distant when something may be done in this direction. Since the Treaty of Washington was concluded, evidences of a better feeling have been apparent. The recent Conference at St. Louis contrasted, in this respect, favourably with the Detroit Convention, held during the American civil war. When it comes to be thoroughly understood, by all parties in the Republic, that politics and commerce must be kept entirely distinct, there will be a better prospect of improved commercial relations than at present exists. Against the proposed International Commission there is nothing to be said: it may result in good, and can do no possible harm.

ONE WOMAN'S VALENTINE.

BY L. M.

I WOULD not have you love me, because you think me fair—
The fairest one in all the world, I cannot hope to be;
A fairer maid some day you'll meet, and then how could I bear
To see her brighter beauty claim the love once vowed to me?

Say not you love, because I'm good, or I must dread your changing,
For one of greater worth may come and drive me from your breast;
If 'tis goodness wins your heart, you may find excuse for ranging;
Loving good till better comes, and still seeking for the best.

And love me not because I'm wise, or witty, grave, or gay,
Or for any other gift or grace that is not *me*, though mine;
For if the charm should vanish, as it might, perchance, some day,
Your love would follow, seeking it where'er it seemed to shine.

But love me for myself, spite of faults and contradictions,
The good and ill, and dark and bright, around my nature twined;
To justify your truth, seek for no poetic fictions,
And let your heart, not fancy, a cause for loving find.

Never call my face the fairest, only let it be the dearest,
Never praise me more than others, but love me best of all;
Not the first in worth or beauty, but to your heart the nearest,
Placed on no fantastic height, from whence to dread a sudden fall.

Say, "I know she is no goddess, and no angel, but a woman,
In whom blemishes and beauties are inextricably blended;
For, in this complicated web of life, which we call human,
They're so closely interwoven, naught can part them till all's ended.

"She is nothing more than mortal, but still she's all my own,
The proudest name on earth could not steal her heart from me,
And no fair nymph, that ever was to poet's vision shown,
Could unlock the subtle wards of mine—she only has the key.

"One day she stole within and softly took possession,
Every fibre folded round her, and held her close and fast,
That love taught her how to enter methinks needs no confession,
And love and truth, her only spells, shall keep it to the last."

Give me love like this, my lover, and then it will not alter,
Through clouds, and winds, and waves, its constant light will shine,
And I need not fear that heart will ever fail or falter,
Which its own strong truth makes steadfast, more than any worth of mine.

Love may vary every day, if it seeks a better reason
For lasting than the faith noble hearts keep true and pure,
But the majesty of love guards from any stain of treason
Him who in the words "I love," gives a pledge that must endure!

A NIGHT OF TERROR IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA:

A TRUE STORY: By Mrs. M. E. Muchall.

I AM growing old, my readers, and my hair once so dark and glossy is thickly lined with silver threads. My eyes, once bright and sparkling, are growing somewhat dim; and my children and grandchildren often tell me that my memory is failing fast. It may be so, but, although I cannot always recall trifling events from one day to another, I can remember as perfectly as if it had only occurred yesterday—a night of terror that I once spent in the backwoods of Canada. It was in the year that we settled in our little log house, in the township of D——. Ours was the only clearing for over a mile on either side, and the road to my brother's was merely a blazed path through a thick pine forest. Soon after we came, my husband let the clearing of a fallow to a family—Burke by name. The family consisted of seven brothers; a wild, fierce looking set of men they were, with the exception of the two youngest—Mike and John. Ulick, who was the oldest of the lot, was a remarkable looking man, with just the sort of face I have seen in pictures of Italian brigands. His features, strictly speaking, were handsome, but his expression was villanous. He was an awful tyrant to his brothers, that is, to all but the one next in age to himself. On Pat he lavished all the fierce love of his nature, and a word from him would have the effect of calming down Ulick's wildest gusts of passion which, on the slighest provocation, broke out and vented themselves on anything or anybody that came in his way.

Often when he came over of an evening to sit with Isabella, my servant, with whom he was no favourite, would he question her about our affairs; whether we kept much ready money in the house, and where we stored the silver plate, which he one day caught sight of when she was cleaning it. It was her opinion that he was a desperate character, and that he was an escaped convict. For my own part I always felt an instinctive dread of the bold stare he never failed to bestow on me, if by any chance I entered the kitchen while he was in it, which I did as seldom as possible if I knew he was there.

Once he sent a message to the effect that he was ill and would like me to go over and read to him. Feeling sorry for his suffering I immediately made a little custard for his dinner, and was just crossing the garden on my way to the shanty, which stood at the foot of it, when I met Isabella, who had been out carrying a lunch to my husband. I mentioned to her my errand. No sooner did she hear it than she said—

"Wait till the master comes in, Mem, or let me take the custard over myself."

"But, Isabella, the poor man wishes me to read to him. He sent word by Mike that he was all alone; the men are busy in the fallow."

"All the more reason for you to stay at home, Mem. I know that man better than you do; the chances are that he is not sick at all; 'tis only an excuse to get you over there just to frighten you, for he knows right well that you dislike him; and I can see by the way he looks at you that he hates you for it, and would like dearly to play some trick on you."

Of course I gave up all idea of going after hearing this, and from that hour my dread of Ulick Burke increased greatly. I looked forward anxiously to the time when our fallow would be chopped, and the shanty rid of its rough inmates.

It was in the early part of the month of February that business of importance obliged my husband to take a journey to C——a town, some miles from home, and in those days it was a journey which involved both fatigue and delay. In the house we had no man-servant, not even a boy, so that Isabella was my only protection in my lonely dwelling in the wilderness. My brother's house, as I before mentioned, was over a mile away, and John's departure was so sudden that we had no time to let him know about it.

All day long after I parted with my dear husband I felt oppressed with a vague sense of coming danger, which rather increased than diminished as night closed in. Often through the day I cast a longing look at the dark pine woods which belted us in like a great black wall, and felt sorry that I had not ventured through them to my brother's, as I knew how gladly he would have welcomed me. Never had the wind sounded so mournfully in my ears as it did on that February evening, as it moaned and sighed through the tall pine trees, or blew in fitful and angry gusts across our clearing. Ulick and some of the other brothers had that day gone down to P—— to purchase supplies of pork, whiskey and tobacco. It was about nine o'clock when the harsh voices of the men shouting to their tired oxen broke upon my ear, and as they drove into the yard loud words and horrid oaths showed only too plainly that they were by no means sober. After a time, however, I heard nothing more, and hoping that they had gone quietly to bed for the night I was just rising to tell Isabella that I wanted her to sleep in the little room next to my own, when raising my eyes towards the window I caught sight of a face pressed close against it, which, even in my terror, I recognized as Ulick Burke's. Fortunately I had sufficient command over myself not to scream, though my knees knocked together with fright. I rose up at once and staggered rather than walked into the kitchen. Isabella was sitting with her back towards me, and before she caught sight of my ghastly face the door opened, and in walked Ulick. He closed the door carefully behind him, and stepping up directly in front of me fixed his dark gleaming eyes upon my face with a leering expression of triumph that sent every drop of blood up to my heart. I could not articulate a single word ; a deadly fear crept over me more than once. I tried to speak but the words died away on my lips.

"What brings you here so late, Ulick? The fire is out in the shanty, I reckon, and you are wanting a coal to kindle it," said Isabella, coolly.

"The fire is not out," he replied, slowly, without removing his eyes from my face, but I knew the master went away this morning, so I just stepped in to sit a while with your mistress and you. 'Tis a lonesome thing for two helpless women to be by themselves in the bush, let me tell you." As he ceased speaking he drew a chair to the fire and sat down.

Isabella sat behind him so that I could see her face, while he could not. She answered my imploring look by making signs to me, not to show so plainly how terrified I really was. Then turning round she said—

"The mistress and myself are obliged to you, Ulick, but did not you know we expect the master every minute? I thought it was himself when you opened the door."

He laughed a low, scornful, mocking laugh and again fixed his eyes on me as he said—

"You may spare your looks then, for he started about noon for C——. It'll be some time before you see him again ; perhaps never."

"Sure," she answered, quickly "did he not leave them papers that he was going about behind him, and the Missis told me herself that he could do nothing without them, so we would see him back this very night for them. It

is for him that I built on this big fire, and don't you see the tea pot waiting to give him a hot cup of tea after his ugly walk."

"May be I can keep you from the trouble of sitting up any longer," he said, with a leer of ill-disguised triumph on his dark face. "I saw him about eleven o'clock this morning, and he was just then leaving for C—— ; he gave me this scrap of writing for her."

And he pointed over to where I stood. All hope of rescue now died completely out of my heart, and I vainly tried to decipher the note which he had placed in my hand.

Had he only believed Isabella's story I knew he would not have ventured to remain ; but I saw no hope now. I shook and trembled all over; I could scarcely stand up.

"Ulick, have you been fighting over at the shanty?" suddenly exclaimed Isabella.

"Yes, that we have," he replied, fiercely, and I tell you there will be blood spilt yet. Kelly and Pat have had a fight. The boys got at the whiskey, and have not left one drop in the jar. Knives were drawn more than once this evening. Pat is lying half dead in the shanty ; it will be the worse for the next one that lays a finger on him, and I told them so before I left the house."

Then walking up to me he seized my hand in a vice-like grasp, saying as he did so—

"I have a long score to settle with you. I kept quiet till the master left ; he told me weeks ago he would be going away for a few days this month. I hardly cared to wait so long, but there's an old saying, and a true one : 'Wrath keeps warm with nursing.' You are in my power at last, and I'll try and pay you off, my fine lady, for the shy looks you bestowed on me whenever I came about the place."

Suddenly Isabella passed me and flew towards the glass door, which opened out of the parlour into the garden. The shanty stood at the foot of the garden. Thinking that her courage had at last given way, I gave vent to one low wail of terror and despair as I felt myself alone with a murderer, and I closed my eyes to shut out Ulick Burke's face from my sight, while I lifted my heart and soul in prayer, not for deliverance from that terrible man but, for pardon and forgiveness for all the sins I had committed against my Maker and my Judge.

"Ulick ! Ulick ! for the love of heaven run ; they are murdering Pat. Don't you hear his awful screams ? I heard them from the kitchen, and ran out to listen."

Entirely deceived by the excited manner of the girl, as she stood crying and wringing her hands imploring him to make haste, Ulick released his iron grip from my hands, and without uttering one word, hurried out of the house in the direction of the shanty. Quick as thought Isabella dragged a heavy chest across the door, which she next fastened by slipping the prong of fork above the latch, nailing down the windows also. All this was accomplished in a shorter time than I can write it down. I could render her no assistance ; all I did was to cover my face with my hands and sob convulsively. My whole frame seemed powerless from terror.

"Oh, Isabella," I whispered at last, "what will those frail fastenings avail against that terrible man, should he return enraged at the trick you have played upon him."

Without answering my question, she pointed in the direction of the glass door.

"I know it cannot be secured," was the remark I made.

"I would not fasten that door if I could, Mem, for, as yourself says, it would take strong bolts and bars to keep yon creature out of the house ; but listen to me, and I will tell you what to do if he comes back, and I am right sure he will sooner or later. The very moment that Ulick Burke sets foot across this floor just leave me to talk to him while you open that door and go across to the shanty."

"What, Isabella, among all those drunken men?"

"Never mind, let them be drunk or sober, all you have to do is to place yourself nnder their protection, and appeal to their honour as Irishmen; that will be enough to ensure your safety. There are six of them there, and out of that number four of them would stand up and fight for you. I am right sure neither Mike nor Larry, nor John, nor Terry would stand by and see you injured by Ulick, for barring Pat they all hate him. Promise me you will do it, for it is your only chance of escape.

"But what would become of you, my brave Isabella."

"I am not afraid to face death in any form, if it must come, but I would sell my life dearly to yon ruffian," was her calm reply.

What a long, weary night that was; we dared not go to bed; our fire after a time burnt down, and we were afraid to open the door to get wood for it, so that long before the dawn broke we were shivering with cold, as well as fear. Very often did I grasp Isabella's arm, and utter a cry of horror, as I fancied I heard his step at the door, or saw his terrible face peering in through the window. But a merciful Providence watched over us in our unprotected loneliness, for he did not return again.

Isabella found out from his brother John, who came in to do a few little chores about the house, that enraged at Ulick's brutal treatment of Mike they had all vowed to revenge themselves on him, by binding him down with a strong rope directly he entered the shanty again, and that they would have given him a fine thrashing too only Pat begged so hard for them not to do it. John did not seem aware that Ulick had visited us during the time he was out of the shanty, and Isabella did not enlighten him. Directly after dinner I made Isabella walk over with me to my brother's, as I was determined not to remain another night with the risk of Ulick Burke paying us another visit. G—— welcomed me most kindly, and gave Isabella a shake-down with their own servant. I did not tell him our adventure, but merely said that I felt it very lonely while F—— was away. He often quizzed me about being afraid to stay in my own house with no less than seven men living close beside me.

Since that time, my readers, I have encountered many dangers. I have been in peril by fire; in peril by water; in peril by storm; and in peril by sickness: but never do I recollect feeling so utterly devoid of courage as I did when standing face to face with Ulick Burke, with no one to help me but brave Isabella Gordon.

TO AN INDIAN'S SKULL.

BY ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

AND art thou come to this at last,
Great Sachem of the forest vast!
E'en thou who wert so tall in stature,
And modelled in the pride of Nature!
Towered like the stag's thy haughty head,
Fleet as the roebuck's was thy tread;
Thine eye as bright as burning day,
In battle a consuming ray.
Tradition links thy name with fear,
And warriors hold their breath to hear
What mighty deeds by thee were done,
What battles by thy prowess won!
The glory of thy tribe wert thou,
But where is all thy glory now?

Where now's the heart that did imbibe
The wild traditions of thy tribe,
Till by thy race's wrongs thy blood
Was kindled to a fiery flood,
And the dread war-whoop raised again,
Down rushing on the peopled plain,
Thou stoodest among heaps of slain?

Like us, thou hadst thy hopes and fears,
Like us, thou hadst thy smiles and tears,
Wast warmed by kindness, chilled by hate,
Had'st enemies, for thou wast great;
And showed'st thyself the mate indeed,
Of those who boast a gentle creed,
Repaying wrong with blood and gall,
And glorying in thy rival's fall,
Like any Christian of us all.

What though a brutish life was thine,
Thou still hadst gleams of the Divine,
A sense of something undefined,
A presence, an Almighty Mind.
The dark woods all around thee spread,

The azure curtain overhead,
The soaring, thunder-stricken pine,
And the cathedral elms divine,
The dismal swamp, the hemlock hoar,
The cataract's everlasting roar,
The viewless winds which rushed to wake
The spirit of Ontario's lake—
Did they not wake a sense sublime,
And tell of an eternal clime
Which stretches beyond death and time?

Did'st thou not seek, like me, to know
Whence come we, whither do we go?—
A riddle, savage soul, to thee,
A riddle yet unsolved by me!
From the unknown we issued out,
With mystery compassed round about,
Each with his burden on his back,
To follow in the destined track;
With weary feet to toil and plod
Through Nature back to Nature's God.

THE RECENT STRUGGLE IN THE PARLIAMENT OF ONTARIO.

BY A BY-STANDER.

THE recent struggle in the Parliament of Ontario may safely be called singular, since one of its incidents was the technical concurrence of the Government in an address embodying a vote of no-confidence. But this was only one of the curiosities of the situation. The course of events raised several questions of real interest, on which we will endeavour briefly to touch in an impartial spirit.

When the new Parliament met, eight seats out of the eighty-two were vacant, six of them owing to the avoidance of elections under the stern rule of the new election law. The Government professed to expect an accession of strength from the re-elections; and whether well founded or not, this profession must be assumed to have been sincere, since otherwise the conduct of the Ministers in attempting to retain office after a virtual vote of no-confidence would have been not only unconstitutional but insane. In the meantime the numbers of the two parties were as nearly equal as possible; and when the hostile armies first approached each other in the election of a Speaker, the great object of their manœuvres seemed to be not to

secure an illustrious office, but to avoid sacrificing a sure vote. At the opening of Parliament the Ministers must have believed that they had the control of the House, independently of the coming elections; had they doubted this, their obvious course would have been to summon Parliament in the first instance only for the election of a Speaker who might receive the report of the judges and issue the new writs; and then to move an adjournment till the number of the House should be complete; or, if it was desirable to proceed with ordinary business, they might have appealed to their opponents for a postponement of party questions till the balance of parties should have been decided. No leader of an Opposition could have refused to respond to such an appeal. The Speech from the Throne, if not postponed, might have been drawn up in conformity with this course.

The Government, however, felt itself strong enough to open the session for general business and to put into the mouth of the Lieutenant-Governor a speech of the ordinary kind, claiming credit for the success of the Administration, and thereby submitting the conduct of Ministers to the judgment of the House and challenging a vote of no-confidence. The leaders of the Opposition at once swooped upon their prey. They had strong grounds for believing that the Government had not, on any party question, the control of the House; and they were certainly assured that there was one question on which it would be deserted by some of its general supporters and laid open to defeat. That question was the policy embodied in an Act passed by the last Parliament, in which the Ministers had been very strong, to enable the Government to dispose of a fund of a million and a half in subsidizing railroads, under specified conditions, but without the further intervention of the Legislature. The leader of the Opposition accordingly moved the following amendment to the Address:—

"But we feel bound to take the earliest opportunity of informing your Excellency that we regret the course taken by the Legislative Assembly last session under the guidance of your present Ministers in reference to the large powers given to the Executive as to the disposition of the Railway Aid Fund, and to state that in our opinion the proposal of the Government to grant aid to any railway should be submitted for the approval or rejection of the Legislative Assembly, so as not to leave so large a sum as $1,500,000 at the disposal of the Executive without a vote of this House appropriating the same to particular works."

Against this motion the case of the Government, it would seem, in argument at least, was strong. The policy assailed in the amendment might be good or bad, consistent or inconsistent with the due control of Parliament over the public funds; but it could hardly be said to be any longer the policy of the Government in such a sense as to make it the proper ground of a vote of censure. It was the policy of the last Parliament, undeniably constitutional since it was embodied in an Act passed by a constitutional legislature in a constitutional form, and though subject to repeal or amendment by the successors of the Assembly which had passed the Act, not subject to their censure. That the Ministers had done anything except in pursuance of the Act, the amendment did not allege; nor did it allege that in the exercise of their legal powers they had generally, or in any specific instance, been influenced by corrupt motives, though imputations of that kind were thrown out in debate. The Ministry might have said—"If we have done anything either illegal or corrupt, state what it is, and found your censure on the statement, that your charge may be brought to the proof. If you dislike the Act, move its repeal; and if you are successful, we shall have to consider whether the Act was essential to our policy and whether its repeal will compel us

to retire. But it is not competent for you to censure the late Parliament, and it appears that you have no facts to go upon in censuring us. The wording of your motion, bespeaking your embarrassment, is in fact our acquittal!" In this line of argument the Government would probably have carried with them independent members, if any such there were, anxious only for the interest of Parliamentary government and for the public service. Parliaments must respect in their predecessors the authority of which they are themselves the heirs, or all authority will be lost.

Perhaps the case may even be put more strongly. The word "regret" applied in the amendment to the course taken by the late Parliament was clearly equivalent to "censure"; and the censure was coupled with a suggestion that the Parliament had allowed itself to be misguided by the Ministers, which, though introduced for an obvious reason, aggravated the irregularity. It may be doubted whether the Speaker, if appealed to against the introduction of the motion on the ground that it was not competent for a Parliament to censure its predecessor, could have refused to listen to the appeal. The appeal would at all events have placed the objection in a strong light.

Instead, however, of taking this broad ground, which could hardly have failed to give them a victory in debate, the Government, after some boggling about forms, rather discouraging to a party in presence of the enemy, moved, through an unofficial member a resolution "That inasmuch as one-tenth of the constituencies of the Province remain at this time unrepresented in this House * * * * * * * * it is inexpedient further to consider the question involved in the amendment till the said constituencies are duly represented on the floor of this House." The ground thus taken may have been recommended by some strategical advantage invisible to a bystander; but in itself it seems equivocal and weak. Did the Minister mean that the House was incompetent to transact business unless all the constituencies were represented? Such a doctrine, untenable in itself as it would consign most legislatures to a chronic state of suspended animation, was doubly untenable in the mouth of the Minister who, notwithstanding the eight vacancies, had just opened Parliament with all the usual forms for the transaction of general business. Or did the Minister mean that it was inexpedient that a party division should take place and that the Government should change hands till, by the arrival of the eight members, the balance of parties should be finally decided? This was a perfectly tenable position, for nothing can be worse for the State than indecisive faction fights and frequent changes of Government. But it was a position which the Government had abandoned, and which could be recovered only by a frank confession of the original error and an appeal, which, if obviously made in good faith could hardly have been rejected, to the paramount interests of the public service. The shortness of the respite required would have been a good answer to any imputation of clinging to office on mercenary grounds.

The calculations of the Opposition proved correct. The resolution of the Government was rejected by a majority of eight (40-32) and the amendment moved by the leader of the Opposition was finally carried by seven (40-33). One of the Ministers now, regarding the vote as a virtual vote of no-confidence, performed a duty which is perhaps the most distasteful that a man of honour in public life can be called upon to perform by announcing to the House his individual resignation and leaving his colleagues under fire. The reputation of Lord Russell has never recovered his abandonment of his colleagues in face of the vote of censure moved by Mr. Roebuck in consequence of the miscarriages in the Crimean war. But Lord Russell was gener-

ally believed to have acted from selfish motives; and the community, while it justly visits with the severest penalties any want of chivalrous fidelity on the part of a public man towards his associates in the Government, is bound, as it tenders its own highest interests, to protect a conscientious act against sinister imputations till something occurs to show that the imputations are well founded.

The rest of the Ministers kept their places, as the Premier, in debate, had in effect announced that they would. In so doing they appear to have been justified by the general rules of public life. The Opposition had endeavoured in debate to give the amendment to the address the character of a general vote of no-confidence. But its effect, whatever that might be, was in reality confined to a particular measure; and this limitation seemed to be essential to its success in the judgment of those by whom it was brought forward. Whether a particular measure is vital to the policy of the Government, and the defeat of it fatal, is a question, the decision of which must, it is apprehended, rest entirely with the Ministry themselves. They will exercise their discretion subject to the penalty, in case of improper retention of office, of immediate loss of reputation with the moral certainty of a speedy and more ruinous overthrow. But it is a false sense of honour which leads a Government to throw up the reins when defeated on any question not really of a vital kind. In so doing the Ministers not only betray the particular principles which they represent and the party whose cause is confided to their hands and by whose exertions they have been placed in power, but they injure the whole community, which has an interest, superior to all party objects, in the stability of government. The Parliamentary history of England furnishes a case in point in the hasty and somewhat petulant resignation of the Russell Ministry on a secondary question in 1852, which led to the ephemeral government of a minority with fruitless faction fights and much degradation of the character of public men. To challenge a direct vote of no-confidence seems to be the general duty of a Minister who believes that he is still at the head of the majority or even that the adverse division which has taken place is far from a fair measure of the strength of his party.

The Opposition now proceeded to move as a further amendment of the address that "The House has no confidence in the Ministry which is attempting to carry out in reference to the control of the said fund of half a million, an usurpation fraught with danger to public liberty and constitutional government." This was obviously nothing but a repetition in effect of the first amendment, framed with the same object of catching stray votes upon the railway question, and open to the same criticism, since it did not allege that the Government had done anything contrary to law or with corrupt intent. "Usurped" a power could not be which, however undesirable, had been duly conferred by the Legislature, and the other epithets, even if applicable to the conduct of the Parliament which passed the Act, could not be applicable to the conduct of the Ministers so long as they were merely obeying the law. This second amendment was, however, tendered and accepted as a general motion of no-confidence. The Government met it by a resolution pledging them, in deference to the expressed opinion of the House, to take no action under the Railway Act without the concurrence of Parliament, but deprecating a decision of the question of confidence till the eight members should have arrived. It has been already said that this was ground in itself perfectly tenable, but which had been abandoned by the Government, and which could be recovered only by resorting to the avowal and appeal before indicated, and at the same time expressing the utmost respect for the authority of the House and the principles of constitutional government.

In the division upon this second amendment the Government was defeated by a majority of one (37-36.) A tie was claimed on the side of the Government, on the ground that the Speaker was a Ministerialist. If the Speaker's constituency was Ministerial, the Ministerial party was entitled to the benefit of that fact. But no one can reckon the Speaker's vote. He leaves not only party connection but personal opinion behind him when he ascends the chair. Even when called upon to give his casting vote, he gives it not in the interest of his party or of his own opinions, but in the interest of legislation. If the measure is in its final stage he votes against it, that it may not pass without a clear majority; if it is not in its final stage he votes for it, in order that it may not be withdrawn from further consideration. Such at least was the view expressed in the writer's hearing by a Speaker of the British House of Commons, who mentioned at the same time that Mr. Abbot being called upon to give his casting vote upon Mr. Whitbread's motion of censure against Lord Melville, and being a man of nervous temperament, asked the leave of the House to retire for the purpose of considering his course, and after having been absent for some time returned and voted wrong.

Tie or no tie, it would seem that the Ministers ought now to have resigned. They had manifestly lost the control of the House, and with it the chance of obtaining an adjournment till the re-elections. There had been unequivocal symptoms among their supporters of failing confidence and wavering allegiance. It was manifest that in no subsequent division were they likely to command so large a following or to have the opportunity of retiring with so good a grace and so fair a prospect of retrieving their fortunes in case the new elections should result in their favour. If a constitutional Government has ever retained office after a direct vote of no-confidence or anything equivalent to one, it has been because the Ministers were avowedly about to appeal to the country against the decision of the House. Such was the case with the first Government of Mr. Pitt during its memorable retention of office in face of an adverse majority in the House of Commons; such was the case with the Government of Lord Palmerston when censured by Parliament on the question of the China war. A dissolution was threatened by a reputed organ of the Government; but that idea cannot have been seriously entertained. The prerogative of dissolution is questionable at best, since it enables a Minister to hold over all the members of the House the penalty of pecuniary loss and personal annoyance. But to prevent it from becoming a prerogative of tyranny or anarchy it must be limited by the rules which the experience of British statesmen has practically imposed, and which would have clearly forbidden the Ministers of Ontario to appeal by dissolution to the country against a Parliament recently elected under their own auspices, at a time of their own choosing and with all the influence of Government on their side.

Instead of resigning however, the Ministers brought down in answer to the Address a message from the Lieutenant-Governor ignoring the general expression of no-confidence and stating in regard to the Railway Fund, which was assumed to be the sole subject of complaint, that the Government had done nothing except in accordance with the Act, which the House was at liberty, if it thought fit, to repeal. This was in itself true, pertinent, and in fact a complete answer to the paragraph in the Address. But it came too late. The general question of confidence had been debated on both sides. The doom of the Ministry was sealed.

The Opposition at once moved a string of resolutions condemning the remaining Ministers for continuing to hold office against the expressed opinion of the House and concluding with a threat of stopping the supplies. The combination by which

the Ministers were supported now broke up. The Government was defeated by nineteen (44-25), and on such occasions the division list is generally an inadequate measure of the disaster.

The large number of seats vacant in proportion to the total number of the House formed the ruling feature of the situation and must be regarded as the key, throughout, to the conduct of the Ministers. Such conjunctures are so likely to occur under the new election law in the case of a small Assembly that it would seem desirable to agree to deal with them by some settled mode.

The debate, though not unrelieved by vigorous and effective speeches, was on the whole somewhat rambling and inconclusive; members travelling over the whole case for or against the Government, as though they had been on the hustings, with little regard to the specific question before them or to the successive phases of the situation. This was in favour of the Opposition, whose policy it was, under cover of a censure upon the Railway Act, to make a general attack on the Government, and against the interest of the Ministers, whose aim it should have been to to pin the Opposition to the only issue which it had ventured to raise, and on which the Ministers had it in their power to make a conclusive reply. A victory in debate is far from ensuring a victory on the division; but a victory in debate is worth having, and it appeared to be eminently so on this occasion.

The debate at times grew somewhat personal, but on the whole, during the main discussion, good humour and courtesy were well preserved, considering that the occasion was most exciting and that few of the members had undergone such a Parliamentary seasoning as has been undergone by a large proportion of the members of the British House of Commons, which, nevertheless, on similar occasions is not free from heated language and clamorous demonstrations. In the sequel, however, a scene of lamentable violence occurred. There can be no hesitation in saying that the Speaker erred in attempting to make a personal explanation from the Chair. But, on the other hand, the right course was not to stop his mouth, but to wait till he had disclosed the nature of his intended communication and then to call his attention to the rule. The error was merely one of form, involving no practical injustice, while the occasion was one of a kind which appeals to the sympathies of all right-minded men. The charge against the Speaker's character, which he desired to repel, being anonymous, might well have been left unnoticed. It ought to be universally understood that an anonymous accusation can affect no man's honour, and that if he notices it at all it is only because he regards the repression of calumny as a duty owed to the public. But at the same time this age, in which we all contend so anxiously for position and notoriety, is becoming a little indifferent to questions of honour.

Scenes of violence are especially to be deplored in the case of a young legislature. The immemorial majesty of the British Parliament is comparatively little affected by occasional escapades, the discredit of which falls more on the members who are guilty of them, than on the institution. But the Parliament of Ontario has not yet had time to take root in the reverence of the people, nor will it ever take root, if it fails to cultivate the self-control which alone can entitle it to popular respect.

On this occasion, and indeed throughout the crisis, the want was sensibly felt of one or two independent members, invested by their character and experience with authority to mediate between parties in the extremity of conflict and to enforce a paramount regard for the public service. But when the tenure of public life is so short, such members can hardly find a place.

In addition to the generally electric state of the Parliamentary atmosphere after such

a struggle, special exasperation had been created against the Speaker by the unexpected announcement that he had taken office in the new Government. This arrangement is said to have been partly dictated by the necessity of giving a representation in the Ministry to the district from which the Speaker belonged. A calamitous necessity! If local considerations are allowed to prevail in the election of members and the composition of Cabinets, farewell to our hopes of Canadian statemanship! What would become of the statesmanship of England if such local limitations were permitted to prevail; if Mr. Gladstone were to be excluded from Parliament because he happens to reside in a Conservative district, and if in choosing his Cabinet he were compelled to have regard not to administrative capacity but to geographical divisions? In a dark age of the English Constitution an Act was passed confining the choice of the electors to persons resident within the county or borough; but the good sense of the nation ignored the Act; it became a dead letter, and at last was formally repealed. If all the members of the British Cabinet were taken from a single district, nobody would be so foolish as to object, provided the appointments were unobjectionable on other grounds. In the United States, on the other hand, local considerations are allowed to prevail; in the election of members of the legislature the people cling to them with the most slavish tenacity; they greatly fetter the President in the selection of his Cabinet; and this is one of the main causes of the dearth in that country of public men known and trusted generally as statesmen.

It is a peculiarity of the Ontario Parliament very interesting to political observers, that it has only one chamber. Nothing happened in the course of this crisis tending to show that a second chamber was necessary or desirable. On the contrary, had there been two chambers, one popular and representing the present state of public opinion, the other less popular, and representing rather a past state of public opinion, with a majority for the Ministry in one and for the Opposition in the other, serious complications might have ensued. We might have had a dead lock like that which was produced in one of the Australian Colonies by a collision between two chambers. As it is, after a sharp and decisive struggle, a new Government has emerged, possessing apparently full control over the House, and legislation will quietly resume its course. The conflicts of parties are sure to be violent enough without adding to them the rivalries of chambers.

In the course of the debate many charges of corruption and of the use of improper influence were thrown out against the Ministers; but the only one brought to a definite issue was a charge implicating two leading members of the commercial world in an alleged conspiracy to force a member of the Opposition to resign his seat by bringing to bear on him commercial pressure. In this case the two gentlemen accused sent in a full and detailed correction of the statement, which was frankly accepted. On the subject of corruption, however, and the cognate subject of faction, we may find occasion hereafter to speak in a more general way, and with less risk of appearing to point our remarks against any particular Government or party.

ALEXIS.

BY JOHN READE.

THANK God for all that brings men's hearts together!
Thank God for signs that tell of world-wide peace,
When all mankind shall own a common Father,
And wars for ever cease!

Through travail sore, through sweat and strife and anguish,
We look from year to year for better days,
And, though with feverish pain we often languish,
Hope still our toil repays.

God sees the future; we see but the hour
That passes; we see but the lowly seed;
He sees the tree, the rich fruit and the flower
Ripe for His children's need.

So, as at first, beneath His forming fingers
Man rose in beauty from the flowery field,
Still His designs, though some may cry, "He lingers,"
Are, in their time, revealed.

He touches lips on which the smile of kindness
Long hovered, waking many a gentle deed—
They utter "War," and nations in their blindness
Rush forth to slay and bleed!

But lo! the fury past, they love each other
(Knowing each other) better than before,
And weep, as one, over each brave lost brother,
And meet as foes no more.

This now fair earth did once to wondering angel
Seem but a seething chaos, dark and wild;
So oft war's tumult dire is the evangel
Of peace serene and mild.

So from the stern defiance and brave meeting
Of stranger hosts by that far Euxine sea,
Came thy late presence here, and that warm greeting,
With which we welcomed thee.

For *then* we learned to prize in one another,
The manly virtues of a generous race—
Just now we grasped thy hand as of a brother,
And joyed to see thy face.

Thou wast to us a type of that great nation
Thy father rules—of what it is to be
In the fair future of our expectation,
Happy, and good, and free.

Thou wast *thyself.* Upon thy first appearing,
We saw a form, a face, that won our heart;
We heard thy simple, friendly words and, hearing,
Sorrowed that we must part.

Now thou art gone, following the path of duty—
God keep thee in it, wheresoe'er it lead!
And may'st thou ever prize the moral beauty
That makes the man indeed!

Long will we here in Canada remember
Thy manly grace lost to us far too soon;
Long will the poor recall that bleak December,
And the good Prince's boon.

And thou, O sailor-prince, when in mid-ocean
Thou lookest to the faithful northern star,
Memory may bear thee, not without emotion,
To Canada afar.

MONTREAL.

TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS

THREE SUMMER STORIES.

(Translated for THE CANADIAN MONTHLY *from the German of Theodor Storm.)*

BY TINE HUTCHISON.

[IN publishing this story, which will be followed by others of the same kind, we throw down the gauntlet to the sensation school of novelists, of which these stories are the very opposites. Rush through "In the sunshine" as you would through a sensation novel, in haste to arrive at the murder scene, and you will be utterly disappointed: read it with attention and forms of beauty will appear. It appeals, like other stories of the same class, not to the nerves, but to the taste and feelings. The reader will be the better, not the worse, for its perusal.]

I. IN THE SUNSHINE.

THE starlings were holding festival among the top branches of the great oak tree, which stood on the garden-side of a large old-fashioned house; all else was still, for it was a summer afternoon between one and two. The garden-gate opened, and a young man entered, dressed in the white gala uniform of a cavalry officer, the three-cornered plumed hat stuck on one side of his head. He cast inquisitive glances down the various paths of the garden, then stood balancing his cane between his fingers, his eyes fixed on an open window in the upper story of the house, whence, at intervals, the clattering of cups and saucers and the voices of two old gentlemen in conversation, were distinctly audible. A smile of joyful anticipation played upon his lips as he turned and slowly descended a short flight of steps. The shells, with which the broad gravelled path was strewn, grated beneath his long spurs, but soon he stepped more cautiously along, as if seeking to escape observation. Nevertheless, he did not seemed at all disconcerted by the sudden appearance of a young man in plain burgher's dress and powdered hair, who emerged from a shady by-path and came towards him. A friendly, almost tender, expression spread over both faces as they met and silently shook hands.

"The burgomaster is upstairs, and the two old gentlemen are busy at their back-gammon," said the new comer, as he pulled out a massive gold watch. "You have two full hours, so you can go and help with the accounts." With these words he pointed in the direction of a little wooden summer-house at the end of the path, supported on stakes and projecting over the river, which bounded the garden on that side.

"Thank you, Fritz; but will you not join us?"

The young burgher shook his head. "This is our post-day," he said, as he turned and went towards the house.

The young officer had taken off his hat, and the sunlight played freely on his high forehead and black unpowdered hair, as he pursued his way: and soon he reached the shade of the pavilion, which lay facing the sun. One half of the door was open; he softly crossed the threshold, but, the blinds being all closed, it was some time before his eyes, still dazzled by the bright sunshine, discerned in the dim light the figure of a young girl seated at a little marble table, and busily engaged adding up columns of figures in a folio before her. The young officer stood as if spell-bound as he gazed on the little powdered head, which, fluttering over the pages, moved from side to side as if in harmony with the stroke of her quill. After a short pause he drew his sword out of its scabbard a hand-breadth and let it fall again

with a sharp ring. A smile played for an instant around the maiden's lips, and the dark lashes were half raised from her cheeks ; but, as if suddenly remembering herself, she merely pushed back the sleeve of her deep crimson bodice, and dipped her pen afresh.

Seeing that she would not look up, the officer approached a step, and, taking hold of the quill drew it through her fingers, leaving her nails covered with ink.

" Oh, Captain !" she cried, stretching out her hand towards him. Her head was thrown back, and a pair of deep grey eyes were fixed upon him with what was intended to be a look of great indignation.

He plucked a leaf from the vine which covered the doorway, and carefully wiped her little fingers. She made no resistance, but as soon as it was done, took up her pen and resumed her occupation.

" Finish that some other time, Francisca," pleaded the young man.

She shook her head. " Our books are to be made up to-morrow, and I must have this ready," she said, without pausing in her work.

" You are the heroine of the pen."

" I am a merchant's daughter."

He laughed.

" Don't laugh. You know we have no great love for the military."

" We ! Who are the we ?"

" Well then, Constantine "—and the pen went on adding up the column from figure to figure —" by we, I mean the whole firm."

" Thou too, Francisca ?"

" Ah, me !"—and she let the pen fall and threw herself upon his breast, raising a little cloud of powder around her head. Then she passed her hand caressingly over his bright black hair, and gazing with undisguised admiration in his handsome face, she said, " How vain you are !"

From the distant town came a faint sound of military music. The eyes of the young soldier brightened.

" That is my regiment," he said, and held the maiden tighter in his arms.

She bent herself away from him, still smiling. " But it is all in vain," she said.

" Then what is to come of it ?"

She raised herself up to him on tip-toe and whispered, " A wedding !"

" But the firm, Francisca ?"

" I am my father's daughter." And she looked at him with her bright intelligent eyes.

At this moment a harsh voice, which sounded quite near, was heard proceeding from the upper story of the house. The starlings flew affrighted through the garden ; involuntarily the officer drew the young maiden closer to him.

" What is the matter ?" she said. " It is only the two old gentlemen who have finished their first game, and now they are standing at the window while papa arranges the weather for the coming week."

He looked through the open door over the sunlit garden. " Thou art mine !" he said. " Nothing shall part us."

She shook her head slowly several times ; then disengaging herself from his embrace, she pushed him towards the door. " Go away, now," she said ; " you shall not have long to wait."

He took the sweet little face in both his hands and kissed it; then went slowly out of the door, and turned aside along by a privet-hedge, which separated the garden from the steep river bank. While his eyes watched the ever-flowing water, he came to an open space where a marble statue of Flora stood, surrounded by trimly-clipped box-borders. Fragments of porcelain and strings of glass beads glistened from among the green foliage ; a strong aroma filled the air, mingled with the perfume of the Provence roses, which grew here by the wall at the end of the foot-path. In the corner, between the wall and the privet-hedge, was an arbour overgrown with luxuriant honey-suckle. The young officer unbuckled his sword and seated himself upon the little bench ; then he began to draw one letter after another with the point of his cane upon the ground, always, however, carefully obliterating them to the last stroke, as though fearful they might betray his secret. This went on for some time, till his eyes fell on the shadow of a branch of honey-suckle, at the end of which he could clearly distinguish the delicate tubes of the blossoms. As he gazed he observed something slowly crawling up the stem. He looked on for a time, then rose, and sought among the clumps of honey-suckle above him, that he might find the cluster and rescue it from the impending

danger, but the brilliant sunbeams breaking through the branches, dazzled him so that he was forced to turn away his eyes. When he had seated himself again, he saw the leafy stem as before, clearly outlined upon the sunny ground, but now a dark mass lay among the tender shadow flowers, and by spasmodic movements betrayed that it was at its deadly work. He knew not why it affected him so strangely; he struck at the writhing clump with his cane, but the summer wind passed through the thicket of branches overhead and the shadows swept together and eluded him. He had already raised his cane for another blow, when the point of a little silken slipper came in view.

He looked up; Francisca stood before him; the feather of the quill behind her ear stood off from her powdered hair like the outspread wing of a white dove. She laughed; at first inaudibly, you could only see it. He leaned back and gazed upon her with delight; she laughed so joyously, so easily; it rippled all over her like a breeze passing over a lake, nobody else laughed as she did.

"What are you doing?" she cried at last.

"Only nonsense, Francisca; I am fighting with shadows."

"You may leave that alone."

He sought to take hold of her hands, but at this moment she chanced to look towards the wall, and taking a pen-knife out of her pocket she began to cut the full blown roses from off the bushes.

"I shall make pot-pourri this evening," she said, as she carefully gathered the roses in a little heap on the ground. He looked on patiently; he knew it was useless to seek to interrupt her.

"And now?" he asked, as she shut the knife and slipped it into her pocket again.

"Now, Constantine!—to listen together to the passing hours." And so it was. In the great pear tree in front of them the bull-finches flew to and fro; deep among the foliage they heard the chirping of the nestlings; at intervals the murmur of the flowing stream fell on their half-conscious ears; stray blossoms sank now and again at their feet; the Dutch musical clock over in the house played its chime at every quarter. Gradually silence fell upon both. But at length a desire to hear the beloved name uttered aloud, overcame him.

"Francisca!" he murmured half to himself.

"Constantine!"

And, as if surprised after the long stillness by her voice, and discovering a fresh charm it its sound, he said, "You should sing, Francisca!"

She shook her head. "You know that is not for a burgher's daughter."

He did not speak for a moment; then, taking hold of her hand, he said: "Don't talk in that way, not even in jest. You know you had once lessons from the organist; what do you mean?"

She looked at him gravely, but soon a bright glance flashed from her eyes. "Oh!" she cried, "don't look so serious! I'll tell you what it is—I am too clever at book-keeping."

He laughed, and she joined with him. "Are you not too clever for me, Francisca?"

"Perhaps—you don't know how!" And as she spoke a different and deeper tone came into her voice. "When you were first quartered here," she continued, "and lived with my brother Fritz, I was quite a little school-girl. Often when I came home in the afternoon, I would steal into the hall and stand near when you practised your fencing. But you never took the least notice of me; indeed, once, when your foil struck my pinafore, you said: 'Go and sit in the window, child!' Oh, you don't know what hard words these were! Then I began to fall on all sorts of plans, and when companions came to play with me, I would try to get one of the other girls—I could never do it myself—to ask you to join in our games; and then, when you stood amongst us—"

"Well, then, Francisca!"

"Then I ran past you so often that at last you could not help catching hold of me by my white dress."

She had become crimson. He laid his fingers between hers and held them tightly clasped. After a pause she looked up timidly into his face and asked: "Did you never notice anything of it?"

"Oh, yes; at last!" said he, "you know you grew up at last."

"And then—tell me how it all happened?" He looked full at her, as if seeking to read in her face whether he durst speak. "Who knows," said he, "if it would ever have come to anything? But the burgomaster's wife once said"—

"Oh, do go on, Constantine!"

"No; to please me, just walk once up the path first!" She obeyed. Gathering the cut roses into her apron, without a word, she carried them to the summer house, and soon emerged empty-handed from the door. She had pretty little feet, and a light step, but as she walked a very slight movement of the knees against her dress was observable. The young man followed this motion, little graceful though it might be, with delighted eyes, and scarce was conscious when his beloved again stood before him.

"Well," she enquired, "what did the burgomaster's wife say? Or was it one of her seven daughters?"

"She said"—and he let his eyes glide slowly up the graceful figure—"she said: 'Miss Francisca is a pleasant person; but she walks like a water-wagtail.'"

"Oh! you!"—and Francisca pressed her hands together and looked down upon him with a beaming face.

"After that," he continued, "I could not keep my eyes off you, but was obliged to look at you whenever you walked or moved about.

She still stood before him, silent and motionless.

"What is it?" he asked. "What makes you look so proud and haughty?"

She said, "It is only happiness!"

"Oh! a whole world of happiness!" and with both arms he drew her down towards him.

It was another time, some sixty years later; but it was again a summer afternoon, and the roses blossomed as of yore. In the upstairs room, overlooking the garden, sat an old lady. She held a steaming coffee-cup in her lap, on which a snowy handkerchief was spread; yet, to-day, she seemed to forget her accustomed beverage, for only at long intervals, and in an absent manner, she raised the cup to her lips.

At a little distance, opposite her sofa, sat her grandson, a young man in the full bloom of youth. His head rested upon his hand, and his gaze was fixed on some family miniatures which hung in silver frames above the sofa—his grandfather, great grandparents, Aunt Francisca, the grandfather's sister,—all were dead long ago, he had never known them. His eyes wandered from one to the other as they had done often before, during the quiet afternoon hours he spent beside his grandmother. On Aunt Francisca's portrait the colours seemed to be the least faded, although she had died before her parents, and long before her brother. The crimson rose in her powdered hair looked as fresh as if new-plucked, and the blue enamelled locket, which hung from a dark ribbon down upon her breast, was clear and bright against the deep crimson of the bodice. The young man's eyes were riveted by a strange fascination on these scant relics of a by-gone life. He gazed on the tender oval of the little face with feelings approaching to reverence. The old garden, as he remembered it as a boy, arose before his imagination; he saw her wandering among the strange old-fashioned box borders; he heard the tread of her little shoe on the gravelled path, and the rustle of her dress. But the form he had thus conjured up remained alone, the solitary occupant of that verdant spot, which was before his mind's eye. The companions, who might once have gathered around her, the daughters of the old patrician houses, the lover who sought her among the winding garden paths, he had no power to call up again. "Who knows her story?" he murmured to himself; the little locket looked to him like a seal on the breast of her now so long buried.

The grandmother put down her cup on the little window-table. She had heard the sound of his voice. "Have you been in our burial vault, Martin?" she asked, "and are the repairs nearly completed?"

"Yes, grandmother."

"Everything must be put in order; we must not forget what is due to our family reputation."

"It will all be put in order," replied the grandson, "but a coffin fell in, and that has caused some delay."

"Had the rust eaten through the iron bars?"

"No, not that. It stood far back, close to the grating; the water had got into it."

"That must be Aunt Francisca's coffin," said the grandmother, after some reflection. "Was there a wreath upon it?"

Martin looked at his grandmother. "A wreath?—I don't know; I think it would be gone by this time."

The old lady slowly nodded her head, and gazed awhile before her in silence. "Yes, yes!" she said; then, as though half ashamed, "to be sure it is now more than fifty years since she was buried. Her fan—the one with the gilding and enamel—still lies in a drawer of the old wardrobe, over in the hall, though, by-the-by, I could not find it there yesterday."

The young man could not conceal a smile, which the grandmother observing, said, "I belief that mischievous bride of yours has been ransacking my old premises again; but she must not play any pranks with the fan."

"But, grandmother, when she paraded through the garden the other evening in your hooped petticoat, you would all have been jealous of her if she had appeared among you Anno '90."

"You are a vain youth, Martin."

"Well," he continued, "you must allow that she has wonderful brown eyes, and now they will come into the family gratis."

"Aye, aye," said the grandmother, "there is nothing amiss with the brown eyes, if only a good heart looks out from them. But she must take care of the fan; Aunt Francisca wore it at your grandfather's wedding. I think I see her still with the crimson rose in her hair. She did not live so very long after that. She was very fond of her brother. It was just about that time that she gave him her portrait, and all his life-time he kept it by him in his writing desk. Afterwards we hung it up here beside himself and their parents."

"She must have been very beautiful, grandmother?" asked the young man, as he looked towards the likeness.

The grandmother seemed scarce to hear the question, she said, "She was a clever woman, and very ready at her pen; all the time your grandfather was in France, and even afterwards, she helped her old father with his book-keeping; for he was a great merchant, and a member of council, before he was elected second burgomaster. She had a slender, well-proportioned figure, and your grandfather used often to tease her about her handsome hands. But she would never marry."

"Were there no young men in the town in those days, then, or was she too particular?"

"That," replied the grandmother, smoothing her lap with both hands, "that, my dear child, she took with her to her grave. They used to say, certainly, that there once was one she liked well; God knows! He was a friend of your grandfather's, and a man of high character; but an officer, and noble by birth; both grave faults in the eyes of your great grandfather, who had a strong prejudice against the military. At your grandfather's wedding the two danced together; I remember it well; they were a handsome pair. Among the people he went by the name of the Frenchman, for he had jet-black hair, and never wore it powdered except when on duty. But that was the last time, for, not long after, he left the service and bought a small property some distance from this, where he lived with an unmarried sister up to a short time after your grandfather's death."

Here the young man interrupted her: "Love affairs must have been very different in those days," he said musingly.

"Different?" repeated the grandmother, as, for a moment, she drew herself up with all her youthful vigour. "We had hearts just as you have, and our own sorrows to bear. But," she continued more gently, "what do you young folks know about those days? You have never felt the hard rule of an iron will, nor known how in an instant all grew still at play, at the most distant sound of their father's stick upon the footpath."

Martin sprang from his seat, and took hold of both his grandmother's hands.

"Well," she said, "may be after all it is better as it is now. You are happy children; but your grandfather's sister lived in other times. When we were married and occupied the ground floor of the house, she often came down beside us; sometimes she would sit for hours with your grandfather in his office, and help him with his writing. In the last year of her life, when her health began to fail, I would sometimes find her sitting over her account-books fast asleep. Your grandfather would go on quietly with his work at the opposite side of the desk, and I remember well the sad smile with which he was wont to draw my attention to his sleeping sister, when I entered the room."

The speaker paused, and sat gazing before her with wide open eyes, as she mechanically swayed her cup to and fro, and slowly sipped the last of her coffee. Then, after replacing the cup on the little table she quietly resumed

her talk. "Our old Anna was never tired of telling how lively and sociable her young lady had been in early years, she was the only one, too, of all the children, who occasionally ventured to speak a word to the father. From the time I knew her, she was quiet and reserved; especially when her father was present, she spoke no more than necessary, or only when she was addressed. What her story may have been, your grandfather never spoke about it; now they are all buried long ago.

The young man looked at the picture of his great-grandfather, and his eyes rested on the hard lines round the mouth. "He must have been a stern man," he said.

The grandmother nodded. "He exacted obedience from his sons till past their thirtieth year," she said. "That is how, up to the last, not one of them had ever really a will of his own; your grandfather often enough lamented it. He was anxious to study, as you have done, but the firm required a successor. Ay, it was very different in those days."

Martin took his grandfather's portrait from the wall. "These are kind eyes," said he.

The grandmother stretched forth her hands as if she would rise from the arm-chair, then folded them gently together. "Ah, sure, my child!" she said, "these were kind eyes! He never had an enemy,—excepting one at times —and that was himself."

The old housekeeper entered. "One of the masons is without, he wants to speak to the master."

"Go to him, Martin!" said the grand-mother.

"What is it Anna?"

"They have found something in the vault; a coin or something of that kind. The old coffins won't hold together any longer."

The grandmother sat with bowed head; then she looked all round the room and said: "Close the window, Anna! the scent is too strong; the sun is shining on the box-borders outside."

"The mistress has her strange fancies again!" muttered the old servant; for the box-borders had been removed more than twenty years before, and at the time, the boys had played at horses with the strings of beads. She made no remark, however, but shut the window as desired. Then she stood and gazed awhile through the branches of the great oak tree over to the old summer-house, whither in by-gone days she had been wont to carry the after-dinner coffee to the young people, and where her young lady had spent many an afternoon during her last illness.

The door opened and Martin entered with a hasty step. "You were right," he said, as he took Aunt Francisca's miniature from the wall, and held it, by the little silver ring, before his grandmother's eyes. "The artist was able to paint only the outer case of the locket; the transparent crystal rested upon her heart. I have asked often enough what it concealed. Now, I know; for I have power to look on the other side." And he laid a dusty ornament upon the table, which, in spite of its coating of green rust, was unmistakably the original of that in Aunt Francisca's portrait. The sunlight pierced the dim crystal and shone upon a lock of dark hair within.

The grandmother put on her spectacles in silence; then seized the locket with tremulous hands, and bowed down her head over it. At length, after some time, during which, the unquiet breathing of the old lady was the only sound audible in the still chamber, she laid it gently down, and said: "Put it back again, Martin, where they found it; it is out of place in the sunshine. And"—she added, as she carefully folded up the handkerchief on her lap, "bring your bride to me this evening! There should be a little gold chain about some of my old places, that she could wear at the wedding—we shall see how it looks with the brown eyes."

HENRY CAVENDISH.

THE following sketch of the life of Cavendish—one of the most singular impersonations of pure scientific interest the world has ever seen—is selected from a number of interesting papers collected in "Stray Leaves of Science and Folk-Lore" by Professor Scoffern (Tinsley Brothers, London) :—

It is the biographer's privilege to be present at the hearth and home of the subject of his memoir, to see his every-day performances; to chronicle his acts, without explaining to the world how the home was invaded, how the observing eye found means to cross the barrier, or the recording pen to write. I ask the reader, then, by force of will, to annihilate the last sixty years, and to imagine himself the world's denizen in 1810, and follow me.

We go to witness a death-bed scene. Clapham is the locality; the house is, at the period of this narrative, known as Cavendish House. We enter: the domicile has all the aspect of a gentleman's mansion; but its interior arrangement is so peculiar that one wonders what the owner's avocation can be. One chamber we see fitted up like a blacksmith's shop. Here are anvils, forges, tempering troughs, files, hammers, and in short almost everything that a blacksmith could require; but there are other things too, which a blacksmith would not have. Philosophical apparatus lie about in confusion. Here an air-pump taken to pieces, there a transit instrument, yonder the compensation pendulum of a clock. Vainly we look for the artificer—he is not there. Wending our way through a long corridor we open a door, and pass into a suite of noble apartments. Their aspect is equally strange with the last, but quite different. They are devoid of furniture, but filled with all sorts of chemical instruments. In one corner is a furnace, the embers of which still glow; proving that the operator has recently been there. On a large table in the centre of the room is an electrical machine; by the side of it a Leyden battery, and a curious instrument of thick glass, known at this present time by the designation of 'Cavendish's eudiometer.' But the most striking feature in the apartments is the large number of thermometers which hang upon the walls. Examining the thermometers more narrowly, we discover in them a peculiarity of construction. Their frames bear traces of home manufacture. We see none of the neatly cut figures that appear on the thermometer scales of philosophical-instrument makers, but their scales are roughly engraved. Evidently no mere amateur has done this, but one who, desirous of having his instruments correct, has known how to make them for himself. *This* is evidently a chemist's domain; but we look in vain for the chemist. No one is there.

Wandering along in our visit of exploration, we ascend a flight of stairs, and at length witness some signs of human habitation. One sitting-room, meagrely furnished, and one bedroom—no more. But perhaps the owner of the mansion, whoever he may be, prefers to live one flight higher. We ascend again, to find ourselves mistaken. All this portion of the house has been converted into an astronomical observatory, two rooms only excepted, the furniture of which sufficiently indicates their use. They belong respectively to the family domestics, a female housekeeper and a footman. Softly! we hear a noise in the observatory, and return. In our hurry, we did not thoroughly explore it. Looking more attentively, we see, half hidden behind the stand of a large telescope, a pale, infirm old man. He is intently gazing on the stars, for twilight has almost passed away. Let us not disturb him, but note his appearance and costume before the night sets in. In stature he is below the middle height; his countenance thin and very pale. His forehead is broad and intellectual. His eyes are bright and shining, but his features display no trace of sentiment or passion. He might be likened to a sculptured block of marble, were it not for the radiant intelligence of his eyes; but that radiance is peculiar. It has in it nothing of human sentiment. It is the light of the moonbeam, cold and cheerless. Our strange individual is evidently stricken in years, and his attire is that which was fashionable in his youth. Perukes even in 1810 were not *quite* unknown, but the

peruke of our strange philosopher is of very antique shape. Its curls are very tight, and the queue is of the obsolete form, known as the 'knocker pattern.' His wrists are enveloped in lace ruffles, and he wears a frill of similar material. His coat is of velvet. Its colour was originally violet, but time and use have faded it down into a sober neutral tint. Its cut is antique, but we are familiarized with it in the court-dress of the present day.

Thus much for the appearance of our illustrious stranger, for he is indeed such—illustrious even in the sense of heraldry, coming as he does of one of our most noble families. He is the grandson of a duke. He is celebrated, too, in another sense. The Honourable Henry Cavendish is one of England's most renowned philosophers: great as a chemist, great as a mathematician, great as an astronomer. No science was too expansive for the grasp of that master-mind, none too minute for the limit of its scrutiny. To weigh the earth, to unveil the mysteries of the stars, to solve the most complex lunar problems—these were the occupations of him we look upon. Henry Cavendish seems to have been born for the purpose of demonstrating the power of the human mind as a calculating machine, and of proving how little the possession of that power implies the coexistence of those sympathies which ennoble human life, rendering man, when he rightly directs them, that which poets have termed him, God's noblest work.

"The old philosopher, whom we see gazing at the orbs of the heavens, has numbered more than seventy-nine years. He, who for so many years has studied the decomposition of bodies, and predicted the advent of eclipses, who has calculated the time when comets should reappear, knows the hour of death is at hand. The mystery of death is only unveiled to those on whom eternity has dawned, to such as have stood face to face before the great Omnipotent. There is, besides, a cognate mystery, one little discussed, but the existence of which is real: the sentiment of death approaching. What that sentiment, that vague prescience may be, who knows save those who have experienced it? Who, at all conversant with death-bed scenes, especially those of aged people, can doubt that a vague sentiment of approaching dissolution is sometimes a reality—a sentiment which, though vague and undefinable, is often justified by the result, death itself speedily following, so surely as thunder succeeds the lightning? The old philosopher trembles, the telescope drops from his hand, he utters a faint scream. He feels he is about to die. His mental disturbance is but instantaneous. He gets up haggard and bleeding, for one of the telescope glasses has broken in falling, and has slightly cut him. He slowly descends from his observatory to the sitting-room, where, sinking into an arm-chair, he lays his hand upon a bell and rings it gently. A male domestic appears.

'Listen!' said Cavendish, addressing him by name. 'Have I ever commanded you to do an unreasonable thing?'

The man heard this question without much astonishment, for his master had the character (not without reason) of being an eccentric person. He replied in the negative.

'And that being the case,' continued his master, 'I believe I have a right to be obeyed.'

The domestic bowed assent.

'I shall now give you my last command, said Cavendish. 'I am going to die. I shall now retire to my chamber. There let me be alone, for I have matters to arrange. Let me be eight hours alone. Tell no one: let no one come near. When eight hours have passed, come and see if I am dead. If dead, let Lord George Cavendish know. This is my last command. Now go!'

'The servant knew, from long experience, he might not dispute his master's will. He turned to go away.

'Stay—one word,' interrupted Cavendish; 'stay—one word. Repeat your orders *exactly*.' And thereupon he caused the servant to repeat the directions previously given. Obedience was promised once more.

But the directions, even though given by an eccentric man, were too mysterious to be implicitly followed. They seemed to point to suicide; for who, not intending this, could foretell so closely the period of the great event? One, two, three hours passed away. Cavendish had retired to his apartment, and all was still. Was he dead, or still living? The man durst not ascertain; but, feeling anxious, as well he might, hurried away to London, and made the particulars of his situation known to

Sir Everard Home, the celebrated medical practitioner. Cavendish was personally known to Sir Everard—known as a mere acquaintance, no more; Cavendish had neither enemies nor friends. The intimation was so alarming that neither Sir Everard nor the man could banish entirely the idea that the philosopher's brain had become turned; that a too arduous devotion to philosophical pursuits had caused insanity. The will of Henry Cavendish, too, was noted for a certain inflexibility which nothing could swerve from a purpose once formed. If, therefore, he had set his mind on the commission of suicide at some premeditated hour, he would probably do so if not interrupted. Such were the reflections which occurred to both the servant and Sir Everard as they hurried away to Clapham.

They arrived considerably before the expiration of the appointed eight hours, and, proceeding at once to the bed-room in which Cavendish lay, listened for an instant outside the door. Not the most acute hearing could discover the slightest sound: all within was silent. They entered, the man keeping well in the back-ground, not caring to meet his master's gaze, after breaking the promise so solemnly given. Sir Everard approached the bed. The curtains were not drawn; Cavendish was not dead, neither was he asleep. His eyes were still open; but they appeared not like the eyes of a living man. They gazed abstractedly into space, as if the world had no longer any object upon which their glances might fall. His lips were quivering, but voiceless. Cavendish was seemingly in communion with some invisible being.

Sir Everard, approaching still nearer, gently removed the coverlet, and took Cavendish by the hand. The philosopher, thus disturbed in his last reveries, remembered that the sanctity of his retirement had been infringed. He started, but made no remark. Looking around the chamber, he presently recognized the servant: frowning sternly, he beckoned him away.

"Do you feel ill?" inquired Sir Everard.

"I am not ill," replied Cavendish: "but I am about to die. Don't you think a man of more than seventy-nine has lived long enough? Why am I disturbed? I had matters to arrange. Give me a glass of water."

The glass of water was handed to him; he drank it, turned on his back, closed his eyes, and died!

Such was the end of the Honourable Henry Cavendish. Imagination has not been drawn upon for a death-bed scene; the most daring writer of fiction would scarcely have been guilty of such temerity, so improbable are the incidents. But the mental constitution of this great philosopher was a puzzle to those who knew him best. It defied all their acumen to fathom it, and remove its shroud of mystery. Even had he not been one of England's greatest philosophers, his biography would have been interesting; but when his numerous discoveries in the walks of science are considered, a double interest is thrown around his career. A sketch of his biography I shall therefore proceed to give.

Henry Cavendish was elder son of Lord Charles Cavendish, third son of the second duke. His mother was born Lady Ann Grey, fourth daughter of Henry, Duke of Kent. Nice was the place of his birth, in the year 1731, his mother having retired thither for the benefit of her health. Of his infancy and early childhood very little is known. We hear of him, almost for the first time after his birth, in the year 1742, when he was therefore eleven years old, at which period of his life he was sent to the school of the Rev. Dr. Newcome at Hackney—a seminary then celebrated for the education of aristocratic youths. He remained at this academy seven years, making himself no way remarkable, so far as we can learn, either by talents or peculiarities. One circumstance in relation to his scholastic career deserves comment, as proving that the extraordinary reserve which characterized him in after years, making him shun the society of his fellows, was only an extreme development of a youthful feeling. The records of Dr. Newcome's school state that Henry Cavendish never took part in certain entertainments got up by the boys for their amusement. And here, before accompanying Cavendish in his university career, a circumstance should be mentioned, which is not—as should seem—without significance as connected with the morbid peculiarities of the subject of this memoir. He lost his mother when only two years old. This, though a circumstance usual enough, and which has occurred frequently without generating misan-

thropic feeling in the child subjected to the privation, was not, some have thought, without an influence on the subsequent character of Henry Cavendish.

In 1749, he matriculated at St. Peter's College, Cambridge. There he remained until 1753, and left without taking a degree. The latter remark also applies to his brother, who was studying at Cambridge at the same time. In explanation of his leaving without a degree, various conjectures have been made. The reason advanced by some—that he feared the test of examination—is scarcely consistent with the circumstance of his profound scientific acquirements, more especially in the mathematics, as evidenced in his future career. Perhaps the extreme dislike which he manifested throughout life at being the subject of public remark, even in the way of commendation, may have influenced him; or, still more likely, the existence of certain religious scruples—scruples not accordant with the university tests, at that time very stringently observed. Even in his early youth he had been suspected of entertaining unitarian doctrines; and though his religious opinions were veiled throughout life in extreme mystery, there is reason to believe that the distinguished subject of this memoir died as he had lived.

Those who have traced his career through life, with all the minuteness that his aversion to human society and his extreme habits of retirement permit, assure us that from the day of his baptism he never entered a place of worship of any kind, and that, when he felt the hour of death to be approaching, he retired to his chamber, as already described, commanding that no one might interrupt him. What the matters were that—to employ his own phrase—"*he wished to arrange*" in this solemn hour, of course stand unrevealed. The most probable supposition is, that he desired to pass these last moments in silent contemplation. It is not satisfactory to have to record such facts. How different would have been his career, had his love of knowledge been chastened and elevated by acquaintance with Him who of all others is the object most worthy of being known! Experience has shown, by many a bright example, that it is possible to be a man of profound science, and yet to sit with humility at the feet of the Saviour.

It is not proposed in this short memoir to enter upon the scientific discoveries of Cavendish; these would cover too wide a field, and would involve points of discussion not suited to general scrutiny. Perhaps the most remarkable investigation associated with his name is that respecting the composition of water; which fluid, hitherto regarded as an element or simple body, was proved by his experiments to be the result of combination between oxygen and hydrogen. I am aware that the merit of Cavendish, as sole discoverer of this interesting fact, has been disputed. There is no space here to mention the reasons which could be adduced in favour of the scientific claims for or against. Let it suffice to say, that Cavendish is recognized to have been the sole discoverer of the composition of water, by those who have gone into the question most deeply; and he is acknowledged by all to have contributed the major points of the discovery.

It is not with the question of the scientific grade of recognition to which Cavendish is entitled, that we have to concern ourselves in the course of these remarks. That award has long since been made by impartial judges, and needs no amplification. It is with Cavendish here, regarded as a strange moral phenomenon, that we have to deal; and his biographer will best acquit himself of that by relating some well-attested anecdotes.

Up to the age of forty, Cavendish was poor—his total annual income (being an allowance from his father) not exceeding £200; indeed, according to some authorities, falling short of that sum. This was indeed a small stipend for the son of a noble family; and popular rumour was not slow to attribute the restricted amount to the displeasure of Lord Charles Cavendish at the peculiarities and impracticable disposition of his son. The truth of this explanation, however, is by no means apparent. When about the age of forty, a very large fortune came into the possession of Henry Cavendish—left him, it is believed, by some distant relative; but concerning this there is again some doubt. Our philosopher had so long been obliged to cultivate habits of economy, that, without being parsimonious, these habits had become engrafted in his system; and after indulging in the purchase of books

and instruments to the extent of his fullest wishes, he still found that the interest of money accumulated faster than he could spend it. He therefore presented an example of that *very* rare phenomenon—a man whose pecuniary means were so large as to be troublesome. A curious instance of one of these singular troubles is as follows :—

On one occasion, his bankers in the City finding that a very large sum of money had accumulated in their tills to his account, and thinking it had better not lie idly there, determined to wait on him and receive his instructions in the matter.

Accordingly, one of the principals hied away to Clapham with the intention of seeking our philosopher in his lair. *That* was no such easy matter; for once committed to the recesses of his *den*, Henry Cavendish never liked to be disturbed.

The banker knocked; the subject of his visit was delicate; it of course could only be communicated personally.

To the interrogatories of the footman as to who he was, and what his desires might be, the only answer was that he wished *personally* to communicate with Mr. Cavendish.

'At any rate, sir,' replied the footman, 'it would be as much as my place is worth to disturb him now. You must wait until he rings his bell.'

The banker had waited for more than an hour when the long-expected bell rang. The footman announced the man of business.

'What does he want with me?' Cavendish was heard to say.

The footman explained the banker's desire to have a personal interview.

'Tell him I cannot see him. I am very busy,' was the reply.

The footman bowed and retired.

'Stay,' interrupted his master; 'how long has Mr. —— been waiting?'

'For more than an hour, sir.'

'O, very well, very well. Send him up.'

'I am come, sir,' remarked the banker, 'to ascertain your wishes concerning a sum of eighty thousand pounds now placed to your account.'

'Does it inconvenience you?' demanded Cavendish. 'If so, I can transfer it elsewhere.'

'Inconvenience, sir? by no means,' replied the banker; 'but pardon me for suggesting that it is too large a sum to remain unproductive; would you not like to invest it?'

'Invest it, eh? yes, invest, if you like; do as you please with it; but don't interrupt me about such things again. I have other matters to think about.'

Though not a philanthropist in any sense of the term, few persons have contributed more liberally towards the accomplishment of philanthropic objects than Cavendish. Subscription lists—if not the bearers of them—found ready access, and Cavendish dealt with them in a way peculiarly his own. Glancing over the list of subscribers, he would notice the largest amount subscribed, then contribute a like sum. This peculiarity became so well known, that it was frequently abused, a fictitious subscription being announced for the purpose of misleading our philosopher. Although in early life Cavendish must have exercised no little amount of frugality in making his slender income suffice, yet a certain ignorance of the value of money characterized him throughout life: in proof of this, the following anecdotes may be cited :—At a time when the funds of the Royal Institution were far less ample than at present, Sir Humphrey Davy, then attached to that society, had opened a subscription-list in order to purchase an expensive voltaic battery, an instrument necessary for the prosecution of some discoveries which have since immortalized his name, and in which Cavendish was largely interested. People hoped that the philosophic millionaire would come down for a good round sum; but he did not contribute one penny, notwithstanding the various hints thrown out in the proper direction. If this be construed into penuriousness, contrast it with the following: A scientific gentleman having fallen into pecuniary embarrassments, some friends managed to procure for him the situation of temporary librarian to Cavendish, whose books were as much confused as the pecuniary matters of the librarian. The task was executed satisfactorily, and the gentleman took his departure, having received the stipulated salary, but nothing more. A short time subsequently, Cavendish happened to be present at a dinner of the Royal Society, and some friends of the quondam librarian thought

it a good opportunity for turning the conversation on the subject of their protégé. His name accordingly was brought up.

'Ah! how *is* he? what is he about?' inquired Cavendish.

'Poor fellow! he is in the country, very badly off,' was the reply.

'I am very sorry, *very*,' said Cavendish.

'We were hoping that you would have done something for him,' the friends ventured to remark.

'I—I—I? what *could* I do?'

"'We were hoping that you would have settled a small annuity upon him.'

A dawn of light seemed to have irradiated the brain of Cavendish; the thought, apparently so obvious, had only then occurred to him for the first time. 'True,' replied he hurriedly; '*would a cheque for fifteen thousand pounds be of use?*'

Would a cheque for £15,000 be of use?—what a question! The cheque was drawn, and the needy man of science made comfortable for life.

If the subject of our memoir did not possess that active, searching, and, what is equally important, that discriminating benevolence which seeks out the hidden recesses of misery, and cheers them with timely assistance, we have at least seen that he was open to suggestions, and that, when he did unclasp his chequebook, it was after the manner of a prince. He had no hatred of *man*kind; but of *woman*kind that much cannot with truth be stated. If a female servant chanced to meet him in his own house, however inadvertently, it was the certain prelude to her dismissal; and the whole neighbourhood of Clapham was once lost in astonishment at a most remarkable phenomenon—no less than this: Our philosopher, in one of his rural strolls, interposed to save a lady from the attacks of an infuriated bull. According to all the preconceived notions entertained respecting our friend, he would more probably have taken sides with the bull against the lady.

On one occasion, when dining with the associated fellows of the Royal Society, some of the philosophers, after the dinner was over, happened, when looking out of the window, to be attracted by the appearance of some young lady on the opposite side of the street, whom curiosity had led to glance in the direction of the apartment where so many philosophers were dining. 'How lovely she is!' said one. 'What a beauty!' whispered another. The moon had risen, but the fellows were *not* apostrophising the moon. Cavendish, however, thought they were, and went to the window to participate in their delight. No sooner did he discover his mistake than he uttered a faint scream, as was his wont when disturbed or annoyed, hobbled back to the table, and showed his disgust by one single ejaculation: it was 'Pshaw!'

Though not much addicted to conviviality, Cavendish was sometimes known to invite a few friends to dinner. On these occasions everybody knew beforehand the bill of fare: a leg of mutton with trimmings; in other words, a due accompaniment of vegetables and sauce. Now a leg of mutton—pleasant eating enough in itself—is not expensive; the number of a dinner-party, when nothing else is provided, must be limited by imperious laws. Once Cavendish appeared to have forgotten this idea of a limit; he invited more guests than a leg of mutton could possibly suffice for. The result was an epistolary communication to that effect from his cook (direct verbal communication, we have seen, was never permitted): 'The leg of mutton will not be enough.' 'In that case provide *two*,' replied Cavendish.

But I must draw this memoir of a celebrated man to a close, and shall do so by quoting the words of his biographer, Dr. Angus Smith:

'Such, then, was Cavendish in life and death, as he appeared to those who knew him best. Morally, his character was a blank, and can be described only by a series of negations. He did not love, he did not hate, he did not hope, he did not fear, he did not worship as others do. He separated himself from his fellow-men, and apparently from God. There was nothing earnest, enthusiastic, heroic, or chivalrous in his nature, and as little was there anything mean, grovelling, or ignoble. He was almost passionless. All that needed for its apprehension more than the pure intellect, or required the exercise of fancy, imagination, affection, or faith, was distasteful to Cavendish. An intellectual head thinking, a pair of wonderfully acute eyes observing, and a pair of very skilful hands experimenting or recording, are all that I realise in reading his memorials. His brain

seems to have been but a calculating engine; his eyes, inlets of vision, not fountains of tears; his hands, instruments of manipulation, which never trembled with emotion, or were clasped together in adoration, thanksgiving, or despair; his heart, only an anatomical organ, necessary for the circulation of the blood. Yet if such a being, who reversed the maxim, *Nihil humani me alienum puto*, cannot be loved, as little can he be abhorred or despised. He was, in spite of the atrophy or non-development of many of the faculties which are found in those in whom the "elements are kindly mixed," as truly a genius as the *mere* poets, painters, and musicians, with small intellects and hearts, and large imaginations, to whom the world is so willing to bend the knee. Cavendish did not stand aloof from other men in a proud or supercilious spirit, refusing to count them as fellows. He felt himself separated from them by a great gulf, which neither they nor he could bridge over, and across which it was vain to extend hands or exchange greetings. A sense of isolation from his brethren made him shrink from their society and avoid their presence; but he did so as one conscious of an infirmity, not boasting of an excellence. He was like a deaf mute sitting apart from a circle, whose looks and gestures show that they are uttering and listening to music and eloquence, in producing or welcoming which he can be no sharer. He dwelt apart, and, bidding the world farewell, took the self-imposed vows of a scientific anchorite, and, like the monks of old, shut himself up within his cell. It was a kingdom sufficient for him, and from its narrow window he saw as much of the universe as he cared to see. It had a throne also, and from it he dispensed royal gifts to his brethren. He was one of the unthanked benefactors of his race, who was patiently teaching and serving mankind, whilst they were shrinking from his coldness, or mocking his peculiarities. He could not sing for them a sweet song, or create a "thing of beauty," which should be a "joy for ever," or touch their hearts, or fire their spirits, or deepen their reverence or their fervour. He was not a poet, a priest or a prophet; but only a cold clear intelligence, laying down pure white light, which brightened everything on which it fell, but warmed nothing—a star of at least the second, if not of the first, magnitude in the intellectual firmament.' How mournful to think that a man with so many excellences stood aloof from that generous and ennobling faith which would have quickened his dormant affections, and superadded to his intellectual eminence the attractiveness of Christian love!

ON HIBERNICISMS IN PHILOSOPHY.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

(From the Contemporary Review, from advanced sheets transmitted by the Publishers.)

MISS EDGEWORTH, in her entertaining "Essay on Irish Bulls." observes that "it has never yet been decided what it is that constitutes a bull." It appears, however, from the context that the definition she means is not the definition of a bull, but the definition of that kind of bull which is supposed to be especially Irish. And in this contention I think she proves that the confusions of thought and language which constitute a bull can be produced abundantly from the writings of English poets, statesmen, and philosophers. I am happy to observe that no Scotch example has been produced by this ingenious and charming authoress. Nevertheless, candour obliges me to confess that quite lately I heard a Scotch young lady of my acquaintance (who, however has some English blood) in answer to the question, "Do you remember Donald Ferguson?" make the following discriminating reply: "No; I recollect his face, but I don't recollect him by name." Probably this is pretty nearly a perfect specimen. Here is another which Miss Edgeworth tells us was particularly admired by Lord Orford: "I hate that woman," said a gentleman looking at one who had been his nurse; "I hate that woman, for she changed me at nurse." In the same essay we are told

of an Irishman who accosted an acquaintance thus: "When first I saw you, I thought it was you; but now I see it's your brother;" and of a petition which was addressed to a lady in Ireland whom Miss Edgeworth knew, which began, "That your poor petitioner is now lying dead in a ditch."

Now, I am disposed to think that Miss Edgeworth has done injustice to her country, when she disputes whether there is anything peculiar in Irish bulls. There is a neatness, completeness, and perspicuity of confusion in an Irish bull which is inimitable and unapproachable, and which constitutes at once its humour and its innocence. The bulls of other nations are comparatively clumsy; the confusions of thought which they involve are as complete, without being so apparent—having all the absurdity of the Irish bull without its fun. But the essence of a bull—the contradiction in terms, the assertion of something which is nevertheless denied in the very terms of the assertion, or conversely, the denial of something which is nevertheless asserted in the very terms of the denial—this is a kind of blunder in which our Irish friends have many successful rivals. Among these rivals none, as it seems to me, are more successful than philosophers, and especially metaphysicians. To the illustration of this—I fear somewhat irreverent proposition—this paper will be devoted.

Let me say, in the first place, that there are sayings which at first sight may appear to involve a bull, but which in reality do not. For example, Sir John Herschel, in one of his popular lectures on science, tells us that "light, although the cause of vision, is in itself invisible." This is no mere paradox invented to attract attention and to fix it on the explanation which is to follow. It is, indeed, an apparent paradox, but only because the literal facts are not commonly apprehended. Light is a word which means several different things. First, and perhaps primarily, it signifies the sensation of vision. Secondly, it means the (once) unknown external cause of that sensation. The first of these two meanings is regarded by Locke (I think erroneously) as the proper meaning of the word. But the second is unquestionably the idea which is uppermost in the common understanding of the term. We talk of the light coming to us from one direction or another—from one body or another—meaning, of course, not our sensation of light (which cannot come to us from anywhere), but the agency, whatever it may be, which produces that sensation in us. But neither do these two meanings exhaust all that is now meant by light. In neither of these two meanings would there be any sense in saying that "light is in itself invisible." For if by light is meant the sensation, the saying would be nonsense; and if by light were meant the immediate cause of vision, or the precise agency which produces it, then the saying would be untrue. The thing which causes vision, or which, more correctly speaking, is the object of vision, is not only visible, but it is the only thing in the world which is visible. Light, in this sense, is the thing and the one only thing which the human eye is made to see. But there is a third meaning in which Sir J. Herschel's assertion is strictly true. We now know what light is "in itself"—that is to say, we know the nature and constitution of it, not in terms of the sensation it gives to us, but in terms of a wholly different order of conception. First, we know that it is a motion; secondly, we know that it is a motion of a particular kind; and thirdly, we know that it is that motion in a medium having peculiar properties. Provisionally, and for want of a better, this medium has been called the "luminiferous ether." And it is of light in this sense that Sir J. Herschel speaks when he says that it is invisible. It is now nearly seventy years since Dr. Thomas Young startled and amused the scientific world by announcing his belief that this luminiferous ether "pervades the substance of all material bodies with little or no resistance,—as freely perhaps as the wind passes through a grove of trees." But when this ether is not agitated, it is invisible. Nay, more — even when it is agitated, the movements of it are invisible, except when they come to us in a straight line, either directly from a luminous body, or indirectly by reflection from some other. In short, it may be said that the luminiferous ether is like a vast ocean, which is never seen except where its waves break in surf. When these facts are apprehended, we see at once that Herschel's assertion of the invisibility of light, so far from being a bull—that is, a confounding of ideas—is a clearing up of our conceptions. If there is any

apparent confusion in that assertion, it is not due to any confusion of ideas, but, on the contrary, it is due to a nicety of discrimination which the weakness of ordinary language fails to indicate.

In contrast with this, which illustrates one of the great aims and objects of philosophy, let us look at some of the many cases in which language is abused to cover contradictory propositions, or to cheat the mind into a semblance of ideas when there are none.

To begin with—and to begin with a most distinguished countryman of my own, Sir William Hamilton—is not the very phrase, "the Unconditioned," in itself a bull? "The" is the definite article, and applicable only to things or ideas capable of definition. But nothing is capable of definition which has no conditions. The negation of conditions is the negation of existence, as alone conceivable by man. "The Unconditioned" is, therefore, simply nonsense —that is to say, a word pretending to have a meaning, but having none.

In saying this I hope I am not committing another blunder, which is very common—the blunder of denying the existence of some particular idea, which is nevertheless described and denoted by a name. We read often nowadays of such and such an idea being "unthinkable." If it be unthinkable, it had better also be considerec as unspeakable. To speak of it, and then to deny its conceivability, is a bull. If the word or the phrase employed to express it, is a word or a phrase representing an idea, then it is absurd to deny the existence of that idea; and if the word or phrase represents no idea, then it is equally absurd to use it at all, and to make it the subject of either affirmation or denial.

But this case is carefully to be distinguished from another, with which it may easily be confounded. The necessities of language may compel us to place in momentary collocation, for the purpose of denial, two ideas which negative each other, and which thus make nonsense; the very object of the collocation being to show that such is the result. For example: "We cannot conceive any boundary to Space." Here, at first sight, it might appear as if we first speak of a conception, and then deny its conceivability. But this is not so. We have a distinct conception of a boundary, and a distinct conception of Space, and what we deny is that the idea of a boundary can be applied to the idea of Space, because the very conception of a boundary involves the conception of an outside as well as of an inside; and where there is an outside there must be space. Whatever, therefore, a boundary may be boundary of, it cannot be a boundary of Space.

Here, therefore, there is no confusion of thought in first describing an attempted combination of ideas, and then denying that this attempted combination can be made successfully—that is, with sense.

But what are we to say of the second of the three great metaphysical discoveries which Mr. Mill has just extolled as the great triumphs of Bishop Berkeley's philosophy, namely, the non-existence of abstract ideas?"* It is not pretended that this phrase is in itself meaningless. It is not pretended that it involves an attempt to combine two ideas, the one of which excludes the other. On the contrary, the phrase is used over and over again, as having a definite meaning, which the mind can handle, examine, and analyse, by resolving it into the elements of which it is composed. But an idea cannot be proved to be non-existent by being proved to be composite. For, just as the most solid and stable forms of matter in physical nature are not elementary substances, but combinations of them, so many of the most real and serviceable conceptions of the mind are structutes built out of the rudimentary elements of thought. The Irishman who complained that he had been changed at nurse, is clear-headed, compared with the philosopher who takes up an abstract idea, examines it, describes it, and then denies its existence. And the absurdity of this blunder is made, if possible, more apparent, by the obvious impossibility of conducting the argument against the existence of abstract ideas, without perpetually making use of them in the very terms of the argument itself. Abstract ideas are employed to give witness against themselves. They are summoned into the witness-box, examined, and urged to confess, like the poor Irishman, that "they lie dead in a ditch." Mr. Mill professes to "explain the psychological machinery by which *general names* do their work without the

* The *Fortnightly Review*, November 1, 1871, "Berkeley's Life and Writings."

help of *general ideas*," which seems to me very like explaining how mere words, which are denied their appropriate meaning, "do the work" of ideas which are denied their appropriate name. How there could be any "help" in general ideas, if they don't exist, I can't conceive. And how general names can do any "work" in the operations of mind if they don't indicate general ideas, seems equally hard to understand. And how "general ideas" can be thus spoken of, and argued about at all, if no such conceptions can be formed, is the greatest wonder of all. For here we have got general names which do not mean general ideas, but nevertheless do the same "work;" and we have got general ideas which would be very "helpful" if they existed, but then they don't. The only solution of this puzzle would be, that the whole discussion is one like some others which Mr. Mill himself has elsewhere successfully exposed—a logomachy—in which words are used without any meaning whatever, and solemn affirmations and denials are made all about nothing at all. But Mr. Mill seeing the (at least) apparent puzzle, offers a solution which deprives us even of this escape. He says, "the solution of this as of so many difficulties, lies in the connotation of general names," and he lays especial stress on the point that these "general names" "are *not* (like a proper name) *mere words devoid of meaning*." "General names," then, are not mere words without any signification. They have a meaning, and yet they do not mean general ideas. What then do they mean?

Mr. Mill's explanation is that a general name "is a mark for the properties or some of the properties which belong to an indefinite number of individual objects, and with these properties it is associated in a peculiarly close and intimate manner." Well, to say that a word is "a mark" for an idea is equivalent I suppose to saying that it means the idea. It appears then, that these general names mean, or "connote," or are "a mark for," the properties, or some of the properties, which are common to many individuals. But what are properties? and especially what are common properties? Is not this essentially an abstract idea? Mr. Mill indeed asserts that every "class name" calls up the idea (image) of some individual as well as the special properties which it "marks." But he admits that in this idea the common properties of the class are made "artificially prominent;" and that all others may be unattended to, and thus "thrown into the shade." And so, the whole argument comes, after all, to be not a denial of the existence of abstract ideas, but an account of their origin and a definition of their meaning. Of course, it may be perfectly good sense to argue that the vulgar understanding of a word is an erroneous one, and to put a better defined one in its stead. But even in this point of view, Mr. Mill's definition seems to cast no new light whatever on the common understanding of the term, which is in close accordance with the etymological meaning of "abstract." The idea of properties which are *drawn forth from* a group of others, more or less completely *separated from them*, and brought into such mental prominence as that all others are out of focus—cast into the shade and practically out of mind—this seems pretty much what everbody understands by an abstract idea. To analyse an idea and to trace its component parts is a legitimate operation. But to conceive it, describe it, define it, and then affirm it to be non-existent, is very like a bull.

There is another very similar process of metaphysical analysis which also passes readily into like confusions, and that is the process by which we trace the means through which particular ideas are arrived at. A brilliant example of the legitimate application of this process is the reasoning by which Bishop Berkeley has proved that the eye does not directly see that which we call distance, and that distance is an idea arrived at by the experience of other sensations, interpreting those of sight. The great opponent of the bishop, on this point, is the brush-turkey, which certainly sees distance the moment it is hatched, and without any experience at all. But still as men are not born so well-feathered as brush-turkeys, Berkeley's argument stands good for men—with just this important caution derived from the provoking bird—that the non-existence of intuitive perceptions is a particular and not a general truth. In Berkeley's argument, however, as applied to men and not to chicks, we have an example of accurate and careful reasoning.

An example not less remarkable of a false application of the same process is the further argument maintained by Mr. Mill that the sen-

sations from which we derive our conceptions of matter do not really indicate anything, or justify us in concluding the existence of anything whatever except "potentialities of other sensations." And here we have, as it seems to me, another of those self-contradictions in which all metaphysical writings abound. After an elaborate argument to prove the non-existence of abstract ideas, we find Mr. Mill contending that an abstract idea—abstract up to the double-distilled essence of abstraction—is the only reality of which we have any assurance in the world. "A potentiality of sensation"—what is this idea? It is not a sensation; it is not even merely the recollection of a past sensation. It includes this indeed; but it includes it along with a multitude of other things—along with all the mental conceptions which go to bind together the past with the present and the future, to assure us of the continuity of our own existence, and of the external agencies which act and react upon our organism. I deny, indeed, that our conception of matter can be boiled down into a "potentiality of sensation." Something there is in the body which has escaped in the process of extraction. Some elements there are in the idea which are left out in the pretended abstract. But this is not my point now. My point is that Mr. Mill's account of it is, first, an abstract—an abstract of a multitude of things; and secondly that it is a bad abstract—an abstract which involves a confusion of ideas, and the admission of one essential element of thought in the very attempt to deny or to expel it. I so far agree with Mr. Mill as to admit that the Potentiality of Sensation is an idea inseparable from our conception of matter. But Potentiality involves in its very root and essence the idea of a dormant power—of something having potency, and this is an idea which attaches primarily to the active cause, not to the passive subject of sensation. This phrase, invented by Mr. Mill, confounds two ideas which are entirely distinct, although the one is the correlative of the other. It confounds Susceptibility to Sensation with Potentiality to cause it. When I think of matter as a Potentiality of Sensation, I mean that I think of it as having the power to awake sensations in me. I do not think of it as having itself the capability of experiencing sensations. Mr. Mill is confounding the active agent with the passive subject. There is a well known story of a country Scotchman, who when he was asked by a dentist to open his mouth, replied with characteristic caution, "Naa, maybe ye'll bite me." This Scotchman, like Mr. Mill, was thinking of teeth as a Potentiality of Sensation, but he forgot, also like Mr. Mill, that the potentiality to cause that sensation lay in the man that had the mouth in a position to bite, and not in the man who had the finger in a position to be bitten. When will metaphysicians understand that a short phrase does not always mean a simple idea? When will they understand that they do not succeed in analysing thought by simply ignoring some essential part of it?

There are three great subjects on which, as it appears to me, philosophy has been largely vitiated by like confusions. One is the theory of Causation; another is the theory of Morals; and the last is the comparatively new one—the theory of Life.

We are told that we know nothing of causation, properly so called, and that what we mistake for it is merely "invariability of sequence." To my mind every form in which this statement can be made—and there are many—involves a bull. That we have some idea of causation which is not mere invariability of sequence is involved in the very argument or assertion which discriminates the two ideas, and then tries to confound them. We have the idea of "it must" over and above the idea of "it always does." Nay, we cannot even think of the invariability of sequence, without seeing in that invariability the working of a cause. In truth, there is no such thing as invariability, except as applicable to this abstract idea of casual connection. Particular sequences are not invariable. We do not attach the idea of invariability to any one sequence that we see, or hear, or feel, or touch, however uniform our experience of such sequence may be. Every such sequence we can conceive to be interrupted, broken, stopped. But there is one thing we cannot conceive, and that is, that this break or cessation should be itself uncaused. I am not speaking of how this idea arises, nor am I discussing whether it corresponds to an absolute universal truth. I am only saying that we have this idea, and that it is an idea different in kind from mere invariability of sequence, and cannot be resolved into it—unless,

indeed, the phrase invariability of sequence be in itself understood as involving the idea of necessity.

It is because Mr. Mill rejects the idea of causation, and avoids the word, that he is driven to define our idea of matter as resolvable into a "potentiality of sensation." This is no necessary part of the philosophy which traces all our ideas to experience. Locke, who was the great apostle of that philosophy, describes matter as that which "causes," or "has power to produce" our sensations. And so does Mr. Mill when he speaks as a Logician* and not as a Metaphysician. This, so far as it goes, is a fair account of at least the skeleton or framework of our conceptions respecting matter, although I am very far from admitting that it is a complete account, or anything like a complete account, of all that enters into those conceptions. Every analysis of mind, like every analysis of matter, in order to be a true analysis, must account for all the elements to be found in the subject of examination. I do not think that Locke's analysis fulfils this condition. It appears to me that there are elements in our conception of matter—especially as that conception has been enriched by modern science—of which Locke's definition takes no account. But at least it does not commit the blunder of looking at one of these elements, and that one of the most prominent, of defining it, of examining it, and then deliberately rejecting it as non-existent.

The same objections apply, as it seems to me, to all attempts which have been made to reduce the idea of moral obligation to the fear of punishment, to utility, or to any other principle but itself. They all labour under the same insuperable fault of wilfully discarding an element of thought, which is nevertheless recognised in the very terms of the argument by which it is explained away. How it comes, from what source derived—these may be more or less accessible subjects of speculation. But there it is;—differing in kind and in quality from all the supposed elements of its composition, and admitted so to differ in the very comparisons which are drawn between them. Torture it as you will, it cannot be made to confess that it has been changed at nurse.

In like manner the attempt in biological or physiological science to get rid of the idea of "life," or to reduce it to simpler terms, breaks down into similar confusions. Professor Huxley, in his ingenious and in many ways instructive essay on the "Physical Basis of Life," has tried to represent life as a mere name for the properties of a particular kind of matter called protoplasm, and says it is as absurd to set up these properties into a separate entity under the name of Life, as it would be to set up the properties of water as a separate conception under the name of "aquosity." But in the conduct of this argument Professor Huxley is compelled by the necessities of thought, reflected in the necessities of language, to contradict himself. If life be the property of protoplasm, and nothing else, it must be mere tautology to speak of "living protoplasm," and mere self-contradiction to speak of "dead protoplasm." And yet Professor Huxley uses both expressions over and over again—and must use them, if he wishes to distinguish between separate ideas, although it be in the very endeavour to confound them.

Professor Huxley complains that it is a frivolous objection to urge that "living protoplasm" can never be analysed, because the life of it is expelled in the very process of analysis. The conclusion defended evidently is, that we are safe in assuming the composition of dead and living protoplasm to be the same. Very well, be it so,—then so much the more evident it becomes that the life or the deadness of the protoplasm depends upon something entirely different from that physical composition which is alike in the living and in the dead.

Nor does it mend the matter to ascribe the difference between life and death to some undetectable difference in physical "conditions," as distinguished from physical composition. This is merely to hide our conception of one kind of difference which is clear, definite, and immense, under a word chosen because it suggests another kind of difference which is obscure, indefinite, and minute. We may call life a "condition," and deadness another condition, if we please. But this does not alter the fact that if the difference between life and deadness does depend on any physical difference, it is one undetectable, and belonging therefore, at best, to those "substrata of phenomena" which

* Mill's "Logic," Book I., c. iii., §§ 6, 7, 8.

Professor Huxley in the same essay pronounces to be "imaginary."

I entirely agree with Professor Huxley's assertion that the language both of materialism and of spiritualism has only a relative truth. I believe the idealism which tries to expel our conception of matter to be as false as the materialism which tries to banish our conception of life or spirit. In this respect the language of the vulgar is infinitely more true and more subtle than the language of philosophers. I have spoken elsewhere of "the profound but conscious metaphysics of human speech.'.* And it has been all the more profound in proportion as it has been unconscious. Language is a self-registering index of the operations of mind. The conceptions of which it is a witness may be defined and traced, but are not to be explained away. All the truth that there is in the phraseology of materialism is reflected accurately in the ordinary use of language. When metaphysicians attempt to get behind that use, they generally do so only to "meddle and muddle." A man may speak of his brains as synonymous with his intellect, and nobody will derive an erroneous impression from language referring to a connection which is the most familiar of all facts, although its nature is incomprehensible. But this is a very different thing from attempting deliberately to confound connection with identity under the cover of some ambiguous word. The half-truth of materialistic phraseology ceases when that phraseology pretends to represent a whole-truth. Moreover, the fallacy which it then becomes is in the nature of nonsense. And this only is my point now. Nor is it surprising that when men try to explain away their own ideas, they should get into the atmosphere of bulls. When we try to get outside ourselves, our attitudes are not likely to be otherwise than ludicrous—as may be seen in the case of our canine friends when they take it into their heads to gyrate in energetic pursuit of their own tails.

The metaphysicians and physicists with whom I have been dealing seem to me to be one and all men who walk up to some idea—some old and familiar acquaintance of the mind—recognise it, peer into its face, and then accost it, as the Irishman accosted his acquaintance in Miss Edgeworth's story : "When I first saw you, I thought it was you, but now I see you are another."

* "Reign of Law," Fifth Ed. p. 303.

MR. HELPS AS AN ESSAYIST.

BY CANON KINGSLEY.

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IT is now nearly thirty years ago that Mr. Helps's name began to be revered by many young men and women, who were struggling to arrive at some just notion of the human beings around them, and of the important, and often frightful problems of the time. They admired him as a poet and as an historian; but they valued him most as a critic, not of art or of literature, but of men and the ways and needs of men. Dissatisfied with the narrow religious theory then fashionable in London pulpits, which knew no distinctions of the human race save that between the "unconverted" many and the "converted" few, they seemed to themselves to find in his essays views wider, juster, more humane, more in accord with the actual facts which they found in themselves and in the people round them, and more likely, too, to result in practical benefit to the suffering and the degraded. And well it was for them that they did so. Some of them were tempted to rush from one religious extreme into another, which offered them just then not only the charms of novelty, but those of genius, of culture, of manly and devoted earnestness. Others were tempted in a very different direction. They

were ready to escape from a narrow and intolerant fanaticism into that equally narrow and intolerant revolutionist infidelity which has for the last eighty years usurped the sacred name of Liberty.

There were those among both parties who received at once from Mr. Helps's book an influence none the less powerful because it calmed and subdued. It was new and wholesome for many, then in hot and hasty youth, to find the social problems which were so important to them equally important to a man of a training utterly different from theirs, and approached by him in a proportionally different temper. They were inclined at first to accuse that temper of dilettantism. It had no tincture of Cambyses' vein, none even of Shelley's. It threatened not thrones, principalities, nor powers. It promised not to build up an elysium on their ruins. The sneer of lukewarmness rose to many men's lips ; and the playful interludes which were interspersed throughout the volumes seemed to justify their suspicions. Were not these mere fiddlings while Rome was burning? impertinent interruptions to the one great work of setting the world to rights out of hand?

But, as they read on, they found themselves compelled to respect the writer's temper more and more, even though it seemed to lack fiercer and bolder qualities which they valued (and rightly) in some of their own friends. They were forced to confess at the outset that Mr. Helps did not approach social problems in that spirit of selfish sentimentalism which regards the poor and the awful as divinely ordained means by which the rich and the superstitious may climb to heaven. Neither did he approach them in the spirit (if the word spirit can be used of aught so spiritless) of that "philosophie du néant," the old *laissez-faire* political economy which taught men, and taught little else, that it is good for mankind that the many should be degraded in order that the few may be rich. They saw that Mr. Helps had, like Mr. John Stuart Mill, righteous and chivalrous instincts, which forbade them both to accept the reasonableness of any reasoning which proved that. They saw, too, that both possessed elements of strength which they themselves lacked, namely, calm and culture ; a calm and a culture which did not interfere with a deep tenderness for the sorrows and follies of mankind, and with a deep indignation now and then at their wrongs ; but which tamed them and trained them to use, converting them, to quote from memory an old simile of Mr. Carlyle's, "from wild smoke and blaze into genial inward heat."

I do not wish to push further the likeness between two remarkable men. But I am certain that many who owe much to them both, will feel that the influence of both has been in some respects identical, and that they have learnt from both a valuable lesson on the importance, whether to the thinker or to the actor, of culture and calm.

It has been good then—to confine myself to Mr. Helps's book—for many young men and women to be tanght that it is possible to discuss, fairly and fully, questions all-important, many exquisitely painful, some seemingly well-nigh hopeless, without fury, even without flurry, that such a composure is a sign, not of carelessness, but of faith in the strength of right, and hope in its final triumph ; that, as the old seer says, "he that believeth will not make haste," and that it is wise "not to fret thyself, lest thou be moved to do evil ;" that all passion, even all emotion, howewer useful they may be in the very heat of battle, must be resolutely sent below, and clapt under hatches, if we intend to ascertain our own ship's position, or to reconnoitre the strength of our enemies ; that only by a just patience in preparation, can we save from disaster an equally just fierceness in execution ; that without σωφροσύνη, even θύμος, "the root of all the virtues," is of no avail : because without it we shall not have truly seen the object on which the θύμος is to work ; shall not have looked at it on all sides, or taken measure of its true proportions. Good it was for them, too, to find, as they read on through Mr. Helps's books, that those sides, those proportions could only be ascertained by much culture, much reading, observation, reflection, concerning many men and many matters ; that the scholar and the man of the world were probably as necessary now to the safe direction of human affairs, as they ever have been ; that the weakness of the average ideologue lay in this—not that he had too many ideas, but too few ; that the danger now as always, lay not in "latitudinariarism" (whatever that may mean), but in bigotry ; not in

breadth, but in narrowness; and that "Cave hominem unius Scientiæ," like "Cave hominem unius Libri," though undoubtedly true, was capable of an interpretation by no means complimentary to the man of one science. Good also for them was it, to learn on the testimony of a witness whom they could not well impeach, that those who had then, and have still, the direction of public affairs were not altogether the knaves and fools, the robbers and tyrants, which they were said to be by the then Press of Holywell Street, and even sometimes in the heat of the Debating Society, by their young kinsmen; that they were men of like passions, and of like virtues, with those who were so ready to take their places, to do all that they had left undone; that they were but too fully aware of difficulties in any course of action, of which the outside aspirant knew nothing, and which he would be, therefore, still more unable to face; that though the slothful man is too apt to say "there is a lion in the path," the fool is also too apt to say that there is none; and that though anything like reverence for one's elders has been voted out of court for at least a generation, yet a little humility as to our own value, a little charity towards those who are trying to get the work done with such tools as the British nation allows them, might conduce to a better understanding between private men, and a better understanding of public men, of all parties and opinions.

No two men have done more, I believe, to save this generation from two or even three extremes of fanaticism, than Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Helps; and that because they have been just to all that was vital and sound in the Middle Ages, just to all that was vital and sound in the French Revolution; and, be it remembered, to all that was vital and sound in the young Puritan time of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Thus they have earned the right to be heard, and they have on the whole been heard, when they have preached, not indeed content with the established order of things, but at least patience, charity, and caution in reforming it. The extraordinary sale of the cheap edition of Mr. Carlyle's works, principally, I am told, among the hard-working classes, is a hopeful omen that the "public," in spite of all its sillinesses, is after all, though very slowly, amenable to reason; and the day may come when a cheap edition of Mr. Helps's essays—at least a selection from them—may find favour with those who are to be (so we are told) henceforth the chief power in the British Empire; and who therefore need to know what the British Empire is like, and how it can, and cannot, be governed. "Essays in the Intervals of Business," "The Claims of Labour," "Friends in Council," "Companions of my Solitude," and last, but not least, the recent "Brevia" and "Thoughts on War and Culture"—all these would furnish to the poorest, as well as to the richest, many a weighty, and I believe many a welcome lesson, concerning himself, his family, his countrymen, his country, and his duty to them all. If it be objected that these essays are only adapted to cultivated men and women, and deal only with an artificial stately society, I should demur. Mr. Helps seems to me to ground his sayings, whenever he can, on truths which are equally intelligible to, because equally true for, all men. His aphorisms, even on Government, would stand good just as much for the grocer and his shop-boy as for the statesman and his subordinate, and would "touch the witness"—as Friends say—of the one neither less nor more than that of the other; while for manner, as well as for matter, many a page of Mr. Helps's might be profitably intercalated into an average sermon, were it not that the "purpureus pannus" might not enhance the homespun, and much less the shoddy, of the rest of the discourse.

I believe that many ministers of religion, of all parties and denominations, would agree with what I have said. We parsons owe Mr. Helps much more than he knows, or than, perhaps, it is good for him to know. His influence—though often of course indirect and unconscious—has been very potent for some years past among the most rational and hearty of those who have had to teach, to manage, or to succour their fellow-creatures; and it is most desirable just now that that influence should increase, and lay hold of the young men who are growing up. It is more than probable that the laity will, ere long, have a far larger share than hitherto, in the internal management of Church affairs; and to do that work well the religious layman will require more than piety, more than orthodoxy, indis-

pensable as those will be. He will require a great deal of that practical humanity, and a great deal of that common sense, of which Mr. Helps's books are full; for without them, and as much of them as can be obtained, both from laymen and clerks, the Church of England will be in danger of being torn to pieces by small minorities of factious bigots, who do not see that she was meant to be, and can only exist by being, a Church of compromise and tolerance; that is, a Church of practical humanity, and practical common sense.

Tolerance—which after all is, as Mr. Helps says, only another name for that Divine property which St. Paul calls charity,—that is what we all need to make the world go right. If anyone wishes to know Mr. Helps's theological opinions concerning it, let him study the last few noble pages of the second series of "Friends in Council." And if he wishes to know Mr. Helps's moral opinions concerning it, whether or not he considers it synonymous with licence, with indulgence either to our own misdeeds or to those of others, let him read whatever Mr. Helps has written on the point on which all men in all ages have been most "tolerant"—when their own wives or daughters were not in question; the point on which this generation is becoming so specially tolerant, that no novel or poem seems likely to attract the enlightened public just now, unless it dabbles with some dirt about the seventh commandment. Whenever Mr. Helps touches—and he often touches—on the relations between men and women, and on love, and the office of love in forming the human character, he does so with a purity and with a chivalry which is becoming, alas! more and more rare. In one of his latest books, for instance, "Casimir Maremma," there is a love scene which, at least to the mind of an elderly man, not *blasé* with sensation novels, rises to high pathos. And yet the effect is not produced by any violence of language or of incident, but by quiet and subtle analysis of small gestures, small circumstances, and emotions which show little, if at all, upon the surface.

This analytic faculty of Mr. Helps is very powerful. It has been sharpened, doubtless, by long converse with many men and many matters; but it must have been strong from youth; strong enough to have been dangerous to any character which could not keep it in order by a still stronger moral sense. We have had immoral analysis of character enough, going about the world of late, to be admired as all *tours de force* are admired. There have been and are still, analysts who, in the cause of art, as they fancy, pick human nature to pieces merely to show how crimes can be committed. There have been analysts who, in the cause of religion as they fancied, picked human nature to pieces, to show how damnable it is. There have been those again, who in the cause of science, as they fancied, picked it to pieces to show how animal it is. Mr. Helps analyses it to show how tolerable, even loveable, it is after all, and how much more tolerable and loveable it might become by the exercise of a little common sense and charity. Let us say rather of that common sense which is charity, or at least is impossible without it; which comprehends, because it loves; or if it cannot altogether love, can at least pity or deplore.

It is this vein of wise charity, running through all which Mr. Helps has ever written, which makes his books so wholesome to the student of his fellow-men; especially wholesome, I should think, to ministers of religion. That, as the wise Yankee said, "It takes all sorts to make a world;" that it is not so easy as we think to know our friends from our foes, the children of light from those of darkness; that the final distinction into "righteous" and "wicked" requires an analysis infinitely deeper than any we can exercise, and must be decided hereafter by One before whom our wisdom is but blindness, our justice but passion; that in a word, "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged," is a command which is founded on actual facts, and had therefore better be obeyed: all this we ministers of religion are but too apt to ignore, and need to be reminded of it now and then, by lay-sermons from those who have not forgotten—as we sometimes forget—that we too are men.

And it seems to me, that a young clergyman, wishing to know how to deal with his fellow-creatures, and not having made up his mind, before all experience, to stretch them all alike upon some Procustean bed of discipline, (Church or other), would do well to peruse and ponder, with something of humility and self-distrust, a good deal which Mr. Helps has

written. Let him read, for instance, the first half of "Essays written in the intervals of Business," and if he does not at first appreciate the wisdom and worth of much therein, let him set down his disappointment, not to any dulness of the author's, but to his own ignorance of the world and of mankind: that is, of the very subject-matter which he has vowed to work on, and to improve.

I would ask him, for instance, to consider such a passage as this:—"We are all disposed to dislike, in a manner disproportionate to their demerits, those who offend us by pretensions of any kind. We are apt to fancy that they despise us; whereas, all the while perhaps, they are only courting our admiration. There are people who wear the worst part of their characters outwards; they offend our vanity; they rouse our fears; and under these influences we omit to consider how often a scornful man is tender-hearted, and an assuming man, one who longs to be popular and to please."

I would ask the young man, too, to read much of "Friends in Council," not merely the essays, but the conversations also. For in them, too, he will chance on many a wise apothegm which will stand him in good stead in his daily work. Especially would I ask him to read that chapter on "Pleasantness;" and if he be inclined to think it merely a collection of maxims, acute enough, but having no bearing on Theology or on higher Ethics, let him correct his opinion by studying the following passage concerning a certain class of disagreeable people:—

"After much meditation on them, I have come to the conclusion that they are, in general, self-absorbed people. Now to be self-absorbed is a very different thing from being selfish, or of a hard nature. Such persons, therefore, may be very kind, may even be very sensitive; but the habit of looking at everything from their own point of view, of never travelling out of themselves, prevails even in their kindest and most sympathetic moments; and so they say and do the most unfeeling things without any ill intention whatsoever. They are much to be pitied as well as blamed; and the end is that they seldom adopt ways of pleasantness, until they are beaten into them by a long course of varied misfortune, which enables them to look at another's grief and errors from his own point of view, because it has become their own."

Full of sound doctrine are those words, but like much of Mr. Helps's good advice on this and on other subjects, not likely to be learned by those who need it most, till they have been taught them by sad experience.

And for this reason: that too many of us lack imagination, and have, I suppose, lacked it in all ages. Mr. Helps puts sound words into Midhurst's mouth upon this very matter, in the conversation which follows the essay. It enables, according to him, a man "on all occasions to see what is to be said and thought for others. It corrects harshness of judgment and cruelty of all kinds. I cannot imagine a cruel man imaginative; and I suspect that there is a certain stupidity closely connected with all prolonged severity of word, or thought, or action."

No doubt: but what if it be said in defence of the stupid and cruel, that imagination is a natural gift; and that they therefore are not to be blamed for the want of it? That, again, it would doubtless be very desirable that every public functionary, lay or clerical, should possess a fair share of imagination; enough at least to put himself in the place of some suitor, whose fate he seals with "a clerk's cold spurt of the pen:" but that imagination is a quality too undefinable and transcendental to be discovered—at least the amount of it—by any examination, competitive or other?

The answer is, I think, to be found in Mr. Helps's own example. The imagination, like other faculties, grows by food; and its food cannot be too varied, in order that it may assimilate to itself the greatest number of diverse elements. Whatever natural faculty of imagination Mr. Helps may have had, it has evidently been developed, strengthened, and widened, by most various reading, various experience of men and things. The number and the variety of facts, objective and subjective, touched in his volumes is quite enormous. His mind has plainly been accustomed to place itself in every possible attitude, in order to catch every possible ray of light. The result is, that whenever he looks at a thing, though he may not always—who can, in such a mysterious world?—see into the heart of it, he at least sees it all round. He has acquired

a sense of proportion; of the relative size and shape of things, which is the very foundation of all just and wise practical thought about them.

And this is what young men, setting out as thinkers, or as teachers, are naturally apt to lack. They are inclined to be bigots or fanatics, not from conceit or stupidity, but simply from ignorance. Their field of vision is too narrow; and a single object in it is often sufficient to intercept to whole light of heaven, and so become an *eidôlon*—something worshipped instead of truth, and too often at the expense of human charity. In the young layman there is no cure, it is said, for such a state of mind, like the House of Commons; and in default of that, good company, in the true sense of the word. Mr. Helps makes no secret, throughout his pages, of what he owes to the society of men of very varied opinions and temperaments, as able as, or abler than himself. But all have not his opportunities; and least of all, perhaps, we of the clerical profession, who need them most, not only because we have to influence human hearts and heads of every possible temper, and in every possible state, but because the very sacredness of our duties, and our conviction of the truth of our own teaching, tempt us—paradoxical, as it may seem—towards a self-confident, blind, and harsh routine. What is the young clergyman's cure? How shall he keep his imaginative sympathy strong and open?

Certainly, by much varied reading. The study of the Greek and Latin classics has helped, I believe, much in making the clergy of the Church of England what they are—the most liberal-minded priesthood which the world has yet seen. The want of it has certainly helped to narrow the minds of Non-conformists. A boy cannot be brought up to read of, and to love, old Greeks and Romans, without a vague, but deep feeling, that they, too, were men of like passions, and it may be sometimes of like virtues, with himself; and he who has learnt how to think and how to know, from Aristotle and Plâto, will have a far juster view of the vastness and importance of the whole human race and its strivings after truth, than he who has learnt his one little lesson about man and the universe from the works of one or two Divines of his own peculiar school. He will be all the more inclined to be just to the Mussulman, the Hindoo, the Buddhist, from having learnt to be just to those who worshipped round the Capitol or the Acropolis. One sees, therefore, with much regret, more and more young men taking orders without having had a sound classical education, and more and more young men so overworked by parish duty, as to have really no time left for study. Under the present mania for over-working everybody, such Churchmen as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries saw —literary, philosophic, scientific, generally human and humane—are becoming more and more impossible; while a priesthood such as may be seen in more than one country of Europe, composed of mere professionals, busy, ambitious, illiterate, is becoming more and more possible.

One remedy, at least, is this, that more varied culture should be insisted on, by those who have the power to insist; that if not a sound knowledge of the best classic literature, at least a sound knowledge of the best English, should be demanded of young clergymen. Let such a one have—say only his Shakespeare—at his fingers' ends, and he will find his visits in the parish, and his sermon in the pulpit also, all the more full of that "Pleasantness," which is, to tell the truth, nothing less than Divine "Charity."

Such are a few of the thoughts which suggested themselves to me while reading Mr. Help's later books, and re-reading—with an increasing sense of their value—several of his earlier ones. If these thoughts have turned especially towards the gentlemen of my own cloth, and their needs, it has been because I found Mr. Helps's Essays eminently full of that "sweetness and light," which Mr. Matthew Arnold tells is so necessary for us all. Most necessary are they certainly, for us clergymen; and yet they are the very qualities which we are most likely to lose, not only from the hurry and worry of labour, but from the very importance of the questions on which we have to make up our minds, and the hugeness of the evils with which we have to fight. And thankful we should be to one who, amid toil no less continuous and distracting than that of any active clergyman, has not only preserved sweetness and light himself, but has taught the value of them to others

BOOK REVIEWS

HISTORICAL ESSAYS. By Edward A. Freeman, M. A., Hon. D.C.L., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co.

MR. FREEMAN may, we believe, be regarded as the greatest living authority on the period of history to which he has specially devoted himself, and which may be comprehensively designated as the Middle Age, between ancient history and modern, embracing the formation of all the European nations in the mould of the still surviving Empire, and the early development of their institutions, civil and religious. Not that his knowledge is limited to this period, for he has given us valuable proof of his profound study of ancient history and of the political history of modern times. His "Norman Conquest" is not only beyond comparison the best, it is in fact the only history of those events; for Thierry, though learned, picturesque and generous, is far too fanciful to hold his ground as an authority and a guide, nor does he present the Conquest and the Conqueror with the fulness of detail with which they are presented by Mr. Freeman, and which alone can lend life and interest to the history of the remote past. Mr. Freeman has high literary merits—a clear and thoroughly manly style, a vigour and a vividness in narration only occasionally marred by a slight tendency to diffusiveness and by the antiquarian enthusiasm which leads him sometimes to introduce into the text incidental details better suited for a note. But his supreme excellence lies in his thorough mastery of his materials, in his conscientious and discriminating use of them, and in the perfect soundness of all he writes. Whether you agree with his interpretation of facts or not, you may feel perfectly sure that you will find on investigation, that his authorities are correctly cited, and that their relative value has been duly weighed. In the latter respect he has greatly the advantage of Thierry, who always has an authority for what he says, but is by no means careful in determining the relative value of authorities, especially when he is under the generous but misleading influence of his sympathy with oppressed nationalities. Dean Milman's work is excellent, and deserves the highest gratitude of the student of history; but he may occasionally be caught tripping, and very excusably, considering how immense was the mass of facts which he had to embrace, and that he commenced his great work at an age when the physical memory begins to lose its strength. That the same thing may be said of Gibbon, notwithstanding his vast and genuine learning, is known to the few who have had occasion to compare him with his Byzantine authorities. But Mr. Freeman, though he has provoked searching criticism by his somewhat ruthless exposure of the inaccuracies of others, has never, so far as we know, been detected in any serious error even on a subordinate point. He strictly confines himself to narrating events in accordance with the evidence and to tracing the connection between them, eschewing philosophic generalizations whether of the school of Buckle or of any other school. "We have thus tried," he says, at the conclusion of his essay on the Continuity of English History "to trace the outward sequence of cause and effect through a considerable portion of history. This outward sequence is all that we can profess to trace. We cannot submit the phenomena of English history, its course at home or its points of difference from that of other nations to any grand scientific law. If we are asked for the causes of the contrast between the steady course of freedom in England and its fitful rises and falls in France, we have no universal formula of explanation. We can only say that the causes are many and various; and some of those which we should assign are perhaps rather of an old-fashioned kind. We confess that we are not up to the last lights of the age: we have not graduated in the school of Mr. Buckle. We still retain our faith in the existence and the free-will both of God and of man. National character, geographical position, earlier historical events have had much to do with the difference; but we believe that the personal character of individual men and the happy thought, or happy accident, of some particular enactment has often had quite as much to do with it as any of them." One obvious advantage, at all events, of writing history on this system is that come what may of the conflicting theories and philosophies of history over which the world is now disputing, the facts ascertained and arranged by Mr. Freeman must always retain their value. Nor can any changes of opinion or of literary fashion impair the interest of a narrative which relies for its effect not on rhetoric or sensational pictures, but on the intrinsic importance and interest of the character and events. Mr. Freeman's writings are perhaps the very best school in which a young student of history can train himself. They redeem a generation which in its blindness has bowed down to the ignorant and mendacious sensationalism of Mr. Froude.

The essays contained in the present volume are revised republications from leading reviews. They relate mostly to Mr. Freeman's special period; but the last in the series "On Presidential Government" belongs to political philosophy, and reminds us that Mr. Freeman has published one volume of an excellent work on Federal Government, which we hope he will take in hand again as soon as he shall have completed his History of the Norman Conquest. There could not be a moment at which such a work would be more welcome or more likely to influence political action on a great scale than the present. Among a number of papers affording striking proofs of the writer's peculiar learning, the most remarkable perhaps is that on the Early Sieges of Paris, which derives additional interest from recent events, by which its subject was in fact sug-

gested. We doubt whether any other writer possesses sufficient command of the authorities to move so freely without stumbling in that dim twilight of the dawn of French history. But all the essays are full of learning and sound instruction.

If there is one of the series from the general views of which we are disposed to dissent, though with great deference for the opinion of one so thoroughly at home in the subject, it is that on "St. Thomas of Canterbury and his Biographers." We cannot help thinking that Mr. Freeman's fondness for St. Thomas a'Becket is a case of what the writers on Primitive Culture call "survival"; that it belongs rather to the earlier and more ecclesiastical portion of the author's career, when he was one of the most eminent among the leaders in the revival of Church Art connected with the High Church movement at Oxford. To us, we confess, Thomas a'Becket has always seemed to stand in strong contrast to the real Saintship of Anselm, and to be himself in truth nothing more than a vulgar embodiment of the sacerdotal ambition and the ecclesiastical fallacies of his age. Thierry has discovered in him a Saxon patriot, defending his race against the Norman oppressor; but this theory is justly pronounced by Mr. Freeman untenable: Becket was not of Saxon but of Norman extraction, and, as Mr. Freeman says, the sharp antagonism of races assumed in Thierry's hypothesis had by this time ceased to exist. Thierry makes a great point of the article in the Constitutions of Clarendon forbidding the ordination of serfs without the consent of their lords, in opposing which he supposes Becket to have been the champion of the Saxon democracy. Milman, on the other hand, has remarked that this article in reality passed almost unheeded. Mr. Freeman disputes Milman's opinion on the strength of some lines in the Metrical French Life of Becket by Garnier. But we have the most positive proof that Thierry has vastly exaggerated the importance of the article and that it was really regarded by Becket's party as of secondary moment: since at the Council of Sens the sixteen Constitutions of Clarendon were laid before the Pope, who distinguished those which were utterly inadmissible from those which, though objectionable, were comparatively harmless, and placed the article respecting the ordination of serfs in the latter class. What the democratic sympathies of Rome and her representatives were worth appeared not long after this in the Papal condemnation of the Great Charter and its authors. Democratic, Rome has, in truth, never been; though in the case of kings who were heretics or opposed her pretensions she has been rebel and tyrannicide. It cannot be pretended again, that Becket was a martyr to religious liberty in the high sense of the term, since as a member of the Council of Tours he took part in setting on foot those persecutions of the heretics of Southern France, which at last culminated in the extermination of the Albigenses. To the liberties of the national Church of England he was twice a traitor: first in allowing himself to be forced on the electors to the Archbishopric, in defiance of Church rights and liberties, by an exercise of the royal power; secondly, in attempting to get rid of this flaw in his position by surrendering the Primacy of England into the hands of the Pope and receiving it back as the Pope's gift, a precedent which was probably not forgotten in the usurping Councils of Innocent III. He was a martyr to nothing but that Hildebrandine theory of the supremacy of the clergy and of the Pope as their chief over the lay powers and the laity generally, which at this period filled the heads and fired the hearts of all the priests in Europe; which was supported by a whole arsenal of forgery and fraud, as well as by the general agencies of superstition, and which, if it could have been carried into effect, would have reduced Europe to the condition of Egypt, paralyzed intellect, arrested political progress and stopped the current of civilization. The chief object for which he fought was the immunity of clerical robbers and murderers, and of all robbers and murderers over whom the clergy chose, with a view of enlarging their clientage, to extend the protection of their order, from the jurisdiction of secular tribunals, as William of Newburgh, about the only contemporary writer in whom anything like an impartial account of these transactions is to be found, very clearly explains. But it is not to be forgotten that immediately after his appointment to the Archbishopric, and before the Constitutions of Clarendon were mooted, he commenced his course of aggression by setting up tyrannical claims to property which had been vested by a long term of prescription in other hands; at the same time outraging justice by making himself judge in his own cause and violating the established custom of the realm by excommunicating a tenant in chief of the Crown without the cognizance of the King. His bearing through the whole controversy was in the last degree insolent, outrageous and unchristian: even his most attached partizan had to warn him that, instead of always poring over the Canon Law, the magazine of ecclesiastical aggression, he had better turn his mind to the Gospel. He met his death at last by violence, and in this sense he may be said to have been, in Mr. Freeman's words, "a martyr to the general cause of law and order"; but he had himself provoked that violence by launching, immediately after his reconciliation with the King and in breach of the agreement into which he had virtually entered, a storm of censures and excommunications for which Mr. Freeman blames him highly, justly remarking that the amnesty which would naturally have been expected under the circumstances from a secular conqueror, was much more to be expected from a minister of peace. "But," says Mr. Freeman, "in the state of fanatic exaltation into which Thomas had now wrought himself, lenity would have seemed a crime which would incur the curse of Meroz." People in a state of fanatic exaltation are apt, especially in rough times, to run into violent collisions. The conduct and bearing of this ecclesiastical termagant made it perfectly clear that there was no living within the same realm with him except on condition of absolute submission to his fanatical and tyrannical will. The last gospel principle in defence of which the servant of Christ launched his anathemas, and to which, if to any principle, he was a martyr, was the supremacy of Canterbury over York, and the exclusive right of the Archbishop of Canterbury to crown and anoint the King. The last word uttered by his saintly lips was "pandar," which provoked the excited savage to whom it was addressed to hew him down. The crazy lust of martyrdom which at last possessed him, and which widely prevailed in that crusading age, might not otherwise have been gratified. We are very much in the dark as to some parts of his character, our chief authorities being his ecclesiastical

biographers, whose works are rather rhapsodies than histories, the very dregs of the human mind, tainted with preposterous miracles, and burning with a fanaticism which would have made lying in the Saint's honour a duty and telling the truth against him a crime. It is on the testimony of such witnesses that we are called upon to believe that Becket, before his elevation to the Archbishopric, and while outwardly an ambitious, grasping and ostentatious man of the world, a supple courtier and a ruthless soldier, was in heart devout and practised asceticism in secret. It is on the same testimony that Mr. Freeman and others believe that Becket was adored by the common people; though, even granting this to be the fact, it would only prove, what needs no proof, that the people in those days were sunk in superstition and completely under the influence of the priests. The subsequent popularity of Becket as a Saint was the natural consequence of the assiduous exaltation of his name by all the members of the order for whose most iniquitous and noxious privileges he was supposed to have died; and, if pleaded as testimony on his side, it would prove rather too much, since the offerings at Becket's shrine were far more numerous than those made to the Virgin, and infinitely more numerous than those made to God. As the memory of Becket has gained, so the memory of Henry II. has suffered, in common with that of all kings who offended the clergy in the middle age, by the prejudice of the clerical writers who were then the only historians. It is true that Henry, like all the men of that age had still in him a good deal of the savage, and was liable to fits of ungoverned and cruel passion; but his early friendship with Becket shows that he was a man of warm affections, and there is an anecdote in the life of St. Hugh of Lincoln, which represents him as genial, good humoured, capable of being turned from his wrath by a jest. He was licentious, but we are not bound to believe all the monstrous charges of his enemies, and we are bound to remember that he had an old shrew for his wife, He was, at times tyrannical, but his tyranny was better for the people than the liberty of Front de Bœuf; and his reign, after the anarchy of Stephen, must have seemed almost a millennium. Had he been willing to submit to clerical usurpation, neither license nor tyranny would have drawn down ecclesiastical rebuke in his case any more than they did in that of his grandfather Henry, or in that of his son John, who so long as he was a supporter of the Church was allowed to put away his wife without cause and was backed by Papal authority in his perfidious repudiation of the Great Charter. Becket would have thought as little of the immoralities of a pious king as he did of the practical abuses in the Church, of which indeed he was himself, as an enormous pluralist, a conspicuous instance. Henry, though he came of a race noted for bridling ecclesiastics, and the subject in consequence of their calamnious legends, does not seem to have been irreligious; he heard mass regularly, gave to the Church, and like his grandfather willingly employed churchmen. He cannot have been utterly unscrupulous, or he would have accepted the overtures of the Emperor, and by throwing his weight into the scale in favour of the anti-Pope have secured the triumph of the secular power and checkmated Becket. He was not an Englishman or an English patriot, but a great continental King, ruling England almost as a dependency; Becket in like manner was not an Englishman or an English patriot but a Roman: and Henry's continental power enabled him to repress the fendal anarchy in England, and to give the country a period of internal peace, which, together with the free trade which it enjoyed with his continental dominions, rapidly advanced its wealth and prosperity. The repression of lawlessness and crime in the clergy was the complement of the policy so ably and beneficently inaugurated at the commencement of the reign by the repression of the feudal anarchs and the expulsion of their mercenary hordes. In the continuation of that policy the King expected the co-operation of his bosom friend and chief counsellor; in this expectation he caused Becket to be elected Archbishop; and it is totally incredible that Becket should have really undeceived him before the election. In the course of the struggle, his passionate nature being maddened by Becket's perfidy and arrogance, he did things highly blameworthy, among which, however, we hardly reckon the pressure put upon the Cistercians to dislodge from their protection an enemy who, under that protection, was assailing the King and the peace of his realm with weapons styled spiritual, but which wielded by the hands of Hildebrand and his ambitious successors had filled Germany and Italy with unnatural and desolating war. That in the immediate issue the King was right is now admitted by the whole world with the possible exception of the editor of the *Univers*, and was practically acknowledged in a sort of concordat framed at the instance of Archbishop Richard, the successor of Becket. Mr. Freeman says that the immunity of clerks from the jurisdiction of the civil power would now be justly considered monstrous in every well-governed country, but that it was a cause that might honestly be maintained in the twelfth century. "Thomas did not invent the ecclesiasiastical claims; he merely defended them as he found them". Here with great deference and some misgiving, we must join issue with Mr. Freeman on a question of fact. We venture to submit that, so far as England was concerned, Becket did invent the ecclesiastical claims which he put forward. Those claims were contrary to, while the Constitutions of Clarendon were generally in accordance with, the rules of the Norman kingdom as promulgated by the Conqueror in the face of Hildebrand, and recorded on the unquestionable authority of Eadmer. If the liability of ecclesiastical offenders to the civil jurisdiction had not been formally proclaimed, it had been practically asserted in the signal case of Odo of Bayeux. Besides, it is pushing the charity of history rather far to say that a claim which all sensible men now see to be unrighteous, might have been righteously maintained in former times, and this in the presence of most decisive facts (for the kingdom was full of privileged criminals) and in face of the arguments now accepted as conclusive. If Richard de Luci or Abbot Samson (who was one of Henry's justiciars) could see that justice ought to be done upon a murderer in minor orders, why could not Becket, a man evidently of superior ability and according to his admirers of genius see it also? We are ready to judge Becket according to the ideas and the moral and Christian standard of his time. We will compare him with Anselm. Anselm when brought into collision, in defence of the Church's rights, with two Kings in succession, one of whom at all events was a much worse man and greater tyrant than Henry II., did everything in his power to preserve the peace of

of Church and State, pushed concession to its utmost limits, abstained as long as possible from the use of spiritual censures, readily embraced a rational compromise as soon as it was offered. He interposed, when at the Council of Bari, the Pope, yielding to the clamour of the excited assembly, was about to excommunicate William Rufus. He shed tears, so his biographer assures us, when he heard of the Red King's death. He never for a moment forgot the temporal allegiance due to his sovereign, or leagued himself, for the purpose of obtaining temporal support for spiritual principles, with the King's enemies. In his bearing towards Rufus and in his letters to Henry he was invariably respectful. He met violence as a Christian prelate should, with meekness, and displayed throughout the contest the Christian's true chivalry, long-suffering and love of peace. He never thought of his personal position or of his personal wrongs. The end of the struggle in his case was not a tragic catastrophe, but a happy settlement, founded on a just distinction between the rights of the Church and those of the State, by which peace was restored to both. Becket's conduct in every respect was exactly the reverse. He eagerly embraced occasions for quarrel. He pushed everything to extremities. He treated all forbearance, all patience, all charity, much more all concession or compromise, as "the sin of Meroz." He hurled about his spiritual thunderbolts with reckless vindictiveness on all sides. He reviled the Pope, because the shrewd and patient Italian, who won his own game by waiting, hesitated at once to proceed to extreme measures against the King. He was always full of himself and of his own wrongs, and blasphemously identified himself with Christ, while he showed the difference between himself and Him who reviled not again, by styling one of his opponents "not Archdeacon, but Archdevil." In all his letters there is not a word that betokens the spirit of a real Christian, and his whole conduct is as contrary as possible to the plain precepts of the Gospel which he professed to make the rule of his life, and which was as intelligible to him as it is to us. Immediately on his departure from England he flung himself in violation of his feudal obligations, into the arms of his sovereign's enemy, the King of France. He bore himself towards Henry in the most offensive manner, addressing him generally as his equal in rank, while spiritually he assumed towards him airs of paternity utterly ridiculous and disgusting in one, who instead of having like Anselm passed a long life in the service of Christ and in the guidance of souls, was the King's boon companion of yesterday, and had just leaped from the saddle of the soldier into the throne of the Archbishop. Becket's renewal of the war on his return to England and after his reconciliation with the King would have left him without a defender among reasonable men, had not his breach of the amnesty been covered by his tragic fate. The proclamation of Henry VIII., which declared that Becket was killed in a brawl, contained a large amount of truth, though it was not its truth that recommended it to Henry VIII. Perhaps to the significant points of contrast between Becket and Anselm it may be added that Anselm though an ascetic, as all religious men were in those days, does not appear to have been a Fakir, while it was a principal element in Becket's Saintship, according to his monkish adorers, that he was covered with holy filth and swarmed with vermin. It is not surprising that Becket's name should be in all ages dear and familiar to ecclesiastical ambition; that the pens of ultramontane priests should now again be glorifying his memory, or that an untruthful and sophistical life of him should have formed a prominent part of the literature of the Romanizing party at Oxford. A "worthy" of clerical aggrandizement he is, and one of the highest of them; but among the "worthies" of England, of morality, or of Christianity, we, notwithstanding Mr. Freeman's appeal, emphatically refuse a place to Becket.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By John Forster. Vol. I. 1812-1842. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

It does not surprise us to learn that this biography has already reached a ninth edition. A few months after the body of Charles Dickens had been deposited beneath the flag-stones of Westminster Abbey, certain of the critics held a *post mortem* upon his literary remains. They had not the slightest doubt that his works were as dead as himself; and if any spark of life were yet remaining, it seemed scarcely credible that a "subject" could survive the dissections of such anatomists. The critics were for once mistaken; they appear to have forgotten that *humour* has many champions. It was easy to declaim against the factitious popularity of Dickens; not so easy to destroy the troop of grateful friends he left behind him. Mr. Pickwick may be dead by this time, though we have no evidence of the fact; Sam Weller and Mary (*née* Nubbles) are certainly keeping a "public" somewhere to this day; Captain Cuttle, we have good reason to believe, is still "to the fore"; and Mr. Micawber, having no desire for anything else "to turn up," may, possibly, turn himself up from Australia as a witness in the Tichborne case. As for Dick Swiveller, there can be no doubt an advertisement in the second column of the *Times* would draw him out immediately. There is not a household in England or America where these genial folk would not find an open door and a hearty welcome: not to speak of the rest of the many characters who owe their name and fame to the genius of Charles Dickens. Therefore we say that the critics were mistaken; and, if any one be still in doubt, we beg to refer him or her to the enormous sale of the family edition of *Oliver Twist*, and the eager zest with which all classes have devoured the first instalment of Mr. Forster's biography.

We have no desire, even if we could afford the space, to imitate the example of some of our contemporaries, who, as it appears to us, have emasculated the work and detracted from the interest the reader would certainly feel on an independent perusal of it. Most children, young and old, are fond of plums; but if these are dished up as a preliminary to the pudding to which they originally belonged, it is only natural that they should fail to relish the mutilated after-part of the repast.

It is due to the biographer to give him at once, and in the first place, our humble tribute to the careful and discriminating style of his book. Many faults, though they could be detected here, would be forgiven in Mr. Forster, because he has loved much. A man who could have attracted the strong and manly affection displayed by the biographer must have had

a warm and generous nature; and although we are inclined to think that Mr. Forster's heart has sometimes got the better of his head, it has not often done so: his narrative is quite as impartial as we could expect—perhaps we may add, as we could wish it to be.

And yet, it is quite possible that, apart from prejudices to which men have already committed themselves, there may be two distinctly opposite verdicts passed upon the subject of the work. We can imagine a perfectly ingenuous and unbiassed reader, deliberately penning two entirely contradictory views of Dickens, according to the passing mood in which he takes it up. There is much to call forth sympathy—much to command admiration; but there are also many things which excite regret, call for pity, and even challenge patience in a reader.

Of the first ten years of Dickens' life, we need say little. The early vicissitudes of the family fortunes, which are interesting in the work, would seem tiresome in a mere abstract of incidents. The story of the "queer little boy" whom Dickens met at Gadshill, had been published before, and it is certainly well told; but it strikes us rather as a monologue than a conversation. At any rate, though it really records a reminiscence of Dickens, it is not very remarkable. Many boys have desired Gadshills who never obtained them; just as multitudes of them have broken the Sabbath, though it is only those who come to be hanged who tell us anything about it. In spite of the predilection Mr. Forster displays in favour of Chatham as the birth-place of Dickens' fancy, we venture to place it in a less picturesque—a less savoury—locality, Bayham street, Camden Town. Here, for the first time, Dickens felt himself really left alone, without the boy-companionship necessary always to boys—especially so to the delicate and sensitive pupil of the kindly Mr. Giles. From the moment when the child stood *vis-à-vis* to the Bow Street officer who lived over the way—with the washerwoman who lived next door in the side-couples—the dance of life began. We open at once upon the scene which was always present to the mind of Dickens, whether humorous, pathetic or satirical in mood. To use an Hibernicism, the first act of his life-drama was the second, the third and so on to the fifth. His whole subsequent career was a building upon the foundation of memory; or, to change the figure again, the later phases of his literary life were as the slides of a telescope drawn out as distance appeared to warrant, sometimes in focus, presenting objects with a clear and sharp outline—sometimes blurred and distorted. The field, however, was always the same.

It is very difficult to conjecture, with any hope of accuracy, how far Dickens projected his mature reflections into the experiences of his boyhood. It cannot be doubted, however, that a nature, sympathetic and finely-nerved as his, must have taken that bitter London apprenticeship very much to heart. The hopeless insolvency of his father—the carelessness of both parents regarding his education—the bitter sense of abandonment and loneliness which overpowered his cheerful spirits, may have been somewhat intensified in the retrospect, but they must have been real. On the story of the blacking-warehouse we cannot dwell, except to express some surprise that poor Bob Fagin, who seems to have possessed a kindly heart, should have been immortalized as the detestable old Jew. In comparison with this, the employment of Poll Green's pseudo-Christian name to decorate Sweedlepipes seems a venial offence.

The difficulties of Mr. Dickens Sr., in and out of prison, occupy a good deal of space in the first chapters of this biography. It has been urged as a matter of accusation against his son, that these troubles which were real enough, while they continued, both to the father and mother, were made fun of afterwards by their son. There can be no doubt that Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, in some sense, represent the elder Dickens and his wife, but we do not at all believe that their son had the slightest intention of taking "revenge," as Mr. Forster will have it, in *David Copperfield*. In spite of some hard words written years afterwards, it appears evident—and we appeal to *David Copperfield* in corroboration—that in those early days, when privation pressed most heavily, Dickens sympathized completely with his parents. It was afterwards, when all the danger was over, that he could afford to be humorous and, it must be confessed, satirical also. To understand Dickens properly, we must compare this passage in his life with another, which also sank deeply into his mind. The child-wife, *Dora*, of his autobiographical novel, was a reality—a first love. She it was who inspired him with his zeal as a student of stenography, and stirred ambition within him. She did not marry *him*, but did marry, we believe, that obnoxious person—"another." Yet, at the age of forty-four, he experienced, whenever he approached her, the feeling of awe becoming one who stands beside the grave of a buried affection. As soon, however, as the passion had finally worn itself out, *Dora* appears again as the *Flora* of *Little Dorrit*. Here again, there is an apparent want of feeling: but it is only apparent. The solution of the enigma appears to be this, that Dickens was not so much a master of humour as humour was master of him. So long as the suffering or the love endured, or whenever the memory of it took forcible possession of his mind, such was the intensity of his nature, that all other thoughts were banished for the time. No sooner, however, was the spell broken, than his familiar spirit recovered its sway, suggesting incongruous and ludicrous images, and thus his sorrows and affections alike became the sport of his humour.

The story of Dickens' boyhood, whether we read it in *David Copperfield* or in the autobiographical fragment in Mr. Forster's work, is one of intense interest. Fielding, in one of the initial chapters of *Tom Jones*, essays in his playful style "to prove that an author will write the better for having some knowledge of the subject on which he writes." Dickens knew his subject thoroughly, not merely by observation or study, but from bitter experience of hardship and—as he viewed it—of wrong. The miserable drudgery of the blacking warehouse—the wretched shifts of his unthrifty parent—the errands to the pawnbrokers and second-hand shops of London—his thirst for knowledge, unappreciated and unsatisfied by father or mother—his solitary unfriended life—must all have weighed heavily upon that sensitive, delicate and precocious boy. Mr. Forster tells us that "at extreme points of his life, he used to find the explanation of himself in those early trials. He had derived great good from them, but not without alloy. The fixed and eager determination, the restless and resistless energy * * * had with it some disadvantages among many noble ad-

vantages." So we are told he was often "uneasy, shrinking and over-sensitive" in society; and that a too great confidence in himself sometimes laid upon him burdens too grievous to be borne. "In that direction there was in him, at such times, something even hard and aggressive; in his determinations, a something that had almost the tone of fierceness; a something in his nature that made his resolves insuperable, however hasty the opinions on which they had been formed." These manifestations, however, were rare, and did not permanently prejudice a character "as singularly open and generous as it was at all times ardent and impetuous." When they occurred, however, "a stern and even cold isolation of self-reliance was seen side by side with a susceptivity almost feminine, and the most eager craving for sympathy." These apparently incompatible traits of character, appear to us to account, on the one hand, for that seeming want of grateful appreciation with which the Americans accused him; and, on the other, for the complacency with which he devoured popular approbation—unjustly put to the score of mere vanity. Dickens has been charged with eking out his deficiencies of skill as an artist by exaggerations of individual peculiarity. This tendency, however, was really one so natural to him that he could not divest himself of it in private letters to his dearest friends. Even his punctuation was done by wholesale: in one letter, Mr. Forster is treated to half-a-dozen marks of interrogation to a single question; in another, a clause, containing nothing specially wonderful, terminates with no less than thirty notes of admiration. This extravagance, perhaps, for the most part unconscious, heightens the humour of his works; but it often degrades it almost to the level of caricature, and sometimes makes his pathos appear tawdry and artificial. The story of his boyhood is extremely touching, and will be read with intense interest; but his vehement—even boisterous—lamentations over its hardships seem too highly wrought to be satisfactory. When we find that sombre shadow darkening a prosperous manhood, the study of his character seems to belong to the pathology, rather than the natural history, of genius.

It is pleasant to find that Dickens, as a limner of character, painted from the life, and that he dealt out an even measure of poetic justice to all parties. This feature, in the biography, has been pointed to as a proof that he lacked imagination—as if that charge might not, with equal propriety, be advanced against all the great masters of fiction, in prose and poetry. At any rate, we do not think any one will be disposed to revise his estimate of Dickens' powers on that account. It is all very well to speak eulogistically of the man who "makes a story out of his own head," but there is a substratum of realism in human nature which seeks a foundation of fact even in a fictitious narrative. The Cheeryble Brothers, the Marchioness, and the Garland family, are quite as agreeable, now that we know they had an actual living personality as they were before. So it is some satisfaction, on the other hand, to know that Creakle of Salem House had a substantial back, upon which we should like to have applied his own cane, since we now know that he was Mr. Jones of Wellington House Academy. The same may be said of Mrs. Pipchin, for whose portrait sat, "unconsciously," Mrs. Roylance of Camden Town—the precursor, it would seem, of the unfortunate baby-farmer, who recently met her death, by legal violence, within the precincts of Newgate.

We have dwelt at such length on the early days of the novelist, that we must pass over the record of his literary struggles and triumphs without remark. This may be done the more readily, because, as we have stated, the youth of Dickens was really the great period of interest in his life—at least of so much of it as is narrated in this volume. Moreover, the detailed account of his works can be studied to better advantage in the biography itself. Some remarks have been made on the tender affection Dickens felt for the memory of his sister-in-law, Miss Mary Hogarth. One critic thinks that Mr. Forster ought to have suppressed the references to it in Dickens' letters. We are of a different opinion. It appears to us that the passages objected to throw considerable light upon the character of the man—perhaps we may go so far as to say that they ought to disabuse the public mind of any lingering impression made by a slander, promulgated during his life-time. From first to last, Dickens' nature was, above all things, childlike—in some respects, childish. The traits of character which impress us most in reading his life are those which survived his youth, and not only helped to form, but actually constituted, the man. He loved young people, because he was always young himself—generous, impulsive, cheerful and sympathetic. What he prized in her who was so early taken away, may be gathered from the epitaph he placed upon her tomb:—"Young, beautiful and good, God numbered her among His angels, at the early age of seventeen." A comparison of the subsequent allusions in his letters from America with the closing words of *David Copperfield*, inclines us to the belief that she was the original of *Agnes Wickfield*—the noblest, purest and best of his heroines.

Dickens' first visit to America has been a subject of controversy *ad nauseam*. The biography contains some incidents, as well as some very plain expressions of opinion, not to be found in the *Notes* or even in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Our neighbours did not know the man they had to deal with. He admired such of their good points as were on the surface; but his sense of the ridiculous, abetted by the fearful demon of boredom, soon got the upper-hand. At first all went merrily enough; but by and by a sense of weariness and satiety crept insensibly over him. Everybody is eternally staring at him (p. 324), cheating him in hotel bills (p. 345), criticising his personal appearance in conversation with him (p. 386), and even peering into his state-room while he was washing and his wife in bed (p. 403). It is not surprising that he "does not believe there are on the whole earth besides so many intensified bores as in these United States". He pays a well-deserved tribute to the many sterling qualities of our neighbours, and yet breaks out in his letters in such passages as the following:—"I still reserve my opinion of the national character—just whispering that I tremble for a radical coming here, unless he is a radical in principle, by reason and reflection, and from the sense of right. I fear, that if he were anything else, he would return home a tory" (p. 327); "I don't like the country. I would not live here, on any consideration. It goes against the grain with me—it would with you. I think it impossible. utterly impossible, for any Englishman to live here and be happy," &c. (p. 351). With regard to

Canada, although he says little, in addition to what is given in the *Notes*, there is one observable fact. Our Nova Scotian brethren are unmercifully cut up, because they unfortunately happened to reside at a way-station on the road to his apotheosis in the United States. *There* his characteristic impatience got the better of his generosity. When, however, he had been thoroughly surfeited with the hospitality he came to enjoy, Toronto, Kingston and Montreal are treated as very endurable cities of refuge. It is true that Toronto, five years after the rebellion, was found to be "wild, rabid," and even "appalling" in its toryism; still Canadian kindness was an agreeable relief after the overwhelming attentions which bored him across the line.

Here, the first volume terminates. Its readers will, we think, readily recognize at once the strength and the weaknesses of Charles Dickens. Both lie upon the surface—sometimes exciting sympathy, sometimes regret; but never repelling or offending us. With all his faults—or, more properly, perhaps, *because* of his faults—we all love him and his works. His pathos may sometimes seem too laboured and finely drawn; his views, political and economic, none of the soundest; but as a humorist, we believe he will attain to literary immortality. When Mr. Forster's interesting biography is further advanced, we may take the opportunity of offering a general estimate of Dickens' claims as an author; meanwhile, we need scarcely commend the first volume to the notice of our readers as a well-written, judicious and thoroughly affectionate record of the early years of our best contemporary humorist. It is only just to add that the American edition, issued by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, is *not* a piracy, but the result of an arrangement, profitable to the author and honourable to the American publishers.

ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH; or Forest Life in Canada. By Susanna Moodie. New and Revised Edition. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

A generation has passed away since Mrs. Moodie first gave to the world this interesting narrative of her experience in the back-woods. At that time, the work appears to have attracted little attention in Canada, and that little chiefly assumed the form of captious and ungenerous criticism. The bulk of the population were then living the life and practically realizing the hardships the author so graphically depicted. No description, therefore, however vivid, would impress them, except as an imperfect reflection of the toils and struggles of every-day life. The humorous side of pioneer labour, which Mrs. Moodie successfully brought out, would scarcely strike the early settler; or, if it did, the playful vein of the author might, in all probability, jar offensively upon him, in his serious and earnest moods. Moreover, the book was avowedly a story of failure, and the colonists, with characteristic sensitiveness, were not willing that such a story should go forth to the emigrating class at home. In this edition Mrs. Moodie devotes a portion of the introductory chapter to an explanation and defence of her motives in writing and publishing the work:

"In 1830 the tide of emigration flowed westward, and Canada became the great land-mark for the rich in hope and poor in purse. Public newspapers and private letters teemed with the almost fabulous advantages to be derived from a settlement in this highly favoured region. Men, who had been doubtful of supporting their families in comfort at home, thought that they had only to land in Canada to realize a fortune. The infection became general. Thousands and tens of thousands from the middle ranks of British society, for the space of three or four years, landed upon these shores. A large majority of these emigrants were officers of the army and navy, with their families; a class perfectly unfitted, by their previous habits and standing in society, for contending with the stern realities of emigrant life in the back-woods. A class formed mainly from the younger scions of great families, naturally proud, and not only accustomed to command, but to receive implicit obedience from the people under them, are not men adapted to the hard toil of the woodman's life. * * * * It is not by such feeble instruments as the above that Providence works, when it seeks to reclaim the waste places of the earth, and make them subservient to the wants and happiness of Its creatures. The great Father of the souls and bodies of men knows the arm which wholesome labour from infancy has made strong, the nerves that have become iron by patient endurance, and He chooses such to send forth into the forest to hew out the rough paths for the advance of civilization. * * * The poor man is in his native element; the poor gentleman totally unfitted, by his previous habits and education, to be a hewer of the forest and a tiller of the soil. What money he brought out with him is lavishly expended during the first two years, in paying for labour to clear and fence lands, which, from his ignorance of agricultural pursuits, will never make him the least profitable return, and barely find coarse food for his family. Of clothing we say nothing. Bare feet and rags are too common in the bush. Now, had the same means and the same labour been employed in the cultivation of a leased farm, purchased for a few hundred dollars, near a village, how different would have been the results not only to the settler, but it would have added greatly to the wealth and social improvement of the country." It was to warn "poor gentlemen" against foolishly taking up grants of wild land which they could not reduce under cultivation, and to point out the poverty and suffering which inevitably followed, that "Roughing it in the Bush" was originally written. Having taking a false step, Mrs. Moodie related her experience for the admonition of those who might be tempted to make a similar mistake. It was no part of her design to deter the able-bodied agriculturist from settling on Canadian soil; she only sought to undeceive those who fancied that bush-farming was a diversion, in which any one might comfortably and profitably indulge. Forty years' residence in Canada enables the author to give ample testimony regarding the substantial progress of the country, material, intellectual and social. With the growth of Ontario, has grown likewise her affection for it. To quote her own words:—"My love for the country has steadily increased from year to year, and my attachment to Canada is now so strong, that I cannot imagine any inducement, short of absolute necessity, which could induce me to leave the colony, where, as a wife and mother, some of the happiest years of my life have been spent."

It is not our intention to follow our author and

her family through all their troubles from the arrival in quarantine at Grosse Isle in the cholera year (1832) until Sir George Arthur relieved them from the consequences of their luckless experiment by the appointment of Mr. Moodie to a shrievalty. One notable episode, however, occurred during those years of trial to vary the monotony of forest labour —the rebellion of 1837. In the body of the work, (chap. 20) Mrs. Moodie gives us a lively impression of the alacrity with which the loyal half-pay officers obeyed the summons of the Government. "I must own," she adds, "that my own British spirit was fairly aroused, and, as I could not aid in subduing the enemies of my beloved country with my arm, I did what little I could to serve the good cause with my pen." This she did in "one of those loyal staves, which were widely circulated through the colony at the time." Mr. Moodie, though in feeble health, knew his duty too well as an old soldier—who had been severely wounded in his country's service—to hesitate, as to the side he should espouse. Mrs. Moodie seems, even at that time, notwithstanding her "British spirit" to have had some misgivings, from a political stand-point. The view she takes of the events of that period, after a lapse of thirty-five years, we shall give in her own words, from the introductory chapter :—"When we first came to the country it was a mere struggle for bread to the many, while all the offices of emolument and power were held by a favoured few. The country was rent to pieces by political factions, and a fierce hostility existed between the native-born Canadians—the first pioneers of the forest—and the British emigrants, who looked upon each other as mutual enemies who were seeking to appropriate the larger share of the new country." Notwithstanding the signs of impending strife the loyal population could not imagine that an armed outbreak was possible. "The insurrection of 1837 came upon them like a thunder clap; they could hardly believe such an incredible tale. Intensely loyal, the emigrant officers rose to a man to defend the British flag, and chastise the rebels and their rash leader. In their zeal to uphold British authority, they made no excuse for the wrongs that the dominant party had heaped upon a clever and high-spirited man. To them he was a traitor ; and as such a public enemy. Yet the blow struck by that injured man, weak as it was, without money, arms, or the necessary munitions of war, and defeated and broken in its first effort, gave freedom to Canada, and laid the foundation of the excellent constitution that we now enjoy. It drew the attention of the Home Government to the many abuses then practised in the colony ; and made them aware of its vast importance in a political point of view ; and ultimately led to all our great national improvements." We give Mrs. Moodie's political reflections without comment as the matured views of an acute observer who, having passed through those troublous times, now ventures to sum up the results of her experience in our own. The extracts we have given are, for the most part, from the introduction, which forms no part of the work proper. It is, as we have stated, a defence of the author as well as a testimony to the progress of Ontario during a period of forty years. We hope, therefore, that our readers will not mistake the nature of "Roughing it in the Bush." It is an extremely lively book, full of incident and character. Although its primary object was to give a warning by means of an example, it is by no means a jeremiad. On the contrary, we almost lose sight of the immigrants' troubles in the ludicrous phases of human character which present themselves to view in rapid succession.

How far Mrs. Moodie has taken an artist's liberty with her *dramatis personæ* does not appear. She has evidently a keen appreciation of the humorous, and there is an air of verisimilitude about the narrative which gives a zest to its incidents and inspires the reader with confidence in the author. As an interesting picture of a by-gone time, graphically painted, we trust it will be widely circulated. Bush-life does not yet belong to the past, it is true, but to most of us a description of it seems quite as much out of the range of our knowledge, as it would if every acre of our soil had been cleared by the woodman. We may add that the work is produced in a style extremely creditable to the printers and publishers.

THE HOLY BIBLE, according to the Authorized Version (A.D. 1611) with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation, by Bishops and Clergy of the Anglican Church. Vol. I. The Pentateuch. New York : Scribner & Co.

To pronounce satisfactorily upon the respective dates of the various books of the Old Testament, upon the condition of their texts, upon what was, and what was not, the original matter of each, upon what has been inserted, added or omitted at successive revisions, upon what has been mistakenly written down by needless transcribers, requires a considerable familiarity with the Hebrew and cognate languages ; and the Hebrew and cognate languages have been, as every one knows, much in abeyance amongst us. It is only of late years that the study of this branch of linguistics has, in any worthy sense, begun to be revived in British universities and schools. A smattering, indeed, of the knowledge referred to was to be met with in many quarters ; but here was just one of the cases where a little learning was truly a dangerous thing ; and Englishmen had discovered it. They found that in regard to very serious points they were at the mercy of scioli-sts ; that the instructors and guides on whom they were wont to rely as keepers of the national conscience, were themselves groping in the dark. We do not suppose that the number of English scholars competent to criticize the books of the Old Testament is large ; but it is cheering to think that it is increasing, as we are bound to conclude that it is from the increasing number of respectable books on the subject in question now issuing from the English press.

The commentary on the Pentateuch just put forth by the Messrs. Scribner, of New York, is printed from stereotype plates, duplicated from those upon which the London edition of the same work is printed. It is the first instalment of the so-called "Speaker's Commentary" projected in 1863. Its object is to put every general reader and student in full possession of whatever information may be necessary to enable him to understand the books of the Old and New Testaments ; to give him, as far as possible, the same advantages as the scholar; and to supply him with satisfactory answers to objec-

tions resting on misrepresentations or misinterpretations of the text. To secure this end most effectually, the comment is chiefly explanatory, presenting in a concise and readable form the results of learned investigations carried on during the last half century. When fuller discussions of difficult passages or important subjects are necessary, they are placed at the end of the chapter or volume.

Conservative in tone and adapted rather to build up the well-disposed than to convert gainsayers, this commentary nevertheless contains several striking concessions which were never before, amongst us, stamped by authority so high. At the same time the work is carefully non-alarmist and re-assuring ; and will, after a fair examination, be regarded as not badly adapted to the transition period through which the present generation is passing. It will be the impatient and the impetuous who will deem the notes tame and below the mark. To such readers dash and destructiveness would alone have been acceptable ; while the style of the commentary in question is studiously quiet, inobtrusive and unsensational.

As specimens of the concessions alluded to, we give the following. On Genesis i. 5, it is said :—"The vexed question of the duration of the days of creation cannot readily be solved from consideration of the words of the text. The English Version would seem to confine it to natural days, but the original will allow much greater latitude. Time passed in regular succession of day and night. It was an ingenious conjecture of Kurtz, adopted by Hugh Miller, that the knowledge of pre-Adamite history, like the knowledge of future ages, may have been communicated to Moses, or perhaps to the first man, in prophetic vision, that so perhaps vast geological periods were exhibited to the eye of the inspired writer, each appearing to pass before him as so many successive days. It has been said moreover that the phenomena under the earth's surface correspond with the succession as described in this chapter, a period of comparative gloom, with more vapour and more carbonic acid in the atmosphere ; then of greater light, of vegetation, of marine animals and huge reptiles, of birds, of beasts, and lastly of man."

Again, on human phraseology employed in conveying transcendental ideas :—"The whole of this history of the creation and the fall is full of these anthropomorphic representations. The Creator is spoken of as if consulting about the formation of man, as reflecting on the result of His creation, and declaring it all very good, or resting from His work, or planting a garden for Adam, bringing the animals to him to name them, then building up the rib of Adam into a woman, and bringing her to Adam to be his bride. Here again Adam hears his voice as of one walking in the garden in the cool of the day. All this corresponds well with the simple and child-like character of the early portions of Genesis. The Great Father, through His inspired word, is as it were teaching His children, in the infancy of their race, by means of simple language, and in simple lessons. Onkelos has here "The Voice of the Word of the Lord." It is by this name, "The Word of the Lord" that the Targums generally paraphrase the name of the Most High, more especially in those passages where is recorded anything like a visible or sensible representation of His Majesty. The Christian Fathers almost universally believed that every appearance of God to the patriarchs and prophets was a manifestation of the Eternal Son, judging especially from John i. 18."

In the Introduction to Genesis, Vitringa is allowed to have offered a suggestion neither unnatural nor irreverent when he said that Moses may have had before him "documents of various kinds coming down from the times of the patriarchs and preserved among the Israelites, which he collected, reduced to order, worked up and, where needful, filled in ;" and it is added that it is very probable that, either in writing or by oral delivery, the Israelites possessed traditions handed down from their forefathers ; and that it is consistent with the wisdom of Moses, and not inconsistent with his Divine inspiration, that he should have preserved and incorporated with his own work all such traditions, written or oral, as had upon them the stamp of truth.

The objection that the Pentateuch betrays by its style a comparatively late date is thus met :—"Moses, putting aside all question of inspiration, was a man of extraordinary powers and opportunity. If he was not divinely guided and inspired, as all Christians believe, he must have been even a greater genius than he has been generally reckoned. He had had the highest cultivation possible in one of Egypt's most enlightened times ; and after his early training in science and literature, he had lived the contemplative life of a shepherd in Midian. We find him then, with a full consciousness of his heavenly mission, coming forth as legislator, historian, poet, as well as prince and prophet. Such a man could not but mould the tongue of his people. To them he was Homer, Solon and Thucydides, all in one. Every one that knew anything of letters must have known the books of the Pentateuch. All Hebrew literature, as far as we know, was in ancient times of a sacred character ; at all events, no other has come down to us ; and it is certain that writers on sacred subjects would have been deeply imbued with the language and the thoughts of the books of Moses. Eastern languages, like Eastern manners, are slow of change ; and there is certainly nothing strange in our finding that in the thousand years from Moses to Malachi, the same tongue was spoken, and the same words intelligible : especially in books treating on the same subjects and where the earlier books must have been the constant study of all the writers down to the very last. It is said, on the authority of Freytag, that the inhabitants of Mecca still speak the pure language of the Koran, written 1,200 years ago. Egyptian papyri, with an interval of 1,000 years between them, are said by Egyptologists to exhibit no change of language or of grammar. We must not reason about such nations as the Israelites, with their comparative isolation and fixedness, from the Exodus to the Captivity, on the same principles as we should think of the peoples of modern Europe, where so many elements of change have conspired to alter and to mould their language and their literature. The language of the Pentateuch then is just what the language of Moses would probably have been—simple, forcible, with archaic forms and expressions, but, having formed and stamped all future language, still readily intelligible to the last."

The co-operation of natural causes with providential supernatural arrangements is admitted. Thus in regard to the ninth Egyptian "plague" of darkness, we have these remarks :—"This infliction was specially calculated to affect the spirits of the Egyptians, whose chief object of worship was Ra, the Sun-

god, and its suddenness and severity in connection with the act of Moses mark it as a preternatural withdrawal of light. Yet it has an analogy in physical phenomena. After the vernal equinox the south-west wind from the desert blows some fifty days, not however continuously but at intervals, lasting generally some two or three days. (Thus Lane, Willman and others quoted by Knobel.) It fills the atmosphere with dense masses of fine sand, bringing on a darkness far deeper than that of our worst fogs in winter. While it lasts no man 'rises from his place; men and beasts hide themselves; people shut themselves up in the innermost apartments or vaults. So saturated is the air with the sand that it seems to lose its transparency, so that artificial light is of little use.' The expression 'even darkness that might be felt' has a special application to a darkness produced by such a cause. The consternation of Pharaoh proves that familiar though he may have been with the phenomenon, no previous occurrence had prepared him for its intensity and duration, and that he recognized it as a supernatural visitation."

Once more. Of the Book of Leviticus it is said: "Leviticus has no pretension to systematic arrangement as a whole, nor does it appear to have been originally written all at one time. Some repetitions occur in it; and, in many instances, certain particulars are separated from others with which, by the subject-matter, they are immediately connected. There appear to be in Leviticus, as well as in the other books of the Pentateuch, pre-Mosaic fragments incorporated with the more recent matter. It is by no means unlikely that there are insertions of a later date which were written, or sanctioned, by the prophets and holy men who, after the Captivity, arranged and edited the Scriptures of the Old Testament. The fragmentary way in which the Law has been recorded, regarded in connection with the perfect harmony of its spirit and details, may tend to confirm both the unity of the authorship of the books in which it is contained, and the true inspiration of the law-giver."

Concessions, such as these, on the part of English annotators on Scripture, mark a new era in biblical study and research, and are calculated to lead to a general revival of deep interest in the subject. In the volume before us, we may add, the new renderings of words and passages are printed in heavy type. Readers can thus readily examine them and compare them with the received English text. They appear to be few after all. The committee for an improved translation will find their labours lightened by the "Speaker's Commentary." The ultimate acceptance of the results of their toil by the public will be thereby too rendered more certain. By the time the eight royal octavos are out, the popular mind will be ready for the desired change. As we have already said, the commentary now introduced to the English-speaking public is for a period of transition. In it as few prejudices as possible are stirred, whilst difficulties have been calmly met, reasonally discussed, and as far as possible put on an intelligible footing. The text to which the notes are appended is the version of 1611, printed once more in the ancient style, with the common divisions into chapter and verse, the old quaint headings and the marginal readings. When the improved translation itself comes to be put forth, it is to be hoped that the division into chapter and verse will be discarded, figures at the side of the pages for purposes of reference being used instead; that an arrangement of the matter of each book will be adopted which will be in accordance with the intentions of its author, and that the interpretation of names will be inserted whenever the context implies that such interpretation is given, as, for example, where Eve is said to have been so named because "the mother of all living," an explanation unintelligible if it is not announced at the same time that Eve means Life. Notwithstanding the great pains which have manifestly been taken with the typography of the volume before us, a few oversights are discernable as, for example, in the word intended to be "Tabernacle" at p. 694, and in that intended to be "Shakespeare" at p. 876.

MODERN SCEPTICISM. A course of Lectures delivered at the request of the Christian Evidence Society. With an explanatory paper by the Right Reverend C. J. Ellicott, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

The truth of a religion is not really affected by the errors of its apologists: otherwise Christianity would hardly have survived till now. But a bad impression is produced by weak defences, especially if they are put forth with authority, or with any semblance of it; and such, we suspect will be the practical effect of the volume before us, notwithstanding the eminence of the contributors and the learning and ability which some of them display. The very form of the work strikes us as unfortunate, if it be designed for the satisfaction of those who are in doubt. Suspicion is excited by the appearance of twelve writers, all of them bishops or clergymen, organized under the auspices of a religious society to defend what will be deemed to be professional opinions. A far greater effect would be produced on minds which are seriously seeking for fresh assurance of their faith by the work of a single inquirer, even one far inferior to these writers in eminence, if it were clear that he had studied the question impartially, and that he came forward under no influence but that of a desire to make known the truth. Moreover, where a number of writers are dealing with different parts of a great subject, the treatment is pretty sure to be imperfect, and the most difficult portions, which in the case of an apologetic work, are the most important, are apt to be declined by everybody, and thus to be neglected altogether. This has in fact happened in the present case. The first and fundamental duty of a Christian apologist is to prove that the Gospels were beyond doubt written or dictated by eye-witnesses, and trustworthy eye-witnesses, of the miraculous events which they record. This is the very basis of the whole inquiry, and without it, disquisitions, however learned and eloquent, on the possibility of miracles, the probability of a revelation, or the excellence of the Christian type of character, much more confutations of other religious or philosophical systems, are fabrics in the air. If it were alleged that a miracle had been wrought in Toronto or Montreal, we should at once inquire, not whether miracles were possible to Omnipotence, which no man without holding contradictory propositions can deny; nor whether the miracle was worthy of the Divine Majesty and likely to serve a Divine purpose; but who had witnessed it.

First in the series of lectures ought to have stood one on the authorship of the Gospels and the sufficiency of their authors as witnesses to the miraculous facts. But this topic is hardly touched on in any part of the volume. Consequently the work will be read by those for whose benefit it is chiefly designed with little profit and probably with little attention.

The best of the lectures appears to us to be that on Positivism by the Rev. W. Jackson, who at all events grapples with his subject vigorously and effectively, though his tone in parts is not so judicial as might be desired. The weakest, strange to say, is that by an ex-professor of Theology at Oxford, Dr. Payne Smith, whose paper on Science and Revelation, besides being extremely weak and vague in its reasonings, is defaced by some very poor attempts at wit. The Archbishop of York (on Design in Nature) displays a general acquaintance with science rare as well as laudable among clergymen, but he does not do much more. Dr. Rigg (on Pantheism) runs into pulpit declamation, and he is betrayed, in an evil moment, into an endorsement of the proposition that "all we ask is that we may be allowed to believe in a God and a real Divine Providence, as powerful and wise and good as Mr. Darwin's Natural Selection:" as though the heart, craving for a God of goodness and mercy, would be satisfied by belief in a force, the leading characteristic of which is the ruthless cruelty of its operations. In the papers of Dr. Stoughton (on the Nature and Value of the Miraculous Testimony to Christianity), and of the Bishop of Carlisle (on the Gradual Development of Revelation) we see nothing calling for particular notice; though Dr. Stoughton is to be commended, in our humble judgment, for opening with a reference to the words of our Lord to St. Thomas as showing that honest doubt ought to be removed by proofs and not to be denounced as a crime. Professor Rawlinson (on the Alleged Historical Difficulties of the Old and New Testament) cannot fail to display learning when dealing with questions of Oriental history; but he also shows bias to an extent which will be fatal to the acceptance of his conclusions by any who are not overpowered by his erudition, and his assertion that he has exhausted the alleged historical difficulties either of the Old Testament or of the New would by no means be admitted by his opponents. Mr. Row (on Mythical Theories of Christianity) puts with much force the difficulty of explaining the production of such a character as that of Christ by any known process of the human imagination. Mr. Leathes (on the Evidential Value of St. Paul's Epistles) is able and striking, though deficient in that judicial impartiality without which no reasonings will find admission into a doubting mind. The Bishop of Ely (on Christ's Teachings and Influence on the World) is comprehensive, erudite and suggestive; but in his survey of the moral history of Christendom he ignores such adverse facts as the Crusades, the Extermination of the Albigenses, the Religious Wars of the 16th and 17th century, the Inquisition, the Penal Code; and he claims Roger Bacon as one of the scientific glories of the Christian Church, omitting to mention that he was persecuted for his scientific pursuits by the ecclesiastical authorities of the day. Canon Cook (on the Completeness and Adequacy of the Evidences of Christianity) is fatally weakened by the omission in the commencement of the volume of that portion of the evidences which as we have already pointed out is the foundation of the whole. The explanatory paper by Bishop Ellicott pleases us by its tone of candour and of charitable sympathy with serious doubt, a tone of which we feel the want in the papers of some of his coadjutors.

A volume of lectures written by such men could not fail to contain much that must be acceptable to believing Christians and worthy of the attention of all; but we cannot persuade ourselves that it will have much influence in turning the current of adverse opinion or bringing Modern Scepticism back to faith in Christ.

THE DIVINE TRAGEDY. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Mr. Longfellow has not vouchsafed, by any kind of preface, to explain to us the aim or meaning of this singular production of his muse. "The Divine Tragedy" is a metrical abridgement of the Gospel narrative, mostly in the very words of the Evangelists, a little distorted or diluted to meet the exigencies of verse. The warning call of the Baptist, with which the piece opens, is rendered thus,—

"Repent! repent! repent!
For the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand,
And all the land
Full of the knowledge of the Lord shall be
As the waters cover the sea
And encircle the continent!"

The simple question, "Art thou that prophet?" is done into poetry thus,—

"Art thou that prophet, then,
Of lamentation and woe,
Who, as a symbol and sign
Of impending wrath divine
Upon unbelieving men,
Shattered the Vessel of Clay
In the Valley of Slaughter?"

Exegetical but undramatic!

In the narrative of the miraculous draught of fishes, instead of "the net brake," we have,—

"Our nets like spider's webs were snapped asunder."

This, no doubt, appears much more poetical to Mr. Longfellow; but if the nets had been snapped like spider's webs instead of simply breaking, a second miracle would have been required to prevent all the fish from falling back into the water.

In the same style is,—

"Upon this rock
I build my Church and *all* the gates of Hell
Shall not prevail against it."

A singular notion Mr. Longfellow must have formed of the expression "The Gates of Hell."

The dire exigencies of verse compel the poet to substitute "children sitting *in the markets*" (which is nonsense) for "sitting in the market place," and "made *a* clay" for "made clay;" unless it be that he thinks "made *a* clay" more poetical.

We have said that for the most part Mr. Longfellow gives us the Gospel narrative unimproved; he has, however, introduced some improvements. "Manahem the Essenian," "Simon Magus," and "Helen of Tyre," are added to the Gospel characters, and the valdid simplicity of the Evangelists is relieved by more ornamental passages.

The demoniac at Gadara raves in this style,—

"O Aschmedai!
Thou angel of the bottomless pit, have pity!
It was enough to hurl King Solomon,
On whom be peace!—two hundred leagues away
Into the country, and to make him scullion,
In the kitchen of the king of Maschkemen!
Why dost thou hurl me here among these rocks,
And cut me with these stones?"

None but a great poet could have conceived the delicate distinction between "hurling him among the *rocks*" and "cutting him with the *stones*."

Peter closes the scene by exclaiming,—

"Let us depart;
For they that sanctify and purify
Themselves in gardens, eating flesh of swine,
And the abomination, and the mouse,
Shall be consumed together, saith the Lord!"

The Transfiguration also receives a new touch of beauty and grandeur from the master hand,—

"See, where he standeth
Above us, on the summit of the hill!
His face shines as the sun!—and all his raiment
Exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller
On earth can white them! He is not alone!
There are two with him there; two men of old,
Their white beards blowing on the mountain air,
Are talking with him."

In the garden of Gethsemane, Peter says,—

"Under this ancient olive-tree, that spreads
Its broad centennial branches like a tent,
Let us lie down and rest!"

The prettiness of expression is so natural in the mouth of the fisherman, and harmonizes so well with the Agony, that it would be hypercritical to remark that, of all trees on earth, the olive is the least like a tent.

The Council in the High Priest's Palace is opened by the Pharisees, who say in chorus,—

"What do we? Clearly something must we do,
For this man worketh many miracles."

"Something must we do" is evidently the poetic equivalent of "something must be done." Caiaphas replies,—

"I am informed that he is a mechanic,
A carpenter's son; a Galilean peasant,
Keeping disreputable company."

Pontius Pilate begins a long soliloquy, with,—

"Wholly incomprehensible to me,
Vainglorious, obstinate and given up
To unintelligible old traditions,
And proud and self-conceited are these Jews."

He ends with,—

"I will go in, and while these Jews are wrangling,
Read my Ovidius on the Art of Love."

Barabbas sings in prison,—

"Barabbas is my name,
Barabbas, the Son of Shame,
Is the meaning, I suppose,
I'm no better than the best,
And whether worse than the rest
Of my fellow-men, who knows?

"I was once, to say it in brief,
A highwayman, a robber chief,
In the open light of day,
So much I am free to confess;
But all men, more or less,
Are robbers in their way."

Is this from a "Divine Tragedy" of the Passion, or is it from the Beggar's Opera?

The drama is preluded by an "Introitus," consisting of a philosophic dialogue between an angel and the Prophet Habakkuk, whom the angel is carrying through the air. It is closed by an epilogue solemnly headed "Symbolum Apostolorum," and consisting of the Apostle's Creed, divided into twelve portions, each of which is repeated by one of the twelve Apostles.

While the Gospel is still sacred in the eyes of millions, it would perhaps be better taste in poets to select some other subject for dramatization. But, apart from this, "The Divine Tragedy" is a failure, and something more. Boston will, no doubt, as usual, applaud, and call upon the rest of the world to applaud; but the rest of the world, if we mistake not, will be of opinion that Mr. Longfellow has presumed once at least too often upon his highly factitious reputation.

ENGLISH LESSONS FOR ENGLISH PEOPLE. By the Rev. Edwin A. Abbot, M. A., and J. R. Seeley, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1872.

Two well-trained English scholars have here combined to produce some useful and carefully digested "English lessons for English people." The dedication to the Rev. Dr. Mortimer, formerly headmaster of the city of London School, refers, among other advantages enjoyed by the authors as his pupils, to the appreciation of the right use of their native tongue which he fostered, and to the special encouragement given there to the critical study of Shakespeare.

The important part which a mastery of the "cunning instrument" of our native tongue is now beginning to take in education is one of the most healthful signs of modern culture; and this instalment of "English Lessons" is a valuable contribution towards the needful manuals alike in demand by teachers and pupils. It deals philologically with the language; though this is the least effective part

of the book. But it also discusses etymology in reference to style ; treats of the diction of prose and of poetry ; and furnishes many useful hints, equally applicable in the critical analysis of English authors and as an aid to the student in the formation of his own style. With the same object in view, the simple elements of rhetoric are discussed in the chapter on Simile and Metaphor ; and an appendix containing hints on some errors in reasoning deals equally concisely with some of the most available elements of logic.

It is very questionable if it is possible by any prescribed rules or directions to guide a beginner in forming a style for himself. Familiarity, by careful critical reading, with the best style of English classics ; and a judicious censorship applied by the teachers to his exercises in English, are the most effective means towards the formation of a good style. But the rules in diction, and the criticisms on selected examples both in prose and verse, introduced in parts II. and IV., are calculated to be of great use to teachers, and to advanced pupils, at a stage where they are learning to appreciate their own defects. Common sources of ambiguity and redundancy are dealt with and illustrated. The obscurity, for example, so frequently illustrated by the modern fashion of reporting Parliamentary debates in the third person, is discussed, and traced to its cause ; and its excess illustrated thus : "*He* told the coachman that *he* would be the death of him, if *he* did not take care what *he* was about, and mind what *he* said." Whether the carelessness of the coachman, or the wrath of its victim, is to lead to the threatened death of the other, can only be determined—if at all—by the context.

The difference between a colloquial and written style, and the part played by emphasis in giving expression to spoken language, however carelessly uttered, are dwelt upon ; and the necessity enforced of exercising a much greater care in the arrangement of words, and the construction of sentences, in writing than in speaking.

But the portion of this book which pleases us most is the third part, on Metre. Here the whole question of English prosody is carefully reviewed ; and that perplexing difficulty to the young student, of the difference between quantity and accent is dealt with in an unusually clear and simple manner. So also the English cæsura and pause, as diversely used by Milton, Dryden, Pope, &c. The transitional verse, rhythm, and true metre, variously adapted by Shakespeare to dramatic dialogue ; alliteration, alike in its early and later forms ; and the special metres of English verse ; are dealt with carefully. yet concisely.

Altogether this little work is a valuable addition to the manuals recently produced in response to the growing demand for means adequate for teaching the English student the history of his vigorous but highly complex native tongue.

THE LAND OF LORNE; or a Poet's Adventures in the Scottish Hebrides, including the Cruise of the "Tern" in the outer Hebrides. By Robert Buchanan. New York: Francis B. Felt & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

This work, dedicated by permission to the Princess Louise, has probably suffered somewhat from the ephemeral interest taken in the latest of our royal marriages. A year ago, the loyal feelings of the English people were enlisted in favour of a matrimonial alliance which had more than one claim to popular approval. It was a love-match—a fact of itself sufficient to evoke the most generous enthusiasm from the hearts of the people. It was also a breaking-down of the barriers of class exclusiveness, as well as a notable exception to the traditional system of foreign marriages, at which Englishmen have always looked askant. The young couple were united amidst the hearty good wishes of an approving people, and departed on their wedding tour, let us hope, to a long life of mutual love and happiness.

The pageant over—the third volume of the royal novel concluded—the interest which had temporarily centred in the court, faded out of the public mind. Mr. Buchanan's work appeared in England when the enthusiasm was at its height ; but it has never been properly introduced to the Canadian reader. It certainly merits perusal, apart from the temporary occasion which gave it birth. The author, as our readers are aware, is a poet of considerable reputation. The scenes he describes are wild and romantic enough to excite the most active imagination—and there are, besides, abundant sources of attraction and amusement in the game, the literature and the unkempt population of the Western Highlands. The sporting chapters are written with genuine enthusiasm; and in the literary sections, we have translations from Donald McIntyre, the Burns of the Highlands, and also from the Norse Saga of Haco the Dane. As a frontispiece, we have vignette portraits, admirably executed in photo-lithography, of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. The book, as a whole, is one which we take pleasure in recommending to our readers.

PURE GOLD SERIES OF CANADIAN TALES, No. 2. "A LIFE WASTED." By T. J. Vivian. Toronto: "Pure Gold Printing Establishment."

Our thanks are due to the "Pure Gold" Company for their efforts to give Canada a series of pure and healthy tales. "A Life Wasted" unquestionably merits that appellation. It is the work of a young writer, and is marked, like most of the works of young writers, by some overcrowding of character and incident. But it shows power both of painting character and of devising incident. One of the incidents, a somewhat too minute account of a surgical operation, we could have wished omitted. We shall look with pleasure for the fulfilment of the promise of future excellence held out by "A Life Wasted."

LORD BANTAM: A Satire. By the author of "Ginx's Baby." Canadian Copyright Edition. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

Anything from the pen of the author of "Ginx's Baby" is sure to find plenty of readers among that large class of persons to whom light philosophy is welcome and to whom the process of sustained thought is irksome. "Lord Bantam" bears a very close resemblance to the *brochure* by which the author

made his first and greatest hit. It is the satirical biography of a young nobleman who is brought into contact with the different political and social movements of the day, and falls for a time, under the influence of extreme liberalism, but in the end recovers himself and is the lord again. The satirist hits out right and left always with freedom and sometimes with force, at every party and school, ecclesiastical and social—in its turn. His own aim we find it difficult to detect. Not long ago he presented himself as a candidate for a seat in Parliament on a platform so extremely liberal as to repel the less thorough-going section of the Liberal party in the constituency: but he now seems inclined to embrace political Conservatism, and to stand by the Constitution as it is. Mr. Gladstone, under the pseudonym of Sir Dudley Wright, is bitterly assailed and taxed with having been actuated by the worst motives in ousting the Conservatives from power and disestablishing the Irish Church. Whether, with his political Constitutionalism, the author of "Ginx's Baby" intends to combine extreme, and virtually communistic, plans of social reform, is a question which we could better decide if we knew how to distinguish what is serious from what is ironical in his philosophy. He takes credit to himself, under the proper forms of modesty, for unique perspicacity and comprehensiveness of view in Colonial questions. With evident reference to his late pamphlet on Imperial Federalism, he makes Kelso, Lord Bantam's admirable instructor, say, "Look at the way in which the high business of our Government is now carried on. Can you pick out a single man who looks beyond the limits of the present, or the narrow circuit of these islands, or who takes any broad, practical view of the Imperial future? *Only one* of them all has uttered a timorous squeak about a great confederation of English-speaking peoples, but from the rest, on the destinies of Empire, we have had nothing but dead silence, or twitterings about cost and policy, as abject, narrow, and disloyal as they were perilous. As yet, no man of them has propounded in noble, heart-stirring, vivid language, the idea of a united Britain—not the isolated nodules of these petty isles, but the far-stretching Imperial boulder of a third of the globe." Perhaps some readers will be of opinion that no language can be more heart-stiring and vivid than this.

Canada has an especial interest in the author of "Ginx's Baby;" and his success is a proof that Colonial products are not regarded in England with such disdain as, in our irritable moods, we are apt to imagine. Probably this circumstance had its share in inducing a Canadian house to republish "Lord Bantam." But they would have been warranted in doing so by the liveliness of some portions of the book itself, though the author's first effort in our judgment remains his best.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME, WITH IVRY AND THE ARMADA. By Lord Macaulay. LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS AND OTHER POEMS. By Professor Wm. Edmonstoune Aytoun, D. C. L. Rouse's Point, N. Y. The International Printing and Publishing Company. John Lovell, General Manager.

Literature must not forget her helpmate, typography. The International Printing and Publishing Company being partly Canadian, and its manager being one of our own countrymen, at Montreal, we may fairly claim this little volume as a triumph of the typographic art among us and as an earnest of triumphs yet to come. We could have wished that the paper had been a little heavier; but in other respects the work is exceedingly beautiful, and well-suited to the pleasant use to which its form and its appearance at the season of gifts seem to point. It is needless to rehearse the praises of either of the two authors whose congenial lays are here printed together, and who would have been glad, no doubt, to find themselves united, and united in a volume which is so graceful a tribute to their joint fame.

CASSELL'S HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY, 1870-71.—Vol. I. London: Cassell, Petter and Galpin.

The first volume of this work brings us to the close of the year 1870. Like all the works issued by Messrs. Cassell & Co., it is artistically excellent, as a whole; although there is an inequality perceptible in the character of the engravings we were not prepared to meet. The letter-press is very fairly made up; it, of course, shows some traces of hasty preparation, inevitable perhaps under the circumstances. Too much of it seems to have been picked up from the journals of the time, and has a fugitive air about it to which we reluctantly deny the name of history. At the same time, with every allowance for haste and imperfection, *Cassell's History* is a work we can honestly recommend to our readers. It gives a fair estimate of the causes of the war—a very clear narrative of its progress—and an interesting *resumé* of the circumstances which led to the collapse of France and her resources. The work is admirably got up, in every respect, and will unquestionably achieve a wide circulation on both sides of the Atlantic.

LITERARY NOTES.

THERE is material enough this month to furnish a supplementary chapter to "The Quarrels and Calamities of Authors." It is a curious fact, which some of our readers may have remarked, that literary men are specially prone to belligerency during the closing months of the year. Whether this phenomenon be due, like the November mania for suicide, to the gloomy and oppressive weather of the last quarter, or, as we should like to believe, from a Christian desire to have all outstanding causes of quarrel settled and done with before the advent of the New Year,—it is difficult to pronounce with certainty. The fact remains as, so far as relates to the closing months of 1871, we shall proceed to prove. The first on the list is a very pretty skirmish amongst the poets. In a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*, appeared an article on "The Fleshly School of Poetry," purporting to be written by one Thomas Maitland. The paper contained a trenchant attack upon a class of poets of whom Mr. D. G. Rossetti was singled out as the most distinguished, if not the most vulnerable. The indictment against these writers asserted that they "extol fleshliness as the distinct and supreme end of poetic and pictorial art; aver that poetic expression is greater than poetic thought; and by inference, that the body is greater than the soul, and sound superior to sense." The first question arising on a perusal of the article was naturally the question of authorship. Who was Thomas Maitland? On enquiry it appeared that personally Thomas was a myth, and that the name was really the *nom de plume* of Mr. Robert Buchanan. As soon as this had been satisfactorily ascertained Mr. Rossetti inserted in the *Athenæum* a reply, entitled "The Stealthy School of Criticism," in which, while giving a defence, on the whole satisfactory, of his aims and method as a poet, he charged his brother-author with being guilty of a crafty attempt to depreciate him and praise himself from behind a mask. Mr. Buchanan defends himself from the counter-attack by urging that he was not responsible for the name and repudiating the charge of self-adulation. The last of this little quarrel has yet to reach us. Professor Huxley and the clergy form the next group of combatants. In his article on Darwin's Critics to which we referred last month, the learned Professor used the following words, which, to say the least, were gratuitously offensive:—"And when Sunday after Sunday men who profess to be our instructors in righteousness read out the statement, "In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is," in innumerable churches, they are either propagating what they may as easily know to be falsities; or, if they use the words, in some non-natural sense, they fall below the moral standard of the much abused Jesuits." It could hardly be expected that every one of the twenty thousand clergy of England would hold his peace under an imputation so pointed as this. In the correspondence which ensued on both sides, the Professor did not personally appear in the arena again. The letter followed of the Rev. Archer Gurney, who attempted to justify novel modes of Scripture interpretation and a dignified letter from the Rev. F. D. Maurice, who, without denying Professor Huxley's right as an Englishman to call him "a liar and a cheat," was content to leave the issue to One who knows his heart far better than Professor Huxley. Of the minor literary quarrels, we have the promise of a libel suit, provided Mr. Hepworth Dixon succeeds in ascertaining, by the aid of Chancery, the name of the proprietors of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The cause of offence is a series of attacks on Mr. Dixon's "Spiritual Wives," which the *Pall Mall* rather strongly characterizes as "an obscene work." We shall probably be treated to some lively arguments of counsel, should the case ever come to trial at *nisi prius*. We had occasion to notice last month an extremely entertaining and learned work on "The Earth," by Elisée Reclus. We regret to say that Reclus, like Courbet the artist and other unwise men of science and art, became involved in the fortunes of the Commune. Reclus, undoubtedly bore arms, but he never fired a rifle or committed any other offence against humanity. So weak by confinement as to be unable to stand, he has been sentenced to deportation to a penal colony,—that is, to certain death. Men of learning in England—amongst whom may be mentioned Mr. Charles Darwin, Sir J. Lubbock, Mr. Thomas Hughes, Professors Maurice, Fawcett and Brewer, together with Lords Kimberley and Hobart, &c., &c., are making a strong appeal to M. Thiers. It is sincerely to be hoped that the effort may be crowned with success. To use the words of the *Spectator*:—"It is quite beneath the Government of France to make war on great scientific men of feeble political judgment, who have not really contributed anything whatever to the success of the rebellion, and whose services to science have been great. * * * It would be pitiful for M. Thiers' Government, in their resentment against the French Commune to take their revenge on the Earth itself; and they will do so if they cause the death of one of the few of the Earth's true intimates."

In reviewing the literature of the month, we shall reverse the order adopted in our last number, so as to give the first portion of our limited space to some subjects we were obliged to pass over on that occasion. It may interest some of our readers to have a brief list of the new magazine stories to be published during the year. In *Macmillan*, and in *Lippincott* "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," by Wm. Black, author of "A Daughter of Heth," will appear concurrently. *Temple Bar* gives the opening chapters of "Good-Bye, Sweetheart," by Rhoda Broughton, author of "Red as a Rose is She, &c. *Corn-*

hill finishes "Lord Kilgobbin" and promises the first instalment of "Old Kensington," by Miss Thackeray in February. *London Society*, in the January number, has some chapters of "The Travels of young Cœlebs," by Percy Fitzgerald, and announces "The Room in the Dragon Volant," by J. S. Le Fanu, author of "Uncle Silas." The *Argosy* begins a new story by Mrs. Wood; *Colburn* (the price of which has been reduced) opens the new series with "Boscobel," by W. H. Ainsworth; Whyte-Melville contributes "Satanella, a story of Punchestown" to the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and the indefatigable Miss Braddon begins "To the Bitter End" in *Belgravia*. *St. Paul's* publishes two stories:—"Septimius Felton," a posthumous romance, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, (also appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*,) and "Off the Skelligs," by Jean Ingelow. *Good Words* has also two serials,—"The Golden Lion of Granpere," by Anthony Trollope (also publishing by *Harpers*) and "At His Gates," by Mrs. Oliphant. *Good Words For the Young* will contain "Gutta Percha Willie," by George Macdonald, and "Innocents' Island," by the author of Lilliput Levee." The *Sunday Magazine* continues "The Vicar's Daughter," and *Blackwood*—"The Maid of Sker." Of the noteworthy novels published complete we may simply mention as to be commendable —"Wilfrid Cumbermede, by George Macdonald (Scribner); "Fair to See," by Lawrence W. M. Lockhart (Harper) originally published in *Blackwood*; Two Plunges for a Pearl," an interesting and vivacious story, by Mortimer Collins (Appleton); "The American Baron," by Prof. De Mille (Harper); Nobody's Fortune," by Edmund Yates, and last but best of all—"Middlemarch," by the greatest of living novelists—George Eliot. "St. Abe and his Seven Wives" is an humorous satire on the peculiar institution of Mormonism in verse, containing some passages of merit.

In Poetry, Mr. Browning claims the first place with his "Prince of Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Saviour of Society"—in which the ex-Emperor of the French attempts a plausible but fallacious defence of his career. Like most of the author's poems, however, the "Prince" has more beneath which does not appear to the hasty reader. "The Drama of Kings," by Robert Buchanan, is, as the author describes it, —"a sort of tragedy, a choice trilogy of tragedies in the Greek fashion," beginning with Napoleon I. in 1808, and concluding with the late Siege of Paris. It contains some good passages, but, as it seems to us, is too ambitious in its object, and can hardly be called a success. Mr. Morris, the author of "The Earthly Paradise," announces a new poem, entitled "Love is Enough." We may conclude with "The Inn of Strange Meetings and other Poems," by Mortimer Collins, which are pleasant lyrics, somewhat in the style of Frederick Locker.

In the department of Art, we have "Aratra Pentelici"—six Oxford lectures, by Ruskin, on the "Elements of Scripture," and two interesting and profusely illustrated works from the German of Dr. Wilhelm Lubke—"The History of Sculpture" and "The History of Art." These three works are published by Smith, Elder & Co. Another "History of Art," also from the German, of which three volumes have appeared in New York (Harpers), will be concluded in one more, which is to appear immediately. "London: a Pilgrimage," illustrated by Gustave Doré (to be re-produced by the Harpers from duplicate plates), we have not yet seen, but it is very favourably noticed by English critics.

There are, as usual, a large number of works in Biography and History. Of the former, the most noteworthy are—"Sir Henry Holland's Recollections of a Past Life;" the concluding volume of "Brougham's Life and Times," and a revised edition of Lecky's "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland." Carl Elze's critical "Biography of Lord Byron;" Wm. Chambers' "Memoir of Robert Chambers," and an "Auto-biography of George Cruikshank," are announced. Of the histories, we observe that the first volume of Cassell's illustrated work on the late war has been published, with 450 engravings. Vésinier, who was secretary of the Commune, and editor of its *Journal Officiel*, has published a history of the events in which he took part, a translation of which has just been published by Chapman & Hall. "The History of England since 1830," by W. N. Molesworth, is interesting enough to politicians, but can scarcely be called a history, in the proper sense of the term. "Phœnicia and Israel," by Augustus S. Wilkins, is the Cambridge Burney prize treatise. It is a thoughtful essay on the relations between the two peoples, and their mutual re-action one upon another. Essays on "Historical Truth," by Andrew Bisset, is a very curious attempt to invalidate the verdicts of history. Properly the author ought to have landed in complete scepticism, but singular to say, his doubts only serve to make him more dogmatical.

Popular scientific works continue to be issued in great profusion. "The Theory of Heat," by Mr. Maxwell, is a companion volume (in Longman's series) of Prof. Tyndall's works; and "Land and Water," by Jacob Abbott (Harpers), is specially intended for the young. Besides these, we have two handsome works from the French—"The Mountain," by Jules Michelet, and "Nature, or the Poetry of Earth and Sea," by Madame Michelet. We take pleasure in noting that Dr. J. W. Dawson's Report, on the "Fossil Land Plants of the Devonian and Upper Silurian Formations of Canada," has been highly spoken of in England as "placing the knowledge of this old Flora in advance of that of any other portion of the world."

In Geography and Travel, we can only mention a few from a very extensive list. Forsyth's "Highlands of Central India" is a very interesting work, though not very well compressed. Poole's "Queen Charlotte Islands" is the record of an extremely plucky expedition to a group of Pacific Islands not far from the coast of British Columbia. "The Land of Desolation" describes Greenland, as explored by Captain Hayes, author of "The Open Polar Sea." Gordon Cummings' "Wild Men and Wild Beasts" is the second volume of Scribner's travel series. Somer's "Southern States since the War," and Marcy's "Border Reminiscences," though they differ widely in character, are worthy of mention. Besides these, we have Capt. Burton's "Zanzibar," and Zincke's "Egypt of the Pharoahs and the Kedive;" and of a lighter class, Smiles' "Boy's Voyage round the World," and that extremely amusing work, "Mr. Pisistratus Brown, M.P., in the Highlands."

Mental, moral and political philosophy we may group together. Dr. Paine, author of the "Insti-

tutes of Medicine," has published "The Physiology of the Soul and Instinct" (Harpers), the primary object of which is to combat materialism. Dr. Paine, however, wields a free lance, and assails Darwin, Huxley, Lyell, and all the physicists impartially. Miss Cobbe announces Darwinism in Morals and other Essays, in connection with which may be mentioned Mr. St. George Mivart's reply, in the January *Contemporary*, to Prof. Huxley's onslaught, referred to in our last number. Cobden Essays, 1871–2, have not yet reached us, but they contain a paper on the Colonies which will doubtless interest Canadians. "Woman's Worth and Worthlessness," by Gail Hamilton, is a spirited appeal against the Woman's Rights movement. "Thoughts on Government," by Arthur Helps, and "Character," by Samuel Smiles, are both thoughtful books, deserving to be widely and carefully read.

Little space is left us now for a fair examination of the month's religious literature. The chief works on the historic side are Ewald's "History of Israel," vols. iii. and iv. (Longman); Hengstenberg's "History of the Kingdom of God under the Old Testament" (T. & T. Clark); and De Pressensé's "Martyrs and Apologists" (Hodder & Stoughton), forming part of the French pastor's "Early Years of Christianity." With it we may bracket a complete translation of Lactantius (T. & T. Clark). Vol. ii. of "Hunt's Religious Thought in England," is announced, reaching to the end of the seventeenth century. We beg again to commend it to our readers.

Of controversial works, we note Mr. Whittle's "Catholicism and the Vatican, with a narrative of the Munich Congress" from the old Catholic side. Pearson's "Creed or no Creed" is a collection of sermons preached before the University of Cambridge last October. Archbishop Manning, in his "Four Great Evils," attacks modern science and modern progress from an Ultra-montane stand-point. M. Guizot, on the contrary, attempts the work of reconciliation in his "Christianity in Relation to Soworks. Of the current works in theology, exegetical and devotional, the following may be enumerated: The third volume of "a Biblical Commentary on the Psalms," from the German of Dr. Delitzsch, appears in Clark's Foreign Theological Library, a series of critical and exegetical text-books invaluable to clergymen. The completion of Dr. Wordsworth's (Bishop of Lincoln) "Commentary on the Holy Bible" now appears, and is issued at a cheaper price by the publishers, Messrs. Rivington. The work is characterized by a sound scholarship and a painstaking industry. A new edition, also, is announced, from the press of Messrs. Collins, of "a Commentary, Critical, Experimental and Practical on the Old and New Testament," the result of the joint labours of the Rev. Drs. Jamieson, Faussett and Brown, and which has hitherto been received with much favour. A further edition, also, may be noted of the learned and critical work of the Rev. Dr. Lange of Bonn, "a Life of the Lord Jesus Christ," translated and edited with additional notes, by the Rev. Marcus Ward. (T. & T. Clark.) This revised issue is published in four volumes, and at a lesser cost than former editions. The first annual volume of "The Preacher's Lantern," edited by the Rev. E. Paxton Hood, is just published; and it will be remembered that this serial on ministerial work, &c., is the continuation of "The Pulpit Analyst," which was brought to a close last year. Another instalment of Essays on Theological subjects and Enquiry, appears in a translation from the German of "The Bremen Lectures on Fundamental, Living, Religious Questions." The lectures are by various eminent European divines, and will well repay perusal. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould's "Legends of Old Testament Characters, from the Talmud and other sources," we note, is just issued; and, we doubt not, will find many readers among those, at any rate, who are familiar with the author's curious "Myths of the Middle Ages," and his important work on "The History of Religious Belief."

Among the minor works in this department we may mention, as having recently appeared:—The third series of "Sermons preached in Rugby Chapel" by the Bishop of Exeter (Dr. Temple). "Revelation in Progress, from Adam to Malachi," a series of Bible Studies by the Rev. J. H. Titcomb, M.A.; "Sundays Abroad," a series of observations on the religious condition of the people of Italy, France and Switzerland, by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie.

NOTE.—After a careful consideration of the amount of space at our disposal, we have decided to publish our Chronicle of Events and Science & Art Summary, quarterly, instead of monthly, as at first intended.

ERRATUM.—For "Clarie," in the early chapters of *Marguerite Kneller*, read "Claire."

THE

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IMMIGRATION.

BY THOMAS WHITE, JR.

THAT the union of the Provinces of British America has conferred substantial benefit upon them no one now ventures to deny. It has infused a national spirit among the people; it has increased the sense of national responsibility; it has enlarged the field of enterprize and energy; it has brought home to Canadians the conviction that they have in this Dominion the nucleus of a great nation; and it has directed the popular mind to questions of social and material development with an earnestness that gives high promise for the future. For years before the union the people of Canada had been engaged in constitutional discussions, important in themselves, but utterly opposed to anything like a due attention to subjects of material progress. First, after the old union, was the question of responsible government, the principles of which had to be fought out against those who regarded them as inconsistent with the Colonial condition or with Imperial connection. Then came the agitation for the abolition of the Seignorial Tenure—relic of the old feudal times—which pressed so heavily upon the energies of the people of Lower Canada, as to make progress or improvement impossible; and that for the Secularization of the Clergy Reserves, in which the battle of religious liberty and equality was fought and won. These removed, came the constitutional agitation for an adjustment of the representation which went on with increasing violence until it had brought the Parliamentary system of the country to a dead-lock, and forced its settlement by the very necessities of the Government. The coalition of 1864 gave to Canada its first substantial political rest since the union of 1841; and the three years between the formation of the coalition and the passage of the Act of Union, prepared the public for the important work which was to follow. Since that time scarcely five years have passed away, and already the most marked pro-

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year 1872, by Adam, Stevenson & Co., in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

gress has been achieved. The great North-West Territory, with its magnificent stretches of prairie land, and British Columbia, with its varied resources of mineral and agricultural wealth, have been incorporated with the Dominion. The Intercolonial Railway, connecting Halifax with the Western Provinces, will be completed within two years at the furthest, and the Government stands pledged to the construction of the Pacific Railway within the next ten years. In every Province of the Dominion the utmost activity in matters of public improvement prevails; new railways extending into remote settlements, and into districts which cannot yet be dignified by that name, have been projected or are being built; while the Government is credited with the most liberal intentions in the matter of canal and river improvements.

With so much activity in every department of business and of public enterprise, and with immense districts awaiting the advent of the hardy settler, it is not surprising that the subject of immigration occupies to-day the foremost rank in the popular estimate of the necessities of the future, and that schemes for the promotion of immigration fill the columns of our daily press. The rapid development of the United States is due chiefly to their successful efforts in the encouragement of immigration; and so universally is this fact recognized that statists have reduced almost to a mathematical problem the value of each immigrant who settles in the country. One of the New York Emigration Commissioners, whose conclusions have been generally accepted as just, has estimated that, without immigration, the population of the neighbouring republic to-day would be under ten millions, while in fact it reaches nearly thirty-nine millions. The same authority estimates that the cash capital in possession of immigrants, on their arrival in the United States, averages a hundred dollars per head; and he assumes that the economic value of each immigrant is $1,125, making, at the present rates of immigration, an addition to the wealth of the country equal to at least a million dollars a day. In Canada, unfortunately, this great interest has in the past been too much neglected. At occasional intervals, beginning with the immigration under the auspices of Peter Robertson, in 1830, there have been efforts to direct the stream of immigration to these colonies, but no continuous or sustained effort has ever been made. As a consequence, Canada, as a field for immigration, has been but little known in Great Britain, and still less known on the continent of Europe; and we have seen during the past twenty years emigrants by the thousand settling in the neighbouring republic, many of them actually passing through Canadian territory on their way there, most of whom would have infinitely preferred remaining among people with whom, both politically and socially, they have greater sympathy.

An examination of the emigration returns of the United Kingdom affords some curious illustrations of the course of emigration. In the report of the Imperial Emigration Commissioners for 1870, the volume of emigration for each year from 1815 is given, distinguishing those who emigrated to Canada, the United States, the Australian Colonies and New Zealand, and all other places. From 1815 down to 1840, the emigration to the North American Colonies was greater than to all other countries combined, and some eighty-two thousand more than to the United States. Indeed, down to 1847, the year of the great Irish emigration, when the terrible ship fever added its terrors to the other miseries of the unfortunate fugitives from a cruel starvation, the relative numbers who had emigrated to Canada and the United States were nearly equal, being 746,-163 to the former, and 780,048 to the latter. From that time, however, the most marked change commenced, and from 1847 to 1870 inclusive the numbers were 645,608 to Canada, and 3,692,624 to the United States.

During the last period the Australian Colonies became large competitors for the emigration from the United Kingdom. The first emigration to Australia was in 1825, and in 1870 the aggregate number who had left Great Britain for those Colonies was 988,423, of whom 764,081 have emigrated since 1847. to that of the three great fields for emigration, during the last twenty-five years, British America has, in the aggregate, absorbed the smallest number. And if the numbers of those set down as having emigrated to British America, who simply took the Canadian route to reach the Western States, be taken into account, the difference will show us in a still more unfavourable light. These figures are important, because they indicate how much has been lost to Canada by the neglect of this important interest in the past, and how much may be gained by a vigorous policy in relation to it in the future. We propose to point out briefly some of the conditions of success in such a policy.

The chief reservoir from which emigrants may be drawn to Canada, and the place therefore where the most active exertions should be put forth in the interest of immigration, is the United Kingdom. The supply of emigrants to be found there is literally inexhaustible. During the last ten years the number who have left for new fields of enterprize, was 1,571,729. But the increase of population during the same period was 2,525,637, so that, even making all allowance for the increased demand for labour in the Mother Country, the supply of the emigrating class is essentially greater than it was at the commencement of the decade. The number of emigrants from both England and Scotland has shown a decided increase during late years, the number who emigrated from England in 1870 having been greater than during any previous year on record, as much as fifteen per cent. greater than the emigration of 1854, which up to 1870 had headed the list. The number of emigrants from Scotland, too, exhibits a marked increase, while that from Ireland does not differ essentially from the preceding few years. The increase in England is due to several causes, chief among which was, probably, the active exertions of charitable associations in London. These, organized in the first instance with a view of sending out the very poor who had come upon the parish for relief, finally adopted the more sensible method of making a careful selection of such persons as were likely to succeed in the Dominion, as at once more just to the emigrant and to this country. The "Black Friday" of May, 1866, and the crisis which followed, may be regarded as the commencement and the stimulant of this movement for assisted emigration. The leading society is that known as the British and Colonial Fund, which is presided over by the Lord Mayor and holds its meetings at the Mansion House. This society since its foundation has expended upwards of £40,000 sterling, and has assisted more than fifteen thousand emigrants to reach Canada. Associations of workingmen in different parts of the kingdom, known as emigration clubs, of which the Rev. Styleman Herring, incumbent of St. Paul's, Clerkenwell, was the chief promoter, assisted large numbers to emigrate. The East London Family Emigration Society, of which the Hon. Mrs. Hobart, the Marchioness of Ripon, and other benevolent ladies were the chief promoters, and to which they have devoted untiring effort, has also sent to Canada over two thousand emigrants. This movement, however, from which so much advantage has accrued in the past, cannot be counted upon to any considerable extent in the future. It was the outgrowth of a temporary depression in trade in the great metropolis, and of the policy of the Government in discharging the dockyard hands at Woolwich and Portsmouth; and the revival of trade, and the failure of the emigrants in almost every case to repay the money advanced to them, as they pledged themselves to do,

have checked the liberality which characterized the earlier contributions to this emigration fund.

While in many respects this decrease of zeal on the part of the British public in the matter of assisted emigration is ground for regret; that regret must be considerably mitigated by the fact that the tendency of the movement was to give false notions in this country of emigration and the conditions necessary to its successful promotion. How to bridge the Atlantic, so that the mechanic or agricultural labourer might be transplanted from the comparative poverty of the old world to the comparative competency of the new, was the problem which engaged the largest share of attention among those who discussed the question in Canada. It did not seem to occur to them that that was a question which large numbers of people were solving for themselves, and solving in a manner in the highest degree advantageous to our neighbours in the United States. The largest number of assisted passengers who left England in any one year, including the beneficiaries of all the societies, was under ten thousand. That was in the year 1870; and yet that year, the number who settled in Canada reached about twenty-five thousand, leaving fifteen thousand who paid their own passages, solving for themselves the important question of transit. In that same year, 105,293 English, 22,935 Scotch and 74,283 Irish emigrants sailed from ports in the United Kingdom, in all 202,511, the overwhelming number of whom paid their own passages, or were assisted by their own friends to pay their passages to America, Australia and other places. The assistance rendered by friends of the emigrants to enable them to leave home was very large, and deserves to be taken into account in discussing this feature of the emigration movement. In 1870, the sum sent home by previous emigrants amounted to £727,408 sterling from North America, and £12,804 sterling from Australia and New Zealand. Of the amount sent from North America, no less than £332,638 sterling, according to the Imperial Emigration Commissioner's report, was in the shape of prepaid passages to Liverpool, Glasgow and Londonderry. The Commissioners from their experience assume that the remittances were made chiefly by the Irish people in America to their friends in the United Kingdom, and they point out that the amount sent in the form of prepaid passages alone was nearly sufficient, taking the passage money at five guineas per statute adult, to pay the cost of passages of the entire Irish emigration of the year. A portion of the remittances, it is pointed out, would be applied to the purchase of outfit and other necessaries of the journey, "but making all reasonable deductions on this account, a large sum must remain over for the benefit of those who remain in the Mother Country." The Commissioners, on this subject, make this somewhat startling statement:—"Imperfect as our returns are, they show that in twenty-three years, from 1848 to 1870 inclusive, there has been sent home from North America, through banks and commercial houses, upwards of £16,334,000 sterling." This large contribution to the assistance of emigrants has been chiefly from the Irish people in America. It is a striking testimony to their warm-hearted generosity, to the strong social ties which, in spite of distance and change of circumstances, binds them to their friends at home, to the enormous benefits which emigration has conferred upon them, and to the advantages which they have conferred upon the country of their adoption.

The question then of emigration, the question which should challenge the attention of the Dominion and Provincial Departments charged with the promotion of it, may safely be resolved into these two propositions, how best to induce the emigrating classes of the old world to make Canada their home, and how best to make Canada a home worthy of

their acceptance. We have as the conditions of the first proposition the United Kingdom and many parts of the Continent of Europe teeming with an ever increasing surplus of population, who, in spite of the fluctuations of trade, have at all times, and under all circumstances, a hard battle to fight with the world for bare subsistence. We have an annual emigration from those countries of between three and four hundred thousand people,—an emigration entirely apart from any question of state aid or of organized benevolent assistance, the result either of individual savings on the part of the emigrants themselves or of aid from pioneer members of the household who have gone out in advance to pave the way for the family emigration. The overwhelming number of these emigrants seek the United States as their future home, simply because they have heard much of their greatness, of the freedom of their institutions, of their wonderful development, and of the success of those who have already settled in them. They have not heard of Canada, or if they have heard of it, it has been through the prejudiced reports of persons interested in belittling it, who have described it as a northern country with interminable snows in winter and scorching heat in the two or three months of summer. It has been described as a colony of England, without self-government, the mere dependent of the Empire, from which all its laws were drawn. The first great duty, therefore, in the promotion of a successful emigration policy, must be a thorough and complete system for the distribution of information concerning the country. Fairly stated, the claims of Canada, especially upon the emigrant from the United Kingdom, would leave him nothing to envy in the settler in the neighbouring republic. We have institutions as free, self-government as perfect, as the people of the United States. In no country in the world are the principles of popular government and executive responsibility more fully established than in this Dominion. From the management of the affairs of the school section, through those of the township and county municipalities, to the Provincial Legislatures, and then to the Dominion Parliament, the principle of direct popular control is not simply recognized as a theory, but enjoyed as a great practical fact. The progress of the country during the last twenty years in material wealth and in the great public improvements which are the outward and visible signs of that wealth, has been relatively as great as that of any country in the world. The population of the Dominion has nearly doubled in those twenty years, the aggregate trade has increased about five-fold, the telegraphs which flash their lightning intelligence from one end of the Dominion to the other, and between every city and town and village, and the railways which are permeating every district, are the product of those twenty years. We have the most magnificent system of inland navigation to be found on the face of the globe. We have an educational system which is undenominational without being Godless, and which protects the conscientious scruples of every man in the community. We have the most perfect religious equality, the voluntary principle vindicating its own entire sufficiency for the religious instruction of the masses, and its results testifying to the religious character of the Canadian people. Our towns and cities are prosperous, and new centres of trade and industry are dotting the face of the country. Manufactures are flourishing, giving the diversity of employment which is essential to individual and national prosperity. Improved systems of agriculture are enriching our farmers, and are making the land of the country as productive as that of the most favoured parts of the Continent of America. New districts are being opened up for settlement in all the Provinces, and railway communication is being pressed towards them, so that the farmer emigrant can make his choice from the richly-wooded land of old

Canada and the maritime Provinces, or from the vast prairies of Manitoba and the North-west.

To afford to the emigrant the fullest information as to those advantages which Canada presents to him should be the first duty of the Government in any well considered policy for the promotion of emigration. There are two ways in which this information may be presented: first, by printed matrer in the form of pamphlets and handbooks, and secondly, by means of lectures in the leading centres from which emigrants may be drawn. The action of the Ontario Government in causing to be prepared a pamphlet for distribution in Great Britain has already borne important fruit, the only drawback being that they were not sent in sufficient numbers. The different shipping agents of the United Kingdom are always willing to lend their aid in the distribution of such matter, and they should be kept well supplied with it. Promoting emigration is their business, and they are only too glad to be furnished with the means of exciting an interest in the subject in the districts from which they draw their customers. Of these agents, one firm, the Messrs. Allan, have nearly six hundred in the United Kingdom alone. Some of these—indeed it may with truth be said a very large proportion of them—are friendly to this Dominion, and ready to exert themselves earnestly in favour of promoting emigration to it, from considerations of national sympathy. To such a *quasi* official recognition might with propriety be given, which, by increasing public confidence in them, would promote their interest and increase their ability to encourage emigration. In such an arrangement the question of remuneration is one which cannot be ignored. Canada has suffered much from what is known as the percentage system, that is the payment by the companies to these passenger brokers of a percentage on the tickets they sell. As passages are secured in Britain for the extreme Western States, the railway and steamship companies co-operating for this purpose, it becomes manifestly the interest of the passenger broker to send the emigrant to the greatest distance, the amount of his percentage being regulated by the sum paid for the ticket. This self-interest is often stronger than any considerations of national sympathy, and many an emigrant is sent to the State of Kansas or Minnesota or Montana, who would have been as easily persuaded to go to Canada but for the fact that the agent received a larger sum for sending him the longer distance. It is hopeless to expect either the steamship or railway companies to forego this system; but the evil may be counteracted by the Canadian Government compensating the agents, whom they may specially select, for the loss in the matter of percentages which will accrue to them by passengers taking tickets to Quebec or some point in Canada instead of to the Western States. A bonus, which would represent the average difference in the percentage upon each ticket sold, would neutralize the temptations of the present system, and would convert these agents into active workers for emigration to the Dominion.

It may fairly be doubted whether the system of Provincial pamphlets or Provincial lecturers are the best methods of imparting information. A pamphlet on Canada itself, embracing all the Provinces, setting forth in a clear and concise style the advantages of each of them, with plain directions to the emigrant, would do more to promote emigration, and would keep the Dominion as a whole, with its varied resources and the special conditions of each of its Provinces, more directly before the public. And as with pamphlets, so with lectures. The Dominion and not the Provinces should appoint the agents on the other side of the water, and these should be charged with the duty of dealing fairly by all the Provinces. We have not yet attained that position as a whole, in the eyes of the world, which would

justify us in presenting ourselves as separate and—as it would be almost inevitable—antagonistic parts. But if local jealousies made it difficult to adopt this united plan of action in the campaign to be carried on among the emigrating classes, there should at least be a handbook of Canada, published by the Dominion, which would give full and complete information upon every point of interest to intending settlers. Such a handbook should be in addition to the ordinary pamphlets for gratuitous distribution, should be much fuller in its information, should be illustrated, not by the rough woodcuts which disfigure some of the pamphlets already issued, but by really well executed wood engravings, and should be sold at a low price at all the book stalls and railway stations of the kingdom. The comparatively new and unsettled State of Montana has shown its appreciation of this description of information. Its authorities have caused to be printed a handbook of the State, on beautifully tinted paper, in quarto form, with photographic illustrations, and neatly bound, and have presented copies to most of the passenger brokers in the United Kingdom, to be kept exposed in their offices. Who shall say how many persons who never heard of Montana until they entered the passenger broker's office to enquire about emigration to America, have been induced to make that distant State their destination by the interest which a glance at this book has excited?

The countries from which emigrants are to be drawn being thus supplied with active agencies and with abundance of information, the next important work is thorough organization in the Dominion for the reception and placing of the emigrants on their arrival. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of this feature of a complete immigration policy, and unfortunately it is almost impossible to over-state the neglect of it which has characterized the Department of Immigration in this country in the past. The value of first impressions has passed into a proverb, but with no people are first impressions more influential than with the average emigrant on his arrival in a new country. At the very best his case is one which should excite the largest sympathy. Anyone who has stood upon the Victoria docks at London, or on the quay at Liverpool or any of the other great shipping ports, and witnessed the embarkation of a party of emigrants, will recognize how true this is. The painful leave-taking with friends, prolonged until the last moment; the earnest "God bless you," which forces its way out with an almost intensity of agony; the steady gaze upon the receding shore until the last faint outline of land passes from view, and HOME, with its memories and associations, has sunk into the unfathomable deep; then the ten days or a fortnight of the discomforts of the ocean voyage; and then the landing on a strange land, with nothing but strange faces to look upon; surely that is a condition to excite a spirit of kindness and sympathy. It is a first consideration to make this first landing as pleasant as possible, and to send the emigrant to his destination in the interior with the consciousness that he has cast his lot among friends. The accommodation at Point Levi in the past has been a disgrace to Canada, a practical advertisement to the world that emigrants are unwelcome visitors here. A change there has already been made so far as buildings are concerned, but the great receiving depot requires still further reform. It should be modelled on the plan of Castle Garden at New York, which, with some defects which have brought discredit upon it and which are at this moment engaging the attention of the American commissioners, has done its work, on the whole, well. Point Levi, furnished with ample buildings and with a complete and efficient staff of officers, should be made the great distributing point for the emigration to the western portions of the Dominion, as Halifax should be for the maritime Provinces, and Hamilton for that por-

tion of the emigration to Canada which comes by New York and enters the Dominion by the Suspension Bridge. Convenient emigration depots, after the model of that recently built at Toronto, should be established at St. John, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, London, Fort William and Fort Garry. In connexion with these, a regular system of labour registration should be adopted. And here comes in appropriately the work of the Provincial Governments. To organize a system of labour registration, and to provide for the conveyance of emigrants to those districts where employment awaits them, are duties which, efficiently performed, will tax all the energies of the Immigration Departments of the Provinces. Thus apportioned, there need be no conflict in the concurrent jurisdiction which the British American Act bestows upon the Governments of Canada and of the different Provinces, in the matter of emigration. And the duties of each faithfully performed, there need be no fear of the success of this country in attracting, or its ability to absorb, a very large portion of the emigration which annually leaves the shores of the old world.

There are some considerations in relation to the necessity for immediate employment for emigrants on their arrival and how it may be provided; to the special advantages which Canada offers to the emigrant over other fields which are presented for his acceptance; and to the necessity for a national spirit in Canada, a spirit of confidence in the future of the country on the part of its own people, as a condition precedent of success in any policy for the encouragement of emigration, to which reference may be made in a future article.

AT THE CHAUDIÈRE FALLS.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

"DEMON of turbulence! spirit of strife!
Thou art my servant, thou, scorner of life;
Let me lay hold on thee—I am a man,
Wrestler with elements, first in the plan."

"Talk not of Man to me, waif on the stream!
As a loud thunder-shock shatters a dream,
Such would thy puny life instantly be,
Wert thou to wrestle, proud creature, with me.

"Lead forth your armies, your brave men of earth,
Despot or craven but wakens my mirth;
Hurl down your legions with falchion and spear—
Host upon host—what a rabble were here!

"Assail me with cannon, charge horsemen and foot;
Mark how I'd trample them! see, they are mute!
Down they go, sword and spear, coward and brave;
Grapple me, bind me well, make me your slave.

"Bind me with shackles, encompass me round;
Is it with ropes of sand giants are bound?
Boaster! I spit on thee, scorn at thy ban;
See how I spurn thee, magnificent man."

"Demon of turbulence, chained and yet free,
Science has conquered in wrestling with thee;
Reason's supreme, still we tremble and cower,
Wishing we had but a tithe of thy power.—

"Power of spirit, of body, of soul,
Strength to resist with such god-like control;
Power to grapple with error, and raise
E'en from despair a loud pæan of praise."

OTTAWA.

DINAH BLAKE'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

CHAPTER I.

NORA BLAKE.

A BLEAK scene on the western coast of Ireland, a wintry sunset gleaming on the leaden-coloured waves of the broad Atlantic or touching with pale golden light the savage cliffs against which it foamed and dashed with ceaseless fury—a straggling town skirting the head of a small bay or cove, that rushed in from the ocean between two rocky headlands jutting far into the surging waters. Beyond, about two miles distant, a wooded eminence, crowned by a grey stone dwelling of imposing appearance, while inland, skirting the horizon, appeared a range of lofty mountains pointing their rugged peaks heavenward in gloomy grandeur. The scene in fine weather, especially in summer, was not wanting in picturesque beauty, but now late in the gloomy month of November it presented an aspect of bleak desolation. The short twilight had deepened into night, when rattling through the principal street of the town, the mail-coach from Galway drew up before the door of its only hotel, and the tired passengers, gladly alighting, entered the well-lighted dining-room of the Carraghmore Arms, there to partake of the inviting fare provided for them. But one among them, a young person closely veiled, to the surprise of the officious waiter, declined following her fellow travellers into the inn, observing in a low agitated voice that she was going to remain in Carraghmore.

Then requesting that her luggage might be kept till sent for, she turned quickly away from the prying eyes of the by-standers and was soon lost to view in the darkness of the night.

"I wondher who she is!" observed the waiter thoughtfully. "The voice didn't seem sthrange, but she kept that brown veil so tight over her face there was no seeing it at all."

"Look at her luggage, Tim! you'll find the name on that," shrewdly observed an ostler, as he busied himself removing the jaded horses from the coach, the bespattered condition of which showed the muddy state of the roads.

"Bedad, you're right! You're a 'cute chap, Ned. Here it is shure enough!" and raising a shabby-looking portmanteau, he inspected the name inscribed on a card in a plain school girl hand—Nora Blake.

"Begorra! it's Nora Blake, come back from Dublin. I wondher how ould Dinah will recave her daughther! If what they say of her is thrue, it's her face she ought never to show in these parts again!"

"An' shure she didn't show it," observed Ned, archly. "Didn't she muffle it up in the veil so that no glimpse of it could be seen? But you're too hard on her, Tim. Shure she's not the first poor girl them wild chaps of officers led asthray. Poor Nora Blake! She was such a purty girl whin she left this to go to the dhress-makin' business in Dublin!"

"She had always too much concate in herself, and that's what her pride brought her to in the end," was Tim's ill-natured observation as he shouldered the portmanteau left in his care, and re-entered the inn while the kind-hearted ostler led his horses round to the stable, pitying all the time purty Nora Blake, "who had been led asthray—the crathur."

In the meantime the subject of this colloquy was making her way as quickly as the gloom of night would permit through a straggling street which, branching off from the principal thoroughfare of the town, led along the shore of the little bay on which it was situated. Emerging from this, where the houses ended, she entered a by-road leading in the direction of the cliffs. The way now became rugged and rather steep, and Nora Blake was obliged to proceed slowly. She had been travelling several hours, and the fatigue of the journey in her present delicate state of health was too much for her strength, enfeebled as she was by recent mental suffering. Seating herself on a rock by the way side she rested for some minutes, and now a tide of bitter memories rushing in upon her mind, she bowed her face upon her hands, groaning in the extremity of her despair and anguish. The sight of her native town brought vividly before her the days of innocence and happiness she had spent there before her journey to Dublin. She was now returning to her childhood's home a fallen and despised woman, That last year if it only could be recalled! she would not now be a thing for scorn to point its finger at! But she would not have long to suffer; she knew that, and it comforted her, this thought of death, although she was very young, not yet nineteen. If she only might die now without meeting her widowed mother! "How can I meet her stern eye? How tell the story of my shame?" were the words wailed forth on the night air and heard by no human ear in the dreary solitude around. The wild dash of the waves came up from the shore below as if in angry answer to the piteous wail. A sudden thought, a wild temptation flashing through the excited brain, and Nora Blake rushed like a frantic creature towards the tall cliffs beetling on the Atlantic. One leap from their dizzy height, one plunge into the pitiless ocean, and she would be buried with her sorrow beneath the cold waves. But quick as a ray of light through the distracted mind flashed one powerful fear, not of death, not of that fearful leap, but of the dread hereafter. Could she stand

at God's tribunal to meet a suicide's doom. Suddenly, as if struck down by a heavy blow she sank on her knees and raised to the dark heaven above her wild imploring gaze. No words of supplication passed the rigid lips, but the kneeling posture, the upraised eye, were mute appeals for mercy—appeals not made in vain, for soon to the penitent, despairing soul came whisperings of hope—hope not of earth. For her, the betrayed and fallen, there could be never more the sunlight of joy; still on her darkened horizon dimly there rose the star of heavenly hope illuming the night of despair. She rose up strengthened to endure the world's scorn, even her mother's bitter reproaches, still harder to bear—all as the punishment due to her sinful dereliction from the path of virtue.

CHAPTER II.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

SLOWLY Nora Blake walked on, stumbling over the rocky way until she came in sight of the humble home to which she was returning. Before venturing to enter she stole to the window and looked in, anxious to assure herself that her mother was alone. She did not wish any one to witness the first painful interview. The room was small but looked comfortable, although the furniture was of the humblest description. A turf fire burned cheerfully on the hearth adding its ruddy brightness to the dim light of a tallow candle placed on the small table at which Dinah Blake was seated drinking her tea—a luxury which from long habit had become indispensable to her comfort. In her younger days she had lived as housemaid with a gentleman's family residing at Barrington Height, the handsome mansion already mentioned not far from Carraghmore, and had in that way acquired habits and ideas above the humble life of the Irish peasant to which class her family belonged. Dinah Blake was no ordinary woman: tall and masculine in form: she had few of the weaknesses of her sex; she was intensely revengeful in her nature; with a stern expression of face that showed a cold, unbending character. Her daughter shivered as she looked upon that stony countenance. What sympathy had she to expect from such a woman? Cold, nay harsh, her mother's demeanour had always been to her. All the love her nature seemed capable of feeling had been lavished on an unworthy son now absent with his regiment in India. Had she done wisely in seeking that mother's home in the hour of dreaded suffering now close at hand? For a moment Nora thought of retracing her steps to Carraghmore and thence back to Galway, anything rather than meet that stern mother's eye. But she was unequal to such exertion. To return to Carraghmore was to expose herself to certain death on the roadside. This thought nerved her to brave the dreaded meeting. Approaching the door she knocked with a trembling hand.

"Come in! where's the use of knocking when the door is not locked?" was heard in the gruff tones of Dinah Blake. "Blessed Virgin! who is this?" she added, starting to her feet with a sudden cry as her daughter, trembling with agitation, staggered into the room. One glance at the pallid, altered face, and then her arms were stretched out, not to clasp the unhappy girl in a motherly embrace, but as if to ward off the misery and disgrace she felt were coming upon her.

"So you're come back, and what I've been fearing has come at last! How dare you darken my door again?" she exclaimed with wild excitement, her eyes flashing fiery indignation at the wretched girl who knelt cowering at her feet.

This reception did not surprise Nora, but its violence overwhelmed her. She could not utter a word, and what had she to say in self-defence? She could only implore her mother's pity with the mute eloquence of her beseeching eyes; but that mother's heart

was turned to stone at the confirmation of her worst fears. Reports unfavourable to Nora's character had been whispered through Carraghmore. The tongue of scandal had been busy with the girl's name, but still the mother hoped against hope. The thought of disgrace being connected with her child was so intensely bitter, she crushed the very idea as it crept towards her. In Ireland even in the humblest walks of life the loss of reputation is considered the greatest evil that can befall any woman. "Any misfortune but that!" Dinah would exclaim as she put the thought from her, but now the dreaded evil stared her in the face. The disgrace had come to her very door. It lay at her very hearthstone.

"Why did you come here? why did you not bury yourself where I'd never see you?" she asked in a voice choked with passion, spurning the form that crouched at her feet moaning in such hopeless sorrow.

"Mother, forgive me! I wont trouble you long; I came home to die," she wailed forth.

"I cannot forgive you!" said the frantic woman. "May my curse and the curse of heaven—"

A wild cry interrupted the imprecation.

"Not your curse! oh mother, spare me that," shrieked Nora as she sank prone upon the floor in a convulsion of grief and horror.

"It is not you, but *him* who brought you to this. May the curse of Heaven rest upon him and his!" prayed the wretched mother, her face ghastly with passion, her eyes glittering with hate; and now overcome with the violence of her frenzied feelings she sank into a chair seeking to relieve her choking emotion by groans of such bitter anguish as thrilled her daughter's heart. For a time there was silence in the humble dwelling broken only by the groans of Dinah as she sat rocking herself to and fro—her large bony hands covering her convulsed face. Suddenly she asked abruptly:

"What is the villain's name?"

"Major Barrington," was the low response.

"Blessed Father! if it isn't the same man who lately come into the estate of Barrington Height! He is married, too. Himself and his wife are living there now. Did you know this, girl?"

"No," faltered Nora. "I did not know where he was. I only knew he was married. When I found that out I left him, for I knew he could not marry me then as he promised."

"How long since?"

"More than five months."

"And it is since that he come in for the fortune. The devil takes care of his own, sure enough; but may it never do him good, may he die poor and with as sore a heart as he has left me this blessed night, I pray God! And I'll be revinged on him yet," Dinah continued with fierce vehemence. "Aye, revinged, I swear it by this blessed cross," and she pressed the sacred symbol to her lips white and quivering with passion. "Get up and go to your bed," she added more calmly after a short pause, a command which Nora gladly obeyed, thankful for permission to remain. Then seeing her mother preparing to go out she falteringly asked if she was going for a doctor.

"Yes," was the curt answer.

"And if you would ask Father Conlan to call afore morning. He'll be wanted, too, for I feel I'm near death and I would not like to go without getting the rites of the church and making my confession."

"Oh, it's time enough to see about that. You're not so near death as you think," said Dinah coldly.

"But I know I am at death's door," persisted Nora sadly, "and sure it's not sorry I am. What have I to live for now?" There was touching sorrow in the trembling voice, but in the mother's heart no answering chord of sympathy.

"You never said a thruer word in your life," was her heartless observation as she left the cottage and strode hastily down the rocky path leading to Carraghmore.

In less than an hour she returned accompanied by a physician. Dr. Holmes was the oldest practitioner in Carraghmore—a skilful, benevolent man. He had known Nora from a child, and he was much shocked at being called to attend her on the present melancholy occasion. He had daughters of his own, and it grieved his kind heart to see the wreck sinful passion had made in that once beautiful and innocent girl. "Why is there no law to punish the seducer?" he exclaimed indignantly as he saw the tear-dimmed eye sink beneath his gaze and the deep flush of shame crimson the wan face.

About midnight the Angels of Life and Death met beneath that humble roof on the wild sea-coast near Carraghmore. Nora suffered much and, as the first faint wail of her new-born child thrilled her heart, she felt that life was ebbing fast. Her trembling feet were touching the cold waters of the dark river.

"Let me see the babe before I die," she murmured with a beseeching look at her mother who stood near cold and rigid as ever.

"It's proud ye ought to be of it, to be sure," she remarked with cutting irony.

"Let the mother see the child," broke in Dr. Holmes sternly.

Dinah reluctantly obeyed.

It was a pretty child but bore no resemblance to Nora. In its tiny features her eye detected a likeness to its father. She clung to it as if she could not bear the separation death would soon make. "Oh that I could take you with me away from the world which will scorn you for your wretched mother's sin! Oh mother, will you be kind to it when I am gone?" and the dying eyes turned imploringly to Dinah Blake who stood by apparently unmoved while the kind-hearted doctor's eyes were filled with tears.

"It will be cared for. Let that satisfy you. I don't promise to love it, though," she replied coldly.

"And will you forgive me, mother dear? Oh do not let me go away without your pardon."

There was no answer to this piteous supplication, yet there was a convulsive quivering about Dinah's stern mouth and a gleam of anguish in her grey eye.

"Pity and forgive her if your heart is not made of stone," said Dr. Holmes with subdued vehemence.

"I can't do it, doctor," she said hoarsely, "it's no use telling a lie. I can't forgive the disgrace she has brought to my door."

"Don't you see she is dying?" he pleaded.

"I know it well enough, and I thank God for it," she answered doggedly. "The grave is the best place for her. Do you think she could hould up her head afther this, and where's the use of a girl living with such a foul blot upon her name?"

There was a silence of some minutes round that bed of death broken only by the laboured breathing of the dying girl. She was passing quickly through the dark river. Its icy waters soon relaxed her loving clasp of her infant. The eyes that had been fixed with such piteous appeal on the stony countenance of her mother were now raised heavenward, and the white lips moved in earnest prayer. Then there was a painful gasp, a convulsion of the pallid face and Nora Blake was gone where the pity or scorn of the world could reach her never more.

"She is dead! may her Father in Heaven show her more mercy than her earthly parent," said Dr. Holmes solemnly covering the face of the dead.

"Amen!" responded Dinah Blake in a choked voice. Then, giving way to the convulsion of agony that shook her strong frame, she sank on her knees beside the bed, groaning in bitter anguish. Dr. Holmes now prepared to return to Carraghmore. "Take care of poor Nora's child and don't let it perish from neglect," was his parting observation as he left the cottage. The words were unheeded by the agonized woman kneeling beside her dead. No word of

prayer for the departed soul passed her rigid lips, but a vow of vengeance was recorded—vengeance against the rich Major Barrington who, by false promises, had betrayed the simple-minded girl now lying there lifeless before her.

CHAPTER III.

DINAH BLAKE'S VISIT TO BARRINGTON HOUSE.

NEAR Dinah Blake's cottage, bordering on the same tall cliffs which sheltered it from the wild gusts of the Atlantic, were the picturesque ruins of the Friary of St. Bride, the grass-grown nave and aisles of which served as a cemetery for the people of Carraghmore. In a remote corner of these sacred precincts the coffin containing the remains of Nora Blake was deposited the afternoon of the day following her death. There was no wake, no gathering of the neighbours to sympathize with the bereaved mother. The circumstances attending the poor girl's death forbade this. Dinah Blake shrank from commiseration, and coldly received the words of condolence offered by the few friends who came to attend the funeral. Hers was a grief no sympathy could reach; henceforth the disgrace that had come to her door would separate her from her kind. She must leave Carraghmore. She could no longer live among those mothers whose daughters had not fallen.

As the hollow sound of the earth rattling upon the coffin smote the ear of the few standing around the grave of Nora Blake a joyful peal from the Church tower of Carraghmore rung out merrily on the cold November air.

"It's in honour of the young one born to-day at Barrington Height," remarked one of the bystanders. "Major Barrington had a daughter born to him to-day."

Dinah Blake started, and there was a strange gleam in her eye as she glanced towards Barrington Height, whose grey walls and numerous windows glistened in the pale yellow light which the wintry sunset flashed on them from the leaden sky. "A daughter born to him to-day!" she repeated as she walked thoughtfully home after the funeral. What a contrast between the birth of the two children—one the cause of rejoicing, the other of sorrow and shame. Slowly, with her head bent down, the hood of her blue cloak drawn over it, so as to hide her face, Dinah Blake trod the rocky pathway leading homeward from the Friary of St. Bride, her mind filled with a strange project, which the news she had just heard suggested—very impracticable it seemed, yet she determined to try and carry it out. Again she looked towards Barrington Height and pictured to herself the happy mistress surrounded by all the comforts wealth can give—the happy mother of her first-born child. Then that other youthful mother's miserable face came vividly before her, and groans of agony, mingled with imprecations, were poured forth on the wintry air. Some hours later she sat alone in her desolate hearth, meditating on the best method of carrying out the project that filled her thoughts. Near her, on a settle, lay Nora's infant sleeping quietly, all unconscious of the misery her birth caused that grey-haired woman, whose eye from time to time wandered towards it with aversion. "If it is to be done, it must be to-night!" she muttered. "I run no small risk, but who cares! and, if I can manage it, won't it be the fine revenge on *him*." There was fierce hate in her tones, as she uttered the last words, while her eye gleamed with exultation.

The wail of the infant now called its grandmother's attention towards it. She took it in her arms, but without a soothing word or caress, and prepared to give it some food, first pouring into it one drop from a small vial. "That will stop your squalling for a time," she said, as she fed the babe, looking at it all the while as if she could choke it in

her strong aversion. The drop of laudanum soon had the desired effect of plunging the baby into deep sleep. Dinah then hastily prepared to go out, carefully pouring ashes on the turf fire to keep it smouldering till her return. She enveloped her tall figure in her cloak, then wrapping an old shawl about her grand-child, she took it in her arms and left the cottage. Instead of taking the road leading to Carraghmore she struck into a by-path branching from it in the direction of Barrington Height. The night was dark and stormy; frequent gusts swept up from the ocean; and the howling of the wind mingling with the angry dash of the waves might seem to a fanciful imagination like a wild requiem for the soul of the youthful dead laid to rest that day in the ancient Friary of St. Bride. But Nora's mother was not imaginative, yet the thought of her dead daughter lying in her dishonoured grave did come forcibly to her mind as she passed the Ruins, inciting her to carry out the revenge she meditated. Half an hour's rapid walking brought her to the foot of Barrington Height. Ascending the private way leading to the servants' entrance, Dinah Blake soon reached the house. Having lived many years there during the life of the late proprietor—a distant relative of Major Barrington—she knew every entrance, and was familiar with its various rooms and passages. On one side of the kitchen was a door opening into a hall leading to the servants' apartments and communicating with the rest of the house by a back stairs. This door Dinah knew was unlocked or left open till a certain hour of the night. It was by this entrance she hoped to gain secret admittance to the mansion; for such was the intention with which she left her home that stormy night. Previously, however, she approached the kitchen and, opening the door, walked boldly in with the Irish salutation of "God save all here!" As the domestics had been changed when Major Barrington came into possession, Dinah was not afraid of being recognized.

"God save you, kindly, honest woman. Draw near and take an air of the fire this cowld night," was responded civilly by the eldest of two women servants, who were the only occupants of the comfortable kitchen, looking so cheerfully in the ruddy light from the piece of bogwood burning with the turf fire on the ample hearth. Dinah, still keeping the hood of her cloak drawn over her head so as to shade the face and carefully concealing the sleeping infant, approached the fire and warmed herself gladly—for the sharp wintry wind had chilled her through.

"The misthress and the child is doing well, I hope," she said, with assumed interest, as she passed one foot and then the other through the bright blaze.

"It's a merry ringing of bells there was at Carraghmore to-day."

"Faix, then, there won't be a merry ringing to-morrow," sadly remarked the woman she addressed, "for the misthress was taken bad three hours ago, and she's not expected to live. The house is topsy turvy with the throuble. It come so suddent, and the masther is disthracted entirely!"

What a wicked joy thrilled the heart of Nora's mother at this unexpected news! Were her prayers for vengeance so soon to be answered?

A hurried ringing of the dining-room bell was now heard, startling the servants by its violence.

"Och, its the masther! I wondher what's wanted now! Run, Susy, and see where that idle footman is. Dhrinking with the butler in some corner, I'll be bound! and more shame for them both, and death in the house!"

"Dinah Blake now silently withdrew, thinking that the present state of confusion in the mansion was favourable to the carrying out of her intention. A few minutes afterwards she had entered the hall already mentioned, and was ascending stealthily the back stairs. Traversing the silent, dimly

lighted gallery above, she reached the nursery, the door of which stood ajar. Cautiously she peered in and saw to her great joy that there was no one in the room. By the light of a shaded lamp she perceived the infant daughter of Mrs. Barrington sleeping calmly in its cot all alone. In a moment she was at its side, hastily removing the rich clothes the little heiress wore, and dressing her own grand-child in them, having, before entering the house, stripped off its own plain clothing. The daring act was quickly done. Nora's child was deposited in the luxurious little cot while its late occupant was wrapped up, undressed in the old shawl. Just at this moment footsteps were heard approaching, and Dinah Blake unable to make her escape, hastily concealed herself in a small closet, the door of which stood invitingly open. She had scarcely done so when a door at one end of the room quickly opened, and a respectable looking woman—whom Dinah knew was the nurse—entered hurriedly.

"Letty, bring the baby quick! The mistress has asked for it. Where is the girl gone?" she added in tones of vexation on perceiving no one in the apartment. Then approaching the cot she looked earnestly at its sleeping occupant. Dinah's pulse leaped: the fear that the nurse had detected the change of children made even her stout heart throb. But the next exclamation of the woman re-assured her.

"How she sleeps! Can Letty have given her anything to keep her quiet, when she was so fretful this evening?"

"Bring the baby at once, nurse! the misthress is going fast!" said Letty; at this moment hurriedly making her appearance.

"And where were you? Why couldn't you stop and watch the child while I was away?" asked the nurse, angrily.

"And shure I had to go and get my cup of tay. People can't starve, even if the misthress is dying," was Letty's indignant response.

Both women now hastened from the nursery, leaving the door open which communicated with the apartments of Mrs. Barrington. Through that open door Dinah Blake witnessed a scene she did not easily forget. Supported in the arms of her husband was seen the dying mistress of Barrington Height. A mourning group stood around, among whom Dinah recognized Dr. Holmes, his countenance expressive of the sympathy he felt with the woe his skill was ineffectual to avert. With what feelings of enmity did Dinah Blake gaze on the handsome face of Nora's betrayer. Her eyes glowed with hate, and if a look could annihilate him, Barrington Height would have lost its present master.

When the nurse approached the bed with the sleeping infant, Mrs. Barrington's dying eyes turned on it a look of unspeakable love, but although the white lips moved, no sound issued from them. She was too weak to hold the baby in her arms, but her husband, taking it tenderly from the nurse, held it towards her for a last kiss. What an exultant feeling of revenge thrilled Dinah Blake as she saw Nora's child in its father's arms and knew that henceforth it would be the cherished heiress of Barrington Height. She was glad Mrs. Barrington was dying. She felt no ill will towards the lady, and she did not wish to impose on her, as her own, another woman's child. It was not strange that the exchange of children passed unnoticed, for both were like their father, and resembled each other in a striking manner. Dinah Blake remained some minutes gazing on this death-bed scene, then noiselessly withdrew from the nursery, and hurried from the house unnoticed. The next day she left Carraghmore.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE FOUNDLING.

A NARROW, foreign-looking street in the picturesque town of Galway, Ireland; a room in a gloomy old house plainly but comfortably furnished, lit up only by the cheerful blaze of a bright coal fire, for the moreen drapery of the window was drawn carefully to exclude the November wind, shutting out also the wintry twilight fast fading into night. In the ruddy glare the two occupants of the room may be seen—one, a lady about thirty in delicate health, her pale face wearing a sad expression; the other, a boy of ten who is kneeling by the hearth rug endeavouring to read by the flickering light of the fire. Mother and son they were not, although a resemblance might be traced between the two faces both handsome and pleasant to look at. Some years before Mrs. Dormer had been the belle of a gay circle in a provincial town, the reputed heiress of a wealthy uncle, and —it might be for that reason—the cynosure of many eyes. The admirer who pleased her girlish fancy best was a handsome clerk in her uncle's mercantile house, and the result of this attachment was an elopement; this independent step being taken with the hope that, once married, the merchant's forgiveness would be obtained—his consent to the marriage having been withheld. A very short time after this hasty union the newly-married pair were roused from their dream of happiness by the sudden death of Mrs. Dormer's uncle, caused by his own hand in consequence of the total ruin of his affairs. This was a severe blow to Mr. Dormer, and his disappointment at not receiving the expected fortune with his wife soon cooled the ardour of his affection for her; for he was a selfish man incapable of feeling any deep attachment. His limited income—he was now clerk in a Government office—was barely sufficient for the support of himself and his delicately nurtured wife. The first few years of their married life was a painful time for both; then their circumstances were improved by the arrival of Mrs. Dormer's orphan nephew from India, consigned to her care by his father before his death. This boy was left with a handsome independence, and the money the Dormers received for his support enabled them to live more comfortably. They had no family of their own. One child had been recently born, but had lived only two weeks. It was this recent bereavement which gave that melancholy expression to Mrs. Dormer's sweet face as she sat there dreamily watching the brilliant jets of gas now and then thrown out from the burning coal. Hers was not a happy life from various reasons; and the birth of this child had been one bright gleam in her clouded horizon—darkened almost as soon as it dawned.

"You will spoil your sight trying to read by that uncertain light, Max," she said, addressing her nephew.

"Not a bit of it, aunt. It is bright enough for me. You know I must study hard for the examination and Christmas will soon be here.

At this moment the street door bell rang and a strange voice was heard in the hall below. Max stopped studying to listen. Soon steps were heard ascending the stairs, the door of the sitting room was thrown open, and Winny, their maid-of-all-work, made her appearance.

"Och, misthress dear, here's the purtiest little craythur left at Mrs. Murphy's door. She's the washerwoman living in the next sthreet, ma'am."

"Is it a little puppy you have got, Winny?" asked the boy eagerly. "May I keep it, Aunt Amy? I do so wish to have a dog."

"Shure it's not a dog at all, but a babby as purty as a doll. Look at her, ma'am," and she held the foundling towards Mrs. Dormer who took it tenderly in her arms and pityingly regarded its tiny face.

"Stir up the fire to give us more light, Masther Max; but stay, I'll light the lamp meself. Mrs. Murphy brought it round to

the house at onct, bekase she said the misthress might take to it kindly having lost her own. Besides the poor woman has more nor she can do for her six children, and her husband worse than dead to her on account of the dhrink."

"It's a real beauty," exclaimed Max kissing the rosy mouth. "Look, Aunt, it opens its eyes and they look like violets peeping from under the white lids.

"This is no base-born child," said Mrs. Dormer, "although the clothes are plain enough. Here is a singular mark behind one ear."

"Arrah, what kind of a mark, ma'am? Shure it might be the manes of finding out her people some day!"

"It looks like a little heart," said Max after a grave examination, "don't you think so, Aunt?"

"It is a strawberry, not a heart, dear. I should like to keep this child," Mrs. Dormer continued, "for its own sake as well as mine."

"To be shure you would, ma'am. Its just the thing to divart your mind."

"And what name shall we call it, aunt?" asked Max, delighted at the thought of keeping the baby. "Shall it be Mabel, or Ethel or Violet?"

"Och, what quare names, Masther Max! Wouldn't it be betther to call it after some saint, ma'am?"

"Maybe it's Bridget you would wish to call it?" said the boy laughing.

"Faix, then, you might give it a worse name."

"Oh, bother, Winny, we wont call it Bridget for all the holy Biddys in the world. We might as well call it Winny after you."

"What if you did, then! wasn't there a saint of my name?" she retorted indignantly.

"I never heard of a saint Winny," Max said with a provoking grin.

"Maybe you heard of Saint Winifred, then. That's the rale name, not Winny at all."

"What horrid names the saints had! We will not call baby after any of them, shall we, Aunty?"

"I shall call her Josephine after my lost darling," said Mrs. Dormer, quietly putting an end to the altercation. The clock now struck five. "Mr. Dormer will be home immediately, Winny, and you know he does not like to wait for dinner."

"Thrue for you, ma'am. Bedad I was forgetting it, and the fish boiling on the fire," and Winny made a rush to the kitchen.

The baby now became fretful but Mrs. Dormer lulled it to sleep. She then passed into an adjoining room saying she would put the foundling in baby's cot and show it to Mr. Dormer after dinner. When she returned to the sitting room she found Max had wheeled his uncle's arm chair to the fire and placed his slippers before it.

"You are very careful of your uncle's comfort to-night, Max," she said with a faint smile.

"Yes, I want to put him in good humour," and his bright eyes gleamed archly in answer to her meaning smile. "I hope Winny has got something good for dinner, something that he likes, so that he wont be cross."

"Max!" said Mrs. Dormer reprovingly, and the boy was silenced, but he knew his opinion of his uncle's character was correct, and that good fare sweetened his usual moroseness, brightening for a time the gloom that generally hung over the little household.

A ring at the door now announced the master's arrival and Max flew down stairs for he always stormed if kept a minute waiting.

"Dinner not on the table yet," was his fretful remark on entering the room. No fond kiss given to the delicate wife so lately bereaved, no kind inquiry after her health.

"Shure the dinner is ready and a good one it is, masther," said Winny now entering and placing the dishes on the table. "This is the finest turbot the Claddagh boys caught this year and a rale bargain, sir."

There was a gleam of satisfaction in the cold blue eye and the shadow of a smile

round the mouth as the master placed himself at the table.

Dinner was over and he was enjoying a cigar when a wail from the next room made him ask eagerly what noise that was which sounded like a baby's cry.

"And so it is, another baby which Aunt Amy got," broke in Max impetuously.

"What does the boy mean?" and Mr. Dormer turned to his wife in surprise.

In a few words she explained what had occurred.

"And you wish to keep this foundling?" he said coldly.

"Yes, I should like it very much if you have no objection," was the submissive reply.

"Look, uncle! what a little beauty it is," said Max who had brought the infant from the cot and held it to be admired by Mr. Dormer.

"All babies look alike," he said curtly. "I really cannot see why you should wish to trouble yourself with this child, Amy. A man would never think of hampering himself with such a burden."

"It would be a great comfort to me," pleaded Mrs. Dormer. "You will let me adopt it; you can't refuse."

"Well, if you are so very anxious you may do so, but keep it out of my way, don't let its squalling annoy me;" and Mr. Dormer resumed his cigar, while his wife—a glad smile brightening her face—retired into the next room with her young charge—Max following to express his congratulations.

CHAPTER V.

A DEATH BED SCENE.

TEN years elapsed before Dinah Blake again visited her native place. She returned to consummate the revenge she had vowed, kneeling by the death-bed of poor Nora. It was a sultry evening in July, beneath the glowing sunset-sky the waves of the broad Atlantic lay calm as a placid lake, gleaming with rainbow tints and reflecting the tall cliffs lining the wild coast. Along the rugged by-way leading from Carraghmore towards the Friary of St. Bride, a tall pedestrian toiled wearily. She was wrapped, notwithstanding the summer heat, in the blue cloak worn by the peasant women in the west of Ireland. The ten years that have passed over Dinah Blake's head, have graven her brow with many furrows, and dimmed the lustre of her flashing eye. As she neared the ruins her step was slower and her head bowed down by the crushing weight of bitter memories. She soon reached the secluded corner where her young daughter slumbers in her early grave. A wooden cross marked the spot, placed there by some friendly hand. For many minutes Dinah knelt by that humble grave, her head bent and her hands clasped convulsively and raised with wild appeal to Heaven. Time had softened the bitterness of her feelings towards the dead, and earnest were the prayers that now ascended for the repose of her soul. At length she rose from her kneeling posture, and turned her steps towards Barrington Height. The shades of night were gathering around the mansion; but a deeper gloom, even the shadow of death, had again settled within its walls. Major Barrington was dying, suddenly stricken down in the midst of health and enjoyment by one of those fatal fevers which often sweep away many of the Irish peasantry. The household was broken up; the servants, with one exception, fled the fever-stricken house. The young heiress of Barrington Height had been sent with her governess and attendants to Ennis, where a sister of Mrs. Barrington's lived.

A nurse from Carraghmore had been hired to attend the Major. This woman was an old friend of Dinah's, and she now went ostensibly with the kind intention of offering to relieve her, for some hours, of her duties as nurse, in order that she might take some rest and sleep; but Dinah's real motive was to gain admittance to the sick man's

room. She feared not to breathe its tainted atmosphere. She cared not for the risk she incurred; she thought only of completing her revenge.

The nurse thankfully accepted Dinah's offer.

"Shure it's mighty kind of you intirely, and it's worn out I am without sleep, night afther night, for nearly two weeks," she said gratefully, as she led Dinah into the Major's room.

"Sit down in that aisy chair near the bed," she whispered, fearful of awakening the patient, "and make yourself comfortable. You won't have much throuble, for he sleeps nearly all the time; only watch him, and when he wakes up give him a spoonful of this bottle on the little table beside you; and now I'm off to my bed; and it's a good sleep I'll be able to take, thanks to you, Dinah jewel!"

Hour after hour Dinah Blake watched beside the dying man, grim and silent as death itself, gloating over the wreck disease had made in that handsome countenance. Utterly helpless, he, the fascinating man of the world, lay there, beneath the feet of the Pale Horse and his Rider. He was going fast; and there was no heavenly light, no star of hope to brighten the way through the Dark Valley.

"He'll never deludher any more poor girls to their ruin," said Dinah, mentally. "It's many a mother's curse he's bearing with him to the judgment."

Suddenly Major Barrington awoke, and Dinah knew by the awful change in his face that the end was near; and now was the time to impart the news she had come that night to communicate. The Major, too, seemed conscious of his approaching end, and his eyes turned with piteous appeal to his nurse, as if she could help him in this mortal struggle. But a face stony as marble met that look unmoved.

"Is it pity you're wanting?" she hissed through her closed teeth, her eyes glowing with hate. "What pity did you show Nora Blake and others like her in the time of their sore disthress and shame. Yes, it's going fast you are, and the devil will soon get his own. It's well you sarved him in this world!" and Dinah's fiendish laugh broke painfully the stillness of the death chamber. The dying man gazed in horror and amazement at his strange nurse. He was too weak to speak; he could only look his astonishment as his ear drank in the startling revelation she went on to make.

"You remember Nora Blake, the purty young girl you promised to marry, although another misfortunate woman owned you at the same time. Lying rascal that you are!" and Dinah's eyes glared on the wretched man.

"Well," she resumed, "Nora's mother vowed to be revenged, and she kept her word. The child owned as the heiress of Barrington Height is not the one left by your wife, as you and the world thinks. It's Nora's own child. A gleam of rage shot from the Major's eyes, and the startling intelligence, so unexpected, gave him a momentary strength.

"Where is the other child?" he gasped faintly.

"Oh she's with them that wont bring her up as dainty as if she was the heiress of Barrington Height," replied Dinah with a mocking smile.

Major Barrington groaned and looked around for some familiar face, some one to aid him in this sore perplexity. If Dr. Holmes would come to receive this hateful woman's confession, the lost daughter of his wife might still be restored to her rightful inheritance. But no friend was near, no face but that fiendish woman's gloating over his misery. This was the hour of Dinah's triumph; thus was the betrayed Nora avenged. The shock he had received hastened his death. His tormentor seeing that he had not many minutes to live hastily summoned the nurse. She did not now fear the pres-

ence of a third person. The Major was too weak to reveal what he had heard.

"I'm afeard he's dying," Dinah observed with assumed concern. "He slept quiet till a short time since. I didn't think death was so near."

"Och, Dr. Holmes said he might go any minute, when he was here this evening. He said he didn't expect to see him alive in the morning."

The familiar tones of the nurse's voice seemed to recall the fleeting senses of the dying man. He looked piteously at her and tried to speak, but nature was too much exhausted, the death rattle was the only sound heard.

"He seems to have something on his mind," remarked the nurse eagerly. "I'll give him a dhrop of this cordial and maybe he'll be able to tell."

The observation startled Dinah. "It's no use thrying to keep him alive," she urged. "That stuff would choke him at onct; he's too far gone now; there, it's all over," she added, and a gleam of satisfaction shot from her gray eye when she perceived the gasping breath cease and the light of life die out of the ghastly face. "He's gone to his account and Nora's wrongs is avenged," was Dinah Blake's mental observation as she passed exultant from the death chamber of Major Barrington.

To be continued.

MY ROSE.

BY MISS M. B. SMITH.

I SAID "My Love is a Rose,
A Rose with never a thorn;
A royal flower is the rose,
And royally shall it be worn."
So I set her on high, my Rose,
All out in the world's sunshine,
For I said to my heart, "Each breeze that blows
Shall gladden her heart like wine,
And fill my cup till it overflows,
For this flower is mine—*is mine.*"

For her shall the dew-drops shed
Their tribute of love by night;
For her shall the stars o'erhead
Shine out with a holier light.
And ever, among the sweet,
Sweetest my Rose shall be,
And ever and ever where bright ones meet,
Purest and brightest she;
And winds shall echo and waves repeat,
The fame of her name to me.

Did I know the sun was hot,
And the wind's rude breath was strong?
Oh, must there be ever a "crook i' the lot,"
And ever a break in the song?
Was it fate? Was it chance? Who knows?
The cheek is as purely bright,
And the red on the lip no fading shows;
But the heart is touched with blight,
She is lost to me, and I weep for my Rose:
I weep for her day and night.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

OUR COMMERCIAL RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES.

BY J. McL.

AT the recent meeting of the National Board of Trade of the United States held at St. Louis, the question of "freedom of Trade with the Dominion of Canada" was prominent among the subjects for discussion, and a delegation from the Dominion Board of Trade was invited to a conference. The treatment of the subject was reported in the St. Louis newspapers, and received some currency in the leading Canadian journals, and the resolution of the National Board "to memorialize Congress to provide by law for the appointment of a commission to meet commissioners from the Dominion of Canada (should the Dominion Government appoint a like commission) to negotiate a basis of a treaty between Great Britain and the United States for commercial relations with the Dominion of Canada" must be to parties on both sides so far satisfactory. The invitation extended to the National Board to meet the Dominion Board of Tarde at Ottawa in January, led to some further popular discussion, and as the matter has been already more than once the subject of diplomatic negotiation, and is confessed on all hands to be of great importance to the well-being and the well-doing of the parties concerned, the present may be assumed a proper time to consider it in any and every light that may help to reach a solution. The framers of the Treaty of Washington have lately set a good example of conceding much to the preservation of national amity, a principle that we shall find to be here of paramount force; let us consider the question as it affects the welfare and the harmony of the two nations, and rise, if possible, above the local and temporary interests that have so often, as we believe, given tone to its popular discussions.

The National Board of Trade added to its resolution a series of four propositions as the basis of a treaty; let us consider for a moment how these appear from our side, before laying them aside to look at the gravity of the general question; the propositions are:—

1st. The introduction of all manufactures and products of the United States into the Dominion of Canada free of import duty, and the like concession by the United States to the manufactures and products of the Dominion." This proposition seemed startling to some of our Canadian delegates who held that the "infant" manufactures of

the Dominion required the nursing of such incidental protection as our moderate revenue tariff affords. We believe it is a fact that on recent negotiations for the renewal of the late Reciprocity Treaty, the propriety of adding certain manufactures to the free list was discussed and admitted; it is the principle of free trade as far as now commonly adopted by Great Britain and her colonies, and it is highly probable that the majority of our manufacturers would hail in the proposed change that extension of markets and customers the present want of which is their greatest want, and it is certain that in this number would be found those conducting the best established and most successful manufactures, thus giving the best proof of being congenial to the soil.

2nd. "Uniform laws to be passed by both countries for the imposition of duties on imports, and for internal taxation; the sums collected from these sources to be placed in a common treasury, and to be divided between the two Governments by a *per capita* or some other equally fair ratio." This is a comprehensive proposal, and in the present great disparity between the Canadian tariff and that of the United States seems rather like going backwards, and it seems (if entertained) likely to conflict with our relations to Great Britain. These difficulties should not, however, put the proposition out of court if there be any good in its train, or if it be firmly held on the other side. The Americans state in its favour that they propose to reduce their tariff, as their debt is being reduced; on our side we are unfortunately in the reverse of their situation in the matter of debt—and possibly this may be the readiest solution of the question how we are to pay our debt, or the interest now yearly increasing in alarming proportions. In the manner of collecting a great economy would be effected; and the removal of custom houses from all the long border would remove a cause of daily annoyance and infinite ill-feeling. In the matter of division our Government would doubtless be a gainer, inasmuch as, notwithstanding their higher tariff, the people of the United States are *per capita* greater importers of British and other foreign goods than are the people of Canada. This system would have the advantage to us of enlarging our field as carriers. The proposition as it might affect our relation with the Empire would, of course, require and receive the consideration of the Imperial Government, and we shall presently refer to the course that Government has of late years persistently indicated for our adoption, and in that light think the difficulty would not be found insuperable.

3rd. "The admission of Dominion built ships and vessels to American registry, enrolment and license, and to all the privileges of the coasting and foreign trade." This change has been long desired by every vessel-owner in Canada, and would be an unmixed advantage to this important branch of industry and enterprise.

4th. "The Dominion to enlarge its canals and improve the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and to aid in the building of any great lines of international railroad, and to place the citizens of the United States in the same position as to the use of such works as enjoyed by the citizens of the Dominion; the United States and the several States giving the citizens of the Dominion the same rights and privileges over works of the same character in the United States." These works would simply be all in our own interest—the first to enable us to derive the fullest benefit from our great water-way; the second, to aid in the fullest development of our vocation as carriers between the over-peopled Eastern world and the vast fields of the West, now being so rapidly occupied and made productive. The chain of lake and river navigation united and made one by our system of canals is only to be equalled in completeness and efficiency by a railway system extending in a direct line through the central fields of the Dominion

to Sault Ste. Marie and there connecting with the route of the Northern Pacific Railway, now in course of construction, and forming the shortest and most favourably situated with reference to climatic influence and the productive character of the country traversed, of any that has yet been projected; forming the shortest and most practical route to our new fields of Manitoba and the Saskatchewan Valley, and possessing all these advantages for the two nations. This proposition reminds us how often it has been proposed from the Canadian side to offer the enlargement of the canals as an equivalent for reciprocal free trade in natural productions; such enlargement would no doubt be of further advantage, as their use in their present condition is a great advantage to the citizens of the United States, but the work is not a fair counter in negotiation, for it is a necessity for ourselves and for our own use, and since the last agitation of the question in Parliament it is admitted by every man in Canada that not a day should be lost in going on with the improvement.

Having referred briefly to the propositions of the National Board of Trade, which may be assumed to be the views of a body well advanced in commercial questions, and being satisfied that they are at least not out of the question, let us look at the matter as one of material equivalents, as it has been treated, and so far defeated, by the Governments of the two countries—and we may remark it has been treated in rather a huckstering spirit, as a question whether certain commodities growing on the one side—beeves and barley for instance, were more necessary to the party of the other side than Yankee notions and agricultural implements to the party of the hither side—a form in which the controversy might be prolonged indefinitely. It has been said on our side that we have found many new ways of trade since the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty, and have so indemnified ourselves for the loss of the American market; any one who has lived in Canada since before 1854 can tell what a great impetus forward was given to its trade and productiveness during the existence of the treaty, and it is fair to say that impulse has not yet been all lost; indeed a glance at the present state of the country with its increase of manufactures and its wealth of banking capital and bank deposits will shew that the progress has been continuous; but, along with some that are permanent, we are happy to say, there are temporary causes (that ought to be made permanent) patent on the surface to account for much of this continued prosperity during the last half-dozen years; chief of these is the state of depletion in labour and in every product of labour, and in domestic animals (of which we have been large exporters) in which the United States were left at the close of the civil war, and to these is to be added our very large exportation of lumber, for the accomplishment of which it is loudly complained by parties most intimately acquainted with the matter, that we have been adopting the process of killing the goose that hatched the golden eggs. Again, progress in negotiation has been retarded by a class of economists on our side, as there are many in the United States, who maintain that the cure for any and every ill that falls upon the economic body is to get well behind a Chinese wall, and the cry breaks upon us, made more shrill by a ring of thoughtless applause, from the wheat and barley fields of Ontario and Quebec, "Canada for the Canadians" as does from the iron and coal fields of Pennsylvania and Ohio "America for the Americans;" but we maintain that we have outgrown these bonds, and can no more go back than we can re-form ourselves into deer-skin moccasins and homespun, and wooden ploughs and log-huts—we are upon another march of improvement, and we think the road is firm and broad enough to carry us forwards. Leaving, then, behind

these mere counters of exchange, let us rise to the higher level of the question as one involving not merely the material prosperity but the good neighbourship of two nations whose concerns and interests lie alongside of and interlace each other from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Pacific Ocean ; and let us remember that the future of the Dominion even more than that of the United States is dependent upon a fair adjustment, because it is the weaker body of the two, and any disturbing element more nearly touches its heart. This question of commercial relations is vital to the equanimity of the two nations because every man along the long line who is concerned with trade or industry (and that is in these countries nearly everybody) is touched by it. Its settlement upon a fair and permanent basis would of course make easier the much needed establishment upon a permanent basis of our own system of government, for, with perfect freedom of trade, the people on either side could afford to look complacently and with interest upon the efforts and progress of their neighbours in the direction of self-government, and hope may be entertained of new progress in this so difficult science, where so much remains to be perfected, and in which the example and experience of England and of the United States, confessedly imperfect in their attainments, shew us something to be avoided as well as much to be imitated.

The kindly suggestions that have occasionally been made to us of late years by British statesmen, pointing to the entire control of our own affairs, have, we think, foreshadowed the necessity of home treatment of our relations with our nearest neighbours, and have been intended to prove the readiness of the Imperial Government to assist us to get on our legs, and to conduct the negotiation for ourselves, and, in short, to lift us from the pupilage of colonists to the ambition of patriots, to a national life every throb of whose pulse we shall feel, and feel to be our own—whose life flows with us and within us.

It is for the men of Ontario, who read and reflect, to take the lead in this development of national life, and to prove in response to the suggestions of British statesmen, and in assertion of their own manhood and worth, that they possess capacities for self-government and social improvement. The annual meeting of the Dominion Board of Trade took place at Ottawa, as intimated above Very little, however, occurred at the meeting to affect the situation or to change our view of it. The course of debate on the question of conference with the National Board of Trade with a view to further consideration of, and forwarding, the object proposed by that Board—"freedom of trade with the Dominion"—has not proved our commercial men to be in the more forward condition to be expected of pupils of the British school of trade. The apparent approval of the meeting of such sentiments as that "it was the determination of Canada to live separate and work out its own destiny" was hardly redeemed by the added qualification "living on friendly terms with the United States," when the subject directly in question was simply that of commercial relations; and the statement of another speaker that the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty had been of great advantage "to the Canadians, because it had made them rely on themselves to open up roads to the seaports in the east, and push on to the west through what would be the finest part of Canada," seems, if true, in fact as to such development, which we think is open to question, much like affirming the advantage of losing an eye or an ear in order to stimulate the cultivation of the remaining organs. The several quotations of astounding figures, results of experience of individuals or as a collective quantity to the nation shew how such statements may mislead if adopted as proof of the separate growth of our trade, when they actually result in great measure

from the trade drawn from the grain fields of the Western States in spite of separation in a measure, and go to prove only the superiority of our great water-way as the highway of the continent. The "Zollverein" appeared to be a *bête noire*, deeply charged, as many thought, with a venom of disloyalty, and chiefly dangerous as pointing to "annexation." We continue to think, on the other hand, that allaying this spirit of trade would rid us of the chief disturbing element; and in this age when reason is claiming and establishing, as a necessity of truth and progress, the right to discuss every form and shade of opinion in the wide fields of religion and philosophy, we maintain that our national virtue is in no danger from the free discussion of so simple a subject. Notwithstanding, however, the ban upon "Zollverein" it is satisfactory to notice that the Board decided to go on with the conference.

To conclude: It is evident that we are but in the infancy of progress in the way indicated by the general name of "freedom of trade," opening as it does to our future a community of interest and feeling wide as the world. It is the leading step, as the intercourse of trade is always foremost, in drawing men and nations together, to stimulate enquiry, to elicit what is good, and reject what is defective, in every department of knowledge. Now that the subject is opened, there cannot long remain a doubt of the advantages to accrue from the widest opening of the highway between ourselves and our neighbour who possesses a language, laws, religion and habits as well as industrial pursuits similar to our own.

CANADA'S EMBLEM.

BY W. BIRCH CANAVAN.

LET older nations proudly praise the emblems of their fame,
That sounding down thro' ages long have won immortal name;
Let Britain, greatest of them all, loud praise her glorious three,
That like her sons are joined as one in Canada the Free.

Old Erin's Shamrock, England's Rose, and Scotia's Thistle green,
Awake the love of Britain's sons in many a far off scene;
And nowhere in the wide world o'er, those glorious symbols three,
Are truly honour'd more than here in Canada the Free.

But there's another Emblem yet, dearer to us than all,
That tells of happy hearts and homes and Freedom's joyous call;
A magic light—a beacon bright—to myriads o'er the sea,
Our Emblem chief, the Maple Leaf, of Canada the Free.

It breathes no tale of ancient feuds, betrays no barren soil,
But welcomes to our grand old woods the sons of honest toil;
Gives equal rights and equal laws to all whoe'er they be,
Our Emblem chief, the Maple Leaf, of Canada the Free.

Then while we prize, with children's love, the Shamrock and the Rose,
The Thistle and the Fleur de Lys, forget not that there grows,
Upon our broad and fertile soil, a noble forest tree,
With graceful leaf, the Emblem chief, of Canada the Free.

TORONTO.

THE POETRY OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.

BY WILLIAM D. LE SUEUR, B.A.

MR. Arnold is more widely known, and probably attracts more interest, as a critic than as a poet; and yet, I confess, for my own part, to feeling more indebted to him for his poetry than his criticism. In the former, I cannot help thinking, he is more original than in the latter. As a critic he continually reminds us of Ste. Beuve, to whose school he may not unfairly be said to belong. As a poet he does not very distinctly remind us of any one, with the exception of the ancient Greek poets, whom it is no diminishing of any one's originality to imitate. It says something for the strength and independence of Mr. Arnold's poetic genius that he should have escaped, as com pletely as he has done, the influence—so irresistible to many contemporary writers—of Tennyson. Mr. Arnold's first publication in verse appeared, if I mistake not, in 1849, the year which gave "In Memoriam" to the world. Tennyson at that time was the rising star in the world of poetry, to whom nearly all younger writers were paying the homage of more or less conscious imitation. The only models, however, which Mr. Arnold appears to have set before him were, as I have already hinted, those to whom the world has been doing reverence for two thousand years, and whose immortal productions no lapse of time can rob of their charm.

The "New Poems" published by Mr. Arnold some five or six years ago have taken an altogether higher rank in general estimation than his earlier productions. The latter indeed have for some years past been but little seen or heard of; the "New Poems," on the contrary, have been received with a degree of favour which almost amounts to "popularity." Popular, in a wide sense of the word, Mr. Arnold never can be, at least, as a poet. His thoughts are too remote from those of every-day life, and of the average of readers, to excite a wide enthusiasm, or even to be very generally intelligible. Moreover, the form in which he has chosen to cast a considerable portion of his poetry repels those readers—and they are many—who resent the employment by a writer of any garb they do not recognize at once as modern, national and familiar. A writer with whom they cannot at once feel perfectly at home they turn from with an angry impatience. He may give them vigorous thoughts and beautiful images, but all is of no avail to win their favour if his accent is either archaic or foreign. People of this kind Mr. Arnold is sure to offend. His admirers will be, on the one hand, those who find the forms he has chosen appropriate and pleasing; and, on the other, those whose intellectual sympathy with him is so strong that the presence of certain elements they do not quite understand is no bar to their enjoyment of the substance of what he has written.

In thinking of Mr. Arnold I have often been reminded of a well-known passage in Horace's Art of Poetry :—

> "Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
> Quaesitum est: ego nec studium sine divite vena,
> Nec rude quid possit video ingenium; alterius sic
> Altera possit opem res et conjurat amice." (408–11.)

The careful elaboration which has been bestowed upon his poems is evident at a glance; but not less evident to the careful and appreciative reader are the signs of delicate poetic sensibility, liveliness of fancy and warmth of moral emotion; and here we have the substantial basis of Mr. Arnold's poetical talent, the *dives vena*, without which

the *studium* would have been of little avail. Whatever may be said of the defects of English University training, its stimulating effect upon the mind can scarcely be denied. There is not very much of what is called "useful knowledge" in Homer, nor much exact science in Plato; but the man who has familiarized himself with these authors so as not only to understand their language but to think their thoughts and see the world as they saw it two or three thousand years ago, will, at least, have a mind prepared to grapple with most intellectual problems and, better still, open to the light from whatever quarter it may come. We see in Mr. Arnold a true son of Oxford; he reminds us of that venerable seat of learning both in what he is and in what he is not. But then not only were the genial and refining influences of Oxford thrown around his youth, but he was educated under the eye of one of the most sagacious and best furnished minds of England, that is to say his own father's, a man who, as an educator, won a reputation which has almost lessened by comparison his fame as a scholar, historian and divine. To have had for father such a man as Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby, was indeed an inestimable advantage; we naturally look for traces of the father's influence and a perpetuation of his qualities in the son, nor do we, in my opinion, look in vain. The sterling honesty, openness of heart and amiability of temper, as well as the firmness and sagacity of judgment which characterized the Head Master of Rugby and Professor of Modern History at Oxford, are honourably conspicuous in the poet and critic of to-day. To these are added a delicacy of taste peculiarly his own, together with a certain intellectual alertness, a faculty for seizing upon the best points of view, which, serviceable as it is to him in every way, is, in relation to criticism especially, a point of the very highest importance.

It is time, however, that I should illustrate these remarks by examples; and, in order to exhibit first what may be regarded as an average poem of our author's, I will give the one entitled, "Lines Written in Kensington Gardens," published in the volume of "New Poems" before referred to:—

"In this lone open glade I lie,
Screened by deep boughs on either hand,
And, at its head, to stay the eye,
Those dark-crowned, red-boled pine-trees
stand.

"Birds here make song; each bird has his
Across the girdling city's hum;
How green under the boughs it is!
How thick the tremulous sheep-cries come!

"Sometimes a child will cross the glade
To take his nurse his broken toy;
Sometimes a thrush flit overhead,
Deep in her unknown day's employ.

"Here at my feet what wonders pass
What endless, active life is here!
What blowing daisies, fragrant grass!
An air-stirred forest fresh and clear.

"Scarce fresher is the mountain sod
Where the tired angler lies, stretched out,
And, eased of basket and of rod,
Counts his day's spoil, his spotted trout.

"In the huge world which roars hard by
Be others happy, if they can!
But, in my helpless cradle, I
Was breathed on by the rural Pan.

"I on men's impious uproar hurled
Think often, as I hear them rave
That peace has left the upper world
And now keeps only in the grave.

"Yet here is peace forever new!
When I, who watch them, am away,
Still all things in this glade go through
The changes of their quiet day.

"Then to their happy rest they pass
The flowers close, the birds are fed,
The night comes down upon the grass,
The child sleeps warmly in his bed.

"Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make and cannot mar!

"The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give!
Calm, calm me more! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live."

There are two or three things to be remarked about this poem. It affords evidence of a genuine love of nature on the part of the writer, a true delight in its beauty, its music and all its enlarging and tranquillizing influences: but it does not suggest that acute sensibility to the forms and harmonies of outward things which we discern in those great authors with whom nature is not a study only but a passion. The description is well and adequately rendered, but there are none of those exquisite touches which Wordsworth for example would almost certainly have thrown into a similar piece. Mr. Arnold makes no pretension to be a Wordsworth; his muse is thoroughly honest, and never affects what it does not feel, nor aims at what it cannot accomplish. It is not given to every man to penetrate the deepest secrets of nature, to seize her happiest combinations, to transfuse into words all the glory of her most golden moments; but still the great Mother never fails to reward sincere love and sympathy in whatever degree; and he who opens heart and eyes to take in what he can of her charm, carries away with him some token or other of his acceptance. He receives a message, a dispensation, and becomes, in his own measure, an interpreter of nature to others. And so it is in the present case; the impression we derive, through Mr. Arnold's verse, of the sylvan scene in which it was composed, is clear and vivid; we feel the freshness of the breeze; we hear the rustling of the leaves overhead; we see the waving of the grass. When we read the line—

"Deep in her unknown day's employ—"

we find ourselves wondering, as in the woods we often have wondered, what the busy bird is doing in all her ceaseless flittings to and fro. It is further to be remarked that Mr. Arnold's verse produces its effect, which, to say the least, is a pleasing and satisfying one, by means of the most natural and every-day language. We encounter in his poems no laboriously formed compound epithets and none of that word-daubing by which some writers seek to make sound do the work of sense. He appears to have acted consciously or unconsciously, on the principle laid down by Ste. Beuve in writing to the young poet Baudelaire: "Ne craignez pas d'être trop commun; vous aurez toujours assez de votre finesse d'expression de quoi vous distinguer." *Finesse d'expression* is not only a mark of originality but may be said to be its measure; for before a man can express anything he must have been *im*pressed by something, and his impressions will be true, vivid, clear, original just in proportion as his mind has preserved its originality, or, in other words, has cultivated the art of coming into direct contact with things, and seeing them as they are.

The peaceful beauty of his leafy recess leads the poet to think by contrast of the "impious uproar" of that "huge world" from which he has escaped so short a distance. This new train of thought, coming across the tranquil current of his former meditations, for the moment disquiets and troubles him. For a moment only, for the reflection almost immediately occurs that, as, in the very heart of the city, there is a spot in which calm and quiet perpetually reign, so should there be in the heart of every man an inward peace which the turmoil of active life should be powerless to destroy. The idea is not a new one by any means; it was very familiar to the ancient Greek and Roman philosophers and poets, and has been very beautifully expressed by more than one of them. Nowhere, however, has it been embodied in more striking or beautiful language than in a passage in the "Thoughts of the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius." It is quite worth our while to read and ponder what the im-

perial sage ("purest of men," Mr. Arnold has elsewhere called him) has said upon this subject:—

"Men seek retreats for themselves, houses in the country, sea-shore, and mountains; and thou too (addressing himself) art wont to desire such things very much. But this is altogether a mark of the most common sort of men, for it is in thy power, whenever thou shalt choose, to retire into thyself. For nowhere, either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble, does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect tranquillity; and I affirm that tranquillity is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind. Constantly then give to thyself this retreat, and renew thyself; and let thy principles be brief and fundamental, which, as soon as thou shalt recur to them, will be sufficient to cleanse the soul completely, and to send thee back free from all discontent with the things to which thou returnest."*

If we compare the last two verses of Mr. Arnold's poem with the passage just quoted we may take in at a glance the difference between the highest moral sentiment of the second and that of the nineteenth century of our era. The creed of Marcus Aurelius was Stoicism, tinged with a little more emotion than the Stoics usually allowed. It was a creed of self-repression, calling upon a man to fortify himself against the world by bringing his own nature into subjection. The moralist of to-day finds a support for his good resolutions in the very constitution of the universe. With the poet Tennyson he finds a "glory in the sum of things," which is at war with anything like settled gloom or despair. Or with Mr. Arnold he exclaims:—

"Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make and cannot mar."

The Stoic cultivated justice, but he did it in a spirit of pride and exclusiveness as something required by the dignity of his own nature; the world had to make a long stride in advance before the power of sympathy, the power of feeling not merely *for* others but *with* them, could become a distinct object of desire with even the best of men. This is what the poet asks for in the last verse:—

"The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give!
Calm, calm me more, nor let me die
Before I have begun to live."

These are lines which many a vext and restless soul will love to repeat; there is a music in them which soothes the heart, and an earnestness of aspiration which seems to give strength to the will.

In very many places throughout his works do we find the poet giving expression to a longing for calm and quiet,—the calm and quiet not so much of outward circumstances as of the heart. He seems to find the chief source of this supreme blessing in the contemplation of nature; and his most earnest wish for his death-bed is that, instead of being pestered with doctors and priests, he may be allowed to gaze upon the serene face of that—

"Which never was the friend of *one*,
Nor promised love it could not give,
But lit for all its generous sun
And lived itself and made us live."

I cannot do better, however, than quote the whole poem in which this verse occurs, as it is decidedly one of the best Mr. Arnold ever wrote: at once chaste and vigorous in expression and full of that noble faith which looks upon the universe as a divine work, and the destinies of man in the future as wholly beyond the power of any human agencies or artifices to control.

A WISH.

I ask not that my bed of death
From hands of greedy heirs be free:
For these assail the latest breath
Of fortune's favoured sons, not me.

* IV. 3: Long's translation, 2nd Ed., page 93.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless when of my death he hears;
Let those who will, if any, weep!
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied;
Ask but the folly of mankind,
Then, then, at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come and gape and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom,
All that makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see one cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head and give
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch to take the accustomed toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother doctor of the soul,
To canvass with official breath—

The future and its viewless things,
That undiscovered mystery
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings
Must needs read clearer sure than he!

Bring none of these! but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more before my dying eyes

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
The wide aerial landscape spread,
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead.

Which never was the friend of *one*
Nor promised love it could not give
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become
In soul with what I gaze on wed!
To feel the universe my home;
To have before my eyes—instead

Of the sick room, the mortal strife,
The turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life,
Not human combatings with death.

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow
Composed, refreshed, ennobled, clear;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here!

There is room for an interesting *rapprochement* between this poem and the concluding sentence of a book which Mr. Arnold confesses to have been a great favourite with himself—Obermann; and as Obermann is a book not very frequently met with in these days, some of my readers may thank me for reproducing the passage:—"Si j'arrive à la vieillesse, si un jour, plein de pensées encore, mais renonçant à parler aux hommes, j'ai auprès de moi un ami pour recevoir mes adieux à la terre, qu'on place ma chaise sur l'herbe courte et que de tranquilles marguerites soient là devant moi, sous le soleil, sous le ciel immense, afin qu'en laissant la vie qui passe, je retrouve quelque chose de l'illusion infinie."*

There is one little poem of our author's which I can never read without pain; there are two in fact: "Growing Old" and "Youth's Agitations." We should not, I know, construe all that a poet says *au pied de la lettre*, but I challenge any one to read the poems I have mentioned and not fall under the impression that the poet has there placed on record his own strong, instinctive shrinking from the thought of old age. One cannot therefore help asking whether a philosophy that raises a man above the fear of death, but fills him with gloomy apprehensions and nervous shrinkings at the thought of life's decline, is anything to boast of after all. Fear is bondage, no matter what its object may be; and to escape one bondage only to run into another and less rational one is certainly no great gain. And

* The following version though somewhat free represents perhaps with sufficient faithfulness the general sense of this beautiful passage:—"If I should arrive at old age with faculties still unimpaired, and, though living apart from men, should have one friend by my side to receive my farewells to the world, let my chair be placed out upon the turf, where my eyes may rest upon the quiet daisies; and there, under the light of the sun, under the boundless vault of heaven, let my soul be filled, as it quits this transitory life, with an overflowing sense of the infinite and eternal.

yet "Growing Old" with all its morbid feeling is a poem of great beauty and force, and I feel that I must quote it, both on that account and also as showing into what very low spirits Mr. Arnold's generally cheerful musesometimes falls.

"What is it to grow old?
Is it to lose the glory of the form,
Thy lustre of the eye?
Is it for beauty to forego her wreath?
Yes: but not this alone.

"Is it to feel our strength,
Not our bloom only but our strength decay?
Is it to feel each limb
Grow stiffer, every function less exact,
Each nerve more weakly strung?

"Yes, this and more! but not,
Ah, 'tis not what in youth we dreamed 'twould be!
'Tis not to have our life
Mellowed and softened as with sunset glow
A golden day's decline!

"'Tis not to see the world
As from a height, with rapt prophetic eyes,
And heart profoundly stirred;
And weep and feel the fulness of the past,
The years that are no more!

"It is to spend long days
And not once feel that we were ever young;
It is to add, immured
In the hot prison of the present, month
To month with weary pain.

"It is to suffer this,
And feel but half, and feebly, what we feel.
Deep in our hidden heart
Festers the dull remembrance of a change,
But no emotion—none.

"It is—last stage of all—
When we are frozen up within and quite
The phantom of ourselves,
To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
Which blamed the living man.

How different from these "muliebria lamenta" is Robert Browning's noble poem "Rabbi Ben Ezra!" What manly courage, what rational faith breathes in its opening lines!

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made.
Our times are in His hand
Who saith: "*A whole I planned*
Youth shows but half: trust God nor be afraid."

No doubt there is truth in Mr. Arnold's presentation of the subject as well as in Mr. Browning's; but the difference is here: Mr. Arnold's truth is truth to fact (*i.e.*, old age is actually in many cases such as he describes it, a cheerless, joyless, comfortless thing, a period in which the restlessness of youth and the eager action of manhood are succeeded, not by rest and peace, but by a dull torpidity); Mr. Browning's truth is truth to the higher tendencies and capabilities of human nature: man has a capacity for faith, for disinterestedness and for sympathy, and in these lie the sources of a tranquil joy that triumphs over all changes of time and circumstance. Need we ask which of these two kinds of truth more worthily employs the poet's pen? I should like to bring home one objection to Mr. Arnold against this use of his muse, drawn from his own writings. In his essay on Joubert, he quotes with approval a sentence from that writer, in which condemnation is passed upon all works which compel the soul to cry out "You hurt me." The sentence in question, Mr. Arnold says, is worthy of Goethe, and well adapted "to clear the air at one's entrance into literature." Well then, let me tell him this poem of his —"Growing Old" causes the soul to cry out in no unreal anguish, "You hurt me!" To borrow an expression from one of Mr. Arnold's own poems it "saddens the soul with its chill," giving as it does a picture of unredeemed misery and weakness, and that not by way of warning, or for any moral purpose, but in a spirit of sheer rebellion and despair.

Unfortunately the spirit which these lines display mars, not unfrequently, the pleasure we derive from Mr. Arnold's poetry. Doubtless there is evil and enough and to spare in

the world, and men in general are far enough removed from the heroic type; but it may well be questioned whether the levelling of bitter accusations against the mass of one's fellow creatures tends either to the removal of evils or the exaltation of human nature. Do not lines like the following contain a real libel upon the world as it is?—

"*Even in a palace life may be lived well,*
So spake the imperial sage, purest of men,
Marcus Aurelius. But the stifling den
Of common-life where, crowded up pell-mell,

"Our freedom for a little bread we sell,
And drudge beneath some foolish master's ken,
Who rates us if we peer outside our pen,
Matched with a palace, is not this a hell?"

To be sure the sonnet winds up with the noble sentiment that

"The aids to noble life are all within—"

and its moral, therefore, is that we should triumph over circumstances, and not let them triumph over us; but is there not, I ask, an altogether inexcusable bitterness in the above description of "common life?" The very fact that men can set before themselves a high ideal, in comparison with which the acts and tempers of every-day life seem mean or trivial, is a conclusive and most encouraging sign of the progress of the race; and Mr. Arnold, in his happier moments, could not fail to regard it in that light. If any man belongs essentially to the present age—an age, let its maligners say what they will, of light, of liberty, of free enquiry and of ever-widening sympathies—it is Mr. Arnold; and yet, at times, he seems to talk the language of one lamenting a lost age and a lost faith. One or two pieces that he has written might almost take their place beside Dr. Newman's beautiful but most unjust lines beginning—

"Now is the autumn of the Tree of Life."

Dr. Newman's impatience with his generation is the impatience of an over-sensitive spiritual nature; Mr. Arnold's impatience is intellectual, or mainly so; but the two express themselves with a wonderful similarity of accent. Dr. Newman did not catch his tone from Mr. Arnold—that is certain; did Mr. Arnold catch his from Dr. Newman? The enquiry might be an interesting one, but we cannot enter upon it here; it may suffice at present to remark, that the refinement of thought and phrase which we are so often called upon to admire in Mr. Arnold, is a very distinguishing characteristic of the earlier writer.

To some persons it may seem that the qualities in which Mr. Arnold excels are matters, chiefly, of style; but, as the French most truly say, the style is the man; and when the style reaches a certain point of excellence, there is always something expressed which is well worth our attention. Doubtless there are qualities, and important ones, in which Mr. Arnold is deficient; but in connection with that refinement of thought and phrase, of which I spoke a moment ago, we recognize in him quick poetic sensibilities, and a fancy lively, delicate and pure. Breadth of imagination he has not; he sees life under but few aspects, and the thoughts which it suggests to him present consequently but little variety. Here is a poem which displays all his characteristic excellences in a remarkable degree:—

"DOVER BEACH.

"The sea is calm to-night,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the Straits; on the French coast the light
Gleams, and is gone; the cliffs of England stand
Glimmering and vast out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the windows, sweet is the night air!
Only from the long line of spray,
Where the ebb meets the moon-blanched sand,
Listen!—you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin and cease and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

"Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant, northern sea,
The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

"Ah, love, let us be true
To one another!—for the world which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And here we are as on a darkling plain,
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

There are lines in this poem of extreme beauty, and the effect of the whole is, in the truest sense of the word, poetical. We may protest again against the estimate of the world as a place which

"Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain,"

but the melancholy and the pathos here are genuine, and have a subduing effect upon the mind of the reader. It may be remarked in this place, that there are lines in Mr. Arnold which once heard can scarcely be forgotten, so singularly does their very sound carry the sense they express into the mind. Who that has ever listened to the moan of the sea "retreating," as the poet says, "to the breath of the night wind," can fail to feel the wonderful expressiveness, through their sound alone, of the words,—

"Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar"—?

I have said that Mr. Arnold is not so close a student or so passionate a lover of nature as some of our great poets have been; but that he has a very quick and true eye for general effects, every page of his writing indicates. With a few touches, delicate but firm, he will sketch a landscape or a scene, and make it at once visible to every imagination. The opening of the above poem, I think, illustrates this; but the longer poem, entitled "A Southern Night," which he has devoted to the memory of a younger brother, who died at Gibraltar on his way home from India, illustrates it still better. All the descriptive touches there, are broad and general but they are effective; they give a distinct impression of "a southern night"—moonlight on the Mediterranean. This poem, however, is, in other respects, well worth our dwelling upon a few moments. It exhibits, I think, a deeper tenderness of feeling than anything else Mr. Arnold has written; and the whole flow of the verse is surpassingly musical and expressive. To pluck out a few verses by way of illustration is to risk doing them and the whole poem an injustice, but I cannot forbear quoting the following:—

"The murmur of this Midland deep
Is heard to-night around thy grave,
There where Gibraltar's cannoned steep
O'erfrowns the wave.

"For there with bodily anguish keen,
With Indian heats at last fordone,
With public toil and private teen,
Thou sank'st, alone.

"Slow to a stop at morning gray,
I see the smoke-crowned vessel come;
Slow round her paddles dies away
The seething foam.

"A boat is lowered from her side;
Ah gently place him on the beach!
That spirit—if all have not yet died—
A breath might quench.

"Is this the eye, the footstep fast,
The mien of youth we used to see,
Poor, gallant boy?—for such thou wast,
Still art to me.

"The limbs their wonted tasks refuse,
The eyes are glazed, thou can'st not speak
And whiter than thy white bournous,
That wasted cheek!

"Enough! The boat with quiet shock,
Unto its haven coming nigh,
Touches, and on Gibraltar's rock
Lands thee to die."

I do not know whether others will rate these verses as highly as I do, but it seems to me that in delicacy and felicity of phrase, in melody of versification and in their suffused pathos they reach a very high standard indeed of excellence.

Like a true Greek, as he is, Mr. Arnold is a great lover of distinct outlines and of that, without which distinct outlines are impossible—light. Form with him is of the very first importance, and it is the form of his verse which produces the strongest, as it certainly produces the first, effect on the mind of the reader. In speaking here of form, I am not thinking of any imitation by the poet of antique models; that, strictly speaking, is a matter of garb, rather than of form. By the latter term I here understand the idea which scientific men have in view when they speak of type. Every poem at the moment of its conception in the poet's mind must assume some form; and the poet is sometimes more distinctly conscious of the form than of the content, while sometimes the reverse is the case. Mr. Arnold, I should say, realises the form first and works out his thoughts afterwards; and his readers, in like manner, in their interpretation and enjoyment of his work, take in a general impression first, derived mainly from its form, and then proceed to note the material or tissue of the composition. The best of his poems take shape before the mind with not less clearness than the hills of Hellas against their background of blue sky; indeed, in the character of their outline and all their general features, they remind us strongly of descriptions we have read of Grecian landscapes.

"The scenery around Athens," says Hermann Hettner in his interesting book entitled Athens and the Peloponnese, "presents a harmonious *ensemble* of the most distinct forms; it must necessarily have produced in the Athenians a clear and precise mode of thinking, and a keen sense for the well-defined and complete. Even to the most sceptical mind, it must become evident at last in what an intimate relation the Greek temple, Roman architecture and the grandfulness of the forms of the Italian painters stand to the broad and calm forms of the Greek and Italian mountain; and how, on the other hand, the Gothic dome, and the whimsical, obstinate, faithfulness to nature in the works of the old German masters, descending almost to portrait, corresponds in a similar manner to the capricious zig-zag so frequently characterizing German mountain scenery. The heights which enclose the valley of Athens are not so near as to embarrass the eye of the spectator, nor are they so distant as to melt into indistinctness."

In this passage lie nearly all the elements for a criticism of Mr. Arnold. Not quite all, however; for let an author imbibe as deeply as he may of the spirit of a past time, he cannot escape wholly from his age: its impress is on him, and he must bring it somewhere to the light. If Mr. Arnold were wholly Greek, of what interest would he be to us? He could be but the echo of that original inspiration the direct products of which are yet in our hands. But if, with that breadth and calmness of manner which distinguished the great minds of Greek antiquity, he can present to us the living ideas and issues of to-day, then indeed is there food for the mind, as well as for the æsthetic sense, in his writings. In his prose works, as is well known, he has dealt with some of the most vital questions of the present time; but in his poetry, too, though he does not and cannot discuss such questions formally, he never quite loses

sight of them. They are there to give weight and concentration to his thought, when they do not directly guide its utterance.

The two best poems probably in Mr. Arnold's volume are "Rugby Chapel" and "Heine's Grave." The former is a noble and feeling tribute to the memory of his father and contains many passages which stamp themselves very powerfully—I was going to say indelibly—on the memory. It is impossible to point, in either poem, to a single superfluous line or phrase; and yet this rigid economy of language does not interfere in the least with the free flow of the verse or the fervid expression of feeling. After describing his father as one of those whose mission it is, while pursuing arduous careers of their own, to lend a helping hand to all in need of assistance, and to fight with zeal and courage the general battles of humanity, he adds in a strain of real emotion:—

"And through thee, I believe
In the noble and great who are gone;
Pure souls honoured and blest
By former ages, who else—
Such, so soulless, so poor,
Is the race of men whom I see—
Seemed but a dream of the heart,
Seemed but a cry of desire.
Yes! I believe that there lived
Others like thee in the past,
Not like the men of the crowd
Who all round me to-day
Bluster or cringe, and make life
Hideous, and arid, and vile;
But souls tempered with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind."

Then, comparing humanity to a host toiling painfully through the wilderness towards a land of promise and of rest, he thus concludes:

"Then in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels appear,
Radiant with ardour divine.
Beacons of hope ye appear!
Langour is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van; at your voice,
Panic, despair, flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave,
Order, courage return.
Eyes rekindling, and prayers
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
'Stablish, continue our march,
On to the bound of the waste,
On to the City of God."

These are noble accents. We have here neither intellectual subtlety, nor wealth of metaphor, but we have, I make bold to say, the poetry of moral emotion, clothed in a form which could not have been better chosen.

"Heine's Grave" contains more variety than "Rugby Chapel," and is altogether a richer poem. There is room, of course, from the nature of the subject, for a wider sweep of fancy than the pensive meditations connected with Rugby Chapel were adapted to call into play. The poet is struck in the first place by the contrast between the brightness and peace of the spot (the cemetery of Montmartre) where Heine had at length found rest, and the gloom and pain which had shrouded his latter years:—

"Half blind, palsied, in pain,
Hither to come, from the streets'
Uproar, surely not loth
Wast thou, Heine!—to lie
Quiet! to ask for closed
Shutters and darkened room,
And cool drinks, and an eased
Posture, and opium, no more!
Hither to come and to sleep
Under the wings of Renown."

Then, one by one, the contradictions and contrasts of Heine's character and career are brought to the poet's mind, and are all in turn admirably treated. I shall quote but

one passage,—the very striking lines in which the poet touches upon Heine's well-known aversion to England:—

"I chide thee not, that thy sharp
Upbraidings often assailed
England, my country; for we,
Fearful and sad, for her sons,
Long since deep in our hearts,
Echo the blame of her foes.
We too sigh that she flags;
We too say that she now,
Scarce comprehending the voice
Of her greatest golden-mouthed sons
Of a former age any more,
Stupidly travels the round
Of mechanic business, and lets
Slow die out of her life—
Glory, and genius, and joy!
So thou arraign'st her, her foe,
So we arraign her, her sons.

"Yes, we arraign her! but she,
The weary Titan! with deaf
Ears, and labour-dimmed eyes,
Regarding neither to right
Nor left, goes passively by,
Staggering on to her goal;
Bearing on shoulders immense,
Atlantean the load,
Well nigh not to be borne,
Of the too-vast orb of her fate."

Of "Empedocles or Etna," a poem in its way, of very great merit and interest, I have no space left to speak. From one point of view, it may almost be regarded as a poetical rendering of the Positive Philosophy: there are verses in it which breathe the Positivist spirit in its purest and most essential form.

"There is in that man," says the French historian De Tocqueville of Plato, "a con-
"tinual aspiration towards spiritual and lofty
"things which stirs and elevates me. And
"that, I am inclined upon the whole to think,
"is the secret of the glorious progress
"he has had through the centuries. For
"after all, and in every age, men like to be
"talked to about their souls even though,
"for their own part, they may take little
"thought except for their bodies." It is only doing Mr. Arnold justice to say that he also merits this praise. Whatever faults or deficiencies we may discover in him it is beyond dispute that his influence as a writer, whether in prose or verse, tends constantly to the refining of our taste, and the ennobling of our moral sense. This alone constitutes him one of the best teachers of our age, and an honour to the English nation.

LOVE-THOUGHTS BY LAMPLIGHT.

By Martin J. Griffin.

IN the sculptor's brain as he works alone,
Or stands aweary, aloof, and looks
With full-souled eyes at the fashioned stone
That men will wonder about in books.

Be sure there's always a dream of Greek—
Nothing but Greek achievement, pure
And proud, on which the ages break
In vain; Art holds while the heavens endure.

And the painter holds to his heart of hearts
A dream of Heaven and Raffael,
As he rests, when the lingering light departs,
From the toil that artists love so well.

And heart, my own, there's a face that fills
The void wherever my tired eyes turn,
And your mouth makes secret sound that thrills
The night betimes when the dull lamps burn.

What grave Greek soul through the stone that beams,
What smiles from the warm Italian eyes,
Could melt me waking, and move in dreams,
Like thy wifely face in our colder skies?

Come here from the rugged river that runs—
Blessed to run—past my true love's feet,
Come bring me golden light for the suns,
And meadow blooms for the dusty street!

Come here for a light and a wonder, come
For a royal woman, a saint, a seer;
An angel breathing in human home,
With only the angels for a peer;

And the cold, dark winter days will draw
A colour and brightness from the South,
And the flowers will bloom by a secret law,
Of the warmth and sweetness of your mouth,

And the cruel terrors of circumstance
Will bend to the kindness of your eyes,
And the heavily burthened hours will dance
To your mirth, and hush to your sighs.

Will you hearken, love? Will you bear with me
As I sit and dream here of you alone,
Like a painter wrapped in an ecstasy,
Like a sculptor over the breathing stone?

For I sit here now in the light that sheds
A glory on volumes of saint and sage,
And your bright face flits to my side, and weds
A sweeter light to the lamp-lit page;

And all the fame that the slow years bring,
And all the honours that men love best,
And all the songs that the lips may sing,
Till years and hands and lips have rest.

What moves them? years and hands and lips,
But the love in a dear girl's tender eyes,
And the thought of a yielding form that slips
Into clasping hands, and sinks and sighs.

HALIFAX, N. S.

A VISIT TO GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

BY LT.-COL. GEO. T. DENISON, JR.

IN March, 1870, being in Richmond, Virginia, and having in my pocket a letter of introduction to General Lee, I decided to take the opportunity of seeing the great soldier who, during four years of unexampled difficulties and hardships, upheld the fortunes of his country against overwhelming odds.

I had watched his campaigns with the closest care; had sympathized with his cause from the beginning; had rejoiced at his victories; and had deeply regretted the sad termination of his military career at the surrender of Appomattox: and I, therefore, naturally had a strong desire to see and converse with him.

Finding that one could go either by rail or by canal packet-boat as far as Lynchburg, I chose the latter means of transport, as it was a method of travelling I had heard of but had never experienced. The canal follows the valley of the James River, and the scenery between Richmond and Lynchburg, although not wild, is nevertheless picturesque and varied. From time to time we passed what had been fine plantations, but there seemed a general air of ruin and desolation along the whole route. Every few miles we saw the ruins of mills that had been burnt during the war—their broken walls and chimnies, blackened and crumbling, giving a melancholy aspect to the scene.

The packet-boat arrived at Lynchburg about six a. m., and as it did not leave there until seven in the evening, I determined to walk on to Lexington, which is about forty-six miles further up in the valley of Virginia. I followed the tow-path of the canal as it skirted the river, along which the scenery is wild and romantic, and much more interesting than by the travelled road. Along the whole route there was not one tavern or place of public entertainment, and I was obliged to get my meals at farm-houses on the way. I was most hospitably treated and was not allowed to pay for the accommodation. After walking some twenty-five miles from Lynchburg, I came to the Blue Ridge Mountains, through which the James River forces its way through a deep gorge. For some miles further, before reaching Balcony Falls, the scenery is most striking. The mountains tower up on each side, while the river, narrowed in its channel, rushes onwards, broken into foam by the rocks over which it passes.

After leaving Balcony Falls the canal follows the valley of the North River, a broad fertile tract of comparatively level land. The farms here seem in better condition than nearer Richmond. Shortly after getting into the valley of the North River, finding night coming on, and being still some twelve or fourteen miles from Lexington, I explained my position to a gentleman who was standing by the river side watching his two little children fishing, and asked him the nearest hotel or tavern. He said there was none nearer than Lexington, and invited me to stay with him over night. I cheerfully assented, and was most hospitably and kindly entertained by my host and his amiable lady. After breakfast next morning, I went on my way, my host sending with me his servant on horseback, and also providing me with a mount in order to put me across the Buffalo Creek ford some four miles from his house. We rode to the ford, crossed it, the water being almost up to the

saddles, and after landing me safely on the far side my guide took leave of me, and I tramped on again, arriving in Lexington about mid-day.

Lexington is a lively little town of some 4,000 or 5,000 inhabitants, is prettily situated and possesses some fine buildings and private residences. Here are established two public schools or colleges—one the Lexington Military Institute, being the Military Institute of the State of Virginia; the other, Washington College, immortalized by its connection with Robert E. Lee, and by being the scene of his last labours and death.

The President's house, in which the general lived, is a plain square brick house, with a verandah on three sides, the hall in the middle with rooms on each side of it. A small picket-fence separates the lawn from the square or green upon which the buildings front. To the north of the general's house are the residences of other professors, then the college itself and beyond it again the Military Institute. This latter was burned during the war by the Northern troops under General Hunter but has been rebuilt since, and has a large attendance of students, who, in their handsome grey military uniforms, are to be seen strolling about the town.

Shortly after arriving I delivered my letter of introduction. The general, who had received a letter from his nephew General Fitzhugh Lee informing him of my intended visit, was expecting me, and received me with great kindness. He asked me, no boat or stage having arrived at that time, how I came, and seemed surprised when he heard I had walked from Lynchburg, saying "it was characteristic of the English," mentioning that about a month before he had been visited by two young Englishmen, who had walked from Staunton to Lexington, and from there on to the Natural Bridge.

After discussing various topics the conversation turned upon the war, and although General Lee was usually reticent on the subject, he was kind enough to converse freely with me in reference to the seven days' battles before Richmond, and the march of Stonewall Jackson from the Valley to his aid at Gaines' Mill. I had published a military work in which I referred to these operations, following the published histories, and had fallen into an error common to them all. I had sent the general a copy of the book, and he noticing the error, with great courtesy took the trouble of explaining the operation to me. As it differs somewhat from the received accounts, particularly with reference to the object of the Battle of Mechanicsville, I shall give a short *resumé* of a campaign without doubt one of the most brilliant operations in the history of war.

In the spring of 1862 the Federals had made preparations on an extensive scale for a combined advance of several armies on Richmond. McClellan had arranged a plan of campaign upon what the Northern press called the "anaconda" principle, by which the Southern armies were to be crushed out of existence by the tightening of the coils he was winding around them. McClellan himself with the main army, with his base at Fortress Monroe and afterwards at White House, was besieging Richmond from the east—his lines advanced to within sight of its spires and capitol. General McDowell was in command of a large army round Fredericksburg and was advancing from the north, purposing to unite his left wing with McClellan's right; while Banks was moving up the Shenandoah Valley to unite with Fremont who was coming from the north-west: combined, they were to march on Richmond from that direction.

Stonewall Jackson, by a series of the most brilliant operations, defeated Milroy and afterwards Banks and drove the latter and his army in utter confusion and rout across the Potomac into Maryland. Hearing that

a great portion of McDowell's army under Shields was marching from the east against his line of communications, while Fremont was also threatening them from the west, he made a series of forced marches and threw himself between them at Port Republic on the Shenandoah river. There, making a skilful use of the bridge across the river, he first defeated Fremont on the west, then rapidly marching his army across the bridge, routed Shields on the east and drove them both by divergent roads in a northerly direction.

By these operations the armies of Banks and Fremont, as well as a portion of McDowell's, were defeated and for the time paralyzed, and McClellan alone remained with a powerful army threatening Richmond.

McClellan's army was so large that General Lee could not hope to defeat it unless reinforced by Jackson, and at the same time it was clear that if the Federal Government discovered that Jackson was withdrawn from the valley, not only would they at once be delivered from all fear for their own capital which would enable them safely to throw McDowell's army into the scale, but Banks and Fremont would have had the valley open to them with all its stores, its roads, and its important strategical advantages, and would have been in a position to cut off the communications of Richmond with the west. The importance of absolute secrecy in this withdrawal of Jackson's army is manifest, as well as the necessity of deceiving the enemy into the belief that the contrary course had been determined upon.

The means employed by Generals Lee and Jackson to mask their designs are well worth repeating. Lynchburg is about 100 miles west of Richmond on the James river, and there are two lines of railway by which troops can be moved from one place to the other —one on the south side of the James river by the Danville road to its junction with the South Side Railroad and then by the latter line to Lynchburg; the other starting due north from Richmond to Hanover Junction, thence by the Virginia Central through Gordonsville to Charlottesville, and thence by the Orange and Alexandria Railroad to Lynchburg. It will be seen that a train might leave Richmond by the southern road, run to Lynchburg, and thence proceed by the northern road through Gordonsville and Hanover Junction and come down upon Richmond from the north. This peculiarity was turned to the fullest advantage by Gen- Lee in masking his designs from the Federals.

Three brigades under Whiting, Hood, and Lawton were unostentatiously detailed for duty in the valley, and despatched by the South Side road to Lynchburg. Their stores and baggage were all ordered to be sent to the valley, and it quietly leaked out that a large army under Jackson was about to invade Maryland and attack Washington. Officers from Maryland made applications to be attached to this force in order that they might have an opportunity of seeing their friends in the campaign which was expected to come off in their native State. General Lee, on being applied to, transferred a number of Marylanders to this force in order that they might have this opportunity of seeing their relatives. While he by this means deceived his own army and his own officers as to his designs, the movement of all these troops to Lynchburg served another most important end. General Jackson had taken a number of prisoners in the battles around Port Republic, and they were sent by rail from Lynchburg to Richmond at the same time as the 7,000 men under Whiting, Hood and Lawton were going in the opposite direction; so of course the road seemed blocked with troops moving to the valley. These prisoners on reaching Richmond immediately made application for exchange or for permission to return on parole. A number of the officers were allowed to go, and they, as might naturally be expected, carried the news to Washington of what they

had seen. The Confederate soldiers they had passed on the railway after arriving at Lynchburg were sent on, the first portion marching to Staunton to join Jackson, while the remainder were at once pushed on by the northern road through Gordonsville and back to Ashlands station by the very line by which Jackson's army was moving on to unite with Lee.

Arrangements were made with great care in the valley to deceive Fremont and cause him to fear an attack rather than the withdrawal of the troops opposed to him. All transit up and down was effectually checked by the cavalry outposts, who pressed the Federals so closely as to lead them to believe that they were well supported. Jackson also ordered that, as much as possible, all communication between the cavalry in the advance and infantry supporting should be restricted in order that no rumours could be spread.

Colonel Munford, who commanded the cavalry, was ordered to take every step to foster the belief that the army was about to resume the offensive. Professor Dabney, in his "Life of Stonewall Jackson," gives one amusing instance of Col. Munford's measures to deceive the enemy:—

"As the advance of the Confederates pressed towards Fremont they met, twelve miles north of Harrisonburg, a Federal flag of truce in the hands of a major followed by a long train of surgeons and ambulances bringing a demand for the release of their wounded men. Colonel Munford had required the train to pause at his outposts, and had brought the major with one surgeon to his quarters at Harrisonburg where he entertained them with military courtesy until their request was answered by the commanding general. He found them full of boasts and arrogance; they said that the answer to their flag was exceedingly unimportant, because Fremont and Shields were about to effect a junction, when they would recover by force all they had lost and teach Jackson a lesson which would cure his audacity When Colonel Munford received the instructions we have mentioned, he called for Mr. William Gilmer, of Albemarle, a gentleman of infinite spirit and humour, who was serving with his young kinsman as an amateur trooper, and gave him his cue. He silently left the village, but presently returned in very different fashion as an orderly with despatches from General Jackson and from Staunton. With an ostentatious clanking of spurs and sabre he ascended to Colonel Munford's quarters and knocked in a hurried manner. 'Come in,' said the gallant colonel, 'and what answer do you bring, orderly, from General Jackson?' At this word the Yankee officers in the adjoining chamber were heard steathily approaching the partition for the purpose of eavesdropping, 'Why,' said Gilmer, 'the general laughed at the demand for the surrender of the wounded prisoners. He had no notion of it.' 'Do you bring any good news?' asked the colonel. 'Glorious news!' he answered, 'the road from Staunton this way is chock full of soldiers, cannon and waggons come to reinforce Jackson in the march down the valley. There is General Whiting, General Hood, General Lawton and General I-don't-know-who. I never saw so many soldiers and cannon together in my life. People say there are thirty thousand of them.' After a few such questions and answers, framed for the edification of the the eavesdroppers, Colonel Munford dismissed him and he descended to fill the hotel and the town with his glorious news. The whole place was speedily in a blaze of joy and excitement. Citizens came to offer supplies for the approaching hosts, and bullocks, flour and bacon were about to be collected for them in delighted haste. After leaving his guests to digest their contraband news for several hours Colonel Munford at length sent for them and told them that he had a reply from his general respectfully declining to accede to their request; so that nothing now remained but to send them

back to their friends in the same honour and safety in which they had come. They departed much humbler and, as they imagined, much wiser men. He pushed his advance soon after them to Newmarket and, upon their arrival at the quarters of General Fremont near Mount Jackson, the Federal army precipitately broke up its camp and retreated to Strasburg where they began busily to fortify themselves. The Confederate cavalry then drew a cordon of pickets across the country just above them so strict that the befooled enemy never learned General Jackson's whole army was not on his front until he discovered it by the disasters of McClellan."

In consequence of these measures the Northern Government were completely deceived, and instead of expecting Jackson at Richmond and preparing to meet him there, they, on the contrary, looked for him to advance down the valley, and so uneasy were they that they absolutely refused to accede to McClellan's request that McDowell's army should advance to his aid, but drew it back nearer to Washington. In reply to McClellan's urgent appeals for reinforcements they informed him that he would not require them, as General Lee's ranks had been depleted to the extent of 15,000 men who had been sent to unite with Jackson in the valley, while the danger of Washington had been proportionately increased.

While all this was going on Jackson with his army was on the full march for Ashlands Station, about 12 miles north of Richmond. His march was conducted with the greatest skill and secrecy. No straggling was permitted, and at all halts sentries were thrown out in front and rear, as well as upon all the lateral roads, to prevent any communication between the army and the surrounding country. No one was allowed to pass the army and proceed before it towards Richmond. No man in the whole army knew where it was going. General Ewell, who was second in command, had orders simply to march to Charlottesville; the remainder received instructions to follow him.

While Jackson was moving down General Lee sent him a despatch asking him to arrange a time and place where they could meet to make their final arrangements. Receiving this letter when he had arrived to within some fifty miles of Richmond General Jackson, starting about 1 a.m. with a single courier, rode express to Richmond to answer it in person. His departure from his army was kept a strict secret known only to one or two staff officers. He succeeded in getting quietly into General Lee's tent near Richmond without being recognized, and his presence was carefully concealed from the troops in that neighbourhood. General Lee told me that they then finally arranged their plan of action together, which was to the following effect:—

General Stuart, on the 12th June, had made his celebrated raid or *reconnaissance* around McClellan's army, and had discovered that it was not fortified in the rear. General Jackson was therefore ordered to march from Ashlands on the 25th of June and encamp for the night west of the Central Railroad, so as to start at 3 a. m. on the morning of the 26th and turn the enemy's works at Mechanicsville and Beaver Dam Creek. A large portion of Lee's army was, during the night of the 25th, to be moved down to the extreme left of the Confederate lines near Mechanicsville and there massed in front of the right flank of the Federals. Jackson's attack on the flank and rear of the Federals would, of course, at once oblige them to withdraw and show front in that direction; at this juncture Lee's army was to press down upon them, and, uniting with Jackson's right, they would be in a position to roll up McClellan's line from right to left, cutting him from his communications with White House, and throwing it defeated upon the White Oak Swamp.

Having arranged between them this plan General Jackson left with the same secrecy and rejoined his troops. On the morning of

the 26th after daylight General Lee's army was massed on his extreme left near Mechanicsville. Huger and Magruder were ordered to hold their positions south of the Chickahominy in the lines before Richmond. General Lee told me that he waited in that position all the earlier part of the day expecting that General Jackson would every moment open upon the enemy in their rear. As the hours passed on he became anxious, particularly as the position and numbers of his troops could be seen by the Federals from their lines. He said his great fear was that McClellan seeing the mass of his (Lee's) troops on the extreme left, and that comparatively few men were between him and Richmond, might take the initiative and by a vigorous attack probably break through the thinly manned lines of Huger and Magruder who were guarding the direct road to the Confederate capital.

General Lee therefore decided that it was absolutely necessary to commence an attack on McClellan's right at Mechanicsville in order to occupy his attention and make him uneasy as to his communications so as to prevent him taking the initiative. "I did not think it safe to wait another night," said the General, "and" (raising his left hand open and moving it forward) "I knew by pressing vigorously on his right it would keep him occupied and prevent him making an attack on my own right where I was but ill prepared to meet it. I, therefore, ordered the attack and kept it up till nightfall, driving the Federals back from Mechanicsville to Beaver Dam. The next morning I had to renew the attack for the same reasons that induced me to begin it the day before and, as soon as Jackson's troops came up in the rear, it relieved the pressure upon my men and that afternoon we won the battle of Gaines' Mill." I asked him how it was that General Jackson did not arrive in time. He replied that it was through no fault of his, and spoke in the highest terms of him. He said that Jackson thought that other men could press on and annihilate time and space as he could himself, which was more than could be expected. Trains getting off the track and difficulties caused by the roads had also delayed him, as well as time lost while he was coming to Richmond and returning.

I shall never forget the grand old soldier explaining his position and his views about this matter, gesticulating quietly with his right hand and his left while illustrating the movements of the two wings of his army. Nothing else could have made me conceive how thoroughly he was master of the position, calculating everything, divining almost by inspiration the thoughts of his opponents, and taking his measures confidently to meet any possible hostile movement. It is not generally known why Mechanicsville was fought, and Professor Dabney, in his *Life of Jackson*, refers to the fact that General Jackson's advance would have turned the Federal position and have given to A. P. and D. H. Hill an easy victory, and he attributes it to the fact of the presence of General Lee and President Davis on the field, and to their urgency that an attack was made and "a bloody and useless struggle" carried on till 9 p. m. General Lee's explanation is not only a complete justification but a further proof that he was what military writers of future generations will certainly rank him—one of the greatest generals of this or of any other age.

The next day, Sunday, the general took me with him to the morning service. The church stands on the opposite side of the green, about 150 or 200 yards from the President's house. There were historic names in that little church. Besides the great hero himself, in the next pew sat his eldest son, General Custis Lee, a gallant soldier and a true gentleman; while a near pew belonged to the celebrated Commodore Maury, the author. I was also much struck with the appearance of the clergyman, a fine, manly

looking, old gentleman; with grey hair and beard, about 55 or 60 years of age, Having returned to the house after service, I was walking across the hall where General Lee and the minister happened to be standing talking together. As I was passing, the general said: "Allow me, colonel, to introduce you to our minister, General Pendleton." I shook hands with him, and then knew for the first time, that the clergyman who had officiated in the pulpit, was the celebrated general who had been chief of artillery to Lee during a great portion of the war, and whose name so often appeared in the reports at the time.

On the same afternoon, after a quiet family dinner, I bade adieu to the General, to Mrs. Lee and their two daughters, and left by the evening packet-boat for Lynchburg. General Custis Lee walked with me as far as the first lock and saw me on board, and I returned to Richmond, and thence back to Canada, bearing with me reminiscences of a visit that I shall always contemplate with sincere pleasure.

General Lee impressed one exceedingly. I have seen some men whom the world esteems great men, but I have no hesitation in saying that no man ever impressed me as did General Robert E. Lee. In stature he was about five feet ten inches but, from his splendid figure and magnificent carriage as well as from the massive appearance of his head, he seemed much taller. He looked the very personification of high and pure intelligence. No one could fail to be at once impressed, nay awed, by the calm majesty of his intellect: while there was an almost childlike simplicity and kindness of manner that irresistibly won upon you at once. He was one of those men that made the ancients believe in demi-gods. His defeat served but to add to his greatness; for nothing could shake his equanimity. In all his reverses not a complaint escaped him, not a murmur did he utter, although he must have felt keenly the wrongs and sufferings of those for whom he had fought so well.

I shall conclude by quoting a few sentences from a speech made by General Gordon at the Lee Memorial meeting in Richmond, on the 3rd November, 1870:—

"Of no man whom it has ever been my fortune to meet can it be so truthfully said as of Lee, that, grand as might be your conception of the man before, he arose in incomparable majesty on more familiar acquaintance. This can be affirmed of few men who have ever lived or died, and of no other man whom it has been my fortune to approach. Like Niagara, the more you gazed the more its grandeur grew upon you, the more its majesty expanded and filled your spirit with a full satisfaction, that left a perfect delight without the slightest feeling of oppression. Grandly majestic and dignified in all his deportment, he was as genial as the sunlight of May, and not a ray of that cordial social intercourse, but brought warmth to the heart, as it did light to the understanding."

A WINTER SONG FOR THE SLEIGH.

BY MRS. C. P. TRAILL.

HURRAH for the forest—the wild pine-wood forest!
The sleigh-bells are jingling with musical chime;
The still woods are ringing,
As gaily we're singing,
O merry it is in the cold winter time.

Hurrah for the forest—the dark pine-wood forest!
With the moon stealing down on the cold sparkling snow;
When with hearts beating lightly,
And eyes beaming brightly,
Thro' the wild forest by moonlight we go.

Hurrah for the forest—the dark waving forest!
Where silence and stillness for ages have been;
We'll rouse the grim bear,
And the wolf from his lair,
And the deer shall start up from his thick cedar screen.

O wail for the forest—the proud stately forest!
No more its dark depths shall the hunter explore;
For the bright golden grain
Shall wave free o'er the plain,
O wail for the forest!—it's glories are o'er!

LAKEFIELD.

MARGUERITE KNELLER, ARTIST AND WOMAN.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD.

THE scene of this story must now change to a painter's studio in Rome—once part of a magnificent palazzo, but for years only occupied by foreign art-students who visited the Eternal City in the course of their *Wanderjahre.* It was a large lofty chamber with a great tall window, traces of painted flowers and arabesques on the ceiling and cornices, the walls coloured a dull red but almost hidden by studies and sketches in oils and water-colours,—prints of Italian costumes—pifferari, contadini, shepherds from the Campagna, and all the picturesque figures to be seen in the streets of Rome—among which pistols, stilettos, and a couple of mandolins were suspended. On shelves a number of plaster casts of feet and hands and other anatomical models, ram's and buffalo's horns, fragments of precious old marbles, pieces of bronze, bits of mosaic, antique vases, and such like "properties" of art were piled; and on a table colour-boxes, bottles of glass and tin, compressed tubes, plates covered with every shade and tint which paint can produce, sheaves of brushes, sketching-blocks, sponges, and all the heterogeneous litter of a studio were mixed up with pipes, tobacco, gourd drinking-cups, flasks, books and bouquets of flowers. In one corner was a study of leaves, grouped in and around a great stone vase, dark, glossy sprays of ivy, vine-leaves looking as if they had been steeped in sunshine, delicate, graceful ferns and fennel leaves, grey, misty olive leaves, the classic acanthus, gathered from the wealth of foliage with which every year the lovely Italian spring weaves fresh robes and garlands to veil the crumbling ruins of the fallen Empress of the world. Close to this was an open archway, still showing some defaced and mutilated remnants of the stucco-works that had once ornamented it—fawns and dryads, hand in hand, peeping through clusters of grapes and vine-leaves. A crimson curtain which served the purpose of a door, was drawn back, and through the archway a vine-covered balcony could be seen, with a glimpse of two tame pigeons expanding their white and purple plumage to the sun. Opposite was a door, also open, and beyond, a little vestibule and a stone staircase leading to the street. A lay figure which had done duty for a wonderful variety of characters and costumes—masculine, feminine, classic, romantic, mediæval and modern—in Maurice's numberless designs for great pictures, and which now appeared as a Neapolitan "tarantella"-dancer, a tambourine in her hand, was a conspicuous object in the room. Easels held pictures in various stages of progress, and at one of them Maurice Valazé was at work, lightening his labour by whistling *Charmante Gabrielle.*

It was early in April, and the day, like the year, was in its freshest prime. The street below was filled with contadini driving mules laden with fruit and vegetables for market. Sometimes flower-girls carrying baskets of violets which filled the air with perfume passed by, and one among them—a slight, pale, gentle-looking girl, very unlike her companions, who all had large finely-moulded figures, strongly-marked sculpturesque features, glowing with rich dark colour and vivid with impassioned life, and a haughty, hard insolent air and carriage which Julia or Livia of old imperial Rome could hardly have surpassed—stopped at the old palazzo, climbed the stone staircase, passed though the

vestibule, and pausing at the open door of the studio looked timidly in. At that moment Maurice was closely absorbed in some effective finishing touches which he was giving to his picture, and he neither heard her light footsteps, nor saw her quiet figure at the door. She waited a minute, keeping perfectly still, and then seeing that the young artist was too busy to notice her, she threw a bunch of violets lightly into the room and retreated as noiselessly as she had come.

Scarcely had she vanished when the sound of many footsteps very different from the little flower-girl's light tread, loud gay voices talking rapidly, and frequent peals of laughter came up the stairs, and several young men with long hair and beards, and wearing velvet jackets and sombreros, rushed into the studio.

"Behold him, *mes amis*," exclaimed the foremost, waving his hand with a theatrical flourish, "if it is not his ghost!"

"Ghost!" cried Maurice, springing up, throwing down his palette and catching hold of the speakers, "Do I feel like a ghost?"

"*Ma foi*, no! No ghost ever gave such a grip. But, why were you not at the *café* this morning?"

"Oh, I took a sudden fit of industry, and have been hard at work since daybreak. But you all seem possessed with quite the contrary spirit. It is easy to see work has no place in your programme for to-day."

"The truth is, Maurice, *mon cher*, that when you were missed at the *café* this morning, old Herr Frederic—Karl's *compatriote*—declared something must have happened to you and began to tell us of all the fine fellows he had known murdered in the streets, or on the staircases since he came to Rome; calling it a cursed old city, a heap of heathenish ruins, only fit for thieves and wild beasts to live in, till the eyes of all the Italians began to glare furiously, and we should have had a tragedy on the spot if Karl had not contrived to silence him."

"Fancy Herr Frederic, the greatest Roman enthusiast in the world, calling his beloved city a heap of heathenish ruins!" said Maurice, with assumed gravity; "why, he must have gone mad."

"*C'est ça*," said Camille, twisting his moustache. "*Eh bien*, Gustave then took it into his wise head that Lazaro has found out you borrowed his diabolically handsome face for your Judas, and in revenge had poignarded you, and sent you to join Father Tiber's hidden treasures." Here cries of "No, no!" were heard from Gustave, but Camille coolly continued, "Then Alphonse offered to wager his magnificent stiletto against Gustave's maul-stick, that if you were assassinated it was not Lazaro who had done the deed, but some hired bravo paid to put you out of the way of the thousand and one Contessas and Principessas who have fallen in love with your *beaux yeux*. "It was now Alphonse's turn to protest, but Camille, raising his voice a little, and making a deprecating gesture, went on: "But Adrien being more hopeful and less romantic was ready to stake his new palette against an old plate that His Holiness knowing what a pious son of the Church you are, had sent for you in hot haste to paint his portrait, and that when it was finished you were to be the bearer of it to the Queen of Spain."

But the patience of his hearers was by this time quite exhausted, and Camille was silenced amidst a storm of hisses and groans.

"Certainly Camille can improvise like an Italian," said Maurice, when he could be heard. "But you are all so *tête montée* that it is clear you have some grand scheme of pleasure in view; out with it, if you don't wish me to expire of curiosity."

"What do you think of a *festa* somewhere between the Tiber and Monte Gennaro! I forget the name of the place, but Luigi and Tibaldi and the other natives know all about it. All the men at the *café* were talking about it to-day, and those who have been there say it is the most gloriously

beautiful country in the world—forests of oak and spini Christi, rocks and precipices, woody dells and little streams, and the ruins of old baronial castles. The brigands sometimes come down to the *festa*, and there may be a chance of all being carried off to the mountains! Think of that, *mon brave*!"

"What an exciting prospect!" said Maurice. "Well, give me a minute or two, *mes amis*, and I am with you."

"First let us see your morning's work," said one of the young men going up to the picture on which Maurice had been employed when they entered.

It was a water colour drawing of a street scene which Maurice had witnessed, full of life and colour. Two Trasteverini, with magnificent figures and grand Roman faces, high aquiline noses, square massive jaws and haughty defiant eyes, were playing at mona close to the steps of the Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere, surrounded by a little group of excited spectators—a beggar in a tattered cloak and a high pointed hat; a herdsman from the Campagna clad in goat skins and carrying a dangerous looking goad, such as cattle drivers use; a young girl coming from the fountain with a pitcher of water her petticoats somewhat ragged and scanty, but a great silver pin thrust through her heavy masses of black hair, and a string of red coral beads round her neck; an old white haired crone crouched on the pavement, a queer little bambino beside her; two or three fierce-looking men and as many half-naked boys—all watching the fascinating game and applauding and encouraging the gamesters with all their might; while, in striking contrast to the passionate intensity of the players, and the eager gesticulating lookers-on, a young priest, whose face might have served for an ideal St. Francis of Assisi, with deep, sad eyes and a delicate cheek, pale with vigils and worn with fasting, was holding up the great leathern curtain as he stepped out of the church, turning on the scene an abstracted, cold passionless gaze, like one who had come from another world, and had nothing in common with this.

All the young men gathered round this picture and criticized it with the utmost freedom and frankness, but on the whole the general judgment was highly favourable.

"I have painted it just as I saw it," said Maurice, "without altering a single feature or shade of colour."

"It is true to the life," said Camille; and then added with a light laugh, "You had better send it to the Pope; when he sees it he will certainly get you to paint his portrait, and then Adrien's guess about you—pardon, *cher* Adrien! I believe it was my guess, not yours—it is well to be correct on this point, as it may be cited hereafter as a prophecy made before the fulfilment!"

"Don't do any such thing, Maurice," said Adrien; "it is dangerous to meddle with the saints of the Church. Camille is jealous of you and wants to have you shut up in the Inquisition."

"I, jealous!" cried Camille, "No, *mon cher*, I am as innocent of such baseness as those pretty pigeons!" and shrugging his shoulders, he took up the remains of a roll of bread (off which and a cup of the common country wine out of a wicker-bound flask Maurice had made a thoroughly Bohemian breakfast) and began crumbling it to the fluttering cooing pigeons in the balcony. The next moment his restless eyes caught sight of the bouquet of violets, lying on the floor where the little flower-girl had thrown it.

"Santa Madonna!" he cried, "what delicious violets! the largest and sweetest I ever saw, and with the morning dew, still on the leaves. Where did they come from Maurice?"

"Violets?" said Maurice, "I know nothing about any violets except those faded ones in the glass yonder. Where did you find them?"

"In the corner near that stone vase, al-

most hidden by the leaves, thrown there by some beneficent fairy no doubt."

"Try if there's a *billet-doux* concealed among them, Camille," said Gustave.

"Nonsense!" said Maurice; "Camille must know where they came from."

"Perhaps from that beautiful girl in the blue mantle, who is so like Fornarina, and who dropped the rose at your feet as we came out of the Sistine Chapel," said Alphonse.

"Or, perhaps, from the blue-eyed English girl, with white rose-buds in her bonnet, who always blushes when she sees Maurice," suggested Adrien.

"Oh, I'll tell you who sent them," said Camille; "it was that large eyed Signorina, who threw such a shower of *confetti* at him the last day of the Carnival."

"Go on," said Maurice, laughing, "any one else?"

"Oh, I could name a dozen *bellissime Signorine*, every one of whom I have seen looking at you with admiring eyes on the Corso, on the Pincio, in the galleries, in the churches, at the *festas*, every where; ready to throw themselves as well as their bouquets at your feet, and I am certain these others could name as many more. Is it not so, *camarades*? Every fair lady who comes within the influence of Maurice's *beaux yeux* meets the fate of the moth that flies too near the candle."

Maurice answered in a similar strain, and a quick fire of jests and repartees was kept up, till Gustave cried out, "A truce, a truce. Have mercy on Maurice, Camille, and I will tell you who left the violets here. It was little Gemma, Maurice's pet flower-girl. Julien and I saw her coming out of the house as we came down the street."

"Oh, little Gemma!" said Camille, Maurice always buys flowers from her; but I acquit him of trying to make a conquest of poor little Gemma. She is far too ugly. If it were not for her great black eyes, so bright and so restless, she would look like a mummy. I wonder such a *fanatico* of the beautiful as you are, Maurice, would not choose a fairer flower-nymph."

"Never mind," said Maurice, "I have my whims." And taking the violets from Camille he put them carefully into water.

He did not think it necessary to tell his friends the history of his acquaintance with little Gemma, which, however, was simple enough. The first time he saw her she was kneeling beside a basket of trampled flowers and crying so bitterly that he could not help stopping to find out the cause of her grief. Her basket had been knocked down and the flowers trampled to pieces by a pair of horses that had run away from an English groom. "And, oh, Signore," said the sobbing girl, "I gave the last baiocchi I had for those flowers, and I walked six miles this morning to get them, and now they are all spoiled, and my poor mother is sick, and she has no one to do anything for her but me."

Maurice gave her money to buy another basket, and more flowers than she had lost and, hearing from a bystander that this girl's devotion to her bed-ridden mother was beyond all praise, he never afterwards met her without giving her money and kind words, and receiving in return her choicest bouquets and most grateful smiles.

"And is this one of your whims also?" asked Adrien, bringing forward a picture which he had found at the other end of the room covered with some white gauze drapery.

It was a picture of two girls sitting in an alcove canopied with climbing roses, a crimson cloak drawn like a hood over the heads of both girls, their hands holding it closely round their faces as if they were sheltering under it from a light sun shower which was passing over. One girl had magnificent black hair and large dark eyes; the other was blue-eyed, and her hair, which had partly escaped from the light green net which confined it, was of a pale yellow. These

girls were Marguerite and Claire, whom Maurice found one day trying to shelter themselves in this way from a shower. He was struck with their picturesque appearance, and declared that they reminded him of the pretty description of Paul and Virginia canopied from the rain under the petticoat of Virginia, and "looking like the children of Leda enclosed in one shell." He would not let them stir till he had made a sketch of them as they sat, and from that sketch he had painted the picture which Adrien had discovered.

"Two Faces under a Hood!" cried Camille, who with all the other young men, rushed to look at the new picture. "It is very prettily done and marvellously life-like, but the dark girl is very ugly. Are they portraits, or is it a fancy-sketch?"

"Portraits of course," said a young man who had spoken very little before. He was a German, tall and dark, with a head and brow of the finest form, dark, deep-set eyes full of power, and a grave, thoughtful, resolute face.

"Why, of course?" asked Camille.

"Because that dark girl's face is one that never could have been moulded in Maurice's imagination."

"What do you know about my imagination, Karl Rudorff?" asked Maurice in a jesting tone, but feeling a little annoyed.

"I know that it could create no ideal woman's face without giving it more symmetry of feature, more beauty of colouring, a softer grace, a more enchanting loveliness than this one possesses. Unless, indeed, it was the witch in Faust, the hag Sycorax or some other abnormal creature whose ugliness would be so intense as to be poetic."

"You think this face ugly then?" said Maurice.

"By no means: it is just such a face as I admire; it expresses intellect, feeling—even genius; it is earnest and true. It is rare to see a face so firm, yet so gentle; so thoughtful, yet so candid; so strong, yet so sweet. That girl has a heart worth winning."

"Suppose I should be of the same opinion?" said Maurice.

"Take care what you say, Karl," cried Adrien; "Maurice is sure to be in love with the Dark Ladie."

"No such thing," said Karl shortly.

"And why not, master Karl?" asked Maurice.

"I don't believe you ever were in love, Maurice, and I am certain you never could be with the original of that portrait; with you love could never rise to a passion or a power where irregular forms, altogether at variance with the classic ideal of beauty, would for ever shock one half of your nature, no matter how strongly the other half was attracted. And beside the character of mind expressed in this noble face is opposed to your type of perfect womanhood."

"In what way?" said Maurice.

"Your ideal is soft, yielding, timid, submissive, with no intellectual light, but such rays as she may borrow from your brightness. This girl is frank, fearless and proud. Such an intense, energetic, vivid soul, such a clear intelligence as flashes out of those eyes could never lose its own life and individuality in those of any other, except some higher and loftier counterpart of herself. She would follow one able and willing to lead her in the path her own nature teaches her to choose, through peril, through persecution, through death; but not love itself could tempt a spirit of that order in any direction but the one approved by the voice within."

"What if she believed she had found that counterpart in me?" said Maurice, lightly.

"She would be mistaken and would find it out—though perhaps too late for her happiness. You have genius, Maurice, so has she, and consequently share those sympathies, tastes and aspirations common to all in whom the sacred fire burns; but in all those elements of will and character which

govern genius and determine destiny, you are essentially unlike."

"You speak as if you were talking of a living woman, and not a mere picture," said Maurice, half amused, half vexed.

"I know she is a living woman," said Karl, "but where? I should like to know."

"Ah!" said Maurice, turning away, "that is my secret."

"A secret," cried Camille, coming back from the balcony where he had been feeding the pigeons again, "what secret? What has Karl been saying?"

"He has been talking German, that is all," said Adrien, shrugging his shoulders; "I believe he has fallen in love with yonder gipsy, and is inclined to dispute the possession of the original with Maurice."

"Then there is something mysterious about that picture," said Camille; "I thought there must be, Maurice looked so ferocious when you uncovered it. Let me look at it again. Why, she is hideous! The little fair-haired one is a hundred times better. If she had more colour and roundness she would make a very passable Aurora, and then her companion would be an excellent contrast as dusky Night."

"But tell us the story attached to this picture, Maurice," said Gustave, "for it is easy to see there is one."

"I shall leave Camille to invent one," said Maurice, "mine, if I were to tell it, would be much too commonplace to be believed in by such lovers of the marvellous as the present audience. Now, if we are going to the *festa* we had better be off."

But before he left the studio, Maurice carefully put away the picture which had been so unceremoniously criticized, vainly trying to banish the vexation he felt at the unflattering comments on Marguerite's looks which all the young men, except Karl Rudorff, had made. And he was still less pleased with Karl's remarks. To know that so acute an observer as the young German had read in Marguerite's expressive face characteristics opposed to his ideal of womanhood annoyed him more than he liked to confess; and it was still more disagreeable to have heard another voice so confidently declare that it was not really love—"love in all its passion and power," the love of the poets, and of his own dreams—

"Love at first-sight, first-born, and heir to all,"

which he felt for his betrothed.

CHAPTER IX.

UNDER THE ROSES ONCE MORE.

THE four years of Maurice's residence in Italy had passed quickly with him. He had studied earnestly and worked hard. His pictures had been much admired by all the connoisseurs in Rome, and one large one—Beatrice sending Virgil to the aid of Dante—on which he had bestowed much labour and thought, and which had been purchased by an English nobleman for a large sum, had been exhibited in the Pantheon, and had won for him a diploma from the Roman Academy. Full of pride in the triumphs he had achieved, and of confidence in the brilliant career which seemed to spread before him, he set out for Paris.

On a lovely evening in August, just at the hour when he had paid his first visit to Marguerite, Maurice entered the picturesque old street and knocked at Christian Kneller's door. The street, the buildings, the lights and shadows all seemed the same as when he had first seen them, except that then it was spring, and now summer was almost over. The door was opened by Mère Monica, in look and costume precisely the same as she had been four years ago. Time seemed to have no power over her pleasant vivacious brown face, and as to her dress, she had never changed its fashion since she first wore woman's garb, and never would till she was dressed in her grave-clothes. On

seeing Maurice her expressions of joy and surprise flowed forth in abundance, and she talked so fast that it was with difficulty Maurice could make her answer his questions.

"Yes," she said at last, "Ma'amselle Marguerite was at home; yes, *le bon maître* was as well as usual; they had not expected Monsieur Maurice for a day or two; *ma foi*, it would be a joyful surprise; they were all in the garden; would Monsieur Maurice go to him, or should she tell Ma'amselle Marguerite to come in?"

But Maurice was already at the glass door and the next instant he stood within the well remembered garden, with its high stone walls where the purple plums and golden apricots grew, and was hurrying down the gravel walk through the rich beds of fruits and vegetables to the central grass-plot with its gay *parterre* of summer blossoms and its vine-covered summer-house. Christian Kneller was sitting there, smoking his old brown meerschaum as of old, and Marguerite was bending over the flowers, as he had so often seen her, collecting some early seeds. At the sound of Maurice's quick, firm tread, so different from Mère Monica's heavy tramp, or the fairy-like footsteps of Claire, Marguerite looked hastily round. One glance was enough. *It was he.* For four long years—for the years had been long to her—the thought of this meeting had never for a single instant been absent from her heart; but now that it had come, it seemed too much happiness to bear. Her flower seeds dropped from her hands, and she sat down on the grass unable to speak or move.

In a moment Maurice was at her side. "Marguerite, what is it? What is the matter? What ails you, Marguerite?"

The sound of his voice, the clasp of his arm made her conscious that her joy was indeed real, but still she could not speak.

"Are you not glad to see me, Marguerite?" Maurice said, as he saw the colour come back to her face.

"Oh, how glad!" she murmured softly, and bending down, she kissed the hands that so closely clasped hers.

"What was it then made my Marguerite tremble so and grow so white?"

"It was joy. Oh, Maurice, hasn't joy killed sometimes? It was such joy as that I felt when I saw you."

Loud calls from Christian Kneller now summoned Maurice to receive his welcome, and sitting on the soft velvet sward beside the old man's chair, the lovers asked and answered questions about all that had happened to each other since they parted, till, perhaps weary of listening to matters of which, through Maurice's letters he had already heard, but of which Marguerite could never hear enough, Christian Kneller dropped quietly asleep.

"Come down the long walk, Marguerite," said Maurice, as Marguerite arranged a shawl over her father's chair in such a way as to shield him from the sun; "I want to sit with you once more in the dear old alcove with its red and white roses."

Putting his arm round her, he drew her away, calling her his Reine Marguerite; and few queens have ever been as happy as Marguerite was then, clasped close in his loving embrace. Surely Karl Rudorff was wrong. Where was it that she would not have followed Maurice that happy hour?

> "Over the hills and far away,
> Beyond their utmost purple rim,
> Beyond the night, across the day,
> Through all the world,"

she would have followed him as faithfully as the happy Princess followed the fated fairy Prince in Tennyson's musical version of the lovely old story.

Once more they sat together on the old stone bench as Marguerite had often dreamed of doing when Maurice was far away. In the golden sunset they talked of their past hopes and fears, of Maurice's troubles and

triumphs, and the happy future that lay before them so rich in perfect love and noble work. As Maurice gazed fondly on the happy face that rested on his shoulder he forgot that he ever called it plain, or that the gay Camille in the old studio in Rome had pronounced it hideous; still less did he remember that he had ever doubted the depth and power of his love, which, now that all his tenderness was excited by Marguerite's deep joy at his return, seemed so true and strong.

"There is no one like my Marguerite," he said, "no one in the world that I could love so well!" And for that brief space, he, like Marguerite, was perfectly happy.

CHAPTER X.

BEAUTIFUL CLAIRE.

AT last Marguerite recollected her father. "We must go to him, Maurice," she said. "I wonder if Claire has returned."

Claire! Maurice had forgotten her very existence.

"Where is Claire?" he asked.

"She went to buy some silks for her embroidery. Did I not tell you? You will not know her when you see her, Maurice."

"I suppose she is quite a grown-up woman," said Maurice carelessly. "But she must have come back, and will attend to your father. Stay with me a little longer, Marguerite. It is so delicious to be alone together after being parted so long."

"And what happiness to think we shall be together every day now," said Marguerite.

"Yes, and soon, very soon, I shall have you for my own—my wife! Will you be as good to me then as you are to your father, my Marguerite?"

"If you deserve it," said Marguerite, raising her bright smiling face to his; "if you will love me as well as he does."

Maurice was ready with his protestations, and Marguerite would willingly have listened all night, but she knew that her father would be disturbed if he did not get his supper at the usual hour, and after a little entreaty on her part, and a little resistance on his, Maurice suffered her to rise, and they went back to the summer-house where they had left Christian Kneller.

He was still there, but he was now awake, and beside him stood a figure which startled and thrilled Maurice with surprise and admiration as if some lovely Venetian "Biondina" of Giorgione or Titian had taken life and suddenly stepped out of the picture. She stood just outside the shadow of the summer-house, and the evening sunlight fell like a glory on her golden hair, her white dress and the crimson roses dropping from her hand. Maurice thought he had never seen any one so beautiful in his whole life; every feature was perfect, every line and tint faultless; the low broad forehead and delicate nose were pure Greek, the lovely little mouth with its rich crimson lips and small white teeth was full of arch and playful sweetness, the violet blue eyes looked from under their curling brown lashes with soft and smiling brightness, and her glorious hair wound about her small head in shining folds, and then falling on her neck in soft curls might well have caught the heart of any painter in its glittering meshes; her figure was tall, graceful, elastic and exquisitely rounded, and she stood looking at Maurice, as he and Marguerite came towards her, with a half shy, half saucy glance which seemed partly to plead for, partly to demand, his admiration. And Maurice as he gazed was only too ready to give her all he possessed, admiration, worship, passionate love. He forgot himself, Marguerite, the whole world—everything except that all his visions of the beautiful seemed to have taken form and life, and to stand before him, and for a minute he felt as if he and that fair creature were alone in the world together.

"This is little Claire, Maurice," said Marguerite; "could you believe it?"

The sound of Marguerite's voice roused Maurice from his dream. He started and, with a violent effort, awoke to the real world again.

"Can this be my old play-fellow Claire?" he said. "I have heard of divinities taking the forms of mortals, but in this case the story is reversed."

He spoke in a jesting tone, but his look seemed to turn the jest into earnest.

"Very well," said Claire, laughing with a mixture of flattered vanity and bashfulness which Maurice thought enchanting, "You try to excuse yourself for having forgotten me by paying compliments."

"What is that, little puss?" said her father, "did not Maurice know thee? Well, I am not surprised at that, for thou wert but a poor pale chit when he saw thee last."

"Maurice thought I should always be ugly," said Claire.

"Ugly—no, but how could I expect to find such a peerless beauty? Beautiful Claire!"

"Don't mind him, child," said Christian Kneller; "compliments are a sort of coin that were always very plentiful with Maurice, and he can afford to scatter them by the dozen. Is it not so, Marguerite?"

"Marguerite knows I never flatter her," said Maurice.

"It would not be easy to do that, Master Maurice, but little Golden Locks here is of another sort, and you must not turn her head with pretty speeches."

"Maurice means what he says," said Marguerite; he could not be a great painter if he did not admire the beautiful."

"But I love only thee, my Marguerite," whispered Maurice, vowing inwardly that nothing should ever make him false to one so good and noble; "what an idiot I should be, if I let any beauty on earth steal my heart from my own Reine Marguerite."

"I like pretty speeches," said Claire. "I like them from my father when I can coax him to give them to me, as I do sometimes, and I like them from Maurice too, but I don't think they are likely to turn my head."

She glanced at Maurice with a little air of disdain, which suited her very well, but he did not seem to notice it, and for the rest of the evening he appeared to have neither looks nor thoughts for any one but Marguerite.

To be continued.

THE POET'S INVITATION TO THE STATESMAN.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.

(*From Horace, Od. III. 29.*)

SCION of old Etruria's royal line,
Mæcenas, all awaits thee in my home;
For thee is broached the cask of mellow wine,
For thee the perfume breathes, the roses bloom.

Delay no more, but come, O long desired;
Turn not thine eyes to Tibur's falling rill
And Æsula, on her rich slope retired,
And high Præneste's legendary hill.

Leave luxury, my friend, that only cloys
And thy proud mansion's heavenward-soaring dome;
Bid for an hour farewell to smoke and noise,
And all that dazzles in imperial Rome.

Ofttimes a change is pleasing to the great
And the trim cottage and its simple fare,
Served 'mid no purple tapestries of state
Have smoothed the wrinkles on the brow of care.

Andromeda's bright Sire now lights on high
His cresset, Procyon darts his burning rays,
The Lion's star rides rampant in the sky,
And Summer brings again the sultry days.

Now with their panting flocks the weary swains
To cooling stream and bosky dell repair:
Along the lea deep noontide silence reigns,
No breath is stirring in the noontide air.

Thou still art busied with a statesman's toils,
Still labouring to forecast with patriot breast
Bactria's designs, Scythia's impending broils,
The storms that gather in the distant East.

Heaven in its wisdom bids the future lie
Wrapped in the darkness of profoundest night,
And smiles when anxious mortals strive to pry
Beyond the limits fixed to mortal sight.

Serenely meet the present; all beside
Is like yon stream that now along the plain
Floats towards the Tuscan sea with tranquil tide;
Soon—when the deluge of downpouring rain

Stirs the calm waters to a wilder mood—
Whirls down trees, flocks and folds with angry swell,
While with the din loud roars the neighbouring wood,
And echo shouts her answer from the fell.

The happy master of one cheerful soul
Is he, who still can cry at close of day—
"Life has been mine: To-morrow let the pole
Be dark with cloud or beam with genial ray,

"As Jove may will; but to reverse the past
Or to annul, not Jove himself hath power;
Not Jove himself can uncreate or blast
Joys once borne onward by the flying hour.

"Fortune exulting in her cruel trade,
Sporting with hearts, mocking her victims' sighs,
Smiles on us all in turn, a fickle jade,
Bestows on each in turn her fleeting prize.

"While she is mine, 'tis well; but if her wing
She wave, with all her gifts I lightly part;
The mantle of my virtue round me fling,
And clasp undowered honour to my heart.

"Blow winds, let mainmasts crack! No need have I
To bribe the gods with vows or lift in prayer
My frantic hands, lest the rich argosy
Freighted with Cyprian or with Tyrian ware

"Add to the treasures of the greedy main.
Safe in my shallop while the tempests rave,
And shielded by the Heavenly Brothers twain,
I dare the hurly of the Ægean wave."

THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT.

BY A BYSTANDER.

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot, and in England and the United States has made considerable way, the object of which is to effect a sweeping change in all the relations of the sexes—conjugal, political, legal, educational and industrial. It may safely be said, that such a revolution, if it actually takes place, will be at once unparalleled in importance and unprecedented in kind. Unparalleled in importance, because female character and domestic morality lie so completely at the root of civilization, that they may almost be said to be civilization itself; unprecedented in kind, since history affords no example of so extraordinary a change in the fundamental relations of humanity, the progress of which has hitherto been in conformity with those relations as well as comparatively gradual, though not unmarked by exceptional and momentous efforts, such as seem to rebut the idea that humanity is under the dominion of mere physical law.

In the United States a peculiar impulse has been given to all levelling movements by negro enfranchisement; and demagogism

pounces, by anticipation, on the female vote. In England, the movement, though Radical in its origin, is fostered by a portion of the Conservative party in the hope that the female vote will come to the rescue of existing institutions. In Canada, exempt from these disturbing causes, we have hitherto been touched by the educational part of the movement alone, and are therefore in a position to consider the question calmly in case it should ever present itself to us in the broader and graver form.

It is desirable, in the first place, to clear away certain fallacies by which a very invidious character has been needlessly given to the discussion. The advocates of Woman's Rights, male and female, have represented woman as the victim hitherto of wilful and systematic injustice, against which she is at last about to rise in revolt; and their language is such as, if it could sink into the hearts of those to whom it is addressed, might turn all affection to bitterness and divide every household against itself. But these representations are without foundation in history, which shows that the lot, both of man and woman, has been determined from time to time by circumstances only to a very limited extent subject to the will of either sex, and which neither sex could be blamed for accepting or failing to reverse. Those who assume that the lot of woman has been through all the ages fixed by the will of man, and that man has willed that he should enjoy political rights and that woman should be a slave, have forgotten to consider the fact that in almost all countries down to a very recent period, man himself has been, and in most countries even at the present day remains, if not a slave, at least destitute of political rights. It may probably be affirmed that the number of men who have hitherto really and freely exercised the political suffrage is hardly greater than the number of those who have in different ages and in various ways sacrificed their lives in bringing the suffrage into existence. Actual slavery, where it has existed, has, it is believed, always extended to both sexes and ceased for both at the same time; and if, in Homeric times, there were more female slaves than males, this was because the men when vanquished in war were put to the sword, while the women were reserved for what, in the state of sentiment then prevailing, was morally as well as physically a milder lot.

The primeval family was a unit, the head of the family representing the whole household before the tribe, the state and all persons and bodies without; while within he exercised absolute power over all the members of his domestic circle, over his son and his men-servants, as well as over his daughters, his maid-servants and his wife. The tribe was in fact composed not of individuals but of families represented by their heads. At the death of the head of a family, his son stepped into his place and became the representative and protector of the whole family, including the widow of the deceased chief. This system was long retained at Rome, where it was the source of the respect for authority, and, by an expansion of feeling from the family to the community; of the patriotism which produced and sustained Roman greatness. But its traces have lingered far down in history. It was not male tyranny that permitted Queen Elizabeth to send members of the royal household to the Tower by her personal authority as the mistress of the family, without regard to the rule of the common law against arbitrary imprisonment. Such a constitution was essential to the existence of the family in primitive times; without it the germs of nations and of humanity would have perished. To suppose that it was instituted by man for the gratification of his own sexual tyranny would be the height of absurdity in any one, and in a philosopher unpardonable. It was as much a necessity to primeval woman as it was to primeval man. It is still a necessity to woman in those

countries where the primeval type of society still exists. What would be the fate of a female Bedouin if suddenly invested with Woman's Rights and emancipated from the protection of her husband or of the male head of her tribe?

The invidious theory that the subordination of wives to their husbands, or the denial of the suffrage to women, has its origin in slavery and, as a modified phase of that barbarous institution, is entirely at variance with historical facts. Even in the most primitive times, and those in which the subjection of the woman was most complete, the wife was clearly distinguished from the female slave. The authority of Hector over Andromache was absolute, yet no one could confound her position with that of her handmaidens. Whatever is now obsolete in marriage relations is a relic, not of slavery but of primitive marriage. Slavery, as we have said before, where it has existed has been the common lot of both sexes, and has been terminated by a common emancipation.

Even the Oriental seclusion of women, perhaps the most cruel rule to which the female sex has ever been subjected, has its root not in the slave-owning propensity, but in jealousy, a passion which, though extravagant and detestable in its excessive manifestation, is not without an element of affection.

If man has hitherto reserved to himself political power, he has also reserved to himself not only the duty of defending the nation in war with its attendant dangers and hardships but, generally speaking, the hardest and most perilous work of all kinds. The material civilization which women in common with men enjoy, has been produced mainly by male labour; though, of course, man could no more have continued to labour without his helpmate than he could have propagated his race without his wife. Nor have women as yet claimed a share of the harder kinds of male work. On the contrary, when they see their sex engaged in field labour, they point to the fact as a proof of the depravity of man.

A fallacious impression is apt to be produced by the rhetorical use of the terms "force" and "right of the strongest." It is said that the relation between man and woman has hitherto been based on force, whence it is inferred that the relation must, of course, be evil, Superiority of force is implied in protection; it is implied in the protection of an infant by its mother as well as in that of a woman by her husband. But neither superiority of force, nor the authority which it carries with it, is synonymous with tyranny in one case any more than it is in the other.

It cannot be denied that women have, in the course of history, suffered much wrong. as men also have, both at the hands of their own sex and sometimes at the hands of women. But the assertion that there has been a systematic tyranny of one sex over the other is merely an ignorant libel on humanity. To what is woman appealing in this very "revolt," as it is exultingly called? To her own force, or to the justice and affection of men?

The main factors of the relation between the sexes have been sexual affection, the man's need of a helpmate and the woman's need of maintenance and protection, especially when she becomes a mother. The first of these factors remains undiminished in force, and will probably so continue, even if the advocates of Women's Rights should succeed in abolishing marriage and substituting in its place cohabitation at will. Only a smile can be excited by the attempts of philosophy, in dealing with sexual relations, to keep out of sight the most potent and most universal of human passions or to reduce it within the limits which theory requires, by diatribes and denunciations. It reigns and will reign, supreme over this question and all questions connected with it. Man's need of a helpmate is not alleged to have become less. Woman's need of maintenance and

protection, and her duties and liabilities in respect of them, may have diminished by a change in industrial circumstances or by the increased supremacy of public law. To ascertain whether this is really the case and if so to what extent, is the rational method of dealing with the subject.

General comparisons between the moral qualities and intellectual powers of the two sexes, and attempts to settle the questions at issue by such comparisons, we must repudiate, as at once invidious and fruitless.

We must also, to get at the solid realities on which alone institutions can be based, blow away the froth of sentiment, even though it may be as beautiful as the foam round Venus when she rose from her native sea. The naughtiness of little girls is not caused wholly by the naughtiness of little boys. A very eminent champion of Woman's Rights, lecturing in our hearing on the English novels of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, ascribed their immorality to the exclusion of women and of female influence from the world of letters. Unluckily no novels of that period were more immoral than those of the notorious Mrs. Aphra Behn, who, however, had a worthy imitator in Mrs. Haywood. Heart to heart, in relations more than intimate, and which rendered great disparity almost impossible the two sexes have moved on together, through history, keeping on pretty much the same level of morality, and having their general ideas on all subjects pretty much in common.

The indications of physiology appear, at present, to be against an original distinction of sex, and in favour of the hypothesis that the two sexes were created out of some common germ, in which case the Mosaic narration of the creation of Eve would be roughly symbolical of the truth. But cycles of separation and of devotion to different functions may, notwithstanding, have impressed upon the moral character and the intellect of each sex differences now indelible, and in ignoring which we should be struggling against an adamantine law. Sex itself at all events, with its direct physical consequences, must be taken as an irreversible fact, not to be cancelled by calling women female men, as a lady at a social science meeting insisted on doing, or by any other rhetorical or philosophical conjuration. Under the strange military polity of ancient Sparta an attempt was made to unsex women. Some Roman ladies, in the corrupt days of the empire, having exhausted ordinary means of excitement, were seized with the lust of unsexing themselves and trained as gladiators. It is possible that, in equally morbid states of society, similar phenomena may occur. But even in the case of Sparta, nothing re ulted but depravation.

Of all the questions raised by the movement perhaps the least difficult is that which, as we have said, is alone presented to us in Canada at present—the question of Education. There can be no hesitation in saying that God has opened to all His intelligent creatures the gates of knowledge and that every thought of closing them, every remnant of monopolizing tendency, every vestige of exclusiveness and jealousy, ought to be swept aside at once and for ever. If women choose to take up any studies which have hitherto been generally confined to men, let them do so ; and, if the result is favourable, both sexes alike will be the gainers. Whether the result will be favourable, experiment alone can decide. To attempt to limit the range of female studies, or in any way to discourage their extension, on the strength of a presumption that certain subjects are beyond the range of feminine intellect would be impertinent and absurd.

On the other hand, if women are deciding for themselves whether they shall desert the domestic sphere for a career of intellectual ambition, the probability of success will be determined, not by compliments, but by the facts of physiology and by our previous experience of the relative powers of the male

and female brain. In the case of most subjects our experience is vitiated by the traditional disabilities under which women have been placed; but there seems to be fair ground for an induction in the case of the arts, especially music, which women have practised without restraint of any kind and to a far greater extent than man.

As to the general question of female education there is little more to be said in a summary view of the subject like the present than that education is a preparation for life, the phrase being used, of course, in the most liberal sense; and that any education which is not a preparation for life, but a mere gratification of fancy, vanity or ambition, will turn in the end to bitterness and dust.

Special questions as to the use of Universities and other public institutions by women, must be decided, like all public questions of any kind, solely with reference to the public good, against which no claim of natural right can be pleaded by persons living, not in the bush, but in a community and enjoying the advantages of the social state. We once heard a Woman's Rights speaker assert that she had a natural right to force an entrance into a military academy belonging to the State if she had a fancy for a military education. She had no more a right to do this than she had to thrust her parasol through a picture in a public gallery or to amuse herself by placing obstructions on a railway track. At Oxford and Cambridge there is a high pressure system of competition not free from objection in itself, but without which it might perhaps not be possible to get out of a wealthy class of students, placed under great temptations to idleness, the amount of effort in self-training which they owe to the community. The physical inability of women to bear a strain under which men too often break down, and the unwillingness, which cannot yet be called preposterous, of men to enter into what would seem an unchivalrous race against women, might render the admission of women incompatible with the maintenance of the system; and, in that case, women would have no claim to admission. The co-education of the sexes altogether is a question of public expediency to be decided by reason and experience. There can be nothing morally unjust in the existence of a special place of final education for men any more than in the existence of a special place of final education for women, such as Vassar College, to which if a male student applied for admittance his application would be rejected as utterly indelicate and absurd.

It may be safe to send to the same day-school boys and girls living under the parental roof; it may not be so safe to unite in the same university young men and young women living at a distance from the parental roof. The same school education may be suitable to both sexes, the same university education may not. Both experiments are being tried at some universities in the United States; the second experiment is being tried at Vassar College, where ladies are instructed and degrees are conferred upon them in all the subjects hitherto deemed peculiarly male, including field surveying. There can be no good reason for forcing hazardous experiments on all universities at the same time.

Painful scenes have occurred at more than one university in consequence of the determination of ladies to attend in company with the male students the whole of the medical course. If the opposition of the male students to this determination came from a desire of retaining a monopoly of knowledge it was blameworthy, as of course it was if it was manifested in any violent or indecent manner. But, on the other hand, no local or temporary excitement can prevent a disregard of the dictates of delicacy on the part of women from entailing a forfeiture of male respect, whatever that may be worth. Even male sympathizers with what they regard as a struggle for emancipation, while applauding in public the female

champion of an equivocal right, may be glad in their hearts that she is not their own wife or daughter.

To pass to the industrial question. It is probable that women have hitherto been excluded by custom and tradition from some employments which they might pursue with advantage. But this is no proof of systematic and intentional injustice on the part of the other sex. The man has felt himself bound to maintain the woman and her children by labour; and the woman still in fact holds him to this obligation, and insists that it shall be enforced by law. As a natural consequence the professions and callings have hitherto generally been male, and, together with their schools and industrial training places have been organized and regulated on that footing. Nor is the present demand for the admission of women to new employments caused so much by a suddenly awakened sense of the injustice of the existing system as by the accumulation, in our great centres of population especially, of a large number of women unmarried and without sufficient means of subsistence: a circumstance due to physical and economical causes unconnected with anything in the relations between the sexes except the increased impediments to marriage arising from competition and the growth of expensive habits. As we may hope that this evil is itself abnormal and temporary, it ought not too much to influence our views as to the usual and permanent occupations of women. Meantime it must be remembered that we do not multiply the amount of work or the fund for the payment of wages by multiplying the number of labourers, and that for every man who is thrust out of employment by female competition, there will be a marriage the less, or a reduction of the means of support for some married woman and her children.

In addition to the large scope which may be afforded to female labour by the removal of traditional disabilities, there is good reason for supposing that, with the increased substitution of mechanical contrivance for manual strength, new industries have been developed of a kind better suited for women. This is a question which experience will decide. There appears to be no prejudice against the employment of women as telegraphists, or, indeed, in any branch of industry in which their labour is really as available as that of men.

It is constantly asserted by exponents of women's wrongs that women are systematically underpaid on account of their sex. There is but little foundation for this assertion. Nilsson is not paid less than a male singer, nor is Rosa Bonheur paid less than a male painter, nor Madame Sand than a male novelist. Wages are commonly regulated to a certain degree by custom, and custom is always liable to part company with present circumstances and to require revision in the interest of justice. But in general the reason why women are paid less than men is that, while women perform in their own sphere priceless services for which they demand and receive maintenance without industrial labour, the market value of their labour is really lower than that of the labour of men. It must be remembered that steadiness and permanent devotion to the calling enter into the value of labour, as well as quality; and that a clerk or a school teacher is really worth much more when permanently devoted to the service, which, as women generally marry and hardly ever absolutely renounce marriage, they can seldom be said to be. The women seem still content to leave to men all callings involving great muscular exertion, danger or physical hardship; no women aspire to be miners, lumbermen, engine drivers, policemen, or (except in a few cases of monomania) soldiers. A story of a sailor's wife who, her husband having died on board, took charge of his vessel and navigated it round Cape Cod, has figured in a good many platform speeches, but it appears still

to stand alone. Even in employments apparently suited to women it will sometimes be found on enquiry that male qualities are required. It has been stated that, at a social science meeting in England, a Woman's Rights speaker complained of the conduct of the watchmakers in excluding women from their unions when watchmaking was an employment apparently so suited to the sex; but was answered by a watchmaker, who said first, that the watchmakers had no trade union, and secondly, that though muscular strength was not required in watchmaking certain portions of the work required a steadiness of nerve not commonly possessed by women. Judging from the platform speeches we should say that the aspirations of female reformers in the United States generally take the direction of stock-broking or office-holding. Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, the heroine of the extreme section, whose history has been brought so prominently before the public by her admirers, is a stock-broker, who, notwithstanding her personal converse with the spirit of Demosthenes and with beings, it appears, of a still more exalted order, condescends in holding the reins of the stock-market to avail herself of the helping hand of Commodore Vanderbilt. We once heard a Woman's Rights lecturer paint a glowing picture of the coming time when a woman would enter into commercial speculations like a man, make a great fortune, buy a fine house in New York, and then invite some young man who pleased her fancy to be the partner of her prosperity. But the lecturer forgot that fortunes are seldom realized, even in New York, very early in life, and that if a young man accepted an offer of the hand of an elderly stock-broker the marriage could hardly be one of love or likely to result in happiness.

It is offensive to women to speak of them as existing only for the purpose of bearing children; but there is nothing offensive to them in suggesting that the duties of child-bearing, and those of a wife and mother generally, are the woman's equivalent to the labour of the man, and entitle her, so long as she continues to perform them, to be supported by her partner's labour. The other objects of life, enjoyment and self-improvement, are common to both sexes.

One employment there is to which it seems that the paramount claims of the public good forbid us to admit women, or at least enjoin us if we admit women, not to admit men. That employment is the law, or at least the bar and the bench of justice. As we have said before, philosophers may choose to ignore the influence of sex, but they cannot eliminate it; it will be present wherever the two sexes are thrown together: it would be present when a female advocate rose to address male jurymen and judges; and perhaps the class of women who would become advocates would not be those least likely to make an unscrupulous use of their power of appealing to emotions subversive of the supremacy of justice. A hardship may perhaps be imposed on a few members of the excluded sex; but certain sacrifices of personal interest and ambition must be made by all persons living in the community, and in courts of justice, the voice of justice ought alone to be heard. To the chamber practice of law by women is no moral objection beyond those connected with the assumption of any calling at variance with existing conceptions of the female character: to the study of law by women as a part of final education there can be no objection at all.

The legal relations between the sexes in England and in other countries where the feudal system prevailed have no doubt been affected in common with politics and the general laws of property by the surviving influences of that system, itself the natural product of an age of violence which for the time rendered the absolute supremacy of the head of the family almost as necessary as it had been in that primitive era, the habits of which were stereotyped as we have said in

the domestic system of the Romans. This needed reform; but it is a different thing, historically, from wilful oppression of one sex by the other. Nor has reform been refused. Even in the old feudal countries the free will of the men, acting under those influences of morality and affection which acrimonious declaimers choose to treat as utterly inoperative, has now greatly modified the law and accorded to women extensive powers of holding property to their separate use and devising it by will. In the United States and in this country, there seems little left to be done in this direction; the proprietary rights of married women have been carried so far that settlements are now becoming a vast asylum for fraud; and an eminent American jurist assured the writer of this paper that he knew a case in which the property belonging to the wife, she was forcing her husband to work for her as a labourer at daily wages; and another case in which a wife had accomplished a practical divorce simply by shutting her husband out of the house, which was her property. Whatever the general effects of this system may be, it is likely at all events to have the good effect of discouraging mercenary marriages; especially if a lax divorce law should render unions precarious and make it possible that the wife may at any moment carry away her property, leaving to her husband nothing but an expensive family, luxurious habits, and the inability, which he will naturally have contracted, to work for his own bread.

With regard to the earnings of married women, as distinguished from realized property, legislation in England is at present in advance of legislation here; but the tendency of legislation everywhere is manifest, and it may be safely predicted that all that law can do will soon be done to prevent the tyrannical appropriation and waste of the wife's earnings by the husband. Justice requires this, since, as we have said before, the wife, while she fulfils her conjugal and maternal duties, must be held entitled to maintenance by her husband's labour, so that anything which she earns by labour of her own ought to be hers, and at her own disposal. But it must be borne in mind that her title depends upon her being a wife: if she chooses not to be a wife but a commercial partner, which is the ideal now proposed for the union of the sexes in place of marriage, the man as well as the woman will be entitled to settle all questions both of contribution to the partnership fund and of liability for the partnership debts on a commercial basis; and, with regard to all such matters, the common law of partnership will supersede the law of husband and wife. In any case it is hardly necessary to preach, as some domestic reformers seem inclined to do, that the worst use a married woman can make of her money is to spend it on the alien purposes of her home.

But marriage itself is now denounced as the chief of woman's wrongs. To substitute for a sacred and lifelong bond an unconsecrated cohabitation during the pleasure of both parties, commonly called free love, is the avowed aim of the more advanced section of the Woman's Rights party and the practical tendency, it would seem, of the doctrines of both sections. Both at least reprobate what they invidiously term "the property of one human being in another human being": that is to say, the power of a husband to oblige his wife to do anything which she does not choose to do or to live with him any longer than she pleases. Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, if we rightly interpret the statement of her biographer, actually had herself formally divorced from the partner with whom she intended to live and still lives, as a protest against the marriage tie.

The case of the discontented wife is evidently the one always contemplated, and it is specially, if not exclusively, for her relief that the abrogation of the marriage tie is designed. But equal justice must be meted

to both parties. There is but one way of securing that any human connection shall never become irksome, and that is by allowing both parties to break it off at their pleasure. Nor can any limit be put to caprice and changefulness without a violation of the fundamental principle that love alone justifies the continuance of union. We must be prepared for a modern counterpart of the Thelesina of pagan antiquity with her ten successive husbands, and, as her complement, for a Thelesinus with his ten successive wives. Those who deem it morally impossible that the removal of restraint should be followed by a renewal of license must remember that we are at present under the dominion of the public sentiment created by the institution of marriage.

Political and social questions can no longer be settled by a text of Scripture, but the attempt to show that Christian marriage is not an integral part of Christian morality appears totally fallacious. It is said that the Gospel recognizes marriage, and the subordination of the wife to the husband, merely in the same sense in which it recognizes slavery, as an existing institution of the period, to which it lends no sanction, but which it is not called upon directly to assail. There is no analogy between the two cases. Rightly construed, the Gospel contains not a single word in favour of slavery; while all its social precepts tend to the subversion of the institution, as speedily appeared when they began to operate on the world. But it does lend a distinct sanction to marriage and to the headship of the husband, dwelling upon the special duties and virtues incident to the relation on both sides, and comparing it to the relation between Christ and the Church Christ pronounces marriage indissoluble in the most emphatic terms, and it must be evident to any reader of St. Paul that the doctrine of free love and the example set before us in the biography of Mrs. Woodhull would have appeared to him utterly subversive of his moral ideal.

It may be added that the Bible view of sex manifestly is that the man and the woman are the necessary complements of each other. Woman is created because it is not good for man to be alone. Make women "female men," and though you cannot obliterate physical sex, you will have, morally and intellectually, epicenes who will be alone.

The husband's headship appears to be as inseparable an incident of Christian marriage or of any marriage identical with the Christian in character, as the indissolubility of the tie. Indeed if there is to be unity in the family, on any theory, it would seem that there must be in the last resort a determining will, though there will be less occasion for the exertion of that will in proportion as the marriage is happy and in accordance with the Christian ideal. The state of the children at all events must be one of obedience, and if the ultimate depositary of authority is uncertain, how is the obedience of children to be secured? It has been suggested that authority over the children should be divided between the husband and the wife, and that their several shares should be defined by the marriage settlement. No specimen of such a settlement has however yet been laid before us; and the very mention of such an expedient suggests that the theorists by whom it is proposed have in their minds only the select and cultivated circle in which marriage settlements are usual, not the ordinary masses of mankind.

Perhaps this question of marriage, in common with most other questions relating to humanity, will depend in part on the solution of those deeper problems respecting the origin, estate and destiny of man to which the attention of humanity is being every day more seriously and painfully turned. If the present life is only a trial and a preparation, it may be expedient not-

withstanding the unhappiness attendant on ill-assorted marriages to retain the tie, if on the whole it is favourable to purity and elevation of character, as, even in cases which most deeply move our compassion, it appears often to be. If this life is all, it may well seem hard that two persons should be condemned to spend it in the miseries of an unwilling union.

In any case, however, it would be necessary, in the interest of the community as well as in that of individuals, to make provision for the children, to whose claims indeed, and to the subject of maternity generally, Woman's Right lecturers usually pay but little attention. If the union of the parents is to be made dissoluble, how are we to secure to the children parental, above all maternal care? And if parental care cannot be secured to children, what will the coming generations be? Certain associations in the United States recognize the difficulty frankly and offer a bold solution. Instead of merely lowering and desecrating the family they discard it altogether. With intercourse of the sexes untrammelled by marriage, they combine community of children. And they are in the right. If the permanency of the marriage tie is to be abolished, the family will no longer be able to have the responsibility of training the rising generation. Some other organization must be entrusted with that duty. Society cannot be permanently and universally organized on the footing of a foundling hospital. Moral reformers in the United States are calling, it seems, for the suppression of the Oneida community. But the Woman's Right section of them, at all events, will do well to hear the Oneida community before they strike it. Assuredly, if the family is abolished, woman will find herself in a new world.

We must bow, however unwillingly, to the fiat of nature. Man has in a certain sense an advantage over woman. To him the abrogation of the marriage tie, though depraving, would not be otherwise fatal; it would relieve his passions from a restraint now imposed on them. To woman it would be utterly fatal. The result would probably be that to secure a permanent protection for herself and her children she would have to reduce herself to slavery indeed. Marriage must be regarded as a restraint imposed on passion for the good of both sexes, but especially of the female. And to sustain it, it must be rendered tolerably attractive to that sex whose temptations to licence are the strongest. Woman's Rights philosophy tells us that the man is to have no right to complain if he comes home after his day's labour and finds a Jesuit established by his fireside; though the same philosophy would probably grant a divorce to a woman whose place in her husband's heart had been taken by a spiritual directress. But can we enforce contentment? The refined few will probably continue to prefer a regular union on any terms, trusting to cultivated sensibility and affection to set all right; but will not the rough working man, if he dislikes your terms, keep his neck out of the yoke, and being master of his own labour, make easier terms for himself, though to his great moral disadvantage? If he does, what will be left to the women's party but to make a law compelling men to enter the union prescribed by their philosophy, and to call upon the men to enforce this law upon themselves.

The blindness with which marriages are contracted, and which is the root of so much misery, is surely not wholly irremediable at least in its present extent. Perhaps an improved social arrangement, and a diminution of the dissipation and extravagance which narrow social intercourse, may in time lessen the strain laid by extreme domestic isolation on the union of any two persons of ordinary character and resources. That there are some happy marriages under the existing system will not be denied, and there seems to be no reason why

the number should not be indefinitely increased.

The question whether it is desirable that women should take part in politics is closely connected with those relating to their domestic and industrial position. It is a question not as to the relative intelligence or virtue of the two sexes, but whether politics are or can be woman's sphere. The argument that educated women are better qualified for the suffrage than uneducated men is, therefore, irrelevant and invalid. The disqualification, if there be a disqualification, is not one of intellect but of position, or at least of intellect only so far as intellect, in regard to special functions, may be unfavourably influenced by position. White women, it is often said in the United States, are better qualified for the suffrage than black men. In the same sense, many white boys are better qualified for the suffrage than many white men or woman, and they are excluded not on account of their want of intelligence, but because, as a general rule, being dependent on their parents, they are not in a responsible position. We may say that Richelieu made a mistake in meddling with the drama, and that Voltaire made a mistake in meddling with diplomacy, without disparagement to the intellect of Richelieu or Voltaire.

Supposing women to be emancipated legally, conjugally and industrially, in the Woman's Rights sense, and to have made their way completely into what has hitherto been the male sphere, the objections to their taking part in politics would obviously be diminished. At present, reigning apart in the household the woman does not directly feel those effects of good or bad government which are directly felt by the man, who goes forth to labour, and the practical sense of which, more than anything else, forms the political wisdom, such as it is, of the masses of mankind. Nor would there be anything to balance the political judgment in women, as it is balanced in men, by the variety and the mutual counteraction of practical needs and considerations. Even with a male suffrage a particular question is apt, under the influence of temporary excitement or party exaggeration, to become too predominant, excluding from view other questions of equal or superior importance and leading to the ostracism in elections of valuable public servants. But with female suffrage, the position and the practical education of women being as they now are, we should have at every general election a woman's question, very likely one of a sentimental kind, which demagogues would take care to provide and which would make a clean sweep of all other questions and of all public men who hesitated to take the woman's side. If female suffrage prevailed in England, for instance, under present circumstances, it is morally certain that the result of the next general election would turn almost exclusively on the Contagious Diseases Act, and that all the statesmen who had voted for the Act, including the men of most mark in both parties, would be driven from public life.

The abolition of the family would at once remove all objection, grounded on the fear lest political separation between man and wife should break the unity of the household. We are told, indeed, that there is no reason why domestic harmony should be disturbed by political differences any more than it is disturbed by differences of religion. But, in the first place, it can hardly be said that differences of religion do not disturb domestic harmony if the convictions of both parties are deeply seated, and if both believe that religion is an important element in the education of children; in the second place, the cases are not parallel. Difference of religion involves only separation in worship, it does not involve collision; difference in politics, where there are political parties, involves collision. Would the harmony of any ordinary marriage remain undisturbed by the appearance of the man and his wife on hostile committees, at a time perhaps of great public excitement, encountering each other

in the canvass, and launching manifestoes against each other. While the family subsists, those who regard it as equal or (as some do) superior in value to the state will probably shrink from exposing it to such a strain.

There are other objections, however, which, whatever their degree of force, will survive all changes in industrial, legal and conjugal institutions, and remain so as long as sex itself remains. The mixture of the sexes in political assemblies and elections will be liable to the same dangers which have been already indicated as likely to attend the mixture of the sexes in courts of justice—dangers on which it is needless, and would be distasteful to dwell, but the existence of of which no unwillingness to refer to them on the part of theorists can annul.

The incompatibility of political duties with child-bearing is a subject on which so much poor wit has been expended that we touch it with reluctance. The incompatibility exists, however, and when we are told that the difficulty would be met by never electing women likely to become mothers, we must ask whether this would not entail the exclusion of the best women and those most fitted to represent the sentiments and interests of their sex.

Man, as the cultivator of the earth, has hitherto been and is still the great tax-payer. But if woman takes to cultivating the earth also, or to any equivalent industries, she will be equally a tax-payer, and any doubt as to her claim to a vote which might arise from the connection between taxation and representation will be removed.

The military objection to female suffrage has perhaps been pressed too far. Still it remains true that if the defence of the country is an essential part of a citizen's duty, men alone can be full citizens. The defence of Germany has recently afforded a striking illustration of the fact, which in other countries is somewhat masked by the disuse of the national force, and the almost exclusive employment of professional soldiers. The argument that, though women do not give their own blood in defence of the country, they give the blood of their husbands, sons, and brothers, must be dismissed as for the purpose of the present argument little better than cant. That women, if invested with political power, would not be ready enough to vote for war is an allegation which no one acquainted with history could have made, and which, therefore, called for no elaborate confutation. The danger, as experience shows, is all the other way. The weak have always loved to wield the thunderbolt. No three contemporary rulers can be named who caused more bloodshed in their day than Maria Theresa, Catharine the second, and Madame de Pompadour. It is notorious that in the late American civil war the women on both sides were more passionately warlike than the men. Even among men the substitution of hired armies for the general duty of military service has greatly weakened the restraints on war, the male love of money notwithstanding.

But a still more serious doubt arises from the fact, as we believe it to be, that the supremacy of law rests at bottom on the force of the community compelling submission to the public will, while the force of the community resides in the male sex. The reason why the mass of mankind obey the law when it clashes with their individual will, is that they know that it will be upheld with a strong hand. No doubt this fundamental support is strengthened, while its coarseness is veiled, among the more civilized races by superinduced sentiments of expediency and reverence; but the fundamental support it still is, and it can no more be removed with impunity, than can the unsightly foundation of a beautiful and august edifice. Suppose women to become the lawgivers, would this connection between the law, and the force needed to sustain it, be always preserved? And if it were not always preserved, might not the supremacy of law be impaired or even cease? Suppose something which

men deemed very unjust to their sex to be carried by female votes, would the men execute the enactment against themselves? A lady in the United States proposed the other day that all outrages committed by men upon women should be punished like murder with death, forgetting, as was justly remarked at the time, that, apart from the question as to the comparative gravity of the crime, in cases of murder there was a dead body, whereas in cases of outrage there was, generally speaking, no proof but the woman's own statement, which experience did not warrant us in assuming to be invariably true. Supposing that under the exciting influence of some recent and aggravated case, the women were to carry such an enactment as this, and supposing a female jury to convict a prisoner contrary to the male sense of justice, would the men put him to death? Supposing the women by their votes to bring on a war of which the men did not approve, would the men obediently shoulder their muskets and march to their death at the bidding of the women? If not, the supremacy of law would surely be in peril, and the supremacy of law, essential as it is to the welfare of both sexes, is pre-eminently essential to the welfare of the weaker.

Public law has in great measure relieved women since the primitive and feudal times from the necessity of individual protection, and a corresponding amount of individual emancipation has followed or is following; but the sex, collectively, still requires the protection of male force upholding public law. Whether this will always be so, is a speculative question: it certainly is so now.

As the question is not about the abstract capacity of women for politics, but about their capacity under their existing circumstances, and the possibility of their taking part in politics consistently with the unity and happiness of their families, it is needless to examine the lists of queens and female regents which are presented as proofs of the fitness of women to reign. These lists are selections made under the influence of strong prepossession, not exhaustive enumerations on which an induction can be based. In English history, the female wielders of political power are Matilda, the mother, and Eleanor, the wife of Henry II.; Isabella, wife of Edward II.; Margaret of Anjou, Mary, Elizabeth, Henrietta Maria and Anne.* The personal characters of these ladies and the personal interest attaching to them are not in question. Mary was, no doubt, a good woman, led fatally astray as a ruler by her weak and bigoted submission to her priests. To the tempers of Margaret of Anjou and of Henrietta Maria, the country was indebted in no small degree for two civil wars. Anne dismissed the greatest of English ministers, and brought dishonour on the country under the influence partly of a favourite waiting-woman, partly of the fanatical clergy, and it is highly probable that had she lived much longer her weakness would have led to the return of the Stuarts and to another period of confusion. The reputation of Elizabeth once stood high; but since the recent inquiries and revelations, she has been abandoned by her former worshippers; and it is difficult to say whether the infirmities of the woman were more prejudicial to the policy of the ruler or the crimes and cruelties of the ruler to the character of the woman. The public service was starved even in the extremity of national peril and the best public servants were left unrewarded, while largesses and honour were heaped on Elizabeth's worthless lovers; we have a lady personally desiring that conspirators may be put to a death of protracted torture. On the other hand, it is probable that Eleanor the Queen of Edward I., the lady to whose memory the well-known crosses were erected by her husband, did much good in a feminine way; and it is certain that

* Mary, wife of William III., though legally regent, never wielded power.

great services were rendered to the public by Caroline, Queen of George II., who quietly guided her husband in his choice of ministers, without herself ever overstepping the domestic sphere. The name of Queen Victoria has been cited as that of a great female ruler, but those who cite it must surely be aware that the government of England is now constitutional, and that Queen Victoria's virtues have been those of a wife, a mother and a head of society.* But all these are cases of rulers under the hereditary system, placed in power without any process injurious to the female character, and surrounded by councillors who would supply any lack of wisdom in the queen. The question that we now have to consider is what the character of a woman would be when she had forced her way through the processes of popular election into a representative assembly, and was there struggling with men for the prizes of political ambition? By what kind of women is it likely that such an ordeal would be triumphantly encountered—by the grave matrons and spinsters whom philosophy imagines welcomed and honoured as representatives by philosophic constituencies, or by dashing adventuresses whose ascendancy neither philosophy nor the grave matrons and spinsters would contemplate with satisfaction?

The tone of politics under the system of party Government is low, and is always becoming lower; faction, virulence and corruptiou prevail and increase; therefore, it is said, let us send the women into the political arena; they are free from political vices, and they will redeem the men. But it is because women have not hitherto gone into the political arena that they are free from political vices. We have no good reason for assuming that, subjected to the same evil influences as men, who mix in politics, women could not contract the same bad habits. Such experience as we have had points decidedly the other way. Both in the Reign of Terror and in the rising of the Commune, the frenzy and atrocities of the women rivalled, if they did not surpass, those of the men. The female agitation against the Contagious Diseases Act in England has exhibited full-blown all the violence, narrowness and persecuting rancour of the worst male faction fight. When the Crusaders took a number of women with them to the siege of Acre, it might have been supposed that female gentleness would mitigate the ferocity of the war: the result was, that a number of Turks having been captured, the women begged that the prisoners might be delivered to them, not for the purpose of alleviating their lot, but for the purpose of cutting off their heads with knives. Grant that the moral nature of women is finer than that of men—though these vague comparisons are utterly worthless—still, if it is equally excitable, or more so, it may be liable to equal or more violent perturbations. The saying may be fulfilled, that the corruption of the best is the worst corruption. Men who have always stood aloof from politics are just as free from political vices as women. In highly educated communities a most powerful and salutary influence is at present exercised by women and by the society in which women reign upon the character of politicians as well as upon that of other men; and in those untainted circles an independent standard of honour and courtesy is maintained, which even the leaders of fighting factions cannot wholly disregard. We may be told that if party government makes politics unfit for women, party government ought to cease. Perhaps it ought, and not on that account only. But at present there is no prospect of its ceasing; and in the meantime it would hardly be wise to fling woman and the family, all that

* We are assured on somewhat partial authority, that among the native rulers in British India, the females are better than the males. In *British India* very likely: because there British power protects the native ruler against the revolutions which are the only corrections of his vices. A woman brought up in a Zenana cannot possibly be a good ruler, but she may be better than a hog or a tiger.

remains undisturbed and uncontaminated, into the gulf opened in our forum, unless we have good reason for believing that the gulf will be thereby closed.

Political influence may be really exercised without a vote, even in countries under the elective system ; and has in fact been frequently exercised by writers and by leaders of society, who have hardly ever been seen at the polls. And in a broader sense who can doubt that female influence has been felt in all legislation relative to female interests for some time past—in fact, ever since women began to bestir themselves or to express any strong feelings on the subject? We have listened in the United States to the greatest orator of the Woman's Rights party. He protested in general terms that women in the present state of the laws were suffering the most monstrous injustice, which only female suffrage could remove. But when he came to specific facts, all that he had to say was, that in a particular case, for the details of which we were to take his authority, a lady had been improperly incarcerated in a lunatic asylum by a cruel husband. We afterwards identified the case, and satisfied ourselves that the speaker's account of it was rhetoric, and not history ; but supposing that it had been history, this only proved that the the community in which it occurred might, with advantage, adopt the system of inspection which has been instituted with results perfectly satisfactory by male legislatures elsewhere. That the administration of the law is at present unfavourable to women—that a female suitor is less likely to gain her suit or a female prisoner more likely do be convicted than a male, will hardly be asserted. Female prisoners, perhaps, are more likely to escape, especially in capital cases. There was much truth in the remark that if the Californian murderess was hanged she would be the first victim to Woman's Rights.

That there are public functions connected rather with the Church than with the State, with the spiritual than the political community, suitable to women, but from which they are at present excluded in Protestant countries at least, and the denial of which produces a craving for political action, is a growing opinion which has much reason and experience on its side; though it has hitherto not taken the form of any very practical suggestion.

It was necessary in touching on the chief points of this great subject to be succinct, and in being succinct it is difficult to avoid being dry, which, however, may not be the the most mischievous defect when a question involving the dearest interests of humanity is being pressed to an irrevocable solution under the influence of sentiment and rhetoric.

Sentiment has been avoided. All sensible women will desire, in the interest of their sex, that it shall be avoided, and that the voice of reason alone shall be heard. The question is not as to the value and dignity of woman in her present sphere, but whether she can with advantage, or without ruinous results to herself and humanity, exchange her present sphere for another.

In conclusion, we have only to remind those specially interested that they cannot have the advantages at once of their present position and one entirely different. The relation between the sexes at present is one not of equality but of mutual privilege. That woman has her privileges will hardly be denied : in the United States, where everything is exaggerated, they are carried so far, and their enforcement is said to be so often accompanied by a repudiation of the corresponding duties, that some of the male supporters of the present movement may be suspected of having mainly in view the emancipation of their own sex. But if equality is established, privilege cannot be retained. Woman may be man's helpmate, or she may be his competitor : both she cannot be. Nor is it possible that man should preserve his present chivalrous senti-

ments towards woman when he finds himself daily jostling with her as his rival in the rude struggle for subsistence or in the still ruder conflicts of political ambition. Sentiment survives for a time the relations on which it is founded; but it does not survive long.

It is therefore a serious question which women have to decide; and they have reason to be careful how they allow a few members of their sex, under the influence of abnormal circumstances or inclinations, to compromise, as compromise they will, the position of the whole.

TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

THREE SUMMER STORIES.—(*Continued.*)

(Translated for THE CANADIAN MONTHLY *from the German of Theodor Storm.)*

BY TINE HUTCHISON.

II. MARTHA AND HER CLOCK.

DURING the last few years of my school life I lodged in a small, old-fashioned house, kept by an elderly unmarried woman: the only one remaining of what had once been a large family. Father, mother, and her two brothers were dead; her sisters had followed their husbands to distant parts, excepting the youngest, who was married to a doctor in the same town. So Martha was left alone in the old house, and managed to eke out a scanty income by letting some of the now unoccupied rooms.

Yet she considered it no hardship that she could only afford herself a dinner on Sundays, for her wants were few, owing to the habits of strict economy to which her father had trained all his children, on principle, as well as in consideration of his narrow means.

Although in youth she had had but little schooling, yet the reflections of many solitary hours, joined to a quick understanding and the naturally serious tone of her character, combined to render her, at the time I made her acquaintance, a woman of much greater culture than is at all common in her class. I must allow she did not always speak quite grammatically, although she was a great reader, and that chiefly of biographical and poetical works, on which she could generally give a correct and independent judgment; and, what is even more rare, could always distinguish between what was really good and what was worthless. To her, all the poet's creations were living, thinking beings, whose actions were not dependent on the fancy of the writer; and sometimes she would ponder for hours, scheming by what means so many beloved persons might have been rescued from a cruel fate.

Martha never found life a burden in her solitude, though at times a sense of the aimlessness of her outer existence would sadden her; she felt the want of some one for whom she might have worked and cared. In the absence of all nearer friends, her lodgers had the benefit of this praiseworthy impulse. I, among others, was the recipient of many little kindnesses and attentions at her hands. Flowers were her greatest delight, and it seemed to me symbolical of her contented and resigned mind, that white ones, and of those again the commoner kinds, were her chief favourites. It was to her always the first festival in the year when her sister's children brought her the first snowdrops and crocuses out of their garden; then a little

china basket was taken down from the cupboard, and, under her tender care, the flowers decorated the little chamber for weeks.

Now, as Martha had very few acquaintances, and spent nearly all the long winter evenings alone, she had, by force of her peculiarly lively imagination, endowed all her surroundings with a sort of life or personality. The old pieces of furniture in her room became thus, as it were, a part of herself, and had the faculty of holding converse with her; certainly the intercourse was, for the most part, a silent one, but on this account none the less real and free from risk of misunderstandings. Her spinning-wheel, her carved oak arm-chair, were strange things that often took the oddest whims; but far surpassing all in this respect, was an ancient clock which Martha's father had bought fifty years before at an Amsterdam fair, and even then as an old curiosity. It certainly looked extraordinary enough: two mermaids, carved in lead and painted, leaned their faces on either side against the tarnished dial-plate, their scaly fish bodies, still bearing traces of gilding, surrounded the lower part of it and united beneath; its hands seemed to be in the form of scorpions' tails. Probably the works were worn out by long use; for the stroke of the pendulum was harsh and irregular, and the weights would sometimes slip down several inches at a time. This clock was the liveliest of all Martha's companions; she had not a thought in which it did not mix itself up. Sometimes when she fell a brooding over her loneliness, the pendulum would begin, tick, tack, tick, tack: growing louder and louder, and gave her no peace, ever interrupting the train of her thoughts. At last she was forced to rouse herself and look up—and lo! the sunbeams shone warm through the window-panes; the carnations on the little flower-stand smelt so sweet; and without the swallows shot twittering beneath the blue heavens. She could not but be cheerful again, the world around her was all so bright. But the clock had a strong will of its own; it was old and did not pay much attention to the modern time, therefore it often struck six when it should have been twelve; and, again, to make up for it, it would go on striking till Martha was obliged to take the weight off the chain. The strangest thing was that sometimes it was not able to strike at all, however hard it might try; then the machinery creaked and creaked, but the hammer would not fall. This happened generally during the night, and always awoke Martha; and however bitter the cold, and however dark the winter night might be, she never failed to get up, and did not rest till she had helped the poor old clock out of its difficulties. Then, when she was in bed again, she lay and wondered why the clock had roused her, and asked herself if she had neglected any part of the day's work, and whether she had closed it with good thoughts.

It was near Christmas. A heavy snowstorm having prevented my journey homewards, I was invited to spend Christmas Eve at the house of an intimate friend. The Christmas tree had been lit up, the children had rushed in a joyous troop into the long-closed room; afterwards we had supped on carp and drunk punch according to custom—none of the old usages had been omitted. The following morning I entered Martha's room, to take her, as usual, my good wishes for the season. She sat with her arm resting on the table, her work lay apparently long forgotten.

"Well, how did you spend your Christmas Eve yesterday?" I asked.

She looked down on the floor, and answered, "At home."

"At home? And not with your sister's family?"

"Ah," she said, "since my mother died in that bed, ten years ago yesterday, I have never spent a Christmas Eve out of the house. Although my sister sent for me yesterday, too, and when it began to grow dark I did once think of going to them; but—the old clock went on in such a strange way again; it seemed to me to keep on repeating:—'Don't go, don't go; what do you want there? Your Christmas Eve has nothing to do with them!'"

And so she had stayed at home, in the small chamber, where she had played as a child, and where, in later years, she had closed the eyes of her parents, and the old clock ticked on the same as ever. Now that it had got its own way, however, and Martha had laid past her best gown in her wardrobe again, it ticked so softly, quite softly, until at length it was scarcely audible. Martha could give herself up undisturbed to the memories of all the Christmas Eves in her life. Her father sat once more in

the carved oak arm-chair; he wore his fine velvet cap and his Sunday coat; to-day, his serious eyes gleamed cheerfully, for it was Christmas Eve, Christmas Eve, many, ah! how many, many years ago! True, no Christmas tree decked the table—that was only for rich people—but in its stead, two great thick candles shed abroad such a brilliant light in the small room, that the children had actually to shade their eyes with their little hands when the door was opened and they were allowed to come in from the dark passage. Then they approached the table, but, according to the custom of the house, sedately and without loud demonstration, and saw what Santa Claus had brought for them. There were no costly toys, certainly; not even cheap ones, only useful and necessary articles—a dress, a pair of shoes, a slate, a hymn-book, &c. But the children were just as well pleased with their slate and their new hymn-book, and went in turn to kiss the father's hand, who sat meanwhile contentedly smiling in his arm-chair. The mother, her sweet gentle face beneath the close-fitting cap, tied on the new apron and drew letters and figures on the new slate. But she had not much time to spare, for she had to go into the kitchen and bake the apple-cakes, for that was a most important event in the children's eyes and might on no account be overlooked. Then the father opened the new hymn-book, and began, with his clear voice,—"Rejoice! and sing His praise," and the children joined in and sang the whole hymn, standing round their father's arm-chair, In the pauses, they heard the mother moving about in the kitchen, and the hissing of the apple-cakes.

Tick, tack!—there it went again—tick, tack!—louder and louder. Martha started—all was dark around her—without, the snow lay in the faint moonlight. But for the stroke of the pendulum, there was death-like silence throughout the house; no children's voices sang in the little chamber, no fire crackled in the kitchen—she alone remained behind, the others were all, all gone. But what was wrong with the old clock again? Ah, it gave warning for eleven—and the memory of another, alas! a very different Christmas Eve, many years later, arose before Martha. Her father and brothers were dead, her sisters were married, only her mother was left beside her. She had occupied her husband's carved arm-chair ever since his death, and had given up all her little household duties to Martha; day by day the gentle face had waxed paler, the meek eyes dimmer; at length she was obliged to keep her bed entirely. This had gone on for several weeks, and now it was Christmas Eve. Martha sat by the bedside and listened to the quiet breathing of the sleeper; deathlike stillness reigned in the chamber, only the clock ticked on. Now it gave warning for eleven. The mother opened her eyes and asked for a drink. "Martha," she said, "when the spring comes and I am stronger again, we'll go and visit your sister Hannah. I dreamt just now that I saw her children—you have too little change here." The mother had quite forgotten that Hannah's children had died the autumn before; Martha did not seeks to remind her, he—nodded assent and took hold of the hand which hung by the bedside. The clock struck eleven.

And now, too, it struck eleven, but faintly, as if from a far, far distance.

Martha heard a long-drawn sigh. She thought her mother was going to sleep again, and remained silent and motionless, holding the hand between her own. At length she fell into a sort of doze. Thus an hour might have passed. The clock struck twelve!—the candle had burnt down, the moon shone bright through the window, her mother's pale face looked from among the pillows. The hand which Martha held in hers was cold. She did not relax her hold of the cold hand—the whole night long she sat by her dead mother.

And thus she sat now in the same chamber with her memories, and the old clock ticked on, now loud, now faint; it knew about everything, it had lived through it all with Martha; it reminded her of all her sorrows, of all her little joys.

I know not if Martha and her clock still keep each other company; it is now many years since I lived in her house, and that little town lies far from my home. She had a way of speaking openly of things, which those who cling to life usually avoid. "I have never been sick," she would say, "I shall likely live to a great age." If this belief has proved true, and should these pages find their way into her chamber, may she think kindly of me as she

reads them. The old clock will help her memory; for it, of course, knows about everything.

III. IN THE OLD HALL.

THERE had been a christening in the afternoon, and evening was now closing in. The father and mother of the infant sat with their guests in the large hall. Among them was the father's grandmother. The others, too, were all near relations, young and old; but the grandmother was a whole generation in advance of the eldest of them. The baby was called Barbara, after her; but they had given it a prettier name besides, for Barbara alone, seemed too old-fashioned for the sweet little child. Still, it was to be called by this name—at least, so said the parents—however much the rest of the friends might object to it. But the grandmother did not know that the use of her ancient name had been called in question.

The clergyman, shortly after the discharge of his office, had departed, leaving the family circle to themselves; and then old familiar stories were brought forth, and repeated, not even now for the last time. They all knew each other, the old people had seen the younger ones grow up, and the elder had seen the old grow grey. The most amusing anecdotes were related of the childhood of all present. When no one else remembered them, the grandmother could always tell them. Of her, alone, no one had anything to tell; her early years lay behind the birth-days of all the others—those who could have told stories of her youth must have been old indeed. While engrossed in such discourse the daylight had slowly faded. The hall lay towards the west. A ruddy glow fell through the windows upon the roses in the garlands of plaster-work which adorned the white walls; soon this, too, died away. From afar, in the now growing stillness, was heard a low, monotonous murmur. Several of the guests paused to listen.

"It is the sea," said the young mother.

"Aye," said the grandmother, "I have heard it often, it has made the same sound for a long time."

Then no one spoke again. Without, before the window, a great linden tree stood in the narrow paved court, and they heard the sparrows going to roost among the leaves. The host took his wife's hand, who sat silent by his side; his eyes rested on the old-fashioned ceiling.

"What are you thinking about?" asked the grandmother.

"There is a crack in the ceiling," said he, "and the cornice, too, has given way. The hall is getting old, grandmother; we must rebuild it."

"The hall is not so old yet," she replied; "I remember well when it was built."

"Built!—then what was here before?"

"Before?" repeated the grandmother, and for a time she sat silent, looking like a lifeless statue. Her gaze was turned back on a bygone time—her thoughts were with the shadows of things whose being had long passed away. At last she said,—"It is eighty years ago; your grandfather and I, we often spoke of it afterwards,—in those days the door of the hall did not lead into another room, but opened on a little flower-garden; but it is not the same door—the other was a glass one—and when you came into the hall by the front door, you could see through it straight down on the garden, into which a short flight of steps, with bright coloured Chinese railings, led. Flower borders, edged with box, lay on either hand, divided down the centre by a broad path strewn with white shells, at the end of which was an arbour of lindens. Between two cherry trees, in front of this, hung a swing, and on both sides of the arbour apricot trees were carefully trained along the high garden wall. Here, in summer, your great-grandfather might be seen regularly at noon, walking up and down, tending his auriculas and tulips, and tying them with strips of matting and little white wands. He was a strict, precise man, with a military bearing, and his black eyebrows with his powdered hair, gave him a striking appearance.

"Thus it was on an August afternoon, when your grandfather came down the steps into the little garden—but in those days he was far from being a grandfather. I see him still with my old eyes, as he approached with his light step to where your great-grandfather stood. Then he took a letter from a neatly-worked pocket-

book, and presented it with a graceful bow. He was a slender young man, with soft, dark eyes, and his black hair tied in a queue behind, contrasted pleasantly with his fresh face and cloth coat of pearl gray. When your great-grandfather had read the letter, he nodded and shook your grandfather by the hand, a sign of favour he did not show to every one. Then he was called into the house, and your grandfather strolled down the garden.

"In the swing in front of the arbour sat a little girl of eight years; on her lap was a picture-book, in which she was quite absorbed; the bright, golden curls drooped over the hot little face, on which the full blaze of the sunshine fell.

"'What is your name?' asked the young man.

"She shook back her curls, and said: 'Barbara.'

"'Then take care, Barbara; your curls are melting in the sun.'

"The little one hastily put her hand on her glowing hair. The young man smiled, and it was a very sweet smile. 'It is not so bad,' he said. 'Come and have a swing.'

"She jumped up. 'Wait; I must put away my book first.' Then she took it into the arbour. When she came back, he wished to lift her into the swing. 'No,' she said, 'I can get in myself.' Then she seated herself upon the board, and cried, 'Go on!' And now your grandfather pushed so that his queue behind flew from right to left; the swing with the little maiden went up and down in the sunshine, the bright curls streamed back from her temples; and yet it never went high enough for her. But when it flew rustling among the linden-boughs, the birds darted forth on either side, from the fruit trees on the walk, so that the over-ripe apricots fell to the ground.

"'What was that?' said he, stopping the swing.

"She laughed, that he could ask such a question. 'It is only the blackbird,' she said, 'he is not usually so frightened.'

"He lifted her out of the swing, and they went together to the apricot trees—the deep golden fruit lay among the branches. 'Your friend the blackbird has left that for you!' She shook her head, and put a beautiful apricot into his hand. 'For you!' she said softly.

"Then your great-grandfather came back to the garden. 'Take care,' said he, smiling, 'or you'll never get rid of her again.' Then he spoke about business, and they both went into the house.

"In the evening little Barbara was allowed to sit up to supper: the kind young man had begged permission for her. It certainly did not all come just as she wished, for the guest sat by her father at the head of the table; and she, being quite a little girl, had her place at the other end, beside the youngest of the clerks. So she very quickly finished her supper, and then got down and slipped round to her father's chair. But he was so deeply engrossed talking to the young man about interest and per centage, that the latter had no eyes at all for the little Barbara. Ay, ay, it is eighty years ago, but the old grandmother remembers still how impatient the little Barbara of those days was, and how far from on the best of terms with her kind father. The clock struck ten, and now she had to say good night. When she came to your grandfather he asked, 'Shall we swing to-morrow?' and little Barbara was quite happy again. 'He will quite spoil my little girl!' said the great-grandfather; but, in truth, he was himself foolishly in love with his little girl.

"Towards evening the following day, your grandfather took his leave.

"Then eight years passed away. In winter time little Barbara often stood at the glass door and breathed upon the frozen panes; then she looked through the peep-hole she had made, down on the snow-covered garden, and thought of the beautiful summer, of the bright leaves and the warm sunshine, of the black bird, which always made its nest in the fruit trees, and how, once on a time, the ripe apricots had fallen to the ground; and then she thought of that one summer day, and at last, when she thought of summer it was somehow always of that one summer day she thought. So the years passed away; little Barbara was now twice as old, and, in fact, was no longer little Barbara; but that summer day always stood out like a bright spot in her memory. Then one day, at last, he really came back again.

"Who?" asked the grandson, with a smile. "The summer day?"

"Yes, indeed," said the grandmother; "your grandfather. He was indeed a summer day."

"And then?" he asked again.

"Then," said the grandmother. "There was a betrothed pair, and little Barbara became your grandmother, who now sits among you all telling her old stories. But it was not yet so far as that. First, there was a wedding, and it was for that your great-grandfather had this hall built. The garden and the flowers were all done away with now; but it did not matter, for he had soon living flowers in their stead to amuse him in his mid-day walks. When the hall was ready, the wedding was celebrated. A merry wedding it was, the guests talked of it for long after. All you, who are sitting here, and who must needs be everywhere now, you certainly were not present; but your fathers and grandfathers, your mothers and grandmothers, and they were people, too, who could speak a word in the right place. Folks were certainly quieter and more modest in those days; we didn't think that we understood everything better than the king and his ministers, and anyone who meddled with politics was thought a silly babbler for his pains; and, if it was a cobbler, people went to his neighbour for their shoes. Servant maids were all called Molly and Betty, and all dressed according to their station. Now-a-days you all wear moustaches, as if you were so many officers and cavaliers. I wonder what ye think yourselves? Would you all govern?"

"To be sure, grandmother," said the grandson.

"And the nobles and great folks who are born to it? What is to become of them?"

"Oh!—nobles!"—said the young mother, and looked up with proud, loving eyes to her husband.

He smiled, and said, "Renounce their pretensions, grandmother, or else we must all get titles—the whole country, man and mouse. Otherwise I don't know what is to be done."

The grandmother made no reply. She only said, "At my wedding there was nothing said about affairs of State. The conversation flowed freely on, and we were just as happy over our talk as you are in your new fashioned kind of parties. At table, amusing riddles were given and extempore verses said, and, at dessert, 'A health to my neighbour' was sung, and all the other pretty songs, which are forgotten now. Your grandfather's clear tenor voice was always heard above all the others. People were much more polite to each other in those days; all disputing and arguing was considered very unseemly in good company. Now-a-days that is all changed; but your grandfather was always a gentle, peaceable man. It is a long time since he left this world; I have stayed long behind him; now it will soon be time for me to follow."

The grandmother was silent for a moment, and no one else spoke. But she felt her hands grasped; they all wished to keep her among them. A peaceful smile passed over the dear old face; then she looked at her grandson, and said: "Here, in this hall his coffin stood; you were only six years old, and stood and wept beside it; your father was a grave, stern man. 'Don't cry, boy,' he said, and took you on his arm. 'See there! that is how a true man looks when he is dead.' Then he himself secretly wiped a tear from his face. He had always had a great respect for your grandfather. Now they are all on the other side; and to-day I have stood as godmother to my great granddaughter in this hall, and you have given her your old grandmother's name. May God grant her as happy and peaceful a life as mine has been."

The young mother sank on her knees before the grandmother, and kissed her slender hands.

The grandson said: "Grandmother, we'll pull down the old hall, and plant the flower garden again. Little Barbara, you know, has come back again. The women-folks say she is your image. She shall sit once more in the swing, and the sun will shine again on the golden curls. Perhaps, too, some summer afternoon, the grandfather may come down the steps again; perhaps—"

The grandmother smiled. "You are full of fancies," she said; "your grandfather was just the same!"

THE POSITION AND PRACTICE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

BY LORD HOUGHTON.

(From the Fortnightly Review.)

PROFESSOR Fawcett, in his article in the *Fortnightly Review* for October last, does not conceal his surprise at finding himself discussing the abolition of the present House of Lords, though he acknowledges that he has long been astonished at any politician calling himself a Liberal supporting such an anomaly as an Hereditary Legislature.

His right to argue the question in his temperate and gentleman-like way has since been amply vindicated by its introduction at several public meetings, and by a solemn Conference held in one of the principal towns of the kingdom. But I must demur to his assumption that this agitation is due to the legislative action of the House of Lords during the session of 1871. With the exception of one measure, which deeply affected a considerable number of individuals in the community, and to which Mr. Fawcett makes no allusion, I cannot see that there has been any exercise of the suspensive veto which has seriously touched either the interests or the imagination of the people. The abolition of the University Tests was agreed to after the rejection by the House of Commons of amendments mainly of a theological character, and which Non-conformists were just as likely to approve as Churchmen. The demand for further information on the new Organization of the Army was natural in men who had not an absolute confidence in the military genius of the present administration ; and the reception of Lord Shaftesbury at Glasgow a few weeks after his motion to reject the Ballot Bill, showed that the country perfectly understood that the House of Lords simply declined to pronounce any opinion on the subject, with no opportunity to discuss it fairly, and with no pressure of a general election at hand.

I trace this and other present political agitations to far deeper and more general causes. It is only due to Mr. Gladstone to acknowledge that he continually represented the destruction of the Irish Church as an exceptional act of historic justice ; and that he only admitted the supercession of the natural right of contract between landlord and tenant to be applicable to a form of society so peculiarly susceptible of abuse and injury to the weak as had long subsisted in Ireland. But inferences were drawn by others, of which he could not be wholly unconscious. There were Nonconformist members of Parliament who openly avowed that they only valued the Irish Church Act in so far as it gave them a point of advantage from which to attack the English Establishment. And soon Miall and his hundred knights appeared armed *cap-à-pie* and ready for the fray. The old walls of mutual confidence between owner and occupier, built up of the best materials of ancient English faith, and cemented by the mutual beneficences of centuries, though likely to sustain for a long time to come many a more serious assault than Communism can now level at them, were now no longer regarded as invulnerable, and the Irish anomaly was hailed in many centres of superficial and angry discussion on subjects of public economy rather as a welcome precedent than as an unhappy necessity. When the depths of our social and political existence were once laid bare, who could resist the temptation of scrutinizing the foundations of the House of Lords and of the Monarchy itself?

The inquisition into the construction of the House of Lords has presented nothing curious or interesting. We knew perfectly well before that the representative principle was something quite different from the hereditary ; and it was the old boast of the English constitution that they worked well together, each in its proper sphere. The Reform Bill of 1832 affected the House of Lords very nearly as much as the House of Commons, and the transference of the proprietary boroughs from the peers to the people was a legitimate change which has worked well on both sides. Any influence which Peers

now possess is the fair result of their property and position, and can only fall with the order itself. The speakers in the Conference at Birmingham were hampered with the same contradiction which troubles the present assailants of the Crown; they could not make up their minds as to whether they wished to strengthen or weaken the obnoxious institution—whether they wanted it cleverer or stupider, just as whether in the other case they desired more or less parade. The advocates for total destruction had the least difficulty to encounter; but they were not agreed as to the process of annihilation—whether it was to be accomplished by popular energy or by "the happy despatch." There was also a fundamental difference of opinion as to the use of a Second Chamber at all, and the feeling on the whole seemed to preponderate against it. Indeed, the whole tone of the meeting was that of men not attempting to remedy any practical grievance, or to give new blood to old historic forms, but of revolutionists desirous to break down any immediate barrier between themselves and the political Unknown.

No serious observer of the progress of nations can regard the Republican spirit as alien to the English mind. In years that now lie far behind, at the time when the *Democratie en Amérique* of Alexis de Tocqueville had made an epoch in the political literature of the time, it was my privilege to discuss the application of the subject-matter of the book to the immediate circumstances of Europe with that delightful writer and friend in the deep shady lanes that meet the sea-sands along the varied coast of La Manche. I remember frequently expressing my belief that, as the patient political good sense, and the habit of daily compromise of opinion, had enabled my countrymen to deal with the ages of personal and constitutional government more peacefully and successfully than any other people, so I did not doubt that, when the influences of Democracy grew strong, and the successful example of our great political Agnate beyond the Atlantic had gradually weaned our people from monarchical forms and associations by the processes he had so finely analysed, we should lapse into the new state of things by some movements of social machinery which now we did not even contemplate, and through phases of moral action which now might appear visionary and impossible. I am compelled to confess that my patriotic confidence is considerably shaken, and I cannot now regret that the progress of Free Trade, the passage from a restricted constituency to Household Suffrage with no further confusion than the usual dramatic effects and domestic excitements of party differences, the disappearance of religious distinctions—though not, alas! of theological acrimony—and the homely peace and virtues of the Court, followed by a sympathetic sense of domestic disaster almost out of proportion to the loss of an individual man, have checked and suspended for a considerable period those influences from which we cannot expect the mind and heart of this nation to be entirely exempt, but which we have here no more right to condemn and arrest than any other current of public opinion, provided the course be moderate and the water clear.

For, without demanding from the Republican spirit of our time the terrible austerity of Cromwell's Ironsides, it cannot be forgotten that its superiority over the Monarchical sentiment has ever been founded on its higher ideal of political duties and responsibilities, without reference to the material interests of individuals or of classes. Nothing, indeed, could be imagined less cognate to the old reverent, or later philosophical Republicanism of this country than a preference of one form of government to another, because it extended or transferred the luxuries of life, or diminished the fair proportions of well-requited labour. In the same sense it would surely never have occurred to a follower either of Sir Harry Vane or Algernon Sidney to have based an attack on the Throne on an extravagance of household expenditure. For though it is a platitude to assert that every Court must, from its very nature, carry with it much that is repugnant to the dignity of man, and that a factitious reverence is only a less evil than a sincere servility, still no one has yet devised a combination of the advantages of a continuous Headship of the State with an entire absence of pageantry, and even Republics are always on the brink of official ostentation.* The

* I remember M. de Lamartine in 1848, during the happy weeks when he felt sure of being elected to the Presidency, saying to me, "We are going to have a magnificent Republic, more splendid than ever the Empire imagined. No Sparta here!"

simplicity of the Presidency at Versailles has never been exceeded, and yet M. Thiers has an Aide-de-camp.

But this is not the worst symptom of our Republican demonstrations : there is so little in them of that sense of a real injury which is the sound justification of English discontent, and there is so strong a taint of that foreign disaffection which is a mingled outgrowth of old misgovernment and disorganized passions. The Greek poet Pindar wrote of Delos as of—

" A sacred Island, set apart by Fate,
The sea its frontier, and the coast its gate ;
Where every stranger with free foot may stand.
May God long guard the pillars of that land !"

and assuredly it is not for us to limit or disallow this great hospitality, even though it does bring our national sympathies into contact with the impotent rage of the conquered and the horrible insanities of despair. Still more infectious, perhaps, are the generous illusions of those who will not be disabused by the most cruel collision with stern reality, and who claim credit for all their hopes and desires just as if they had been accomplished facts or heroic deeds. All these foreign elements have found their way into modern English Republicanism, and though not likely seriously to affect its actions, go far to corrupt its morality and degrade its objects.

That the feeling which existed against the House of Lords should have been less affected by this ignoble envy than might have been expected, is due to two causes, both deserving remark. The first consists in the curious and undefinable liking of the mass of the British and Irish people for the titled classes ; and the second in the nature of the superiority that is claimed. However unwilling Democracy may be to acknowledge the inference, the fact stands that in the case of two men, one titled, and the other not, competing by fair popular election for any office of honour or emolument, with a general impression of their equal fitness and equal desert, the title tells. Still more strongly is the advantage discernible where the intellectual or moral competence is not so clearly defined, and where the merit has to be taken for granted ; here, too, the probability of success is in favour of the aristocrat. This must mean that there is a conviction—and who in the present state of physiological investigation will treat the theory with contempt?—that there is a transmission of hereditary qualities which excite admiration and respect.*

It may, then, be assumed that in our present social institution there is believed to be something in the difference of class which promotes, if it does not ensure, higher education, finer manners, and wiser self-management and that the order and condition of society especially affected to politics is likely to possess certain qualities adapted to the governance of mankind. I state this last point with a qualification, because I cannot take upon myself to determine how far the respect given to rank among ourselves is due to any legislative function attached to it. The Scotch or Irish peer, who has nothing to do with the House of Lords, has probably, in his own local circle, as much regard and deference as if he were a busy peer of Parliament, but he no doubt receives some reflected dignity from the real political position of the mass of his titled fellows. The difficulty of obliterating titles in the history of modern European political life is absolutely inexplicable. No earnestness of democracy, no fervour of patriotic sacrifice, no energy of revolution, no confiscation of property, no legal disqualification, are of avail ; the quiet force of old association seems to bear down both passion and principle ; and, at this very moment, in the midst of a people with whom civic equality is the very soul of social existence, in the very town where, near a hundred years ago, the nobility laid at the feet of the nation all privileges, titles, and distinctions, there is gathered together an Assembly elected by universal suffrage, of which a distinguished member, the Duc de Broglie, French Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, remarked that he had " never sat in the same room with so many Dukes in his life." Does it really much matter whether these traditionary influences exhibit themselves in the rotations of fortune and the catastrophes of history, or are in some slight degree recognized and evolved in the regular construction of a Constitution ?

In what sense, and to what extent, the House of Lords is influenced by this hereditary principle, and what is the practical operation of

* "The greatest blessing a man can receive from Heaven is to be well born ; and there are many well born among the poor and needy."—*W. S. Landor.*

that branch of the Legislature in the daily work of the Constitution, are considerations which may seem obvious and common-place, but which appear to me to be often lost in vague declamation and uncertain generalities. It may, therefore, be not superfluous to present in a few lines its actual working in the State, and to examine its practical defects and their possible remedies.

The House of Lords consists of some four hundred and fifty peers available for purposes of legislation. Of these not above two hundred take any part in the transaction of its business. Of the rest some have never taken their seats, and the greater part profess little or no interest in politics. Thus a kind of unconscious elimination takes place without jealousy, ill-will, or personal offence, in the body itself, accomplishing, by a process of natural selection the effects which Sir Thomas Bazley and others have proposed to bring about by a competition among the peers themselves. Some few, indeed, who inherit their titles early in life, show an inclination for politics; but little encouragement is given them to force their way into public attention, and unless they obtain office, they represent a very feeble force of that hereditary power which strikes Mr. Fawcett with dismay, and they are placed at a very serious disadvantage in the political race. There is for them no training ground from eight to half-past nine o'clock, such as the House of Commons affords for several nights in every week. The great majority of the working members of the House of Lords are of two classes; those who come up from the House of Commons in mature life in consequence of the decease of their fathers, and of persons raised to the Peerage on some ground of individual distinction.

There is one characteristic which strikes the latter portion very forcibly on their admission to the Upper House; it is the complete parity among the Peers. However paramount the distinctions of rank in society, they are quite imperceptible in the Legislature. The peer of yesterday is completely on a level with the premier Duke of England; and, though the Lords, like every other public body, show most interest in the reputations of their own creation, and are somewhat jealous of specialities that come suddenly amongst them, they cannot be accused of partiality or injustice in the presence of any decided superiority.

The Assembly exhibits a very different aspect on different occasions. On a great night,—that is, when the House of Lords are about to accept unwillingly, to reject for that Session, or to suggest serious amendments to, some important measure that has come up from the Commons, when some three or four hundred peers are collected in that lofty hall and, in the presence of all the members of present and late Governments, and the notabilities of the Lower House, with an attentive audience of diplomatists, distinguished ladies, and a quiet but interested public, the well-considered and stately debate is continued through the midnight hours, and far into the the summer's dawn,—there are few spectators who will not bear away the impression of the noblest political Council among civilized men. For the discussions themselves I do not entertain the accustomed admiration. It is the fashion to say they are better than anything in the House of Commons. This can hardly be the case, when they are nothing more than *résumés* of the best that has been spoken there, delivered by familiar voices, and with no pretence to originality. Sometimes, indeed, a fount of oratory bursts forth almost native to the locality, when you might ask, who would wish to destroy the House of Lords with the eloquence of Lord Ellenborough in his ears?*

From such a scene to the Legislative body of which a constant record runs for weeks together—"the House of Lords met at five o'clock, did so-and-so; their Lordships adjourned at twenty minutes to six"—there is no doubt a considerable and unwelcome contrast.

But between these two forms of meeting and discussion there is another on which I should be very glad to fix the public attention, rather than on either of the fore-mentioned representations of the Upper House. That is when, in the latter half of the Session, about a hundred peers come down to consider an unpolitical Bill of grave social importance. Be the question connected with the administration of the Criminal Law, with the repression of vicious habits, with the Public Health, with the

* Even as I write, the voice of that greatest of English orators has passed away.

supervision of dangerous trades, processes, or occupations, with intellectual interests bearing on the deficiencies of the poor, or the possible improvement of the more educated, with this or cognate subjects before them, who that knows the value of sound and impartial parliamentary debate must not be content that there is still a House of Lords?

It is here that their independence of local politics and private interests, their long familiarity with country life, their intimate knowledge of what the labouring classes really like or dislike, fear or hope, their habits of magisterial practice, their own long experience of the obligations of Members of Parliament, combined with their present freedom of judgment and irresponsibility of action, and many other reasons which will suggest themselves to the thoughtful observer, afford them a special aptitude for the work that is before them. To this may be added the constant presence of the men most learned in the Law, ready to detect fallacies, eager to criticise vague generalities, and glad to exercise their knowledge for the public good, without any of that stint of their time which barristers in the House of Commons must in a great degree regard as stolen from their professional practice, and as an interference with their duties to their families and themselves. There is another component of this body on which I cannot look with the same unqualified approval. I allude to the parliamentary, diplomatic, and official veterans, who, but for this opportunity of prolonging their public existence under conditions of less physical labour, would be enjoying the repose of private life; and who by bringing the old authority of their names to bear on novel questions, frequently increase the difficulties of the present by combinations with the problems of the past. There seems no doubt that the last years of the Duke of Wellington were most disastrous to the organization of the British army.

Nevertheless, this tribunal so constituted is an admirable instrument for the functions of legislation that do not require the stimulus of immediate popular excitement. There seems, indeed, to have been an instinct of this fact in that curious revival of the Young England of thirty years ago—the New Social Movement. The story of this attempted league has not been told with sufficient distinctness to authorize any censure of its motives, though we may smile at its disproportion of means to ends; but it has left clear evidence that a considerable proportion of the worthiest and most earnest of the skilled artisans of this country believe both in the goodwill and in the power of leading members in the House of Lords to analyze and, more or less, to remedy some of the more painful conditions of their social existence. They have certainly two palpable advantages over the philanthropists in the House of Commons. They have more time and more freedom from the personal entanglements which damage so much charitable effort; to this must be added—*pace* Mr. Miall—the comparative toleration for religious differences in matters of public duty and beneficence, of which the rejection of the Prison Ministers Bill of last session was so painful an example.

But it may very fairly be asked, If the House of Lords presents all this admirable legislative machinery, why let it rust in chronic inactivity, only interrupted by the spasmodic action of party differences? Now this is the very question I desire to put to Her Majesty's Government. Of course they may reply, that though the House of Lords is good, the House of Commons is better, and that it has all the leisure and opportunities required for the purpose. But, unfortunately, the members of the Government have exhausted themselves in apologies for leaving so much undone, and have pleaded that there were obstacles of time and space that even their abilities could not surmount, and which prevented them from making three nations happy. Mr. Bruce's constituents may call out to him from the depths of the earth, and protest against the continuance of colliery accidents; Mr. Bass and Sir W. Lawson may complain, each from his point of view, that just enough has been done by the production of the Licensing Bill to worry everybody and settle nothing; Mr. Goschen may lament that he has started a great scheme of local taxation without the opportunity of expounding its principles or of testing its applicability; Mr. Stansfield may promise us all sorts of sanatory ameliorations, with the chance that every one of them may be stifled in the slough of Irish Education. Even the Scotch members, who generally manage to carry everything that they care about by their good sense and spirit of compromise, even they may speak of themselves as being reduced to a

condition of Hibernian helplessness. And yet the House of Lords, which asks nothing better than to give its ample time and recognised talents to these clamorous public exigencies, is compelled to remain an impatient and helpless spectator, and submit to be told that it ought to be absorbed or abolished because it has got nothing to do.

It might indeed seem not impracticable for some independent peers of weight and position to take some such matters in hand without reference to the Government of the day; and this was evidently the hope and intention of the parties who originated the New Social Movement. There is, however, very great difficulty in any such individual action, from the command which the Public Offices possess over the latest statistics and sources of information. Yet I do not say that such an enterprise might not succeed, and I should be very willing to see my political friends subjected to the experiment. If Lord Kinnaird, for instance, were prepared with a Metalliferous Mines Bill at the opening of Parliament, and could secure for himself such a support from both sides of the House as would outnumber the pledged official Government supporters, he would either carry his Bill or compel Her Majesty's Ministers to substitute one of their own.

There are other deep benefits to the House of Lords and the public service, that would follow the regular supply to the Upper House of interesting and important business. It would disabuse the popular mind of the pernicious notion that its functions were simply obstructive, and that it prevented the will of the House of Commons from becoming law for some mysterious object of its own. The custom of daily and thorough work would diminish, if not remedy, the only practical defect of the House of Lords in the conduct of debate. I allude to a certain habit of hurry, and a feeling that, if a particular clique of men of business are satisfied with the progress of a measure, the interference of other peers, although known to be familiar with the subject, is considered obtrusive and unnecessary. The tone of conversation in the House of Lords is essentially that of good society; and as every English gentleman is naturally reticent, it is difficult to get him to contribute his share where the atmosphere is one of discouragement or even of impatience. Not admitting Goethe's apothegm * that a man has a right to be obtrusive if he only thoroughly understands his subject, English society admits no amount of knowledge as an excuse for dulness and garrulity, and in fact never looks on a man as an entire bore so much as when he is thoroughly well-informed. A more close and habitual contact with the common interests of the people on the part of the House of Lords may, too, have some indirect effect upon what we all feel to be the only serious dangers that threaten it—namely, either some act of hindrance and hostility, which personally affects, it may be, a small body of the people, but which enables any individual to point to a particular peer, and say, "That man, to whom I have done no injury, inflicts, as far as in him lies, a serious wound on the legitimate happiness of my daily life;"—or the still more perilous collective action which should refuse to confirm the strongly expressed desire, not only of a majority of the House of Commons, but of the sober second-thought of the people. The treatment of the Bill for the Marriage of a Deceased Wife's Sister is an example of the first; the rejection of a well-considered measure to secure a more free, real, and moral representation of the people, would be an illustration of the last.

In the first case, the individual peer would be giving to his own judgment of right and wrong a weight which the Constitution never intended him to possess. He is not invested with his vote to determine whether I, in my free opinion, should do or abstain from doing any act socially wise or unwise, prudent or imprudent, in relation to the domestic circle in which I live. Lord Penzance stated this order of objection as strongly as the late Mr. Henry Drummond could have done, who reproached a member with "not going in like a man and marrying his grandmother;" but,—added the experienced judge,—"Is this a basis for legislation?" Assuredly not; and if this opposition to the repeated decision of the House of Commons be allowed to continue, the agitation will

* Which I have somewhere seen thus versified—

"As in this world's eternal chorus
Some voices must be high, some low,—
Let those who like it bawl and bore us,
But in the things they really know."

increase to an extent quite out of proportion to the number of persons primarily interested, each of whom will become, whether he likes it or no, a focus of democratic excitement against a branch of the Legislature which is using its corporate power for the maintenance of individual crotchets and personal prejudices.

As to the obstinate resistance of the House of Lords on any question of the arrangement or balance of the powers of the Constitution, or any extension of the liberties of the people, I entertain no serious fear; but at the same time I cannot help casting forward my mind to the possible condition of things which may, at some not distant date, impose upon them certain duties of risk and defence which involve their very existence as a constituent power. The line of conduct for them to pursue under such circumstances seems to be traced out with the utmost clearness, it must lead either to substantive victory or to honourable dissolution. The simple precept to keep in mind is for them never to come into conflict with a casual majority of the House of Commons, except where it is clear that there is in the nation an earnest passive power and strong will of resistance on the same side as themselves. Hitherto the greater political self-control, which we, as a people, have exhibited, has been rewarded by a freedom from revolutionary extravagance which no other European nation has enjoyed. But there are indications of coming trouble which it would be unwise to neglect, even while we may find legitimate sources of comfort in our opponents' inconsistencies and difficulties of action. The Church of England is the object of simultaneous attack from three different quarters—from Ultramontane Catholicism, from Communistic Atheism, and from jealous Nonconformity. The Irish outworks are as good as given up to the first; the second have philosophical allies in many quarters who conceal their co-operations; and if the third avail themselves of any good opportunity to join their forces with those somewhat heterogenous allies, the temperate and tolerant spirit of the Christianity of the Church of England may find itself in considerable straits. "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon" may seem a strange ally for the muskets that ended in shooting down the Archbishop of Paris; but in such a cause as the destruction of the Church of England, and the House of Lords into the bargain, we may live to see Mr. Miall and Mr. Bradlaugh directing the aggressive forces under the benediction of Archbishop Manning. If there remain in the heart of the people of this country sufficient love of free thought to resist fanaticism, from whatever side it may come, the conquest may not be easy. What may come from disruption within the Church of England itself is quite another question.

If, again, the collision were to occur on the subject of any right of property, especially in land, it is satisfactory to perceive no monopoly or privilege that attaches itself to the House of Lords, and which is not common to the whole proprietary of the kingdom. The slight distinction which exists in the devolution of realty and personalty must soon be abolished, and landed property continually loses more and more of its peculiarity as an investment. The wealth, too, of the body is every day more and more dispersed in diverse channels. and the disqualification of a peer for bankruptcy implies something more than a point of honour. Should, therefore, anything so disastrous as a revolutionary conflict between Poverty and Wealth loom in the distance, the House of Lords will only enter into it as a portion of the propertied classes, and in no way as an object of special envy, obloquy, or aversion.

Now, these, and all other advantages which accrue from the commixture and infusion of the peerage with other orders of society in this country, are derived from its hereditary character. With us aristocracy has never been a caste; there has never been a notion of any loss of right or dignity by *mésalliance*; the nobleman raises the woman of his choice to his own rank, whatever be her antecedents and their offspring, without regard to her previous position. Inter-marriages are frequent not only with the gentry but with the professional and commercial classes. All barriers against any honest employment are broken down; a cadet of the loftiest lineage is too thankful to get into a fair City business; and if there be any pretensious vulgarity connected with the order, it will not be found in the elder branches. I am not sure that the occasional poverty of the peerage has not its good side as well as the wealth; it at once lessens the distinction and increases the interest. There is no longer anything more

expected of a lord than of any one else in the intercommunication of daily life, at least if he has the courage to assert an independent position, and, if anything, he can maintain the demeanour of a gentleman ("for honour peereth in the meanest habit") more easily than others under disadvantageous circumstances.

These facts should be kept in mind when the promotion of men of great desert or special ability to the peerage is in question.* It is difficult fully to explain the small amount of authority over public opinion which a Second Chamber, composed almost exclusively of notabilities and men of experience, has ever acquired. Whether there is something repugnant to the public vanity in an assemblage of men each presenting himself as an important unit and therefore demanding submission as a collective authority, or whether the worth of the individual is more severely scrutinised and his abilities more closely tested, or whether his independence of opinion is more difficult to secure, it is certain that all Second Chambers in Europe so constituted have failed to command public respect. But this is no reason why a hereditary Chamber should not be from time to time recruited with every form of social and intellectual eminence. Not, indeed, that much is to be always expected from the individual thus elevated ; he rarely feels himself completely at home, though he impregnates the generally assembly with something of his own faculty and distinction : Lord Lytton has not spoken in the House of Lords since his appearance there, and, as far as I know, has taken no part in its business. Mr. Dodson, Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons, has expressed in print his surprise that so many eminent lawyers being there met together should have done so little for the digest or codification of the Law. It is the fact that, whether from inability to unite their intellectual forces, or to subordinate their diversity of judgments to one special view, there is very little hope of anything valuable being effected in that direction. But all this is no reason why men of great ability, information, or experience, should not from time to time, be added to the House of Lords, though not in such numbers as to prejudice its constitution. At the present moment, when, owing to the direction of the public mind, aided by the pressure of certain distressing events, sanitary subjects are likely to be prominent, the accession of one or two eminent medical practitioners or men versed in the application of physical science would assuredly not be unwelcome.

It must not be supposed that the House of Lords has not been conscious of its own defects in matters of procedure. A committee on the subject of a Revision of the Standing Orders was lately moved for by Lord Stanhope (who somehow or other always manages to accomplish some object about which other people are talking),* but with little other result than the virtual abolition of Proxies, by throwing so many formalities in their way as to make the practice henceforth almost impossible. The very desirable object of meeting at four instead of at five, whieh would have given three good hours of debate before dinner, was thwarted by the judicial arrangements of the Court of Appeal, which so often detain the Lord Chancellor till late in the afternoon. It may assuredly be a question whether the permanent business of a branch of the Legislature should necessarily be subordinated to the convenience of a court of justice, and it might be suggested that there exists in the Chairman of Committees an officer perfectly competent to take the seat on the woolsack on all occasions of ordinary business. If any such Revision comes again under discussion, the question of the number of peers necessary to constitute a House can hardly be avoided ; for it is surely an encouragement to absence, even of official personages, that three should represent something like five hundred ; at the same time there would be no use in putting gentlemen to the trouble of going down to Westminster for the transaction of formal business, if the main evil of permanent inactivity is to continue.

I have now only to apologize to the editor and readers of this highly Liberal Periodical for the intrusion of an Article so eminently Conservative. But there may be some excuse in its

* That is to say, there is no longer the same necessity for limiting new Peerages to men of wealth, and what Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Lord North's clever daughter, called "the new order not of 'Barons' but of 'Barrens.'"

* *E.g.*, his abolition of the Occasional Services in the Prayer-Book, and his establishment of the National Portrait Gallery.

very extravagance. I admit of no possible organic Reform of the House of Lords. I fully acknowledge the Jesuit precept, *Sint ut sunt aut non sint*—if they are to be dealt with at all, it can only be by Revolution.

At the same time I cast a serious responsibility on the Government, if they persist in refusing to the House of Lords its legitimate share in the transaction of public business, and believe that they can keep up its character by occasionally foisting into it a clever man who finds himself there with nothing to do. If neither the Licensing Bill, nor the Truck Bill, nor the Mines Bill, nor any of the sanitary measures emanating from the Poor Law Board, are referred to them at the beginning of the coming Session, a grave suspicion will inevitably arise that it is the studied intent of our present rulers to damage and depreciate an Institution which I earnestly believe the mass of the people regard with traditional affection, not less for the intrinsic worth than for the inherent limitations of its powers.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Our Living Poets, an Essay in Criticism, by H. Buxton Forman. London: Tinsley Brothers.

THE poets criticised in this volume are Tennyson, Miss Smedley, Jean Ingelow, Robert Browning, W. Story, Mrs. Webster, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Christina Gabriela Rossetti, Coventry Patmore, Thomas Woolner, William Bell Scott, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Morris, R. H. Horne, Henry Taylor, and George Eliot. The first three are classified as the Idyllic school, the next three as the Psychological school, the five following as the Prerhaphaelite group, the last six as the Renaissance group; but this classification which, even as explained in the introduction, appears to us to rest in no very solid basis, goes practically for very little in the criticisms. Mr. Forman is evidently a most profound, as well as a most devoted student of poetry and we have derived much instruction as well as much pleasure from his teaching, especially with regard to the less known of the poets to whom he accords the honour of a place in his selection. Everything in the volume bespeaks adequate preparation for the critic's task, and conscientious care in performing it. The writer is thoroughly cultivated, though a remark or a phrase which he takes for a grammatical blunder in Mrs. Webster, but which is, in fact, a well known Grecism, leads us to suspect that he has not the great advantage, as to any one treating of artistic form it must be, of reading the Greek models in the original. His sympathies both æsthetic and moral are wide enough to embrace anything worthy of the name of art and anything which is not positively offensive to the most liberal morality. The worshippers of Jean Ingelow will find their idol broken by the stroke of a heavy hammer, but some pieces are left even for them to pick up. The poetic merits of Swinburne are fully recognized, and the fullest latitude of thought and expression on moral and religious subjects which reason and decency can concede is claimed for him, while justice is done, in words of great weight and dignity, on his gratuitous offences against rules observed by all right-minded men. Mr. Forman's personal leaning, however, is decidedly to the Psychological school, of which Browning is the unquestioned chief. Those who are not partizans of the Psychological school, who prefer something more "simple and sensuous," who think that the domain of mental science and that of poetry should be kept distinct, who in reading poetry look for high enjoyment not for hard intellectual effort, who resent metaphysical obscurity as a defect from which all really deep thinkers, including the greatest poets, are free, will not unfrequently rebel against Mr. Forman's judgments. They will think that there is something cliquish and almost pedantic in his demand of admiration for the "lark-like singing" of "Sordello," a poem which is utter darkness to men who have thoroughly mastered Æschylus and Dante, which is utter darkness, if a current anecdote has any foundation, to Tennyson. They will note his omission to explain why it is, if Browning is the

Shakespeare of Monologue, that while in Shakspeare the better, nobler and more beautiful parts of human nature stand forth in their full proportions and predominate over the evil, Browning is almost exclusively great in morbid anatomy, and the interest of almost all his most celebrated pieces is due either to the actual presence or to the brooding shadow of some horrible crime. They will see in the astounding passage, as it is to us, in which Mr. Forman finally falls on his knees before Walt Whitman, the Nemesis of an over-refined and artificial school. That which, to the simple lovers of Shakespeare and Milton, Wordsworth and Shelley appears merely rampant bestiality, and so far from being poetry that it is not even verse, may very likely to brains racked with Sordello be welcome as a refreshing "return to nature." To Tennyson, as the central divinity of the "Pantheon," Mr. Forman, of course, uplifts a censer smoking with the choicest incense. He permits us, however, to see that there are degrees in the merits of Tennyson's productions; he even utters the sad word "decadence;" he does not place Enoch Arden and the Idylls of the King by the side of *In Memoriam*, nor does he shrink from treating with open ridicule the attempt made by Tennyson's fanatical worshippers, not without the countenance it would seem of the poet himself, to represent the Idylls as "a great *connected* poem, dealing with the very highest interests of man." He is probably right in suspecting that this theory and the efforts to give it support by rearrangement and patching arise from a desire to secure the kingship against division with other poets, who have recently produced, with success, poems on a large scale. There is one passage of Tennyson however of which Mr. Forman is particularly enamoured, but with regard to which we venture very respectfully to dissent from him, and will state our reasons for doing so, because, perhaps, it is our best way of indicating in what sense, if at all, we should desire to qualify his and other people's praises of Tennyson and the Tennysonian school. We will only premise, in case any of our remarks happen to have caught the reader's eye before that they are reproduced, not borrowed.

The passage to which we refer is the invective against the love of Peace, written at the opening of the Crimean war, and intended to stimulate the war passions of the nation, as it probably did:

"Why do they prate of the blessings of peace? We
have made them a curse,
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its
own;
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or
worse
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his
own hearthstone?

"But these are the days of advance, the works of
the men of mind,
When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his word?
Is it peace or war? civil war, as I think, and that of
a kind
The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the
sword.

"Sooner or later I too may passively take the
print
Of the golden age—why not? I have neither hope
nor trust;
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a
flint,
Cheat and be cheated, and die: who knows? we are
ashes and dust.

"Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the
days gone by,
When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together,
each sex, like swine;
When only the ledger lives, and when only not all
men lie;
Peace in her vineyard—yes—but a company forges
the wine.

"And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's
head,
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife,
While chalk, and alum, and plaster are sold to the
poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of
life.

"And sleep must lie down arm'd for the villainous
centre-bits
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless
nights,
While another is cheating the sick of a few last
gasps, as he sits
To pestle a poison'd poison behind his crimson
lights.

"When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a
burial fee,
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's
bones,
Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by land
and by sea,
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred
thrones.

"For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round
by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,

That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap
from his counter and till
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yardwand, home—

"What! am I raging alone as my father raged in his mood?
Must I, too, creep to the hollow and dash myself down and die,
Rather than hold by the law that I made, never more to brood
On a horror of shattered limbs and a wretched swindler's lie?"

To Mr. Forman, and to many other people these lines seem full of the noblest wisdom, and the only reason which they can conceive for anyone's being of a different opinion is, that his ignoble nature is stung by a just rebuke.

Let it be at once heartily conceded that, in a world where right is still to be upheld against powers of wrong of all sorts and sizes, from the Czar Nicholas down to Mr. Caleb Cushing, the Peace-at-any-price doctrine is foolishness. Let it be conceded that there are still two good reasons at least for going to war, self-defence and the defence of public right, which is self-defence with the cause of humanity and honour superadded. Still, even in the case of the Crimean war, it seems to us possible that not only the commercial meanness, but a part at least of the real manhood of the nation may have been with Lord Aberdeen, a high-minded gentleman, and a devoted servant of his country if ever there was one, in struggling to avoid the terrible responsibility of breaking the happy spell of the forty years peace and letting loose again upon Christendom the hounds of war. The commercial meanness of the nation was in fact, to a great extent on the other side. It was putting itself into a swaggering attitude, and resolving to show the world that we were not a nation of shopkeepers. Many good and brave men deemed war righteous and inevitable; but at the same time all the poltroons were declaiming against the pusillanimity of statesmen who feared less to encounter obloquy than to shed the people's blood. Unluckily, with standing armies, though we talk about going to war, we do not really go to war, but send others to war in our place; and men who would creep under their beds if they thought that a bullet was coming within half a mile of them are at liberty, without being physically responsible, to hurl about their thunderbolts and to talk lightly of the heart of the citizen hissing on his own hearthstone. That phrase seems to us something more than Tyrtean: Tyrtæus, who had no doubt seen war, would probably have shrunk from using it.

"War with a thousand battles and shaking a thousand thrones" to cure the hysterical mock disease of one man! What is this but the extreme expression of unmanly, helpless, thoroughly ignoble egotism? Why cannot this hero who has compromised a woman's character by his rather selfish imprudence, and killed her brother in a foolish duel, regain such peace of mind as is possible under the circumstances, in some better way than by shedding more blood and bringing more misery on the world? Because he has no power of self-control or self-exertion, so that to cure him of his mental malady he must have a grand sensation at whatever cost to his fellow-creatures. Poor Alexander Smith in the same way wanted, as a cure for his dyspepsia, to head a charge of twenty thousand horse. Probably he would not have known on which side to mount his own charger. Of course we do not mean to name Alexander Smith in the same breath with Tennyson, but Alexander Smith was one of the Tennyson-unculi.

The other ground for wanting a bloody war is to cure the nation of its Mammonism. But the excitement of the violent passions unfortunately does not extirpate the mean passions. It scarcely suspends their action. The swindlers, the impostors, the adulterators of food did not change their ways when we sat down before Sebastopol, It was about that time, if we remember rightly, that the great Paul and Strachan frauds occurred. Burglary, drunkenness, and wife-beating were as rife as ever, and, to the usual rogueries, were added those of commissaries and contractors. As to Stockjobbing, which drove the father of the hero in *Maud* to suicide, and the hero himself to misanthropy, war is the element in which it thrives. The hearts of the Bulls did not beat with the same desire as those of the Bears, nor did the heart of the Opposition in Parliament beat with the same desire as that of the Government unless it were the desire of the same places. For a moral malady a moral cure, in the case of the nation and in the case of the man. Let the nation reform itself, amend its laws, choose better rulers, rigorously apply the fraudulent Trustees Act, improve the medical police. Let the man heal himself of his heart-sickness by doing good to his kind. War may, and often does, elevate the soldier who faces death; it does not elevate, it deeply degrades those who with boastful language and furious gestures send the soldier to his doom. While peasants were agonizing on the blood-stained slope of Inkerman, or dying a lingering death in hospitals before Sebastopol, and perhaps owing their doom partly to the national spirit awakened by Tennyson's admirable lines, where was the poet of war and what was he doing? In his lines "To F. D. Maurice," which appeared with *Maud*, we see him sitting with his friend in a charming villa in the Isle of

Wight, and chatting about the campaign over his wine, while the men-of-war sailing outwards, with many a fisherman's and peasant's son going to his nameless grave in the Euxine on board them, lend another charm to the beautiful sea-view. Suppose a Russian three-decker had come yonder round by the hill into Freshwater Bay, and suppose the battle-bolts had rushed out of the foam, would the poet have charged home with his steel pen, or would he like ourselves have sought the shelter of the nearest fortress? The passages on the Crimean war in *Maud* with their almost ferocious energy, their strongly political character, the intense interest which they show in a question of the day seem an exception to the general tenor of the poems. But they are an exception which proves the rule. They are the expression of a nature dependent on external sensations, because it is devoid of a certain kind of internal force. A few great poets have been also practically great men, and their practical greatness lends a surpassing interest to their poetry. We may number among them besides Dante and Milton, Byron, Wordsworth and Shelley, each of whom though far from being a Hercules, had strong practical sympathies and high practical aims, disguised in Shelley's case by his having, as some one wittily said, mistaken God for the Devil and the Devil for God. In Tennyson, as great a poet in point of art as ever lived, or as our minds can conceive, there is not, as it seems to us, this special element of interest. His character, as mirrored in his writings, seems to have been moulded by the philosophy of a sceptical age which he has comprehended with a large intellect, and to which he gives expression with a mastery of language and a power of turning philosophy into poetry never before approached. But action, sympathy with action, the power of painting action, of creating active characters are comparatively wanting in him. No discriminating admirer claims for him epic or dramatic greatness. Of the *Idylls of the King* Mr. Forman himself says "they are full of beauties in their own peculiar manner of workmanship; fine ideas abound throughout them; the music of words is heard through their varying pages in many a perfect lyric; and they possess numerous passages which for weight of thought weightily set forth, have long ago passed into the permanent station of household words. In fine, the stock of the English tongue and the tone of the English mind cannot fail to benefit from them. But the men and women—do they individually and collectively stand carved in the heart as well as shaped in the mind? Does one feel towards them as towards brothers and sisters, whether in misery or in triumph? To me they have always on the whole presented a certain remoteness totally unconnected with the remoteness of the times: they seem too evidently to be moved by an external hand holding with a somewhat painful anxiety all their threads rather than by inner deep-down impulses such as would lead us to lay heart to heart with them and share in the burden of their woe or joy in the brightness of their joy." The pathos of the Idylls is in fine as Mr. Forman says, "a lyric not a dramatic pathos." The character presented in *Maud* is evidently identical with the character presented in *Locksley Hall*: so far as we know, it is the only distinct and really living character presented in Tennyson's poems, such characters as those of *Simeon Stylites*, *Sir Galahad*, *St. Agnes* being merely historical generalities. The natural inference seems to be that this single character is drawn from consciousness rather than dramatically created. It is the character of a man of high intellect and exquisite sensibility keenly alive to all impressions, greatly dependent on the world without him for happiness, and apt to fall into a cynical mood when the happiness is not afforded. Scarcely indeed would it be possible for even an ideal world to satisfy a nature endowed with capacities so vast of pleasure and pain. The influence of such a character combined with our sceptical philosophy seems very often to be present in Tennyson's poems. Hardly anywhere is action or effort of any kind painted with the self-abandoning zest of one who heartily enters into it. The force of circumstances, the intellectual circumstances of the time included, predominates over that of free will. The meditated suicide in *The Two Voices* is arrested not by a moral effort but by an external impression, the sound of the church bells and the sight of happy people going to church. Mr. Forman says of Tennyson's *Ulysses* that "it is not the traits distinctive of the Greek which go to the heart of the modern Englishman but the sense of a struggling, energetic, undaunted hardihood of human endeavour as vital now as then." We have conceived a high respect for Mr. Forman's critical authority, but we confess that to us there has always seemed to be a strong contrast in this very respect between the Homeric *Ulysses*, a man of action and of definite purpose, striving vigorously through all his involuntary wanderings to regain his own home and that of his companions, and the *Ulysses* of Tennyson, who is "a hungry heart," roaming aimlessly to "lands beyond the sunset" in the vague hope of being washed down by the gulf to the happy isles, and dragging his poor homesick sailors with him. "Roaming" we said: we should rather have said intending to roam, but standing for ever a listless and melancholy figure on the shore. King Arthur leaves us, floats away over the lake in his mystic barge, and with him action departs. Perhaps one day he may return, and the time for action may

return with him. Meantime we sit down in the twilight on the lake shore. In the speculative sphere, reign doubt and the luxury of doubt. If there is little genuine sympathy with the effort which results in action there is as little with the effort which results in conviction. That which is amiss in the world is left to unriddle itself bye-and-bye. Death, not reason, keeps the keys of all the creeds. At the end of *The Vision of Sin*, when we are brought face to face with the difficult question, God spares us the trouble of attempting to solve it by "making Himself an awful rose of dawn"—words almost ludicrously emblematic of that philosophic mood of pensive expectancy from which the philosophy of Tennyson's poems springs, and which his surpassing genius has probably done not a little to propagate among young men of intellect. Wordsworth's *Happy Warrior* has really far more of stimulus to action in it than the war passage in *Maud*, though the force is latent in perfect gentleness. Compare again Wordsworth's description of a perfect woman, merely in a moral point of view (for the lines though beautiful are defective in art) with the women of Tennyson's poems. Tennyson's women, with exquisite poetic grace, are fit denizens for moated granges, fit companions perhaps for a pensive twilight stroll, hardly fit denizens of a work-day home or fit companions for a working life. The type of them is Margaret, whose own sister is the "mystery of mysteries, faintly smiling Adeline." One cannot imagine these beings moving about a house. Isabel indeed is set before us as the perfect wife, but she is only a beautiful statue with the emblems of marriage at her side. She is truly symbolized by "the mellow reflex of a winter moon," as cold, as visionary, as motionless. The chief function of woman seems to be that of casting out the demon of hypocondria from the breast of the solitary and relieving him of the melancholy which flows to him from all things round him—from his home and history, from nature, from philosophy, from science. Women are the countercharms of space and hollow sky. Marriage itself though extolled as the gate of virtue and happiness in terms which would satisfy the most ardent preacher of matrimony, seems to lead not from listlessness to activity, but from a sad dream into a happy one. In *The Miller's Daughter* we see the visionary and his wife leading the life of lotus eaters. Even children would bore them. They have had one child which has died, and become a pensive reminiscence adding the luxury of melancholy to their happy thoughts, as they sit at evening looking into each other's eyes or wander out to see the sunset.

We are not speaking of the general merits of Tennyson's poetry. If we were we should echo the well chosen words of Mr. Forman, not excepting the epithet, "first and greatest of writers in verbal mosaic." Nor, are we speaking of Tennyson as a man in any invidious sense. He has of course himself acted on the greatest scale and in the way assigned by nature to his genius in producing a glorious body of poetry. We are speaking only of a certain ethical tendency in his poems and of their possible effect, as regards ordinary words, in indisposing to strenuous action, and at the same time disposing to occasional violence of sentiment like that expressed in the passage, poetically admirable no doubt, but in our eyes ethically and politically less admirable, which gave occasion to Mr. Forman's remarks and to our comment upon them.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PAST LIFE, By Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., D.C.L., President of the Royal Institution of Great Britain: Physician in Ordinary to the Queen. NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & CO.

Sir Henry Holland was bound to give us his "Recollections. He has had singular opportunities for making a note book. He is now eighty-three years old, entered the world with the French revolution, has attended six Prime Ministers, was on the field of Vittoria, and was sitting with Lincoln and Seward when news arrived of the battle of Chattanooga. Very early in life he got as a physician into good London practice, presenting almost a unique exception, so far as London doctors are concerned, to the rule that physicians begin to make their bread when they have no teeth left to eat it. His eminent social qualities, his urbanity of manner and the suavity of his temper, his union of general taste and cultivation with medical skill, gained for him at the same early age a permanent footing in the best, really the best, society. He had so firm a hold on the confidence, and perhaps still more on the attachment of his patients, that he has been able through life to take an annual tour. He has thus been in a great many places. This is not of much importance, as all London, and all New York have now been in the same places. What is of more importance is that he has seen an immense number of eminent men and women, either professionally or socially; not a few of them round his own table at breakfast, than which he says "no meal is better fitted for social enjoyment, if not impaired by those *hesterna vitia* of the dinner table which so often sadden or unsettle the temper of the ensuing day"—or, we may add by having to go to your office afterwards. In these "Recollections" a perfect throng of notabilities pass over the scene; of the men and women of the last three-

quarters of a century hardly one is wanting except Napoleon I., whom few Englishmen had a chance of seeing. Most of them, it is true, do little more than pass over the scene. But sometimes we get more vividness and detail. Murat appears "tall and masculine in person; his features well formed, but expressing little beyond good nature and a rude energy, and consciousness of physical power; his black hair flowing in curls over his shoulders, his hat gorgeous with plumes, his whole dress carrying an air of masquerade, well picturing the ardent chief of cavalry in Napoleon's great campaigns." He was "resplendent on horseback" and dwarfed all his numerous suite in horsemanship as well as in person; yet Sir Henry saw him thrown from an English blood-mare, to his great disgust. Sir Henry once rode close to him at a review in a charge on a square of infantry, within which the Queen was placed, and noted his elation and eagerness even in that petty mimicry of fight. It is something to have been at the Court ball at Naples, when a vague rumour preluding a great event, ran through the room, and was followed by whisperings between the King and Queen, and then, the party having at once broken up, by the announcement that Napoleon had escaped from Elba. Of Madame de Stael, Sir Henry's opinion, delivered with all due urbanity and diffidence, is that "she would willingly have surrendered something of her intellectual fame for a little more of personal beauty." "She was ever curiously demonstrative of her arms, as the feature which best satisfied this aspiration. A slip of paper often in her hand and sedulously twisted during her eager conversation, might be a casual trick of habit, though there are some who give it a more malicious interpretation." Sir Henry retains strongly in memory the picture of a Spanish Bourbon group, the King, Charles IV., of Spain, his Queen, the Infante Don Paolo and Godoy—"the old king, bulky in body, vacant in face and mind, placidly indolent in his whole demeanour—the Queen, a woman whose countenance, voice and gesture might easily in older days, have condemned her as a witch. The Infante was an ill-fashioned youth, who laughed idiotically when his mother alluded to the wine-mark on his face, and Godoy (Prince of the Peace) the shadow of a handsome man; pleasing in manner and common conversation, but showing no other quality to justify the influence he so long retained in the government of Spain." Pretty free for a Court physician! Talleyrand rises, witty but not ethereal. "Wholly absorbed in the physical pleasure of eating, he spoke little during dinner, and little in the early stages of digestion. This devotion to the single real meal of the day he did not seek to disguise. Later in the evening his eloquence, if such it might be called, broke out, and more than once I have listened to him till midnight with unabated interest. His power of simple narration was extraordinary. It was a succession of salient pictures, never tedious from being kept too long before the eye, and coloured by an epigrammatic brevity, and felicity of language peculiar to himself." In a sketch which he gave of the French marshals, Talleyrand spoke with most respect of Marshal Mortier. His memoirs, when they come, will, perhaps, tell some truths about the whole set. The portrait of Lord Melbourne is pleasing, and we believe true, "A clear and masculine understanding lightened by great kindness of temper and genial humour vested itself in language of almost rustic plainness. There was something of the *abnormis sapiens* about him in his power of reaching sound conclusions which often sounded like maxims, from the terse simplicity of their expression. Singularly handsome in the best English type he was wholly without personal vanity. He attained and retained the foremost place in political life without ambition and without party animosity. Under the semblance of carelessness about men and things, and real carelessness as to what concerned himself personally, he was deeply conscientious in all that he deemed the interests of the country. Though he could joke about the making of Bishops, and complain in somewhat homely phrase (O courtly Sir Henry, *what was* the phrase?) of the trouble they gave him by dying, no subject, as I had frequent opportunity of knowing, occasioned him more earnest thought." If the "Gates Ajar" theory of our future life is true, it must have been a great gratification to the bishops in the other world to know that they had really given the liberal Prime Minister trouble by dying. The death of Lord Palmerston is "still so recent" (compared with the French Revolution) that Sir Henry hesitates to touch upon his name. We get, however, one or two interesting traits of him from the physician's point of view. "One of these, of which I had frequent professional knowledge, was his wonderful power of mastering, I might call it ignoring, bodily pain. I have seen him under a fit of gout which would have sent other men groaning to their couches, continue his work of writing or reading on public business almost without abatement, amidst the chaos of papers which covered the floor as well as the table of his room. As a patient he was never fretful, but obedient in every way, except as to this very point. And here, indeed, though I at first remonstrated against these unusual labours during illness, I soon learned that such remonstrance was not only fruitless but injudicious. To Lord Palmerston work was itself a remedy. The labour he loved 'physiced pain.' No anodyne I could have prescribed would have been equally effectual in allaying it, or, as I may better say, in lessening that *sense* of

suffering which is always augmented by the attention of the mind directed to it." Protected partly by his character as a physician, one of the "sacred heralds" of humanity, Sir Henry ventured in his wanderings into some rather queer neighbourhoods, among others into the den of Ali Pasha, at Minerva. On two occasions he was near dangerously provoking the tiger. Once Ali sent for him to translate an intercepted despatch of great importance from the British Government to the Porte. Sir Henry honourably refused and the tiger showed his teeth, but did not bite. On the other occasion, a conversation on poisons "designedly but warily brought on by Ali," ended in his asking Sir Henry whether he knew of any poison which, put on the mouthpiece of a pipe, or given in ceffee might slowly and silently kill, leaving no note behind. Sir Henry answered like a loyal son of Æsculapius, and a true Briton—that as a physician he had studied how to save life, not to destroy it. The tiger's face showed that the answer was faithfully translated to him. "He quitted the subject abruptly, and never afterwards reverted to it."

The style of the "Recollections" is as distinctly impressed with the character of the Court physician as that of Louis XIV. is with the character of the great king. Its placid periods might almost soothe the gout of a patient of quality. But we wish Sir Henry would not lend the sanction of his cultivated taste to such a use of the participle as "*Though visiting* the place only once a year, it is pleasant to me to retain the old family farm in my own hands, *confessing* at the same time that my tastes and habits are little suited to the condition of a landed proprietor." We demur, also, to his introducing at Court such a *parvenu* as *anteceded* for *preceded*—"his death anteceded but a short time the events which have just hurried the second empire to its end."

Sir Henry has just finished his third reading of the Odyssey "under a feeling of augmented pleasure", and has passed on to the *Wasps* of Aristophanes. He still walks fast, feels an irresistible propensity to pass those before him in the street, and in going through a square, takes the diagonal, though often a dirty one, instead of the side-walk, When he ceases to take the diagonal he thinks that it will be a symptom of the approach of old age, for which he promises to make timely preparation in accordance with his favourite phrase of Juvenal, *intellecta senectus*. If any man ever had, he has had a happy life. He owes it partly to propitious circumstances, and to a healthy constitution, partly to that singular placidity of temper which enables him to say that in the whole course of his long professional life, not unmixed with more public occurrences, he has only once had a quarrel, and that not one of his own making. He is naturally ready to prescribe the same placidity for all patients whose disease is lack of happiness; but he should prescribe with it, and as a preparation for it, a good dose of early success.

JOURNAL OF THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK. Vol. I. No. 1. New York: Westerman and Co., 1871-72.

In earlier years the American Ethnological Society had its head quarters in New York, and did good service in the cause of science. Its transactions were specially enriched by valuable philological and ethnological contributions from the pen of Mr. Albert Gallatin, which are still referred to with interest by modern students. But for many years its influence as a society has ceased to be felt; and now, at length, it has followed the example of the Ethnological Society of London,—against which, however, no such charge of inertness could be sustained,—and has merged into a new association of Anthropologists. At its head is the Hon. E. G. Squier, well-known as the author of various valuable and ingenious works, and with him are associated Dr. Davis, his co-labourer in the researches among the mounds of the Mississippi Valley; Dr J. C. Nott, one of the joint authors of "Indigenous Races of Mankind"; and others already well-known by their investigations in various departments of this new and popular science. The resuscitation of the old Ethnological Society, under new and energetic leaders, and with more comprehensive aims, cannot fail to be hailed with pleasure by all students of science.

The first number of the Journal of the Anthropological Institute is occupied to a considerable extent with borrowed materials; but its preliminary report indicates that the trenchant mode of scientific warfare for which its president is already noted, is not likely to fail in giving vitality to its pages. Reviewing the labours of their predecessors, Mr. Squier refers, with thinly disguised irony, to "those social entertainments, which have been very pleasant but somewhat expensive pendants to their meetings," and which wasted funds, that, properly expended, might have "advanced science, encouraged and brought new inquirers into our special field of research, besides exposing and suppressing imposture." For, as he tells us, "Anthropology is no longer hazy speculation; its area is no longer the waste field into which pretenders, half-schooled philosophers, vague theorists, and Jonathan Oldbucks of all sorts may shove their inconsequent rubbish;" and so he turns aside to have his fling at the American Antiquarian Society in this fashion: "An endowed institution, in nine cases out of ten, becomes a roost for owls and

a refuge for rats and bats. Look at that ancient society in another State, established, or rather buried, in a pleasant country town, with its fine buildings and splendid endowment! What has it done for antiquarian science during the last half-century?"

Somehow Anthropology has, during its very brief existence, proved itself a very belligerent science. The late Anthropological Society of London, which has recently been merged in the new Institute, could by no means be called a roost for owls. It rather resembled a bear-garden, in which half-schooled philosophers and vague theorists played fantastic enough tricks at times. It is evident that the amenities of American science are to be ministered in a somewhat Anthropological sense, under the new regime at New York. There will be no want of life, at any rate, and that is to be welcomed with all heartiness. If, indeed, the new Institute will resolutely employ the trenchant pugnacity already manifest in its inception, in putting down crude philosophers and vague theorists with their inconsequential rubbish; and, in lieu ot these, accumulate facts in physical anthropology, in archæology and philology, it wiil win credit to itself, and do a work of real service to American science.

Dr. M. Paul Broca's Parisian address on Anthropology, which has already done similar service in other Anthropological Journals, furnishes a useful *resumé* of aims and work in the selected field of research. Another selection from the "Journal of the Anthropological Society of Paris," entitled "Trepanning among the Incas," gives a very curious illustration of primitive American surgery. The operation of trepanning is as old as the days of Hippocrates; and then, as now, it was performed by means of a circular saw, through a rotatory motion, but Mr. Squier, who has devoted great attention to the antiquities of Peru, forwarded to M. Broca of Paris, a skull taken from an Inca cemetery in the valley of Yucay, on which the process of trepanning has been performed, apparently with a gouge or bronze graver, or, as Dr. Draper suggests, with a quartz knife. With the aid of some such rude surgical instrument, a rectangular portion of bone has been removed, with very nearly the same practical results as those produced by the circular trephines of the modern surgeon. A well-executed wood-cut furnishes a front view of the skull, and supplies an exceedingly interesting illustration of this novel disclosure of the independent civilization of the Incas.

Among the original papers, well illustrated with wood-engravings, may be noted, one on "Antiquities from the Guano Islands of Peru." These islands were frequented by the inhabitants of the adjacent coasts, long prior to the days of Columbus or Pizarro; and many aboriginal relics, of gold, silver, bronze, earthenware. &c., have been found, in the course of excavating the precious *huana*, as the Quicua designation is. Mr. Squier has brought together the most interesting accessible information on the subject, letting explorers and observers tell their own tales, as in the case of Mr. J. P. Davis, of Massachusetts, Government Engineer of Peru. His narrative is described by Mr. Squier as "perhaps the best, and only exact account of the discovery of relics in the *huana*." One of these is a wooden idol, a little over a foot high, representing a squatting female, "found on the South Guanape Island, at an elevation of about 450 feet above the sea, and on the edge of a precipice. . . . . The idol," he adds, "is somewhat decayed;" as it well may be, from the further statement, made seemingly in all gravity, that it "has the appearance of having been carved about the time of the flood. It has a benignant countenance, an ample belly, and an atrocious smell."

Mr. Squier discusses the credibility of the various accounts, and discriminates between the various narrators; not hesitating to characterize one by name, as an impostor; and describing other accounts as too vague to be made the basis of rational speculation.

A paper, by Mr. J. W. Ward, on "Sculptured Rocks, Belmont Co., Ohio;" we recognize as one which has already appeared elsewhere. The sculptures are curious intaglio representations of human and animal footprints, which have been the subjects of extravagant description by previous writers. They are here well illustrated by means of wood-cuts, and their true value and significance discussed. A brief paper by Mr. C. C. Jones, on a canoe found in Savannah River Swamp, a few miles from the city of Savannah, discusses its age, and thus sums up the induction:—"All that we know is, that this Indian canoe is old—older than the barge which conveyed Oglethorpe up the Savannah, when he first selected the home of the Yamacraws as a site for the future commercial metropolis of the Colony of Georgia;—more ancient, probably, than the statelier craft which carried the fortunes of the discoverer of this Western Continent;"—in fact, quite as old, probably, as the *huana* idol "carved about the time of the flood."

The indefatigable president, Mr. Squier, completes the first instalment of "Anthropological Papers" with one on "The Arch in America;" for by the free—or, shall we say, the loose—interpretation of their title Anthropologists claim a right to absorb philology, ethnology, archæology, and we know not how many more ologies, within their domain. They are undisguised annexationists. In the case of their

late London confrères, indeed, gyneology, hagiology, martyrology, mythology and theology were all taken in hand, in such a slashing, buccaneering fashion,—and clergy in general, and missions and missionaries in particular were assailed with such indiscriminate pertinacity,—that sober inquirers after truth were scandalized, and hastened to withdraw from the combative arena of disputatious savans. We trust their American brethren will take warning by their experience. What is wanted at present, is a careful accumulation of accurate, well-authenticated facts. The vexed questions of the unity of the human race, the development theory, and all else, up to our supposed Ascidian ancestry, may safely be left to the eliminating development of time. We welcome the journal of the new Institute, and trust that by its judicious management, it may accumulate the materials on which, alone, any sound theories in reference to American Anthropology can be based; that it will deal temperately with the controversies hat are, we fear, inevitable; and modestly with the theories which our modern savans of the Anthropological type construct so admirably, after the model of an inverted pyramid; their basis an infinitesimal point, but crowned with a broad and ample summit, looming in the haze of its sublime altitude.

VOLTAIRE, by John Morley. London: Chapman and Hall.

Mr. Morley is unquestionably a power in the intellectual and moral world, at least in that part of it which does not altogether refuse to near the teaching of a very extreme liberal. His knowledge is great, his grasp of it firm, his style vigorous though peculiar, his moral judgment strong, and if often based on principles to which most people would not assent, always consistent with his principles and thoroughly honest. An extreme liberal he is and something more, especially in religious questions; but his literary sympathies are catholic and have embraced Burke as well as Voltaire. His present essay is one of great power and very instructive to the student of history. It throws much light on the nature and extent of the work done (for good or evil or for both) by Voltaire, and at the same time on the better parts of Voltaire's character, such as the sincere and energetic hatred of injustice which he manifested in the affair of Calas. At the same time it does not conceal either his personal weaknesses or those of his system. That the estimate should on the whole appear too high to an ordinary reader is perhaps the inevitable fate of any special treatise on the life of a man whom the writer believes on the whole to have rendered to humanity great services which have hitherto been misunderstood or imperfectly recognized. An historical name once prominently identified with a movement or a system is sure, in our present stage of historical philosophy, to bring with it an entanglement of feelings and prejudices from which even so independent a thinker as Mr. Morley cannot entirely shake himself free.

One passage in the essay has for us a peculiar and touching interest of its own. It is idle to hide from ourselves the sad fact that there are now in the world many men—even good and conscientious men—who have ceased to be satisfied not only with the evidences of Christianity but with the proofs of Natural Religion; and the terrible question thus practically arises what man can be—where he can find a rule of life or comfort in death—without a belief in God. So far as we know, the question is nowhere so frankly met as in these words:—

"Above all, it is monstrous to suppose that because a man does not accept your synthesis, he is therefore a being without a positive need of a coherent body of belief capable of guiding and inspiring conduct.

"There are new solutions for him if the old are fallen dumb. If he no longer believes death to be a stroke from the sword of God's justice but the leaden footfall of an inflexible law of matter; the humility of his awe is deepened, and the tenderness of his pity made holier, that creatures who can love so much should have their days so shut round with a wall of darkness. The purifying anguish of remorse will be stronger not weaker when he has trained himself to look upon every wrong in thought, every duty omitted from act, each infringement of the inner spiritual law which humanity is constantly perfecting for its own guidance and advantage, less as a breach of the decrees of an unseen tribunal, than as an ungrateful infection, weakening and corrupting the future of his brothers; and he will be less effectually raised from inmost prostration of soul by a doubtful subjective reconciliation, so meanly comfortable to his own individuality, than by hearing full in the ear the sound of the cry of humanity craving sleepless succour from her children. That swelling consciousness of height and freedom with which the old legends of an omnipotent divine majesty fill the breast, may still remain, for how shall the universe ever cease to be a sovereign wonder of overwhelming power and superhuman fixedness of law? And a man will be already in no mean paradise, if at the hour of sunset a good hope can fall upon him like harmonies of music, that the earth shall still be fair, and the happiness of every feeling creature still receive a constant augmentation, and

each good cause yet find worthy defenders when the memory of his own poor name and personality has long been blotted out of the brief recollection of men for ever."

That to a man of high intellect and one capable by his range of thought and knowledge of really taking in the idea and sentiment of humanity, such a substitute for religion and its hope, may be or appear satisfactory, we know from the case before us. But what will it be to the mass of mankind?

THE ABOMINATIONS OF MODERN SOCIETY. By Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, author of "Crumbs Swept Up," New York: Adams, Victor & Co.

It may have been a stroke of policy on the part of the writer of this book to select a title which, as it seems to promise leprous revelations, is likely to attract readers of the class for whose benefit the book is designed. No such revelations, however, will be found in the work. It is simply a series of vehement, and if vehemence of style is any proof of earnestness, earnest sermons against the vices of great cities in general, and of New York in particular. If we cannot quite endorse the statement in the preface that "the book is not more for men than for women," we may at least say that there is nothing in it which is not in spirit, and, as far as the subject will admit, in expression perfectly moral. Possibly such preaching may do good. But even those, who are least inclined to acquiesce in the debilitating theory that morality is entirely dependent on circumstances, have begun to be aware that to alter the conduct of large masses of men it is necessary to alter the conditions under which they live. From Tyre and Sidon to London and New York, great commercial cities have presented the same moral features; though at New York the case is aggravated by a constant influx of half-civilized immigration and by the unsettled and shifting character of the population generally, which is adverse to the steady influence of a wholesome public opinion. A great aggregation of young men as clerks, without homes, and in the midst of all the temptations of a great city, is almost as certain to lead to vice as the liquor which they drink is to produce intoxication. Mr. Talmage is no doubt right in designating the winter nights as the trying season for most young men; not that young men are more immorally disposed between the autumnal and the vernal equinox, but that in the winter nights the want of amusement is most felt and the sense of loneliness is most oppressive. This source of evil is augmented in the United States by the increasing tendency of American youth to desert farming for city pursuits, which is altogether one of the great social and economical dangers of the United States. The special evil denounced by Mr. Talmage, under the name of "The Power of Clothes," that is social extravagance, with its attendant vices and meannesses, may be in some degree mitigated by the events which, though in themselves calamitous, have a tendency to diminish the social influence of Paris, which New York has hitherto servilely copied in its extravagance and vices. The fall of the Ring may also check the propensities which lead to swindling under various names and in various degrees of turpitude; at least if condign personal punishment is inflicted on the malefactors, for their political discomfiture and the loss of a portion of their immense booty would be insufficient to counteract in the minds of greedy and unscrupulous youth the influence of their dazzling example.

We trust we shall not aggravate any international difficulty by mentioning that Mr. Talmage's style is American. Instead of saying that, if anything in his book can do good, he will be glad that it was printed, he must say he will be glad "that the manuscript was caught up between the sharp teeth of the type;" and he abounds in such flowers as these:—"God once in a while hitches up the fiery team of vengeance and ploughs up the splendid libertinism, and we stand aghast"—"as the waters (of the Red Sea) whelm the pursuing foe, the swift-fingered winds on the white keys of the foam play the grand march of Israel delivered and the awful dirge of Egyptian overthrow"—"they call it Cognac or Hock, or Heidsick, or Schnapps, or Old Bourbon, or Brandy, or Champagne; but they tell not that in the ruddy glow there is the blood of sacrifice, and in its flash the eye of uncoiled adders, and in the foam the mouth-froth of eternal death." Without putting taste in the balance against morality, we must say that if Mr. Talmage were to teach the New York clerks to talk in this style, we should regard it as a serious set-off against any moral improvement which such tropes are likely to effect.

LITERARY NOTES.

The publishing world, necessarily, must have its agitations as well as the world of letters, of politics and of religion ; and the conflicting elements in the various trade interests at stake are found no less to disturb the serenity of the publishing mind than the latest development theory exercises the scientific, or the boldest unbelief startles the religious intellect.

The innovation of publishing original novels at a price which will incite the reading public to purchase the work, rather than to borrow from the Lending Library, is the cause of commotion on the one side of the Atlantic, while the subject of international copyright is the exciting theme on the other. The opposing forces are now ranging themselves—the public interest and, perhaps, the mere desire for and *eclat* of innovation *versus* conventional custom and trade privilege in the one instance, and an author's interest and equities *versus* publishers' indifferentism and moral obliquity in the other. Whether reason and common sense in the case of the novel-publishing, and justice and right in the matter of copyright privileges will prevail, remains to be seen. Doubtless, however, the often illogical cry of the public interest will be found to do as much harm as have the selfishness and injustice of class interests.

But leaving the arena of strife, let us see what has been the harvest of peace, during the month, in the field of literature ; and in Theology, the first department we shall take up, we find a continued tendency to widen the freedom of thought on religious subjects, and an increasing desire to pull up the stakes of settled belief. The Duke of Somerset, in his little *vade-mecum* of Rationalism, entitled "Christian Theology and Modern Scepticism," which has just been published simultaneously in England and the United States, affords ample illustration of this tendency. The work is a compact analysis of the learned doubt of the age ; yet the attempt made in the volume to show the inconsistency of many of the doctrines of Christianity is coupled with the argument, as it is phrased, that one may still doubt dogmas of theology and remain a religious man. May it not, however, be asked: Is this mischieviously prevalent habit of doubt, so permeating all subjects, in science, letters, morals and religion, not "impelled more by the desire of the people's applause than the desire of the people's good"—as a writer has put it. We find also, a further repudiation of dogma, and a wider disbelief in "The Problem of the World and the Church re-considered in three letters to a friend by a Septuagenarian," recently published by the Messrs. Longman ; and of the work we shall only express our surprise that a Septuagenarian should have found so little to believe and so little to hold fast to, as the result of his long lease of life.

In "The Sunday Afternoons," we have fifty-two brief sermons, from the pen of the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, of prime value as sound and eloquent expositions of Scripture. The second volume of Dr. Charles Hodge's "Systematic Theology," now ready, is an important contribution, in the departments of anthropology and soteriology, from the learned Princeton professor, most useful to students of theology. The first annual issue of "The Preacher's Lantern," edited by the Rev. E. Paxton Hood, supplies a mass of excellent and suggestive material invaluable to young ministers, and is of the same character and design as "The Pulpit Analyst," to which it is a successor. "Crumbs Swept Up," from the pen of the popular Brooklyn preacher, T. D. Witt Talmage, is a collection of Essays, rather sketchy in their character, but full of point and entertainment. In "The Culture of Pleasure, or the Enjoyment of Life in its Social and Religious Aspect," the reader will find an outline of the leading conditions of happiness, and an attempt made to show how true happiness may be found in the wise pursuit of pleasure. The author of "Quiet Hours," a thoughtful Congregational clergyman, the Rev. John Pulsford, affords us the delight of a further work from his pen, entitled "Christ and His Seed, central to all things." The volume comprises a series of expository discourses in St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, and will be found suggestive and stirring in its quaint, tender thought.

Turning to General Literature, which, from lack of space, is the only other department, this month, we can record the doings in, we meet with "Yesterdays with Authors," by Jas. T. Fields, the Boston publisher. The volume is a re-publication, with additions, of the *Atlantic Monthly* articles in the department of "Our whispering gallery," and is rich in many entertaining anecdotes and personal reminiscences of literary characters with whom the writer was on terms of friendship.

The new volume of Essays, entitled, "Character," by the author "Self Help," contains pleasant discussions on the influence of character, home power, companionship, example, &c., in Mr. Smiles' entertaining style. The work will be found a valuable incentive to the young. "Twenty Years Ago" is the title of the third issue in the series of "Books for girls," edited by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and is said to be the *bona fide* journal of an English girl in her teens, resident in Paris during the stirring scenes of the *coup d'état*. Mr. Clarence King's "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," embraces some brilliant sketches of life in the high elevations of the far west, and reveals in the writer, keen sympathies with nature and a lofty appreciation of its beauties. "The To-morrow of Death," from the French of Louis Figuier, is a natural step from the author's highly ideal representation of inanimate nature to animate life. Its speculations on man's future after death are curious and thoroughly French.

We close our brief notes by chronicling the appearance of two new novels reprinted, with permission of the authors, by Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto. These are "Wilfrid Cumbermede," by George Macdonald, and "Poor Miss Finch," by Wilkie Collins. Their manufacture, typographically, is highly creditable to home industry, and, we doubt not, to readers, they will be found sufficiently satisfying in all the elements of plot, sensation and absorbing interest.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

BY ALFRED H. DYMOND.

A WARM controversy, in which leading publishers both of London and New York, as well as some authors of distinction, took part, was recently carried on for several weeks in the English press on the subject of International Copyright. Although the correspondence disclosed a very wide divergence of opinion between the several disputants, the result, on the whole, went to show that there really existed no insuperable obstacles to an adjustment of this much debated question upon terms equitable and just to authors and publishers. It will be our object in this paper to notice generally the arguments and statements set forth in the discussion, and to consider the means by which it is possible an agreement may be arrived at. The question, approached from a Canadian stand-point, assumes a triangular aspect, as it is impossible to exclude Canada from our considerations with due regard to her geographical position and her own legislative action.

The laws of most, if not all, civilized nations, recognize the justice and policy of according to their own subjects the protection of a copyright law. To British legislation we shall refer presently. France accords equal rights to foreigners and her own subjects in copyrights extending to twenty years after the author's death. Germany, Austria, and Denmark, concede the privilege for a period of thirty years after the author's death. Sweden gives a copyright for twenty-eight years, but it lapses to the State if the publication of the work is discontinued. Russia and Spain grant copyright extending, respectively, to twenty-five and fifty years after the author's death. In the United States, *citizens of the Union* may obtain copyright for twenty-eight years, with the right of extending it to a family surviving the holder for fourteen years more. The extension of such protection to the subjects of foreign states has also been effected by treaties between Great Britain, France, Germany, and other European countries. It is between the two great English speaking communities

that difficulties have mainly arisen, a common language and common literature being, it would appear, rather provocative of hostility to mutual concessions than influential in promoting agreement. In the American book market the British or Canadian author enjoys no legal protection whatever. The supply of American book literature is limited in quantity, and, with some distinguished exceptions, is generally of an inferior quality to that of the Old World. The demand of the most book-loving of peoples has, therefore, to be principally supplied from Europe, and no law exists to compel an American publisher to pay for the brain labour from which he derives, in the shape of cheap home-printed editions, an enormous harvest. The laws of the United States do not even reciprocate the advantages offered by the British Law to foreign authors. By the British Act of 1842 (5 and 6 Vic., c. 45) it was provided:

"That the copyright in every book which "shall, after the passing of this Act, be published in the lifetime of its author shall endure "for the natural life of such author, and for the "further term of seven years, commencing at "the time of his death, and shall be the pro-"perty of such author and his assigns; pro-"vided always, that if the said term of seven "years shall expire before the end of forty-"two years from the first publication of such "book, the copyright shall, in that case, "endure for such period of forty-two years; "and that the copyright in every book which "shall be published after the death of its "author shall endure for the term of forty-two "years from the first publication thereof, and "shall be the property of the proprietor of "the author's manuscript, from which such "book shall be first published, and his as-"signs."

Neither in this clause, nor in any other portion of the Act, is there any limitation as to the nationality of the author. It is interesting, in perusing the several legal judgments given upon the trial of copyright issues in England, to observe in how broad and liberal a spirit its provisions have been construed by the great expositors of British Law. For our present purpose it is only necessary to state that, by the final decision of the House of Lords in the well known case of Routledge *vs.* Low, it was finally settled that, if a literary or musical work *be first published* in the United Kingdom, *the author being at the time resident within the jurisdiction of the Act*, he may acquire a copyright in any part of the British dominions; but if, on the other hand, such work be first published in India, Canada, or any other British possession not included in the United Kingdom, no copyright can be acquired in that work, excepting only such (if any) as the local laws of the colony, &c., where it is first published, may afford. An American, therefore, resident for the time being in England or Canada, may make agreements simultaneously with a British and American publisher, respectively, and thus enjoy copyright privileges throughout the British dominions, as well as in his own country. It will be clear that this provision, honest and equitable though it be, can only be operative in a few exceptional cases. Still it is a national and honourable recognition of the foreign authors' rights, and relieves the Mother Country from the imputation of resisting the just claims of the subjects of a foreign nation to the protection of her laws for the productions of their genius. Nor has the great British North American dependency, so closely connected geographically with the United States, been less liberal than Great Britain in offering to the foreign author the advantages of a Dominion copyright. By the Canadian Copyright Act of 1868 (31 Vic., cap. 54) it was enacted:

"That *any person resident in Canada*, or "any person being a British subject, and "resident in Great Britain or Ireland, who is "the author of any book, map, chart, or "musical composition, or of any original "painting, drawing, statuary, sculpture, or

"photograph, or who invents, designs, etches, "engraves, or causes to be engraved, etched, "or made from his own design, any print or "engraving, and the legal representatives of "such persons, shall have the sole right and "liberty of printing, reprinting, publishing, "reproducing and vending such literary, scien- "tific, or artistical works or compositions, in "whole or in part, and of allowing transla- "tions to be made of such literary works from "one language into other languages, for the "term of twenty-eight years from the time of "recording the title thereof in the manner "hereinafter directed."

Further clauses enact how registration shall be effected, and that, to entitle the author to the benefit of the Act, his work shall be printed and published in Canada, and contain the name and place of abode of a publisher in Canada. An American author may, therefore, by simply crossing the frontier, and employing a Canadian publisher, be secured in the enjoyment of copyright over the whole Dominion. We shall have occasion to refer again to this statute, but meantime notice it for the purpose of showing how completely the advantages as between the United States and Great Britain and her colonies, lie with the former.

It will be evident that the Imperial legislation we have quoted is chiefly applicable to standard works, those, in point of fact, upon which the largest outlay of time and labour has been expended, and, consequently, on whose authors the absence of copyright protection must press most cruelly. It was stated in one of the numerous recent articles in the London press on this subject, that Mr. Erichsen, the author of an English work on "The Science and Art of Surgery," had discovered that, up to the end of 1866, no less than 5,370 American reprinted copies of his book had been purchased by the American Government for the use of the army. Had the books been bought from Mr. Erichsen's English publisher, the profit to the author on the sale would, it is alleged have amounted to three thousand pounds sterling. His sole and proud reward, however, has been to see an American edition, of the result of years of toil and study, adopted as a text book of surgery throughout the Union. The author of a standard work on seamanship tells the same tale of flattering appreciation unmingled with the grosser but more substantial compliment of a publisher's cheque. Had these authors been Americans we can readily imagine how eagerly they would have complied with the Imperial Act of 1842, or the Canadian Act of 1868, in order to secure copyright in Great Britain or the Dominion of Canada.

We have now to pass from the consideration of the legal aspects of the question to enquire what is the general practice of the trade, either in Great Britain or the United States, with respect to authors' copyrights. The illustrations we have just mentioned clearly show that in the absence of an international copyright treaty the author may have, and does have, frequently to submit to great injustice. But we are assured; not only on the authority of Messrs. Appleton and other well known American publishers, but by the confirmatory statements of English contributors to the late controversy, that the harshness of the law is, to a very great extent, ameliorated by the honourable liberality with which British and American houses respectively pay for authors' advance sheets. This practice is, there can be no doubt, carried so far on both sides as to condemn the application of such sweeping and offensive terms as piracy and fraud, so freely hurled to and fro by the more angry of the late disputants. In point of fact, as we shall see when we come to notice the relations of the United States and Canada in this connection, British-Canadian legislation even gives a quasi-sanction to the reprinting of English books by Americans when it provides for the importation into Canada of American reprints at a small duty, designed, it is true, as a remuneration to the author,

but of which, it is equally certain, he rarely receives the benefit. On the other hand, we must distinguish between the competitive generosity, if such a phrase is justly applicable to the case of the great British or American houses, and the practices of a multitude of less honest traders, who not only reprint without scruple, but issue imperfect, and at times spurious, travesties of the originals. Nor is the system, adopted we we will assume generally by the larger firms towards authors of high repute and popularity, by any means universal in its application. Messrs. Appleton declare that not on novels merely, but on grave works of science, philosophy, and history, they have paid many thousands of pounds, and that for a dozen years they have been endeavouring to extend this arrangement amongst British authors willing to accept remuneration upon terms similar to those the publisher in the States could afford to pay to native writers. But whilst Messrs. Appletons' statement is frankly accepted as true with respect to their own good intentions, and probably may be taken as fairly representing the policy of many other firms, there will always, in the absence of legal protection, be a great many exceptions to the rule, if, indeed, the general rule be not the converse of theirs, and such honourable regard for unprotected private rights the exception. Even in Messrs. Appletons' own defence there occurs a statement which, by implication, admits this view of the case to be correct. Mr. Mortimer Collins complained that one of his novels had been reprinted by the Appletons. He was coolly told in reply, that "the book was probably one of those picked up at a slack time to keep the men at work," and Messrs. Appleton "trusted the author did not flatter himself that international copyright could ever help in the case of such books." In other words, if Mr. Collins had announced to Messrs. Appleton that he was about producing a new and popular novel, they would have entered the lists as competitors for advance sheets and paid him handsomely. Trade rivalry would have kept them true to their avowed policy, but failing that moral corrective, the author's book was "picked up to keep the men at work," without one thought as to whether its appropriation was in accordance with a due regard for his interests. We are at a loss to conceive how it can be argued that an international copyright law would fail to reach such cases as this. Had such a law existed, a professional book-maker like Mortimer Collins would most assuredly have availed himself of its protection; and Messrs. Appleton, with the fear of the law before their eyes, would have found some more righteous method of employing their spare hands. Was it the mere temporary exigencies of the composing room that presented Mr. Erichsen's standard work, already mentioned, to the Government and surgical profession of the United States? It is, however, asserted that, under existing arrangements, the author obtains a larger remuneration from the foreign publisher than he would receive by the sale of his copyright. We may, no doubt, easily find illustrations in proof of this statement from the dealings of publishers with authors of high standing and world-wide fame. But even voluntary liberality must find its level. Wealthy firms may, from motives of policy, endeavour to attract the crowd of book-wrights to their mart by an occasional show of free-handed dealing. But it will hardly be alleged, we imagine, that the *aggregate* sum paid to British authors by American houses, or *vice versa*, is larger than it would be if all were equally protected by copyright laws. It might be worth while to enquire to what extent, in certain cases, a few popular authors benefit by the fact that the ability of the foreign publisher to pay them handsomely for their advance sheets is enhanced by the supply—for which he pays nothing—of books picked up to keep the men going during slack seasons. It is quite possible that, under the present system, the British publisher, reckoning on a heavy pay-

ment down from the American house, can afford to give the author a higher fee than would be the case if he had his own trade only to calculate profits upon. Under an international law the author would have to make two bargains, and, possibly, might sometimes find that he was in the end less satisfied than under the present system. We have only to repeat, however, that where the conditions of all are equal a standard of value must ultimately be found, and that the duty of governments is, not to legislate in the interest of exceptional cases, but in accordance with those of the whole people.

As the opposition to an international copyright treaty comes almost entirely, if not altogether, from the American side, it may not be unfair to consider whether the American book maker would be prejudiced or benefited by protection being granted in the United States market to his English competitor. It is incontestible that the scale of remuneration for literary labour in the States is lower than in Great Britain. Some of the discontent shown by British authors with American houses may be attributed to the fact that they are paid, if paid at all, according to an American standard rather than an English one. The cause of this cheapening of the grandest of all commodities in a country where other descriptions of work are better remunerated than in Europe, is obvious. The American is handicapped in the competition with European rivals. His works are reduced in value simply because there is an inexhaustible supply of the foreign article which costs nothing to the importers. It is too late to enter into the general question of authors' rights, under any circumstances, to protection. Our controversy turns solely upon the claim of authors to copyright in a foreign country, and it is from that point of view we have to regard the probable effect of such international arrangements as may be needed to secure that end. Mr. Macmillan asserts that during his travels in the United States he found the desire of American authors for an international copyright law all but universal. If the American publisher is compelled to pay for the use he makes of foreign authorship, it needs no argument to prove that, by the simple operation of an economical law, the native author will be the gainer. Nor need the most pronounced free-trader start with alarm at this concession to the principle of protection to native industry. We have already repudiated any desire to use terms harsh or offensive in relation to existing practices. But putting our case hypothetically, we need cause no irritation by asserting that even the most extreme application of free trade was never intended to place honest traffic in competition with petty larceny. A case parallel to the wholesale appropriation of foreign books by publishers in the United States, which places the native producer at a disadvantage with a foreign rival, would be found in a buccaneering expedition, undertaken in the interest of New York or Boston bread-eaters, to despoil the granaries of Europe to the obvious injury of the Illinois corn-grower. The truest political economy is compatible with the purest justice. The results of thought, study and genius, have the same moral claim to the protection of law as material products. The old Common Law of England recognized this principle long before the statute of Anne fixed the limits and defined the extent of copyright. American authorship can never become hardy, vigorous and prolific, unless it enjoys the just stimulant of commercial profit. For a country that, for the express advantage of home producers, taxes foreign imports to the highest point the consumer can bear, to permit the whole world to be ransacked and its literary treasures brought to market not merely duty free but with the brand of "STOLEN" plainly marked upon them, is, certainly, an anomaly against which the American author may well lift up his protest. It is not from him that the opposition to an international copyright treaty will come.

That the boon is denied purely in the assumed interest of the trader is clear from the fact that, whilst no legal restriction is placed upon the reprinting of foreign books in the United States, the originals are subject to the heavy customs duty of twenty-five per cent. *ad valorem.* If the refusal of copyright to the foreign authors were a concession to the presumptive claims of popular education, there would be no logical consistency in maintaining the tax on imported books.

The opposition to an international copyright is really a publishers' question, and in that sense it is, even at the time we write, the subject of trade caucuses, debates in Congress, and articles in the American press. The great firms are not altogether in accord as to the measure proposed to be submitted to the House of Representatives at Washington. It is warmly supported by the Appletons, but opposed by the Harpers and others, and, having regard to the peculiar influences often brought to bear upon the decisions of Congress when important trade issues are involved, no one can safely predicate with any degree of certainty what may be the fate of the scheme formulated in the Bill referred to. The most complete proposals, out of two or three that have been printed, appears in the *Weekly Trade Circular* of January 25th, 1872. In the first clause of that Bill the main intention and scope of the measure are set forth in the following terms :

"Any person or persons, being a citizen "or citizens of any foreign country, or resi- "dents therein, who shall be the author or "authors of any book, map, chart, dramatic "work, or musical composition that may be "first published in any foreign country after "this Act shall go into operation, or who "shall invent, engrave, work, or cause to be "worked or made, as a work of art, from his "own design, any print or engraving that "may be first published in any foreign coun- "try after this Act shall take effect, and the "executors, administrators or legal assigns "of such person or persons, shall have the "same exclusive right and liberty to multiply "and sell copies of such works in the United "States, that now are, or may hereafter be, "granted by the laws of the United States "to authors and artists who are citizens of "the United States, subject to the same con- "ditions, regulations and limitations."

It is, however, provided that the benefits of the Act shall not be extended to authors and artists whose books may first be published in any foreign country wherein the laws do not secure equal copyright privileges to the citizens of the United States. The Act requires, further, that "the book or other work of the kind specified" shall be wholly manufactured in the United States, *and be issued for sale by a publisher or publishers who are citizens of the United States.* The third section makes provision for the reservation of the right of translation, and a subsequent clause for the deposit, in the Library of Congress, of the best foreign edition of the work, as well as for the registration of the title page "within three months after its first publication in such foreign country." No author will be entitled to the protection of copyright unless these stipulations be complied with and

"Unless within three months after such "first publication an arrangement shall have "been made in good faith with some Ameri- "can publisher or publishing firm for the "immediate publication of the work in the "United States."

In the case of translations a period of six months is allowed for their disposal by the author to an American publisher. The Bill discussed at the late convention of American publishers differs in terms, but not in spirit, from the foregoing. The latter is confined strictly to books and serial publications. Articles in foreign newspapers and contributions to foreign periodicals are expressly excepted, but the author of a contribution "known as a serial" may, if he makes an

arrangement with an American publisher at its first issue, secure the privileges and benefits of copyright. The second section contains a paragraph to which some exception may, we think, fairly be taken. It says:

"If an American publisher shall neg-
"lect, for the space of three months, to keep
"the book so published by him on sale, or
"obtainable at his publishing house, then it
"may be imported or reprinted, the same as
"might have been done before the passage of
"this Act."

There is an element of sharp practice in this stipulation that seems to be a contradiction of the general principle of the proposed measure. The object to be attained is, as we take it, to secure the foreign author in what are now conceded to be his rights, and to place him on the same footing in the United States as in his own country, where no such restrictions are imposed. If a book is in large demand, it is true such a lapse in the production is not very likely to occur, and, therefore, the necessity for the proviso can scarcely exist. But it might happen that, where laborious revision is required by the author, or commercial embarrassments supervene on the part of the publisher, not to speak of many other possible temporary hindrances to the issue of a new edition, it would be most unjust to peril the copyright by enforcing so stringent and exceptional a rule. Before noticing further the terms of the bills we have above described, it may be well to observe that the conference was far from unanimous in adopting the last named measure. According to the *Tribune* "The whole body of Boston and Philadelphia publishers, as well as those of New York, had been invited. No one appeared from Philadelphia, the tradesmen of that city having declared themselves opposed to all international copyright; and only fifteen prominent city houses were represented, the Harpers and nearly all the school book publishers being absent. All the gentlemen in attendance were desirous of an international copyright law, but their opinions differed widely as to its construction. Mr. W. H. Appleton presented the report of the Committee of five appointed to frame a bill, which was approved by all members of the committee with the exception of Mr. Seymour, of the firm of Charles Scribner & Co." From this statement we may safely conclude that the question of granting the foreign author the protection he demands at the hands of the American Government and people is still of very uncertain accomplishment. The dissenting member of the committee presented a minority report strongly combating several of the provisions of the bill, which he declared "was not an international copyright law at all, but an Act to protect American publishers such as they have no right to demand, and one that the British Government would not recognize as giving any claim to reciprocity." The report of the majority was adopted by nine to five, two delegates refusing to vote, and others, while favourable to the general principle, suggesting amendments. We now know, therefore, what is the utmost extent of the boon that, if Congress be not far more liberal than the traders most directly interested, the people of America may be expected at present to grant to the foreign authors—to whose labours they are so largely indebted, and for which they have hitherto paid so little.

It is strictly and exclusively an authors' copyright that is proposed to be conceded. But if, whilst offering a tardy measure of justice to the English author, the Bill erects a "Chinese wall" between the American and the foreign publisher in the interest of the latter, such a course is not without a certain degree of justification. At the conference we have just mentioned a letter was read from a number of eminent English authors in which a very strong argument was presented in favour of the position assumed by the American publishers. After expressing the opinion that the interests of the British author and those of the British publisher are

separate and distinct, and that they should be so regarded in any attempt at negotiation, the writers go on to say:—"Americans distinguish between the author, as producing the ideas, and the publisher, as producing the material vehicle by which these ideas are conveyed to readers. They admit the claim of the British author to be paid by them for his brain-work. The claim of the British book manufacturer to a monopoly of their book market they do not admit. To give the British author a copyright is simply to agree that the American publisher shall pay him for work done. To give the British publisher a copyright is to open the American market to him on terms which prevent the American publisher from competing. Without dwelling on the argument of the Americans that such an arrangement would not be free trade, but the negation of free trade, and merely noticing their further argument that, while their protective system raises the prices of all the raw materials, free competition with the British book manufacturer would be fatal to the American book manufacturer, it is clear that the Americans have strong reasons for refusing to permit the British publisher to share in the copyright which they are willing to grant to the British author." To this important document, amongst many other distinguished names, are appended those of John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Sir John Lubbock, G. A. Lewes, J. A. Froude, Thomas Carlyle, and John Morley.

The broadest application of free trade does not go further than to place the home and foreign producer on an equality. Its advocates certainly never demanded that the foreigner should be secured in a monopoly of the home market. The most practical argument, however, for the limitation of the right of protection to the author is the essential difference between the book manufacture of the two countries. The publisher in Great Britain manufactures for the libraries, the publisher of New York for the people. The English are the greatest book-borrowers in the world, the Americans the most eager book-purchasers. To place the monopoly of the American market in foreign hands would be, it is argued, to ensure the introduction of a higher priced article (even leaving fiscal imposts out of consideration) thus circumscribing the sale and actually limiting the educational advantages derivable from a cheap literature. An objection to excluding the foreign publisher from copyright privileges has been put forward on the ground that, where the books contain expensive plates and illustrations, a considerable loss would be incurred by the production of duplicate editions. The author must suffer, it is said, if the initial expense of illustrations, setting up the type, and possibly stereotyping, is repeated in each country. As the ability of the publisher to pay the author depends on the margin of profit between the cost of production and the selling price, by doubling the former you reduce the chances of the author's remuneration. But is not the probability in favour of the author receiving more under such circumstances than he does at present? If the work is so unique in its costliness and beauty as to defy reproduction, it will carry on its face its own copyright; if, on the other hand, it can easily be reproduced and its illustrations imitated, even though perhaps coarsely, the author will receive all the benefit of the article being adapted to the foreign market and pushed with that energy the interest of the foreign publisher will induce him to bestow upon it. It may seem hard to the British publisher that he should be "left out in the cold" in these arrangements. But the bargain is not wholly one-sided. It is true that the American publishers will be the largest gainers, just as it is they who are making at the present time the largest payments, prompted on either side by a spirit of fair dealing and justice. With the author, however, lies the vested right in the commodity which is the object of negotiation; he is

entitled to make the best terms for himself that he can, and, with some modifications in detail, may be very well contented to accept such a measure as that before Congress.

We have, lastly, to notice the position, in regard to international copyright, of the Dominion of Canada. The existing Copyright Law of the Dominion has been already mentioned, and we have incidentally referred, in passing, to the special arrangement by which American reprints of English works are allowed to be imported into this country. By the Act of 1847 (10 and 11 Vic., c. 95) Her Majesty was enabled, by Order in Council, to suspend the enactment contained in the Copyright Act of 1842 against the importation into any part of Her Majesty's dominions of foreign reprints of English copyright works. But such Order in Council was not to be made as to any colony, &c., unless, by local legislation, such colony had, in the opinion of Her Majesty, so far as foreign reprints were concerned, made due provision for protecting the rights of British authors there. The Legislature of the Province of Canada at once passed an Act, still in force, admitting foreign reprints on payment of a duty of twelve and a half per cent. on the published price of the works, such duty to be paid over to the owners of the original copyright who might take the trouble to register their works in Canada as being entitled to share in the benefits of the Act. It has sometimes been contended that the Act of 1868 was an evidence of colonial selfishness, whilst, on the other hand, the wholesale introduction into Canada of reprints which paid the author nothing, was held to be a glaring illustration of the unfair advantage taken on this side the Atlantic of British authors and publishers. Certainly the Act of 1847, under which those reprints are admitted, is a most powerful argument in favour of such a measure as we have in our foregoing remarks been advocating. Here was, as we have seen, legislative sanction to a presumptive right on the part of the Americans to reprint British books; but with it an acknowledgment of the paramount claim of the authors, as shown by the toll levied in their interest on the works the publishers, often without payment, had appropriated. But in practice the Act is all but a dead letter. The necessary steps to secure the exaction of the duty are seldom taken by the authors; there is no check on a slovenly or partial performance of its duties by the custom house; book parcels are generally mixed, and the number of copies of a particular work may be so small as hardly to repay the trouble of charging them with duty; and, lastly, it is idle to expect the Canadian publisher to be a ready assistant in carrying out the law in the face of the system prevailing on the other side of the line, to which we have been adverting. The Canadian Act of 1868 has been in certain cases invoked as a protection against the reprints. The validity of that statute, however, has not been tested, and a nice point might be raised as to whether it was competent for the Canadian Parliament, by its statute in 1868, to override the Act of the Provincial Assembly of 1847, with the consequent Imperial Order in Council, having itself the force of an Act, under which reprints were admitted. Canada has lately been promised, by certain American journals of bellicose tendencies, the exhilarating sensation of becoming a battle-ground for the settlement of a great international quarrel. She is already the battle-ground of British and American editions of works imported from either Great Britain or the United States, the former having lawfully paid the author for producing them, the latter possibly having paid nothing. Yet, if the American reprints *do* pay the twelve and a half per cent., and the originals only five per cent., the reprints win the day. The fiscal legislation of Canada is liberal enough, and no one can complain of a five per cent. *ad valorem* duty as a serious grievance. Under it there is an enormous importation of British books into the Dominion. The growth of the book

trade is one of the most remarkable and gratifying circumstances in the social history of the country. If the author desires to obtain copyright in Canada, the Act of 1868 gives it him. If Canada were geographically isolated, the British author need with her have literally no grievance. But Canada is not isolated; her relations with the neighbouring country are close and intimate, and it is simply a necessity that, in any negotiations between Great Britain and the United States on this question, the position of Canada towards the latter should be fully recognized.

We have said that the validity of the Act of 1868 may be called in question. The power to make laws affecting copyright is expressly conceded to the Dominion by the British North America Act of 1867. But it is contended by some that this would apply only to native productions, and can have no force against the Imperial Act of 1842, especially in a retroactive sense. If this view be correct, the Canadian publisher who reprints an English copyrighted work is liable to all the pains and penalties of the Act last mentioned, whilst he is compelled to see, under the authority of the joint legislation of Great Britain and Canada, American reprints, with which he could often successfully compete, flooding the country, and practically paying nothing, either in New York or at the frontier, for the privilege. The contrast is made all the broader by the fact that, in the very year (1868) which saw the Canadian publisher, as he imagined, protected by an Act of his own Parliament, another Act was passed at Ottawa giving the Executive power to increase the duty on American reprints to twenty per cent, which is just as much a dead letter as its predecessor of 1847.

Business ingenuity and energy, however, are generally equal to the occasion, and they are likely, in this instance, to solve the difficulty more promptly than appeals to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Nearly opposite to Montreal, on the American side of the boundary line, which there approaches very near to the St. Lawrence, lies Rouse's Point. At this place Mr. John Lovell, of Montreal, one of the most honourable of Canadian publishers, has set up a press and the other machinery and appliances needed for book printing. Thither he sends his types, prints the sheets of British copyright works, pays the twelve and a half per cent. duty on "American reprints" at the custom house, and, having thus complied with an Act passed in the interest of the British author, can circulate the book in Canada with safety and profit. There has been some outcry at what is called this evasion of the law. We fail, however, to see the transaction in that light. It is more than probable that Mr. Lovell might print many of the books in question at Montreal and circulate them in Canada with impunity. We doubt much if, in the present anomalous state of legislation on this subject, a Canadian jury would sustain an action or prosecution against him. But he does well not to infringe upon any Act, local or imperial, that may be fairly construed to impose restrictions upon him and his *confreres* of the publishing trade. His arrangements appear to be not merely in honest compliance with the law, but positively advantageous to the British copyright holder. His experience tells him what style and price of book are best adapted to the Canadian market: the sale is, therefore, correspondingly large, and, on the whole, he pays a very fair royalty to the author or the author's representatives, not one dollar of which would they probably obtain if the books were imported into Canada by an American bookseller. It may be well for our countrymen at home to take this illustration of the effect of the present state of the law into very serious consideration. What Mr. Lovell is doing at Rouse's Point a Toronto publisher may do at Buffalo or elsewhere. We may depend upon it that the Americans will offer all possible facilities for arrangements that bring any class of productive in-

dustry across their lines to spend capital in the form of wages and local taxes. Would it not be far better at once to allow Canadians to reprint all British copyrights on the payment of a royalty? A delusive method of protecting the interests of British authors would then be exchanged for a substantial reality wherever the holder of the copyright preferred to accept a royalty instead of selling it to a Canadian publisher. Ordinary books can be produced more cheaply in Canada than in the States; we have seen that the condition of the book trade in Canada is altogether different from what it was in 1847. A people enjoying self government can hardly allow Imperial legislation to intervene in questions affecting local rights of property and social progress. An ardent supporter of the political connection existing between Great Britain and the Dominion must desire to see every question set at rest that may prejudice Canadians in the eyes of their fellow-countrymen in the Mother land. Authors are a sensitive race; they have often a keener appreciation of an injustice than an accurate knowledge of the means that may secure its removal; and the pens they handle may prove instruments of mischief and misrepresentation, if fair and equitable legislation fail to come to the settlement of their claims on a just and practicable basis.

"SIC EST VITA."

BY CHARLOTTE GRANT.

REJOICING in his strength, the Sun
Espied on earth a lovely child;
He stooped, and kissed the winsome one—
The maiden, Spring, looked up and smiled!
He played with her, and with his arms
His shining mantle round her drew.
Her beauty warmed to wondrous charms,
And bloom'd in modest radiance through;
He gave her flowers; she gave him song;
Full gladsome grew her merry voice!
He wooed her well, nor wooed her long,
Ere his sweet love was her sweet choice.
Ah, then! behind the clouds he crept,
And hid his face from her in play;
But when the Spring, forsaken, wept,
He came and kissed her tears away.
When gambol-wearied, happy-flusht,
She laid her down to rest awhile,
The lover saw her, slumber-husht,
And brought the moon to watch her smile;
And plac'd the stars about her head
In varied clusters, that their gleam

Might play, a-twinkling, round her bed,
And give unto her joyous dreams!
Then, o'er the wolds to waiting lands,
With lightsome footsteps sallied he—
His glorious locks, in golden bands,
Adazzling others fair as she!
They hail'd his coming—brought forth fruits—
And laid all at his feet, so bless'd!
They danced, and sang to echoing lutes,
And sought by him to be caressed!
Rememb'ring Spring, his sleeping bride,
He quieted them, lover-wise.
She woke and found him by her side,
Though tear-lash'd were her opening eyes.
Thus loving, lived the beauteous Spring;
Thus loving, early passed away;
The Sun came close to hear her sing
Her last sweet, trembling roundelaye.
The claiming shades about her drew—
She kept her eyes on *him*, and smil'd!
And, as they bore her from his view,
She gave him *Hope*, their living child.

The playful breezes missed her fun,
And, softly seeking, went and came:
Rejoicing in his strength, the Sun
Moved on the same! moved on the same!

Soon met the Summer—stately maid!
With ardent eyes and reigning flush—
His locks, thro' all her regal braid
Entangled, showing bright her blush!
Beneath his fervent touch, her heart
Did eager leap, and own his power!
Oh, well he play'd the lover's part,
While crowning her with leaf and flower!
And trustful lived she, blest and bright,
Till lustrous eyes grew still and mild;
And passing gently out of sight,
She bore him *Faith*, their comely child.

The breezes missed so fair a one,
And, sadly sighing, went and came:

Rejoicing in his strength, the Sun
  Moved on the same ! moved on the same !

Lo ! bowed in prayerful grace he saw,
  With hands outspread benev'lently,
A form so grand he gazed in awe,
  And veiled his boldness reverently !
Eyes wisdom-fraught, grave Autumn turned,
  Beheld him where he gazing stood—
Her dusky brow before him burned !
  His presence thrilled her womanhood !
He glided forward, silent, still
  All burnishing her dark, dark hair !
And lingered near her heart, until
  His image bright was mirrored there !
Oh, gen'rous proved her love, and deep !
  But soon the noble soul within
Grew troubled, when she could not keep
  The love which thus her heart did win.
To stifle all her yearnings wild,
  Long-suffering, brave, she vainly tried—
Then brought forth *Charity*, their child,
  And moaning, laid her down and died.

The wondering winds thro' woodlands dun,
  Awailing weirdly, went and came :
Rejoicing in his strength, the Sun
  Moved on the same ! moved on the same !

Now Winter hurried, stern and chaste,
  The daughters of the earth to hide,
That he their loves no more might taste,
  Nor conqu'ring, lure them to his side.
In vain—the Sun, with spangling touch,
  Turned Winter's night to Summer's day,
And flushed the Earth with glory such,
  That white-faced Winter fled away.

The wild winds, fierce at what was done,
  In loud wrath, raging, went and came :
Rejoicing in his strength, the Sun
  Moved on the same ! moved on the same !

Again he wandered, bright to view,
  The children of the earth among :

To each his endless charms were new,
To each he seemed forever young;
And some to whom he deigned not grace,
In lonely woe grew pale and dim;
And some that knew his gracious face,
Grew beautiful beholding him;
And some, unhappy, by his might,
O'ercome and crush'd, lay sorrow-dried;
But all! and all! or wrong, or right,
Lived, loved, and laughed, and wept, and died!

The mourning earth sobbed forth her cry—
"My generations pass away!"
The measureless illumined sky
Triumphant sang—"Love lives for aye!"

LONDON.

DINAH BLAKE'S REVENGE.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART TWO.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

CHAPTER VI.

THE REV. MAXWELL BUTLER.

AFTER an interval of eighteen years I must again introduce my readers to Mrs. Dormer's home in Galway. Ten of those years she has been a widow, supported by her nephew, Maxwell Butler, now a clergyman, having recently been admitted to the order of priesthood. For the last year he had been residing in Dublin, performing the duties of Deacon in one of the Episcopal churches to the entire satisfaction of his rector and the congregation among whom he ministered. The high hopes Mrs. Dormer had entertained of her nephew during his boyhood were not disappointed. He grew up noble in purpose and strong in spirit, admirably fitted for the profession he had chosen, not from motives of worldly interest, but because he felt in this walk of life he could best promote the honour of God by ministering to the spiritual wants of his fellow-creatures; for even in boyhood Max had been deeply impressed by the godly example and religious training of Aunt Amy, and as he advanced in years these serious impressions deepened.

"The Dublin mail arrived an hour ago. I wonder what keeps the postman so late today, Josephine?" These words were addressed by Mrs. Dormer to a beautiful girl who was seated at a piano, practising some operatic music. She is the foundling adopted by her some eighteen years before. She has grown up singularly attractive. Her figure below the medium height, slender and graceful, her face a perfect oval, the features small and regular, the complexion fair, a soft

roseate hue tinging the rounded cheek, the hair rich, sunny brown, and the eyes dark grey, with a bewitching archness gleaming in their liquid depths. She was simply dressed; yet in her plain attire she looked more stylish than many clad in costly array, for there was a native elegance about her which made Winny often remark to her mistress that "it was asy seen she come of a good stock of rale genthry, no doubt, if one only knew where to find them."

"The postman must be here soon, mamma," and rising from the piano, the young girl approached a window and looked out. "Here he comes!" she added joyfully, and she hastened to the hall door to receive the expected letter from Max.

"What news?" she resumed eagerly, on perceiving Mrs. Dormer's face brighten as she perused her nephew's letter.

"Good news, darling! Max has been presented with a small living at Carraghmore, through the recommendation of his college friend, Sir Gerard Trevor. He was leaving Dublin when he wrote. He desires us to prepare for an immediate removal to Carraghmore. Our home must be again with him, he says. Dear Max! how glad I shall be to see him, after our long separation. He has not been much at home since he entered college, and now we shall have him always with us."

"What kind of place is Carraghmore, I wonder!" was Josephine's thoughtful observation. The idea of moving from Galway to some out-of-the-way country village did not seem very inviting to the young girl.

"It is a maritime town. Sir Gerard Trevor passes much of his time there, Max says," observed Mrs. Dormer.

Josephine's face brightened. She felt some curiosity to see this college friend of Max, who he said was so very handsome, and generous, and noble-minded—quite a hero he must be, she thought. The next few days was a time of pleasing bustle to the Dormers, but the preparations for a removal were at length completed, and full of pleasant expectation they set out for Carraghmore.

The parsonage at Carraghmore was sadly in want of repairs, and the new clergyman determined to spend some money in making it a comfortable dwelling before removing his family into it. As it would not be ready for several weeks, a temporary home was selected in a romantic spot, half-way between Carraghmore and Barrington Height. This was a cottage of unpretending appearance, placed near a small creek, land-locked by rugged cliffs which broke the wild force of the Atlantic. From its sandy beach, glistening with the white foam of the swelling waves that broke upon it incessantly, the land rose gradually into a rocky acclivity shadowing the present home of the clergyman's family, which nestled at its base. Half-way up this moss-covered height was a picturesque-looking summer-house, a favourite retreat of Mrs. Dormer and Josephine on account of the extended prospect it commanded. On one side rose Barrington Height, with its mansion of grey-stone, on the other the picturesque ruin of the Friary of St. Bride, and in front the surging waters of the Atlantic, with its misty headlands and white sail gleaming over its green expanse. It is a few evenings after the arrival of the Dormers at Carraghmore; Mrs. Dormer and Josephine are seated in the summer-house enjoying the cool breeze from the ocean—for the day has been unusually sultry, and the Rev. Max Butler —returning from a fatiguing round of parochial visits which he had been making all the afternoon, has just joined them, and throwing himself wearily into a rustic arm-chair, is evidently enjoying the salt sea breeze as it fans his heated, flushed face. A handsome face it is too, with its grave beauty of expression, its large, lustrous blue eyes, and broad intellectual brow, shaded with rich brown hair. The figure is well proportioned and manly, though not much above the medium height, and the clerical dress—the tight fitting cassock—shows it off to advantage.

"Your long walk has tired you, Max; how do you like your new parishioners?" Josephine asked.

"There are not many wealthy people among them. They are chiefly of the poorer class, I suppose," put in Mrs. Dormer, without giving him time to answer Josephine's question.

"The congregation of St. Mark's is a small one; the people about here are chiefly Romanists, but the respectable part of the community belong to me, and the Lady of the Manor, the heiress of Barrington Height, I am glad to say, is one of my flock. By the by, I had the honour of an introduction to her to-day," Max continued with animation, as if the event had given him considerable satisfaction. "I met my friend, Sir Gerard Trevor near Barrington Height, and he insisted on my accompanying him to the house to be introduced to his mother, Lady Trevor, and his cousin, Miss Barrington."

"What kind of looking girl is she, Max?" asked Josephine eagerly. "Is she a beauty as well as an heiress."

"She certainly is very handsome, and strange to say, wonderfully like you, Josephine."

"Like me!" repeated the young girl in surprise.

"Yes, like you, although her complexion and hair are much darker, still you both have the same dark grey eyes, oval face, and chiselled features. In figure, however, you differ; you are petite and graceful; she is tall and commanding—a Juno-like figure that suits her haughty style of beauty."

"How did she receive you, Max?" inquired Mrs. Dormer.

"Oh, graciously enough! Still there was a certain hauteur in her manner which, I suppose, is natural to her. She is an heiress, and proud of her wealth and station. She is very young too, about Josephine's age. Perhaps as she grows older she may learn not to attach undue importance to the worldly advantages she possesses. There is the lady we are speaking of," added Max hastily, as his eye caught sight of two equestrians riding along the public road, which passed near the cottage.

"Speak of an angel, and you see her wings," said Mrs. Dormer, smiling.

"I am afraid there is very little of the angel in Miss Barrington."

"There are no angels among our fashionable young ladies, aunt," was the clergyman's rejoinder.

The equestrians had now approached near enough to be seen distinctly by the little party in the summer-house, and the eyes of all were bent admiringly on them.

"What a graceful horsewoman Miss Barrington is!" exclaimed Mrs. Dormer, "and that riding habit of dark blue cloth displays her fine figure to great advantage! She certainly is a handsome, imperious-looking girl. I cannot see much resemblance to Josephine in that haughty countenance, Max."

"What a handsome, distinguished looking man!" was Josephine's observation, in a low voice, as she looked earnestly at Miss Barrington's companion.

"That gentleman is Sir Gerard Trevor, I presume," remarked Mrs. Dormer. "The expression of his face is very prepossessing; there is something so frank and noble in it."

"And he is just as good as he looks!" broke in Max, warmly; "the best fellow in the world, not a bit proud, though his bearing is so aristocratic."

As the equestrians approached the steep upon which the summer-house stood, their eyes were attracted by the little group within it, and Sir Gerard Trevor's gaze lingered on the beautiful face of Josephine. The young men exchanged nods and smiles, and the Baronet raised his hat with graceful courtesy to the ladies, while Miss Barrington bent her head with haughty grace on recognizing the Rev. Max Butler.

"I think you said Lady Trevor is Miss Barrington's aunt," resumed Mrs. Dormer,

as the heiress and Sir Gerard passed out of sight. "Does she always reside with her?"

"Yes, she has lived at Barrington House for several years. Her brother, Major Barrington, left his daughter to her care at his death, which occurred when she was a child. Lady Trevor's jointure is small. Indeed the Trevor rent-roll is not large, owing to the extravagance of the late Baronet, and it is thought Sir Gerard will marry his cousin, whose fortune will enable him to pay off the mortgages on his estate."

"Is it not near tea time?" Max continued, abruptly changing the conversation. "My long walk has given me an appetite. Do go, Josephine, and see what Winny is about, and hurry her in getting tea ready."

"So he is to marry his cousin!" thought Josephine, as she descended the cliff-path to the cottage, and a little sigh of envy escaped her. "He is the handsomest man I ever saw!" was her next mental observation. "How much to be envied in every way is this beautiful Miss Barrington! Surely some get more than their share of the good things of life! Some highly favoured children of earth pursue a pathway from the cradle to the grave fragrant with flowers and glittering with sunshine. Will there be any compensation in the next world, I wonder, for those whose walk in life is dark and rugged, and uninviting, and who pass along to the gloomy end weary and worn, and wounded!" While the young girl was thus soliloquising, a newly awakened feeling of envy shadowing her usually pleasant thoughts, Mrs. Dormer had renewed the conversation about the heiress, asking Max if she was very wealthy.

"Yes, the estate since her father's death has been well managed by the agent, Mr. Crofton, one of my parishioners,—and a shrewd, clever man in his way—and her money invested so as largely to increase her income. Her father left the property somewhat encumbered at his death. He was a dissipated, bad man, I have heard."

"And you heard the thruth for onct in your life." These words came abruptly in deep harsh tones, making the aunt and nephew look around in eager surprise. A singular-looking woman in the dress of the peasantry stood in the door of the summer-house, the soft moss which carpeted the rock having prevented their hearing her approaching footsteps.

"You heard nothing but the thruth," she repeated, her dark sunken eyes gleaming with angry excitement, "for a blacker villain never dhrew the breath of life than that same Major Barrington."

The hood of her blue cloak was drawn closely over her head, partly shading the dark, hollow-worn face, but the restless passionate eyes recalled to Max Butler's mind an elderly woman whom he had that day met in the house of a sick parishioner, and whom he understood was a well-known character in the neighbourhood.

"How did you get here?" he asked, in surprise. "I did not observe you coming up the path from the cottage."

"I came a shorter cut; I climbed up the rocks from the road below."

"Rather a difficult ascent," observed Mrs. Dormer, eyeing the stranger curiously; but as her eye rested on those stern features, so deeply lined either by sorrow or passion—perhaps both—a strong feeling of compassion stole into her heart, and she asked kindly if she could do anything for her.

"I didn't come for help. I'm not a beggar," she answered stiffly.

"Then what did you come for?" asked Max, sharply, displeased at her ungracious reply to his aunt.

"I come to ax your riverence for a bit of advice about a thing that's bothering the life out of me, but sure if you can't spake aisy to a body it's no use saying more about it. Parsons should be able to keep their timper, and not snap the head off one."

"I stand reproved," said Max, with a

pleasant smile, amused at the strange manner of his new acquaintance.

"May I ask your name?"

"Dinah Blake, at your sarvice," was the curt reply.

Mrs. Dormer now left the summer-house and proceeded towards the cottage, supposing the woman would prefer a private conference with her nephew.

CHAPTER VII.

DINAH'S TETE-A-TETE WITH THE PARSON.

"I DIDN'T think you belonged to my flock," remarked the clergyman, as he motioned his visitor to a seat near him.

"Nor do I. I'm a Roman, as all my people was afore me, and you're a Prodestant." There was a slight ring of contempt in her voice.

"I am a Catholic," hastily interrupted the Rev. Max, who was imbued with High Church notions, and resented the idea of being called a Protestant.

"A Catholic!" repeated Dinah, in surprise. "Aren't you the new parson that's come lately to Carraghmore?"

"Yes, but I call myself a Catholic; I don't mean a Roman Catholic though," Max added by way of explanation.

"Och, that makes all the differ! You're one of the New Light, may be, for I hear that every day there's some new religion starting up, but it would be betther for you if you belonged to the Ould Church."

"And so I do!" put in Max, decidedly. "I'm a minister of the Apostolic Catholic Church."

A scornful light flashed from Dinah Blake's keen dark eyes. "I didn't come here to discoorse about religion," she said, coolly. "Sure, all you could say till doomsday wouldn't make me believe that your church is as ould as mine, come down to us from the Holy Apostles themselves, besides all the Saints and martyrs. It's no use wasting talk upon that, and as I see you're a new hand at the business, take me advice and don't be thryin' to convart any of Father Burke's flock. It'll be worse for you if you do. The ould parson never done it."

"I am not trying to convert you," said Max, with a good humoured smile. I know well the devotion of the Irish peasantry to the faith of their fathers, and have no intention of interfering with their religious belief."

"And where would be the use of it!" asked Dinah, bluntly. "Sure, they'd believe what the priest tells them agin all the praching of you Prodestants, even with the Lord Primate of all Ireland himself at your head."

"I quite agree with you there, but let us drop this discussion, and tell me in what way I can be of service to you. I think you said there was something troubling your mind."

"And so I did, your riverence! The Lord be good to us, but it's a world of throuble anyhow. It's happy for them that's well out of it. I wondher what the half of us miserable craythurs was ever sent into it for?" the woman added, with gloomy bitterness.

"To serve God and prepare for a better and happier world," was the clergyman's grave rejoinder to this passionate outburst of discontent.

"It isn't one in a hundhred does that, and small blame to them, when one thinks how hard it is!" she retorted vehemently. "What wid the divil tempting us," she continued, with a defiant look at Max, "and the bad passions in one's own heart, and the throuble and disthress, and poverty, sure it's few of God's craythurs will ever see the light of Heaven."

"Why do you take so gloomy a view of this matter," asked the clergyman, compassionately.

"Och, parson dear! isn't the gloomy view the thrue one?" she asked, with touch-

ing pathos—" at least for one like me," she hastily added, " that has one great sin to answer for."

" And it is that which troubles you ?" Max remarked, interrogatively.

Dinah nodded an affirmative.

" It seems strange you should come to me for advice instead of Father Burke."

" The rason is just this, the priest wouldn't advise me unless I tould him all in confession, and it doesn't suit me to do that."

" So there is a secret. Does it concern others as well as yourself ?"

" To be sure it does ! and it's on that account I don't want to tell it."

" But how can I give you any advice in the matter unless I understand more about it."

" Thrue for you ! and I'm going to make it as plain as I can to your riverence without telling all. Well, the truth is," Dinah continued, after a short pause, " I did a revingeful act onct in me life, and it was owing intirely to that bad man yourself and your aunt was talking about when I come up."

" Major Barrington !" repeated Max, in surprise.

" Himself, and no other ! as wicked a man as the divil ever got into his clutches, and he has him now fast enough anyhow !" Dinah added, with the fiendish glitter of gratified revenge in her passionate eyes.

" You shouldn't rejoice in the ruin of an immortal soul," remarked the clergyman reprovingly.

" Shouldn't rejoice !" she exclaimed, hissing the words through her set teeth. "Shouldn't rejoice that the divil has got his own, when the black-hearted rascal was the ruination of one belonging to me ! And it was on account of that I revinged meself on him."

" On account of what ? Pray speak more to the point."

" Och, but it's hard to insinse you into the maning of it !" she exclaimed, with an impatient gesture. "Can't you undherstand it was bekase of the great wrong he done one belonging to me."

" In what way did you carry out your revenge ?"

" That just what I can't tell, but I want to know if I ought to make aminds for it."

" Certainly, if it is in your power," was the clergyman's prompt answer.

" Aisy, your riverence. Now, suppose by remedying it as you say, I do another great wrong to an innocent craythur, what then ? Two wrongs won't make a right ; so I'm puzzled intirely."

" I really cannot advise you unless you are more explicit," observed Max, rather impatiently. " I think the best thing you can do would be to reveal the secret in confession to your spiritual guide, Father Burke ; he will no doubt be able to make your way clear before you."

" Faix, it's dark enough now at any rate !" remarked Dinah Blake, moodily. " I can't make up me mind to do as you say, bekase I know Father Burke would ordher me to right her by all manes."

" Right whom ?" enquired Max eagerly.

" That's part of me saycret, your riverence."

" But why can't you decide upon doing right to the one you have wronged," he asked, his curiosity now fully aroused by the woman's strange communication.

" For the very good rason that in doing so I would be bringing ruination and disgrace to one who isn't to blame at all at all."

" It does seem a singular case," remarked the clergyman thoughtfully, but as I do not thoroughly understand it and you will not explain it fully, I really can give no other advice than what I have already given. How long is it since the evil act you regret was committed ?"

" About eighteen years ; a good while back your riverence."

" And is it only now it troubles your conscience ?" Max enquired, with a look of surprise.

"Well, the thruth is, whilst I had health and strength it never bothered me at all ; I was so glad to be able to circumvint *him* you see."

"Who ?" enquired Max.

"The Major ! Who else ! Sure, I tould it to him on his dying bed, and had the joy of seeing him dhruv near out of his mind with the grief and rage, bekase he couldn't do nothing to remedy it then, being just in the clutch of death. Och, it was a glorious revinge !" and the restless black eyes flashed with cruel brightness as memory presented that death-bed scene in Barrington House, some eighteen years before.

"I am afraid you do not feel very penitent," observed the Rev. Max Butler, with grave rebuke.

"Sorra bit !" she answered curtly, a grim smile flickering over her stern features. "But you see I'm getting ould, and it's time to be thinking of makin' me sowl. The dhread of purgatory is afore me night and day. Bedad, it'll put me in me grave soon, if something isn't done to aise me conscience. Your Church does not believe in purgatory, your riverence."

"No ; we believe in an earthly purgatory, a purification by suffering here on earth, not after death, you know."

"Yes ; I know what you mane well enough, but that docthrine won't hould good in all cases, parson. It might for the poor and the sorrowful, for them that's steeped in poverty all their life—but what purgatory have the rich and the great in this world ! What purgatory had Major Barrington, the villain," she continued, an impetuous angry tones. "Wasn't all the blessings of heaven showered upon him here below ? and do you mane to say there's no fires of purgatory awaiting him in another world. Yes there is !" she added, with fierce vehemence." I couldn't believe in the eternal justice of God if there was not. And he is up to his neck in them now ! and if one little prayer of mine could get him out I'd never say it. Not if I lived till Doomsday !"

"You should not cherish such intense hatred towards this man," said Max, sternly, shocked at the woman's vindictive outbreak.

"And why not ?" she demanded fiercely; "didn't he bring disgrace and death to me door."

"Was he ever punished," asked Max, on whom there dawned some suspicion of this strange woman's grievance.

"Never ! What punishment does the law of the land allow to the black-hearted desaver, who leads an innocent girl asthray ?" demanded Dinah, with wild excitement in her look and manner ; "and the raison is the men make the laws to suit themselves. Sure it would be different if the women had the upper hand, but that's what they'll never have ; the men will hould their own agin them to the end."

"And it is right they should," broke in Max, hastily, "for Adam was first formed, then Eve."

"Och, bother, parson ! do you mane to tell me that the Almighty ever intinded that the purtiest craythur he made should be kept down like a slave, and bethrayed, and wronged, and kilt intirely just bekase she wasn't made afore the man. And it's a mane sneak that same Adam was," she continued, with a gesture of contempt and a ring of intense scorn in her voice. "Afther ating the apple, and injoying it as much as his wife, didn't he, the spalpeen, put all the blame upon her, instead of standing up bouldly and confessing his sin afore his Maker. Bedad, afther that, there isn't a man among ye ought to hould up your heads ! It ought to take the consate out of ye !"

"You have not a high opinion of mankind, I see," said Max, with a hearty laugh.

"Thrue for you, parson dear ! not but that I'll allow there is some good men to the fore, although it's a pity the number isn't greater. But I must be going, its gettin' late, for there's the sun sinking down behind the mountains, and I have a good piece of

the road between me and Pat Sullivan's, where I'm going to spend the night."

"I hope you will make up your mind to see Father Burke," observed Max, as Dinah rose to go away."

"I'll think about it," she answered coolly. "Faix, meself can't yet see the sinse of doing a great wrong to one in ordher to do right to another. It's mighty puzzling intirely, and bothers me a good dale when I think of dying."

"You should attend more to your religious duties, Dinah, and try to crush out of your heart the bitter hatred you feel towards a man long since in his grave," remarked the clergyman earnestly. "How can you expect God to forgive your sins if you don't forgive those who have injured you?"

"That's aisier said nor done," she answered doggedly. "Sure I have the bitther revingeful nature of me people, descinded from the Spaniards, they say."

"But, Dinah, you should remember you are getting old; death may take you away suddenly."

"Thrue for you, parson dear, and I'm afeard I'll never see the light of glory," she replied, with mournful pathos and a quiver of emotion about the stern mouth. "It's the onchristian life I have led, sure enough, for many a long day, nursing the cruel malice and revinge in me heart's core, and now repintance doesn't come aisy to me, and worst of all I can't go to confession bekase I'd have to make a clane breast of it, and that's what I hate to think of. Bedad, it'll break me ould heart to bring disgrace on Nora's child!" This concluding remark she muttered, as if speaking to herself, but it caught the quick ear of Max, startling him with a sudden suspicion.

Just at this moment Josephine Dormer's graceful figure was seen at the cottage door, calling Max to come to tea.

Dinah Blake gazed at the beautiful girl with a strange look in her dark flashing eye.

"They are mighty like one another," she remarked, thoughtfully; "only she is fairer and more like him. She is mighty purty, that young cousin of yours," she continued, turning to Max with a significant look, and emphasising the word cousin.

"Yes," he answered curtly.

"They might aisily pass for sisthers; they're as like as two pase," Dinah continued, still eyeing Josephine with no loving look.

"You mean my cousin and Miss Barrington," remarked the clergyman, interrogatively.

"Av coorse I do."

"They certainly do resemble each other; the likeness struck me forcibly."

"So it might; any one with an eye can see it; the only differ betune them is the young heiress is taller and darker-skinned. And you call that girl your cousin!" Dinah resumed after a short pause.

"She is my cousin," was the short, half-irritable answer.

"I wondher how you, a parson, can tell such a barefaced lie!" said Dinah, as she faced the Rev. Max Butler indignantly. "And to tell it to me, too, who know all about her!"

"What do you know?" burst eagerly from Max, as the colour mounted to his face at the woman's blunt censure.

"This much anyhow, that she is not any kin of yours, and that she was left a foundling in the streets of Galway a good many years ago."

"How do you know that?"

"Aisy enough," was the evasive answer. "Wasn't I in Galway at the very time."

"Do you know anything more about her?" asked Max, with eager curiosity. "Can you tell who her parents are."

"How should I know!" but there was a gleam of intelligence in Dinah's quickly averted eye.

"You do know!" broke impetuously from Max.

"And—if I do know I'll keep it to me-

self," was the cool rejoinder, and she moved hastily away, as if anxious to avoid further enquiries. But Max was not to be put off so easily now that his curiosity was aroused. Springing after her he clutched her cloak with a strong grasp.

"I cannot let you go until you tell me all you know," he exclaimed with subdued vehemence.

"If you keep me here till Doomsday you'll get nothing more out of me," Dinah said, with cool determination.

"But I will compel you to speak out." Max was getting angry now, and spoke with unusual excitement.

"A purty timper you have for a parson, to be sure," Dinah observed, with cutting irony. "But ye are all alike, priest and parson, firing up, and ready to snap the head off one on the least provocation. Can't you spake aisy to a body?"

The clergyman calmed down at this sarcastic remark. "Tell me what you know of Josephine and her parents," he pleaded.

"I didn't say I knew anything about them. What put that in your head? And even if I did where's the use of telling it. Such stories are betther hid nor brought to the fore."

Max seemed to think she was right, for he suddenly released her from his detaining grasp, and walked thoughtfully back to the summer-house, while Dinah, chuckling at having evaded his importunity, strode down the cliff-path and took the road to Carraghmore.

CHAPTER VIII.

A STARTLING SUSPICION.

AT the tea-table Max was unusually silent, pondering on what had occurred during his interview with his new acquaintance. Mrs. Dormer noticed his abstraction, and felt curious to know what had passed between him and the singular-looking woman who called herself Dinah Blake.

After tea, she followed her nephew to the summer-house, whither he had retired to think the matter over, and abruptly introduced the subject by inquiring why he looked troubled and thoughtful.

He gladly confided to her what had been said relative to Josephine, anxious to see whether the same suspicion which had pained him would flash upon her mind. She heard him with deep interest, and he saw by her face that she thought as he did on the subject.

"Josephine must be the daughter of Major Barrington—her likeness to his legitimate child is, as you say, remarkable," Mrs. Dormer observed in tones of deep regret. The thought seemed a very painful one.

"I think we must come to that conclusion, unpleasant as it is," rejoined Max, moodily, "but who is her mother? Can it be the relative of whom Dinah spoke, the girl she called Nora, who sleeps in a dishonoured grave? Good Heavens, how painfully humiliating to think our Josephine is connected by the ties of blood with that woman!—her granddaughter, perhaps!" he added contemptuously.

"That is not the worst feature in the case," said Mrs. Dormer, quietly, "the illegitimacy of her birth is more to be regretted, and yet the discovery of that should not really surprise us; it is only what we might expect to learn, knowing what we do, that she is a foundling deserted by her parents."

"Still, I did hope that the mystery of her birth might be cleared up some day more to our satisfaction. It is dreadful to learn she is so base-born as to have to connect one like her with sin and dishonour."

"She need never know it, Max, and, of course, this painful discovery will make no change in our feelings towards her," said his aunt earnestly.

"She must never know it!" exclaimed

Max, vehemently, "the discovery would render her wretched, and darken her bright young life. To one of her pure, refined nature, the knowledge of her parents' sin and her mother's shame would shut out the light of earthly happiness forever."

"Dinah Blake evidently wishes to keep the secret," resumed Mrs. Dormer, "therefore the unpleasant revelation is not likely to come from her."

"I suppose not. She is a woman, it seems, who can keep a secret. But what can the evil act be which she is so unwilling to disclose, and which she said embittered the last moments of Major Barrington's life?"

"Did she tell you that?" asked Mrs. Dormer, with a look of intense surprise, as a strange thought flashed through her mind.

"She certainly said so," and Max now related the rest of the conversation between him and Dinah Blake.

It seemed to strengthen the startling suspicion which had seized upon his aunt. "It could not surely be that!" she said, as if speaking to herself, in a bewildered way.

"Could not be what?" he asked eagerly.

"A change of children," she replied.

"Bless me, I never thought of that!" burst from Max, excitedly. "Really, that is jumping at an absurd conclusion, Aunt Amy."

"I don't think it is absurd, Max. When we think of Dinah's assertion that the evil act was committed through revenge on Major Barrington, and that it was only revealed to him on his death-bed, suspicion points to that solution of the mystery."

"And you think Josephine is the legitimate daughter, and the true heiress of Barrington Height, Aunt Amy?"

"That is my supposition, Max, and I believe I am right. Did not Dinah speak of righting some one, and, in doing so, of bringing disgrace on an innocent person?"

"Yes, that was her chief difficulty—she felt unwilling to bring disgrace on Nora's child. Really, you have thrown considerable light on this strange affair, aunt," and the clouded face of Max Butler brightened as he saw the dark shadows of a shameful birth roll away from Josephine's horizon.

"If Dinah Blake said that, the thing is plain enough in my opinion," remarked Mrs. Dormer confidently.

"I wonder that idea did not strike me," said Max thoughtfully. "It takes the acuter feminine mind to grasp it though. And now what is to be done in the matter? What steps can we take?"

"We can do nothing at present. I think Dinah's awakened conscience will make her do all that is necessary. We can only wait and watch, and hope that our dear Josephine will some day regain her own."

"And that poor girl, Miss Barrington, how I pity her!" resumed Max, sympathetically. "To think of the disgrace hanging over her head, ready to descend and envelope her in its mantle of shame! I do not wonder at the woman hanging back, unwilling to crush her with the heavy blow she has it in her power to give. And she will feel it keenly, too, in her intense pride of birth and station. Really, aunt, I have no wish that this shameful secret should be made public." Max continued, in his great sympathy with the beautiful heiress, "Josephine is quite happy and perfectly contented in her present sphere, believing herself your daughter. Why then should she be exalted to a higher station at the expense of an innocent girl's happiness, and by bringing her down to the depths of a bitter humiliation?"

"It does seem very hard certainly, but still Josephine is dearer to us than this Miss Barrington, Max, and we must not forget her interests in our sympathy with the one who unconsciously has usurped her rights, However, we will do nothing in this matter. but let things quietly take their course. If it is the will of Providence to bestow worldly advantages upon Josephine, I do not think

we should regret it, or throw any obstacles in the way from motives of compassion to one who is a perfect stranger to us. You seem to have taken quite a fancy to this haughty heiress, Max," Mrs. Dormer added with an arch smile.

"I admire her exceedingly, but admiration is not love, aunt," and Max gave a little embarrassed laugh.

"But it may become love, Max, and I fear the poor parson of Carraghmore would have little chance of winning the proud mistress of Barrington Height."

"She may not always be the heiress, aunt."

"No," she said, coldly, "but, in that case, what a stain would rest upon her birth!"

The Rev. Max winced at this, but made no reply, and Josephine now joining them, the subject was dropped.

Some weeks passed on very pleasantly for the Dormers, especially for Josephine, before whom a bright new path in life had opened. At the request of Sir Gerard Trevor, Max had introduced him to his aunt and cousin, and he became a frequent visitor at the cottage. Lady Trevor and Miss Barrington made a formal call on the clergyman's family, and this acquaintance with the heiress was extremely gratifying to Josephine and particularly pleasing to Max. In their intercourse, however, the proud girl was often too supercilious, making them feel her condescension in noticing them, and the difference in their positions. This was rather exasperating to Max—suspecting what he did—in spite of all his admiration for the haughty beauty, and he prepared to exorcise the demon which had taken possession of her. Therefore one Sunday morning he preached an eloquent sermon on the sin of pride, describing in forcible language its sinfulness in the sight of Heaven. Eva Barrington listened with profound attention, as she always did, to the handsome clergyman's clever discourses, and he, in his simple faith in the power of preaching, hoped he had made the desired impression; but on glancing towards her near the conclusion of his sermon, this illusion was dispelled, for he detected a gleam, half scornful, half defiant, in the brilliant eyes fixed on him so intently. The sermon, like most others, did no good. The demon of pride retained possession of Eva Barrington; there was the same chilling hauteur in her manner, the same imperious look in her dark, handsome face, and Max felt that his oratorical display was in vain. However, in all his plans for doing good in the parish, she was his able supporter, her purse was ever open to the claims of charity, for, with all her pride, she was kind to the poor.

It was about a month after the arrival of the Dormers at Carraghmore that Josephine received an invitation one morning to spend the evening at Barrington House, and take part in some *tableaux vivants* got up by Sir Gerard Trevor and his cousin. This was a great event in the quiet life of Josephine, and the evening was looked forward to with intense excitement, in which Max participated not a little, for he, too, was an invited guest. The pony carriage was kindly sent by Miss Barrington for the clergyman and his cousin, and as it drove slowly up the steep approach to the house, they had leisure to admire the magnificent view its elevated situation commanded. At the pillared entrance stood Lady Trevor and her son, looking seaward through a telescope, watching some outward-bound vessels gliding in full sail over the calm ocean. Lady Trevor's reception of the Rev. Maxwell Butler and Miss Dormer was very courteous. She seemed much struck with the singular beauty of Josephine, and Max observed that her eyes dwelt frequently on her with a wondering expression. Once he heard her whisper to Sir Gerard: "The likeness is certainly striking, but she is handsomer than Eva."

Among the guests was a young lady who,

as well as Josephine, had only lately arrived in the neighbourhood. She was the daughter of Mr. Crofton, the agent of Miss Barrington's estate. He also had other agencies in the county, and one of a very large property belonging to Lord Arranmore, an Irish absentee, who resided chiefly on the continent, travelling from one European city to the other in quest of pleasure, living in a constant whirl of gaiety and excitement. Miss Crofton had been residing with an aunt in Dublin for the benefit of her education. That was now said to be completed, and she had recently returned to her father's handsome home—situated a few miles from Carraghmore—highly accomplished, report said, and certainly very attractive, graceful and lady-like. She was about the same age as Josephine and Eva Barrington, but her style of beauty was different from either. Her hair was of the palest gold, her eyes a grayish blue, clear and brilliant, lighting up with every change of feeling; her complexion was clear, white and red, but the features were not regular, the nose was a little *retroussé*, and the mouth rather large, the lips well-shaped, disclosing, however, when she laughed, teeth of glittering whiteness. Her laugh, too, was very pleasing, its ring so merry yet so musical. The bright joyous nature of the girl had not yet been depressed by sad influences. To her "life's bitterness was still untried," and the happiness she felt showed itself on her fair young face. She was tall, with a lithe grace of movement, her rich costume—the work of a Dublin *modiste*—showing off her fine figure to advantage. This was Miss Crofton's first appearance in public since her return home, and she attracted considerable admiration. The Rev. Maxwell Butler was quite taken with this new face; though it had not the statuesque beauty of Josephine, or the haughty loveliness of Miss Barrington, still it possessed an indescribable charm for him. He was rather impressionable, this young clergyman. He had been very near falling in love with the Juno-like heiress, but had been repelled by the chilling hauteur of her manner, which told him as plainly as words could do, that she was only to be worshipped at a distance, and he had too much good sense to pour out his homage before an unattainable idol. As there was no chance of winning the affections of the proud mistress of Barrington House, he turned his attention towards this new and less radiant star which had just risen upon the confined horizon of the little world of Carraghmore. Miss Crofton, unlike the heiress, seemed quite flattered by the attentions of the handsome parson. The evening passed pleasantly, the *tableaux vivants* were a great success, and Miss Barrington and Josephine looked peerless in the characters they respectively selected. But Max was not permitted to see the close of the entertainment. A summons to attend the bed of a dying parishioner obliged him to leave rather early, and he bade a reluctant adieu to the festive scene, thinking solemn thoughts as he walked along quickly in the summer moonlight, for the painful contrast between that scene of gaiety and the house of mourning he was about to enter struck him forcibly. Sir Gerard Trevor escorted Miss Dormer home, secretly rejoicing at the absence of Max, which gave him this opportunity of enjoying a *tête-à-tête* with Josephine. The night was one of summer beauty. A cloudless moon was flinging its brilliant light on wooded steeps and secluded glens and wild seacoast, while the restless ocean shimmered beneath the radiant beams. Slowly the baronet drove the pony phaeton in order to prolong this delightful *tête-à-tête*. His attentions to Josephine during the evening had been marked. There was a charm in Josephine's *naïve* conversation to this young man accustomed to the society of fashionable young ladies. She had cast a spell around him by the witchery of her manner as well as by her singular beauty, and forgetting her want of birth or fortune, forget-

ting everything except his own passionate love, he was ready to lay himself and title at her feet, withheld only by the wish first to gain her pure, innocent affections. He wanted to be loved for himself alone—not accepted simply on account of the rank or station in society which a marriage with him would confer.

On reaching the cottage they met Max, just returned from fulfilling his painful duty at the death-bed to which he had been so hastily summoned, his manner completely sobered by the solemnity of the scene he had recently left, and his mind full of perplexing thoughts whether he had done right in being present at the gaieties at Barrington House in the previous part of the evening. Surely the life of a clergyman should be one of greater self-denial, he told himself repeatedly. Had he not felt how unprepared his mind was to face death, when called suddenly from a place of amusement to administer a solemn rite to the dying. It was the first time that anything of the kind had occurred, and Max determined it should be the last. He would accept no more invitations to scenes even of innocent recreation, but would come out from the world and devote himself to the sacred duties of his profession. Only in that way could he hope to serve God and win souls; for what influence for good can a clergyman have whose life is not unworldly and full of self-denial?

CHAPTER IX.

THE INTERVIEW ON THE SEA-SHORE.

IT was the evening after the festivities at Barrington House. Winny, Mrs. Dormer's faithful old servant, had gone down to the beach to gather shell-fish. She had filled her pail, and, feeling tired after the labours of the day, seated herself on a low rock to enjoy the quiet beauty of the summer eve, as she listened to the deep booming of the waves along the shore. The sun was setting, and lighting up with crimson glory the broad expanse of ocean, and touching with golden lustre the rugged summits of the tall grey cliffs.

"It's a beautiful evening, ma'am, glory be to God!"

The sudden salutation, and steps crunching the pebbly shore, made Winny turn eagerly round. A woman of respectable appearance stood near her. Winny recognized her as one of the servants from Barrington House, Nurse Lynch as she was called. Having been Eva's nurse, she was now her most privileged domestic, as the nurse is in most Irish families. On the preceding evening, Nurse Lynch had assisted at the toilet of her young mistress and Miss Dormer when preparing for the *tableaux vivants*. Josephine's necklace having become unclasped, she had asked this woman to fasten it for her. As she did so, the peculiar mark behind the girl's shell-like ear caught the nurse's attention. A low exclamation of astonishment escaped her, and her hands trembled so she could with difficulty render the little service required of her. She, as well as others, had noticed the striking resemblance between Miss Dormer and Eva Barrington, and this little discovery had given that resemblance a strange importance in her eyes. A deep feeling of curiosity was awakened in the woman's mind, and it was with the hope of having it gratified, and her suspicions either confirmed or removed, that she sought this interview with Mrs. Dormer's servant.

"It's mighty pleasant by the sea-side this warm evening," she continued, taking a seat beside Winny.

"Thrue for you, ma'am," was the laconic answer.

"They had fine doings up at the house last night; and your young lady was the belle of the party." This was said in Nurse Lynch's most insinuating tones.

"Sure there's nothing sthrange in that,

and she so mighty purty," was Winny's cool rejoinder.

"She's from Galway, I believe?"

"Yes, we come from there."

"Have you lived long with Mrs. Dormer?"

"About twenty years."

"She's a kind misthress no doubt?"

"Sorra betther from here to Dublin."

"Is Miss Dormer her only child?"

"No, she had another, but it did not live."

"Then Miss Josephine is her only living child?"

"Maybe she isn't her child at all!" said a voice, suddenly, near them; and an old woman, wrapped in a blue cloak, came from behind a huge rock, at the foot of which she had been sitting, before unnoticed.

"Do you know who we're talking about?" asked Nurse Lynch, eyeing the stranger with mingled curiosity and surprise. Winny, too, stared at the woman, having a dim perception that she had seen her face before, but where or when she could not recollect.

"Is it know what you're talking about?" asked the new comer, with a contemptuous curl of her thin lip. "Maybe I do, betther nor yourself, Nurse Lynch. You came down to palaver *her*"—with a significant nod towards Winny—"you wish to find out all about it. It's mighty puzzling, isn't it, ma'am?"

"Blessed Virgin! who are you at all?"

The old woman smiled grimly at Nurse Lynch's astonishment. "You'll know one of these days," was the curt reply, as she turned abruptly away.

Both women watched her tall figure till she was out of sight. Then Winny remarked she had seen her before.

"Where?" eagerly demanded the nurse.

"In Galway, about ten years ago. I couldn't remimber at first where it was I seen her, but it's come to me quite suddint."

"What's come to you? Arrah, spake plain, woman."

"All about her, av coorse," retorted Winny, rather indignantly.

"Sure, I know that, but what was it?" The tones were now more conciliating.

"Well, one day she called at our house in Galway, and axed lave to light her pipe."

"And is that all ye have to tell me about her?" interrupted Nurse Lynch, in a disappointed voice.

"If you have the patience to listen and not be snapping the words out of one's mouth, you'll hear more, ma'am," rejoined Winny, with an important air. "Well, as I was saying, she axed lave to light her pipe; and while she was smoking it, Miss Josephine come into the kitchen, and when the woman saw her she started and axed so many questions about her bedad, that me tongue was tired answering them. She's a cute one, I tell ye. She got round me so with her palaver, that I tould her widout maning it."

"Tould what?" was Nurse Lynch's eager question.

"Faith, then, I'm not going to bethray the saycret the second time," said Winny, with determination; and, rising suddenly, she took up her pailful of shell-fish.

"Stop a moment! where's the hurry!" and Nurse Lynch laid her detaining grasp on Winny's arm, the eager curiosity to learn more gleaming in her gray eyes. "Sit down again, woman dear, and let us have a confab together. That's a good young man—the parson I mane. He's a kind masther, no doubt; he'll be for marrying Miss Josephine, maybe?"

"No, he won't. They're too much like brother and sister for that," was Winny's blunt answer, as she seated herself once more, yielding to the wishes of her new acquaintance.

"Miss Josephine will look higher, perhaps?" observed Nurse Lynch, significantly. "The young baronet is greatly taken with her, they say; but I'm afeard there's no chance of his marrying her."

"And why not?" asked Winny, sharply. "Isn't she good enough for him?"

"Purty enough she is, anyhow," was the cautious rejoinder.

"Ay, and good enough, too, why not?" said Winny, with an offended air.

"But, you see, there's a saycret about her birth," put in Nurse Lynch, quietly, with a meaning smile.

"Who said there was," asked Winny, testily.

"Yourself, woman alive; sure there's no use in getting so angry about it."

"Well, if there is a saycret, it's none of your business, ma'am," retorted Winny, stiffly, as she rose to her feet; and bidding Nurse Lynch a cold good evening, she turned abruptly away.

"She's cuter than I thought," was the nurse's mental observation as she stood watching Winny's sturdy-looking figure hastily retreating in the direction of the cottage. She felt irritated at being baffled in her attempts to get at the truth about Miss Josephine's birth. "There was a saycret in it, anyhow, that was plain enough," she told herself, exultingly. Winny had let that out unknown to herself. Her suspicions were not groundless. That conviction was so much gained, at any rate, and she hoped yet to ferret out the whole affair. That strange woman in the blue cloak had said she would know all about it some day. But who was that woman, and what had she to do at all in the matther? what concarn was it of hers? It was all mighty quare intirely, and as she returned slowly to Barrington House, she pondered deeply upon all that had been said on the sea-shore that summer evening.

On her way home she stopped to rest awhile at a cabin on the roadside, and have a chat with Nance Dillon, the "dacent" woman who owned it. Nance felt herself highly honoured by a visit from Nurse Lynch from the big house. The best chair was carefully dusted before it was offered to the welcome visitor, and the pig was driven from the door, and kept at bay by a gossoon with a stout stick, lest it should dare invade the kitchen while it was honoured with her presence.

"Sure it's glad I am to see you intirely, ma'am; and how is the young misthress and the quality up at the house?"

While Nurse Lynch was replying to this question, the gaunt, weird figure who had so abruptly accosted her on the sea-shore passed the cabin door, and she eagerly inquired who she was.

"That's Dinah Blake, the Lord be good to her, the craythur!" was Nance Dillon's pathetic answer.

"She's a sthranger in these parts. I never remimber seeing her afore."

"Och, she isn't a sthranger at all, ma'am. She used to live here onct in her life—that was afore your time, Mrs. Lynch. Indeed she was a sarvint up at the big house when the ould masther lived there long ago. But when the black throuble darkened her door, she left the counthry all of a suddint, and never showed her face here for many a day. She is come back agin, but I'm thinking she won't stay long. She'll be off on the thramp agin in no time. The grief about poor Nora turned her head, and sure no wondher."

"Who was Nora, and what happened to her?"

"A young daughther of Dinah's that went to her grave in shame and sorrow. She lies beyant there in St. Bride's this many a year."

"And what became of her child?—she had one, I suppose?" asked Nurse Lynch, with eager curiosity. A new light was dawning upon the mystery that perplexed her.

"It died, Dinah said; and sorra word more could anybody get out of her about it."

"Are you sure it died? Can the woman's word be depinded on?"

"Faith, I dunno; but that's what she said, anyhow."

"How long is it since she left here?" was Nurse Lynch's next query; the subject seemed to interest her.

"Nearly twenty years, as near as I can count. It might be a year or two less or more, I can't say for sartain."

"And she has not been in the counthry since until now?" This was said interrogatively.

"Only onct since; and that was when the major died; you remimber the time yourself, ma'am, whin you was sint off with the young heiress to Ennis, to be out of the way of the sickness, the spotted faver that sthruck him down so suddint. Dinah Blake came back then, and bedad she helpt me to nurse him awhile, just afore he died, bekase I was worn out intirely for want of sleep."

"It was mighty kind of her, to be sure, but maybe she had a motive in it," remarked Nurse Lynch, thoughtfully. "Who was it led Nora asthray?" she asked, abruptly, after a short pause.

"Sorra one ever knew except Dinah herself."

"And did she never tell it to anybody?"

"Never! you daren't spake to her about it. The grief and shame near dhruv her out of her mind, and faith no wondher! for isn't the black disgrace the worst throuble of all. Sure there's nothin' so bad as that, the saints betune us and harm!"

Nurse Lynch made no reply to this pathetic observation. The twilight was deepening fast, and as she had still some distance to walk, she bade Nance Dillon a kind good-night, and continued her way to Barrington House, thinking deeply.

MY MESSENGER BIRDS.

BY F. A. DIXON.

SEA-gulls, flying to me,
Have you a message to tell
From my love, my dear love at sea,
Say! sweet birds, is he well?

I.

I have a message for thee,
From thy dear love far out at sea;
First it was told to the wind,
But the wind, playful wind, stays behind,
And scatters the wavelets in play,
As hay-makers scatter the hay.
I have flown home on swift wing,
And this is the message I bring—
"I am well, love, and think but of thee."

II.

I bring a message for thee,
From thy dear love far out at sea;
First it was told to the wind,
But the wind, faithless wind, stays behind,
And drives up the waves as a flock,

Till they break on the decks with a shock,
And the topmast is hidden in clouds ;
But a voice came from high up the shrouds.
I have flown home on swift wing,
And this is the message I bring—
"I fear, love, yet think but of thee."

III.

I bring a message for thee,
From thy dear love far out at sea ;
First it was told to the wind,
But the wind, cruel wind, stays behind,
Rending the sails from the mast,
While waves fall heavy and fast,
And strike the poor ship till she reels.
Her bulwarks are splintered and shorn,
And her cordage is broken and torn.
Alas ! for the poor ship at sea,
And the voice which came floating to me !
I have come home on swift wing,
And this, its last message, I bring—
"Good-bye, love, I think but of thee."

THE LATE SESSION OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ONTARIO.

BY A BYSTANDER.

OUR article on the recent struggle in the Parliament of Ontario drew from the organs of both parties some comments, the friendly tone of which we acknowledge with pleasure, accepting it as an indication that our article was, in spirit at least, not otherwise than impartial. We will only venture to remark that, while an anonymous writer refrains from any abuse of his privilege, it is better, in the general interest of the press, to respect his incognito. In the United States it is the rule to break through the incognito, and to give every discussion as personal a character as possible ; but this rule, in our humble judgment, is more honoured in the breach than in the observance. The moral influence of the press, like all moral influence, will ultimately depend upon its submission to necessary restrictions, among which, as we believe, are the preservation, for legitimate purposes, of the anonymous character, and of the impersonality of discussion.

We noticed as questionable the censure of the last Parliament involved in the amendment to the address which was carried by the Opposition. It has been replied that we must have overlooked the fact that the Railway Subsidies Act, at which the censure was levelled, had been condemned by the country at the polls. We, however, did not overlook this fact, which was indisputable, and was clearly proved by the secession of some of the Ministerialists from their party on the Railway question. But a Parliament formally assembled is not at liberty to exercise the

freedom of the hustings; it is bound by rules intended for the preservation of its own dignity and the maintenance of the sovereign authority, of which it is the depository for the time being. A vote of censure on the Legislature which had passed the Railway Subsidies Act, implied a vote of censure on the Lieutenant-Governor who had signed the Act, which few would contend to be in accordance either with the forms or with the spirit of the Constitution. Without imputing any wrong intentions, we remain of opinion that an error was in fact committed, and one which, if Parliament wishes to preserve its authority and dignity, should be avoided for the future. No harm can result from the restriction, since it is always open to the Opposition to move no-confidence in the Government, and the motion will be carried if the policy of the Government is on any ground condemned by the majority of the House. Or if an Act of Parliament, carried under the influence of the Government, is the special object of reprobation, the repeal of the Act may be moved, and the Government, if its policy is identified with the Act, will, upon its repeal being carried, be compelled to resign. Should a Parliament ever exceed its legal powers, its successor will, of course, be called upon to vindicate the law, and in doing so will condemn the Legislature which broke it. But it cannot be contended that, in passing the Railway Subsidies Act, Parliament and the Lieutenant-Governor had exceeded their legal powers. Nor could anything be founded on the use of the vague term "unconstitutional." The legal act of a constitutional legislature, however impolitic, cannot be unconstitutional, at all events where there is a written constitution. In England, where there is no written constitution, the term unconstitutional has a substantive meaning, denoting that which is contrary to the unwritten law.

After such a storm as that which raged at the opening of the Session, the waves for a time will continue to run high; and it was almost inevitable that a great amount of the public time should be consumed in recriminations. Such recriminations are not the less to be deprecated. The lavish use of them, and of mutual imputations on character, has done as much as anything to reduce public life in the United States to its present low level, and to make the name of politician in that country almost incompatible with the reputation of a man of honour. When charges of roguery and corruption are bandied to and fro, though there may be but little foundation for the charge on either side, both sides are to some extent believed by the people. Members anxious for the reputation of the House, and for the dignity of public life, will interpose to check these affrays, and to relegate the discussion to the party press, unless one of the combatants takes upon himself the responsibility of putting his charge in form and demanding an investigation. In the present instance investigation took place in two cases. In one of the two—a charge made against the new Prime Minister of having used improper means to bring about the secession of a member of the late Cabinet—the tribunal having been constituted, the accuser declined to appear. His ground for refusing was the form which the investigation had taken, and which was different from that desired by himself. But if the connection of his own name with his charge in the resolution appointing the committee was the point of his objection, he was certainly in error. When facts, forming a case for inquiry, are before the House, it is open to any member to move for a committee without assuming the personal responsibility of an accuser; but when, as in the present instance, there are no facts before the House, he who impeaches the character of another member must not refuse to connect his own name with the impeachment. The liberty of moving for a fishing committee, to collect the materials of an indictment, would be liable to the gravest objections.

Altercations, renewed till the public was more than weary of them, and inquiries instituted with little prospect of a definite result, have brought to light just enough to confirm us in the conviction that public life, if it is the highest of all callings, is the lowest of all trades, and that while there are some public men who embrace the calling, there are others who ply the trade. It is for the youth of Canada, at this most critical moment of their country's history, highly to resolve that they will shun and discourage the trade, and that, so far as in them lies, the nation shall be ruled, not by venal adventurers, but by patriotism and honour.

In these skirmishes, and generally through the Session, the new Opposition appeared in a very unorganized condition. The allegiance of the party having been withdrawn from, or declined by, its former chief, the lead was assumed, though not very definitely, by a member universally respected for his integrity and conscientiousness, but who, as a tactician, failed to carry the party with him. His tactics appeared too forensic for a political assembly. Extreme tenacity in fighting every possible point, however secondary and however doubtful, may be the duty of an advocate and may gratify a client, but it never fails to produce a bad effect on statesmen. A prudent leader will carefully select the issues on which victory is attainable or battle unavoidable, and will husband the pugnacity of his party for the decisive field. Such caution is especially necessary at a time when the party is discouraged by recent defeat and mistrustful of the strategy of its chief.

One of the most fruitful themes of recrimination was the acceptance by the late Speaker of a place in the new Ministry, which was alleged to have imparted to the Government the odious character of a coalition. What the ties of this gentleman may have been to his former associates, and whether his acceptance of office was a violation of those ties, are personal questions, which a by-stander does not presume to touch. But when we are called upon to determine whether a Government of Ontario or Canada is a coalition, formed in disregard of party principles, we must ask ourselves what the principles of the parties in Ontario or in Canada are. The question is a serious one for the community; for party without party principles inevitably becomes faction; and faction as inevitably supports itself by intrigue, demagogism, and corruption.

Burke has declared party divisions to be inseparable from free government, and in another well-known passage he has thus defined party—"Party is a body of men united for promoting, by their joint endeavours, the national interest upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed. For my part, I find it impossible to conceive that any one believes in his own politics, or thinks them to be of any weight, who refuses to adopt the means of having them reduced into practice. It is the business of the speculative philosopher to mark the proper ends of government. It is the business of the politician, who is the philosopher in action, to find out proper means towards those ends, and to employ them with effect. Therefore every honourable connexion will avow it is their first purpose to pursue every just method to put the men who hold their opinions into such a condition as may enable them to carry their common plans into execution, with all the power and authority of the State. As this power is attached to certain situations, it is their duty to contend for these situations. Without a proscription of others, they are bound to give to their own party the preference in all things, and by no means for private considerations to accept any offer in which the whole body is not included, nor to suffer themselves to be led, or to be controlled, or to be overbalanced in office or council by those who contradict the very fundamental principles on which their party is formed, and even those upon which every fair connexion must stand. Such a generous

contention for power, on such manly and honourable maxims, will easily be distinguished from the mean and interested struggle for place and emolument. The very style of such persons will serve to discriminate them from "those nameless impostors who have deluded the ignorant with professions incompatible with human practice, and have afterwards incensed them by practices below the level of vulgar rectitude."

It is remarkable that the very man who penned this classic apology for party, himself held office under the exceptionally odious coalition of Fox and North, and afterwards broke away in the most open and violent manner from the party with which he had acted all his life. But not to dwell upon this *argumentum ad hominem*, it will be observed that Burke assumes, as the foundation and justification of party, agreement in some particular principle, for the promotion of which the party is formed. This, he distinctly implies, is necessary to prevent the "generous contention for power" from becoming "a mean and interested struggle for place and emolument," to keep a "fair connexion" distinct from a gang of impostors with professions above the level of humanity, and a practice below that of the vulgar, to save the "philosopher in action" from degenerating into a low-caste politician. And in England a particular principle, to form the basis of agreement and united action, has always existed and still exists. Every one knows the characteristic sentiments and objects of a Cavalier, Tory or Conservative, on one side, of a Roundhead, Whig or Radical, on the other. The history of British party is a series of struggles between rival principles in relation to great questions, such as Prerogative, the power of the House of Lords, the conflict with the American Colonies, the War against the French Republic, Religious Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform. And still, in England, the Conservatives have something to conserve, the Reformers have something to reform—the House of Lords, the State Church of England, the English Land Law, the remaining limitations on the Franchise, Denominational Education. But in this country, now that responsible and Parliamentary government has been fully conceded, the franchise extended almost as far as anybody wishes to extend it, and religious equality established by the secularization of the Clergy Reserve, what is the particular principal agreement which holds either of the two parties together? What is there for Conservatives to conserve or for Reformers to reform? What but mere personal fidelity to connexion binds together our public men, the chief of whom have in fact for the most part appeared in every sort of combination? What is there to preserve our parties from gradually becoming mere factions, and our country from becoming the unhappy scene of a perpetual struggle of factions for place, and being infested with the corruption and all the other evils which the conflicts of unprincipled ambition produce, and which have infested even England whenever the conflict of principles has slackened, as it did in the time of Walpole, and in the early part of the reign of George III?

In Dominion politics there is evidently still, if not a dividing principle, a dividing interest, which was involved in one of the two questions chiefly raised at the polls in Ontario—the assassination of Scott. The other question, the Railway Subsidies Act, was merely administrative, and contained nothing in itself indicative of any party principle, though it may be supposed that the agitation about it was not unconnected with the agitation about the Scott murder, and that both were parts of an effort to overthrow a Provincial Government which was subordinate and auxiliary to a Dominion Government based on the French interest.

We repeat that this is a serious question. Original as we pride ourselves on being on this continent, we do in fact import our fashions rather blindly in politics as well as in building, food and dress. Party, apparently,

has its justification, and its sole guarantee against corruption, in the circumstances of the old country, which are such that a man of honour may there sink his individual opinion on minor points to support the leader with whom he agrees on the main question; though even in the old country the unwillingness of independent minds, especially on the liberal side, to bow to party discipline, is every day increasing, and giving more trouble to the party "whip." In Canada, so far as we can see, party can have no permanent justification, no lasting guarantee against corruption. But as party principle dies away, faction, with its system of caucuses, wire-pullers and tickets, practically depriving the people of the free exercise of the franchise, will probably increase, and we may at last fall under the domination, to use once more the masterly language of Burke, "of those nameless impostors who have deluded the ignorant with professions incompatible with human practice, and have afterwards incensed them by practices below the level of vulgar rectitude." Unhappily, however incensed the public may be, its ire, when faction is once in the saddle, will be vain; the wire-puller becomes all-powerful, and freedom of suffrage is gone—gone past redemption—for individual effort is utterly powerless against the tyranny which has in its hands the party organization, the nomination of all candidates, and the press.

Under a reign of organized faction, men of pure mind may, perhaps, continue to enter public life in the belief that they can purify it by their influence, but they will find themselves compelled to pay homage to the wire-puller, to become his accomplices, though at first with averted eyes, in the use of corrupt agencies, and ultimately to descend to his level.

To those who are strongly impressed with the existence of these dangers, the election for North Simcoe of a candidate who professed allegiance to neither of the two organizations, was welcome as an instance of the free use of the suffrage, and a proof of unabated independence of spirit among the people.

The most important measure of the Session was the abolition of Dual Representation, moved and carried by the new Government in honourable fulfilment of a pledge given by them in opposition. It appears certain that this measure was desired by the people. In its first aspect it belongs to a class of self-denying ordinances well known to students of political history as equally popular and unstatesmanlike. Some positions are radically incompatible with each other, as those of a party politician and a judge. But with these exceptions, able men do an injury to the State when they preclude themselves from serving it in any way or number of ways in their power; and the people, however they may be gratified by the appearance of self-abnegation and hostility to pluralism, are really wronged when good objects are withdrawn from a choice which is not too often exercised aright. It may be too much for most men to sit both in the Provincial and in the Dominion Legislatures, though the united sessions are not equal in length to a session of the British House of Commons. But this difficulty would settle itself in each individual case. That there will be a sufficiency of able men, at least of able men who can command seats for both legislatures, is a pleasant assumption, but unfortunately not agreeable to experience. The gist of the matter, however, and the real ground for the measure, no doubt lie in the following extracts from the debate:

MR. SINCLAIR asked who in this House was endeavouring to take away the people's rights? Every man in the House had consulted his constituents on the subject, and his (Mr. Sinclair's) constituents had pronounced in favour of the Bill. There was one reason why this Bill should pass: it was this—during the last four years the shadow of the Ottawa Government had rested on this

House. This was peculiarly the case in reference to the murder of Thomas Scott. The House could not speak out on the matter because their action might interfere with the action of the Ottawa Government. The same remark might apply with respect to the question of the Nova Scotia Subsidy. He hoped that the House would for ever rid itself of the emissaries of the Ottawa Government. For these reasons he would cordially support the Bill, for it would prove of great benefit to the Province. The passage of this Bill would create an Ontario feeling in this House, and make every member of the House feel as proud of his position as if he were a member of the Federal Parliament.

MR. BLAKE *(President of the Council)*.—The position of the Reform party in regard to the Federal Government was, that they argued against alliance as well as against hostility. Their position was this, that the Local Government should be perfectly independent of the Central Government, and should neither be entangled by alliance nor embarrassed by hostility. And he spoke for this Government when he said that it was prepared to defend itself as against hostile efforts; but when Dual Representation was abolished, then there was also abolished the danger of entangling alliances as well as of embarassing hostilities. Cases might occur at Ottawa in the future, when the interests of Ontario might be at stake, and in this event it would be of the highest moment that party alliances should not be brought into play; for her interests might be sacrificed to party considerations. If we desire to preserve the independence of the Province, we must abolish Dual Representation, and the independence of each of the Provinces was necessary for the working of the Federal system.

The object here stated is clear enough, but it may be doubted whether it is attainable. In the United States, though there is, we believe, no legal restriction on double election, the State Legislatures are in practice quite distinct from the Federal Legislature; yet the influence of Federal party pervades the State Legislatures, and not only the State Legislature, but the smallest municipal election. And so it will always be under party government. The great organizations will everywhere be present, and make everything subservient to themselves. If, indeed, the politics of Ontario could become the chief object of interest to her citizens, and the offices of her Government the chief aim of their ambition, the complete severance of the legislatures might have the desired effect. But the departure of the two leaders of the Government party, and the two foremost men in the House, from the Provincial to the Federal Legislature, which is the first consequence of the measure, at once demonstrates that Ottawa, not Toronto, is the centre, even to Ontario politicians; and this being the case, it may be taken as certain that parties, and the leaders of party, at Toronto, will continue to be subordinate to the leaders at Ottawa.

The framers of our constitution do not seem, if we may judge from the debates on Confederation, to have very clearly forecast the practical relations of the Federal and Provincial Legislatures to each other under a system of party government. It is a subject which invites the attention of those interested in the working of the Constitution.

The policy of subsidizing railways has been continued on an extended scale. This is a question, to some extent, of local experience, and one which, on that account, a by-stander scarcely presumes to approach. Yet an experience widely based and applicable to all localities assures us,—first, that the attempts of a government to stimulate private enterprise are apt to lead to improvident undertakings, and thus to a misdirection of capital peculiarly injurious in a young country; and, secondly, that though the constant control of Parliament may prevent the corrupt action of Government, we have no security that Parliament itself will not be-

come the scene of corruption. No legislature can be placed by wealth and general character more above corruption than the British, yet it is notorious that both Houses of Parliament were the scenes of great corruption during the early period of railway legislation. We may add that the phrase "opening up of country," so current in connection with this subject, is one of the many popular phrases which have a tendency to mislead. The great object of economical legislation should be to induce the incoming population to settle close and to farm high; close settlement being, besides nearness to markets and other material advantages, an almost necessary condition of high civilization. The rapid opening up of large tracts of country has an opposite tendency in both respects. Some parts of the Western States have been opened up till the farming is about the worst in the world, and corn, in default of purchasers, is sometimes used as fuel. Meantime the land is undergoing a process of exhaustion which, it is to be feared, even in Canada somewhat threatens our ultimate prosperity as an agricultural nation.

These questions have been raised by the existence of a large surplus. The existence of a surplus, generally speaking, is a proof that too much has been taken by Government from the people; and the most obvious, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the best, course, is to return the balance by a remission of taxation, or by providing out of the surplus for objects which would otherwise necessarily call for taxation in the future.

The Government model farm formed another topic of discussion. In England, where scientific farming pays better probably than in any other country, the scientific education of farmers has, nevertheless, been far from a marked success; and in the United States the result, so far as we can gather, has been pretty much the same. Farming is mainly practical; enough of science comes to the farmer through associations and journals, or in the concrete form of improved implements, and better bred stock. In Canada, still more than in England, energy and endurance are the farmer's science; and the withdrawal from the scene and the habits of actual labour necessary for attendance at an agricultural college would, probably, in nine cases out of ten, make the farmer no farmer at all. But in a country where there are no large proprietors with long purses to lead the way in agricultural experiment, Government may do good by practically demonstrating that good farming pays well; and if the model farm serves this purpose it will be a most useful institution.

The new Government has honourably endeavoured to guard against corruption, which is our great and besetting danger in these democracies of the new world, by extending the operation of the law against the acceptance of lucrative appointments by members of Parliament. A high tone of public sentiment alone can effectually preserve us from the pestilence which rages with so much virulence to the south of us; but legal restraints are not without value.

An interesting question was mooted with regard to the constitution of the University of Toronto; but this question awaits its solution in the next session.

The operation of the Act against Dual Representation will deprive the Parliament of Ontario of a good deal of its oratoric power. But a sufficiency of practical ability will remain; and we shall continue to be well governed if members can only learn to dismiss from their minds the feuds, in the prosecution of which so much time and energy have been wasted, and to devote their undivided attention to the business of the country.

"IT IS PEACE."

II. KINGS iv. 26.

Forth from her mansion in the East,
With downcast eye and burdened breast,
Rode the childless Shunammite:
Bending beneath the chastening rod,
She flew to seek the "man of God"
On Carmel's towering height.

Elisha saw her from afar,
And forward sent his messenger,
Her tale that she might tell:
She paused not, not one moment stayed,
But to his questions simply said
In answer, "All is well."

So when the Christian's faith is tried,
His heart, like silver, purified,[1]
By loss of children, husband, wife,
Of all that may have gladdened life;
When health and strength decrease:
Should it be asked, "How is't with thee?
Is all well with thy family?"
The answer still may meekly be,
"Aye, thanks to Him who died for me,
All *is* well, All is Peace!"[2]

B. A.

NORTH DOURO, Feb. 13th, 1872.

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[1] Psalm xii. 6.

[2] The Hebrew word שָׁלוֹם, translated, in the 26th verse, "well"—"It is *well*,"—signifies primarily, "Peace."

OLD COLONIAL CURRENCIES.

BY S. E. DAWSON.

HOWEVER true it may be that the history of European nations is merely the biography of a few great men, such an assertion cannot be made concerning the history of America. Hence the history of the New World, though it may lack the strong personal interest which attaches to the record of great kings, statesmen, or generals, has the surpassing interest of being the record of the experiments, political, social and religious, of some of the most highly gifted races of Europe, made under conditions of singular freedom, both from the straitened forms of old-world society, and from the dominating individuality of great men. Social experiments in America have succeeded or failed in consequence of their inherent virtues or defects, and have not been strained by outward pressure beyond their natural limits. Our present purpose is to chronicle some of the experiments which have been made in the New World in the important department of finance. We do not hope to establish any theory of money, or elicit any new principle. Experiments are still being made, and, doubtless, the true theory will in time appear.

In America, within a comparatively short period, every conceivable form of currency has been tried. The accounts of the New Netherlands (now New York State) were, in 1662, kept in wampum and beaver skins. That currency does not appear to have been more stable than others ; for, in that year, complaints were made of its increasing depreciation, and the Chamber of Commerce at Amsterdam credited all its colonial officials with twenty-five per cent. additional salary in beaver skins to cover their loss, a precedent too seldom followed in later and more progressive times.

During the earliest period of the history of the English colonies whatever exchanges were not made by barter were made in a specie currency, consisting mainly of French and Spanish coins. These, being much worn and depreciated by constant clipping, were often weighed out in primitive style, and settlements were made, and salaries fixed, in ounces of silver-plate. Curious complaints were made to the Home authorities, and recriminations were frequent between the colonies regarding the clipping and defacing of coins. The dollar, or piece of eight reals, passed at a different rate in each colony, and the colonial legislatures all fancied that the best way of attracting money was to raise its nominal value. Competing traders, even in the same colony, vied with each other in giving the highest nominal value to the dollar. Pennsylvania endeavoured to draw money from New York by calling the legal value of a dollar 7s. 6d. New York had previously made the same attempt on Massachusetts by fixing upon 6s. 9d, and New Jersey got the better of both in the current opinion of that day by allowing 7s. 8d. for the same coin. These rates varied by colonial enactment from time to time, and Governor Hunter, of New Jersey, writing to the Board of Trade at London, "doubts if it be in the power of men or "angels to beat out of the heads of the "people of this continent a silly notion that "they gain by the augmentation of the value of pieces of plate," (*i. e.*, dollars.) This notion is held to the present day in Prince Edward Island, where it is still supposed that money stays upon the Island because the nominal value of the shilling sterling is 1s. 6d. currency. The Boston people of those days were not, however, so easily

beaten, although they kept the value of the dollar below the rate in the other colonies. One of the Governors of New York makes earnest appeal to London against them, because "having the main foreign trade, they "bring goods to New York which they will "sell only for good heavy money, which they "carry away and clip, and then send "back this light money to New York for "breadstuffs, which they ship to the West "Indies and undersell the New Yorkers "there in their own productions." The indignant governor calls loudly for the interference of the Mother country to check those singular financial operations of the lively Bostonians. Throughout all the correspondence between the colonial governors and the Mother Country the necessity of one general standard of value was continually urged, and the efforts of the Home Government and their officers to that end were as continually and pertinaciously thwarted by the colonists in their various assemblies.

Still at that time, the currency, such as it was, was of gold and silver. Schuyler and Dillon, who made an expedition into Canada in 1698, report with apparent surprise that there the currency consisted of paper only, but the power of a paper currency was shortly after discovered by the English colonists, and Massachusetts, as usual, took the lead. Although the need of it was not so much felt in the town of Boston, which had a large foreign trade, the people elsewhere were often in great straits for the want of some medium of exchange. The colonists could live in a rough sort of abundance—they had no need for food or shelter; but the pressing wants of existence being easily satisfied there soon arose a demand for manufactured goods—the luxuries of the old world. Moreover the settlers were continually extending their boundaries—and subduing new land, and their capital was thus being fixed as fast as acquired, consequently they were always heavily in debt to the Mother country, the exportable money was incessantly swept away to England by the adverse balance of trade, and large communities were frequently reduced to barter, for want of a common measure of value.

The Navigation Laws, so far as they were observed, tended greatly to increase this inconvenience by compelling, or seeking to compel, the colonies to trade with England alone, and thus aiming to centre in England all the profits of both sides of the American trade. The staples of America, such as tobacco, indigo, and (from the West Indies) sugar, could be exported to no other European country but England; they might be sent to other British colonies, but only on payment of an export duty. The colonists could legally import manufactured goods from England alone, thus paying the price demanded by the English merchant, while their own exports could not bring in the often glutted English markets their fair value in the markets of the world. No wonder, then, that the available money of America always gravitated towards England, and, if it had been possible to have enforced these laws strictly, the Americans could never have had any money with which to eke out their remittances in produce.

These laws were, however, in practice almost wholly disregarded. There grew up between the commercial colonies and the foreign West Indies and Spanish Main a large and lucrative traffic. The Boston merchants pushed their ventures everywhere, and the surplus produce of the colonies—the lumber, fish, and grain, found a near and ready market in the Spanish colonies of the Gulf of Mexico. There they were exchanged for specie—the gold and the silver, which were the staple exports of Mexico,—and hence the coins of Spain, the doubloon, and especially the dollar, became the standard coins used in American trade, although the nominal currency was calculated in pounds, shillings and pence. With the money so obtained remittances were made to England; for the Spaniards had lit-

tle the colonists stood in need of. The English trade was thus fed by a systematic infraction of English law, connived at by everybody, so long as the French power remained unbroken in Canada. When that fell the latent divergence of interest became apparent, and the attempt of Parliament to stop this illicit trade by enforcing the Navigation Act was the real cause of the American Revolution—the Stamp Act was the pretext.

The specie thus obtained and the heavy tobacco remittances from Virginia could not pay the debts of the colonists and leave sufficient money for domestic use. The colonists were always pushing their settlements westward, and the drain of money to England was continual. Moreover the incessant wars with the Canadians and with the Indians often demanded great exertions from the Colonial Governments. Then the wonderful power of paper money was called into requisition. The various Governments (Virginia excepted) issued Bills of Credit for five shillings and upwards ; with these they tided over great emergencies, and, as they became accustomed to them, they paid with these the current expenses of Government. It seemed to the colonists that they had discovered a new El Dorado. In some colonies loan offices were opened by Government, and these bills loaned to private parties on landed security at interest. In Rhode Island the interest might be paid in hemp, flax, or other produce, so that in appearance the Government derived an ample revenue without imposing a tax. The bills were made a legal tender, and as fast as one set of bills matured, others in increased amount were issued. The Government and the people were mutually accommodated, the currency passed readily from hand to hand, satisfying all the domestic exchanges, and causing for years a great apparent prosperity ; but the inevitable result followed. There was no limit to the issue but the moderation of the people who were the issuers. In 1738 one specie dollar in Massachusetts would buy five, in North Carolina fourteen, and in South Carolina eight paper dollars. Massachusetts, ever in advance, was the first to push these issues to the utmost, and the first to abandon them. The great efforts made by that colony in 1745 in fitting out the expedition which resulted in the capture of Louisbourg, brought the currency and credit of the Province to the lowest ebb ; and the evils of unrestrained paper issues became so apparent that when England, exulting in the prowess of her daughter colony, refunded the cost of the expedition, the grant was used to place the currency upon a specie basis, which continued until the Revolution. The Government bought up all its outstanding bills by paying one Spanish dollar (six shillings legal par value) for every 45s. of the older, or 11s. 3d. of the more recent issue. This somewhat sharp financial operation was justified by the consideration that, the bills being no longer in possession of the original holders, and being largely depreciated, to pay their nominal value would be to impose a tax upon the people, to which the "people" generally objected.

The other colonies (Virginia excepted) never afterwards obtained a specie currency. Pennsylvania in 1723 issued a small quantity of paper at five years date. In 1729 Benjamin Franklin was one of the most strenuous advocates for a further issue. His pamphlet "Considerations on the necessity and value of a paper currency" largely influenced public opinion, and the printing of the issue which was entrusted to him probably tended to strengthen his convictions. Writing in his later years he confesses, however, that his views had changed, and that paper money might be abused ; but the current theory among the people then was, that as gold was a representative of value, so paper was a representative of gold, and of value, by a double substitution. So firmly wedded did the people become to

paper money that even in Massachusetts, when the Assembly were making efforts to return to a specie basis, riots occurred among the country people, who fancied that it was a plot of the rich Boston merchants to sweep up all the money for their English remittances.

Paper money being, as before stated, a legal tender in most of the colonies, strange feats of finance were performed. Instead of remitting to England, payment was often made to a resident agent, who would be compelled to receive the amount in paper at its nominal value. Sometimes the debtor class would get the control of the issues, then money would be abundant, and mortgages, contracted in more unpropitious times, would be paid off. Again other interests would get the upper hand, issues would be checked and money would become scarce; then mortgages would be foreclosed and property brought to Sheriff's sale, when all who had ready money might buy to advantage. Specie was at a premium, varying in each colony with the amount of paper-issue, and differing at different times in the same colony. The injustice became so great that in the year of the Stamp Act, Parliament passed a law forbidding Colonial Legislatures to make paper a legal tender, a law which caused great bitterness in the Middle Colonies, and which is alluded to among others in the Declaration of Independence, where the king is arraigned for "having refused his assent to laws the most wholesome, just and good."

Putting aside, however, for the present all considerations of the fluctuations caused by paper money, it must be observed that there was all the while a legal par of exchange, differing in each colony, based on a value of the pound sterling. Thus in Massachusetts £1 stg. = £1 6s. 8d. currency. In New York £1 stg. = £1 15s. 6¾d. currency. In Pennsylvania £1 stg. = £1 13s. 4d. currency. In South Carolina £1 stg. = £1 os. 8⅝d. currency. The sterling pound had four different values in as many West India Islands, and a yet different one in Nova Scotia and in Newfoundland. The exchange book of Colonial days "Wright's American Negotiator," was a thick octavo, giving the rates of premium up to one thousand per cent. These old currencies even now linger in the speech of the country people. In Massachusetts 16⅔ cents is now often called a shilling, for it was the sixth part of a Spanish dollar, which used to pass for six shillings. In New York a shilling still means 12½ cents, because the Spanish dollar was eight shillings at legal par in colonial days; and in Ontario the same usage, inherited from the U. E. loyalists, still prevails.

In all this chaos of currencies it is pleasant to find one fixed value which endured during nearly all the period we have been concerned with, and which, although it has disappeared in outward form, is yet present latently in every exchange calculation made even at this present day—we mean the old Spanish dollar. We have already seen how it became the almost universal coin in America, and during nearly the whole Colonial period, namely, up to the year 1772, it contained the same quantity of pure silver.

There were in circulation four kinds of dollars, viz.:—"Seville pieces of eight," "Mexican pieces of eight," "Pillar pieces of eight," "Peru pieces of eight." These pieces, of the value of eight reals Spanish "old plate," were all called "dollars," and were all of the same weight—17 dwts. 9 to 12 grains of silver, of a standard fineness of 11 parts pure silver to one of alloy. But the legal par at which they passed differed very much in the colonies. At the time of the Revolution it was 6s. in Massachusetts, 8s. in New York, 7s. 6d. in Pennsylvania, and 4s. 8d. in South Carolina. Very early in Colonial history the inconvenience of a varying par was felt by many, and the governors especially urged the Home authorities to put a stop to it. Accordingly in 1707, the

sixth year of Queen Anne, an Act was passed by the Imperial Parliament, declaring the value at which foreign coins should pass in the colonies. This enactment was based upon careful assays, and fixed the value of the Spanish coins as follows :—

Seville pieces of eight "old plate,"	.	4s. 6d.	Stg.
Mexico "	"	. 4s. 6d.	"
Pillar "	"	. 4s. 6¾d.	"
Peru "	"	. 4s. 5d.	"

It was also enacted that in future the dollar should not be accounted for in any of the colonies above the rate of 6s. currency. This statute was utterly disregarded in America, and like most other Imperial Statutes, became a dead letter. Some attempt was made in New York by the governor to enforce it, but the proclamation was withdrawn, because, as the governor alleged in excuse, "it was injurious to the trade of "New York to cry down the value of the "dollar while the neighbouring colony of "Massachusetts treated the Statute with "contempt." The letters of the New York officials of those days are very plaintive concerning the misdeeds of the Boston people, who seems always to have done as they liked, and to have paid no more attention to an Imperial statute which might not meet their approval, than to a Papal bull. This statute had, however, the effect of placing an authoritative value in sterling money on the coin most in use in America.

The value of the Spanish dollar was based not only upon its weight and fineness, but, of course, upon a comparison with the weight and fineness of the British silver coins then in use. The standard remained unchanged for silver in England from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the year 1816. One pound of silver of the fineness of 11 oz. 2 dwt. was coined during all that period into £3 2s. 0d. stg. There were therefore 5,328 grains of pure silver in 62s. stg., and the dollar contained 385 grains pure. The proportionate value of the dollar is then easily seen to have been 4s. 5$\frac{4}{5}$ precisely, and as, at that time, the standard value of silver was in reality less than its commercial value, 4s. 6d. was fixed upon by the Statute. This was practically underrating the dollar, and as fast as they arrived in England they were sold as specie and exported.

It thus happened that the par of 4s. 6d. stg. to the dollar became a fixed standard, to which all American values could be referred. And such it has continued during 164 years down to the present day, for this is PAR, or $4.44 to the £ sterling. It is sometimes called old par—it is the par with which all our books of exchange tables commence—the par upon which all our calculations are based, from Montreal to New Orleans. The present legal par in Canada is a 9½% premium on that par. The Spanish dollar has changed, the British silver coins have changed, and the currencies of America have fluctuated, but the par of 1707 remains yet as the one fixed point in this sea of confusion.

We come now to revolutionary times. The extraordinary expedients of the Revolutionary Congress are among the best known incidents of history. The war was fought on the American side with paper money up to the time when the French expedition under Rochambeau landed, and brought the specie which was as necessary to success as bayonets. It would be tedious to narrate the steps by which the Continental money depreciated to 1000 to 1—until it finally disappeared. The leading spirits of the Revolution saw the necessity of laying a direct war tax, but they could not obtain the consent of Congress. "Do you think," said a member of Congress (quoted by Greene ; Historical Studies) "that I will consent to tax my constituents, when we can send to the printers and get as much money as we want?" The farmer who refused to take this money for his produce was treated as a traitor, and had his property taken from him for his disloyalty, but no enactments could keep it from depreciating. Meantime

the presses of the different States teemed with issues of their own during the war, and up to the period of the full consolidation of the Union in 1790. Their paper added to the volume of the currency and to the utter confusion of values.

Immediately after peace was declared the efforts of all thinking men were turned towards consolidating the Union, and for several years the proposed Constitution was discussed in every town and hamlet. But even then the lurking attachment to paper money was evident. Some of the States were unwilling to resign the right of issue, and it was not until 1790 that Rhode Island joined the Union, and its citizens finally relinquished their cherished habit of paying their debts in paper. The State Governments were forbidden by the new Constitution to make anything but gold and silver a legal tender, or to issue Bills of Credit. Inconvertible paper money from that period disappeared in America, until the Federal Government, exercising a power not apparent in the Constitution, repeated, in our own times, the experiment with happier results.

So soon as the new Constitution began to work, it was, of course, necessary to provide a revenue, and to fix values. The first Congress in 1789 passed an Act imposing Customs duties. By this Act the pound sterling was valued at $4.44, or 4s. 6d. stg. to the dollar. Thus the old par of Queen Anne was restored, and the rate was called *Federal currency*, to distinguish it from the various State currencies. Still, there was no Federal coinage, and coins from all parts of the world were taken at the Custom Houses at a statutory value. In 1792 Congress organized the United States mint, permitting the circulation of the foreign coins for three years longer, until the new national coinage should be ready, and establishing the national standards—the Eagle to be counted at $10, and to contain 270 grains of gold of the fineness of 22 carats, and the dollar to contain 416 grains of silver 892·4 thousandths fine.

Changes in the currencies of Spain, of England, and of America now concurred to disturb the par of $4.44. In 1772 the fineness of the Spanish dollar had fallen from 11-12ths to 10¾-12ths. In 1774 silver had ceased to be a legal tender in England (in sums over £25) excepting at the rate of 5s. 2d. an ounce. The exchange between America and England was thenceforward regulated by the intrinsic value of their gold coins alone, a change which became more apparent in 1816, when England adopted the gold standard exclusively, and made her silver coins tokens only by coining the same weight of silver into 66s., which had previously (since the year 1666) been coined into 62s. The average value of the dollar of Spanish and American coinage in 1795, 1798 and 1803 was 4s. 4d. stg., calculated at the Mint rate of 5s. 2d. sterling per ounce. In other words the par of exchange on the basis of the dollar was 3⅞ premium on old par. The Federal dollar remained unchanged until 1837, when it was reduced. The weight was made 412½ grains, and the fineness $\frac{9}{10}$ths; since that time the dollar has not been altered. In 1853 the half dollars and smaller coins were still further reduced, but without affecting the exchanges, for, as before stated, all estimations of exchange after 1793 should be made on gold and not on silver standard.

In order then to ascertain the various changes of new par since the revolution, the gold currency of England must be considered. This had been fixed by advice of Sir Isaac Newton in 1717, and has ever since remained unchanged. One pound of gold, of 22 parts pure to 2 alloy was, and is yet, coined into £46 14s. 6d.; but the Eagle, the standard American gold coin, has undergone three changes as follows :—

VALUE OF THE EAGLE COMPARED WITH THE SOVEREIGN.

Date.	Weight.	Fineness.	Weight of Fine Gold.	Value stg.	Par.	Value of Sovereign in U. S.
1792.	270 gr.	Same.	247½ gr.	43s. 9d.	$2\frac{7}{8}$	4.57 £ stg.
1834.	258 gr.	$\frac{899\,1/4}{1000}$	232 gr.	41s. ¼	$9\frac{5}{8}$	4.87 £ stg.
1837.	258 gr.	$\frac{900}{1000}$	232·2 gr.	41s. ¾	$9\frac{9}{16}$	4.87 £ stg.

It therefore clearly appears how the present par of exchange became fixed at so large a premium upon the old par of Queen Anne.

These changes in the value of the United States coinage affected in course of time the legal par of the loyal colonies. The currency of Canada was for a long period in great confusion, for having no Colonial coinage, the coins of all nations passed at values fixed by Statute with little apparent relation to intrinsic value. The first Statute is that of 1777. In 1795 the Customs Act declares that £5,000 stg. is equivalent to £5,555 11s. 1⅓d. currency. The old par of 1707 was evidently then the legal par. In 1808 a Currency Act was passed enumerating the most common coins—these were French coins, remaining from the period of French rule, Spanish and Portugese coins, British coins, and United States coins. The guinea (21s. stg.) was valued at 23s. 4d. currency, the 1s. stg. at 1s. 1d., the Eagle at 50s, and the Spanish and American dollar at 5s. Thus the attempt was made to keep the currency at old par when reckoned in English coins, and at 2⅞ prem. (or American par) when reckoned in United States coins. For if the guinea (21s.) was worth only 23s. 4d. currency, the eagle, which at that time was of intrinsic value for 43s. 9d. stg., could be worth only 48s. 7d. currency, instead of 50s. as enacted. The shilling sterling was undervalued as regards the dollar in the same ratio. This seems to have had the very natural effect of driving all the British coins out of circulation, and in 1825 an Imperial Order in Council was issued, fixing the value of the dollar at 4s. 4d. stg. in British silver coin, and making provision for the introduction into the colonies of British silver in large quantites, by means of the Commissariat, and ordering that such coin should pass at its nominal value as in England. These regulations do not appear to have had much effect, for in that same year the value of the shilling was raised in Upper Canada to 1s. 2d. currency. In 1836 the same Province again raised the value of the shilling stg. to 1s. 3d. currency, and also fixed the value of the pound sterling at 24s. 4d., assimilating the legal par to the change of 1834 in the United States par, but overvaluing the sterling shilling.

An effort was made in 1839 by both Provinces to remedy this anomaly, but the bills passed failed to receive the Royal assent, and it became one of the first duties of the Parliament of United Canada in 1841 to remedy the confusion. The par of 24s. 4d. to the £ stg. was retained, but the silver was reduced to its proper proportionate value, and could only be used as a legal tender to the amount of 50s. currency. The convenience of easy reckoning and the competition of traders still kept up the current value of the British shilling to 1s. 3d. in spite of the Act, and the currency gradually became overloaded with British silver.

The subsequent changes in our currency

are too recent to require much notice. The dollar which in 1841 had been raised to 5s. 1d. was reduced in 1850 to 5s. And in 1851 the decimal system displaced the intricate and cumbrous denominations of pounds, shillings and pence. Every reader will recall the circumstances which led to the pouring of all the United States silver coinage into our already overloaded silver currency, and the various expedients vainly resorted to for relief until the effectual remedy of the present finance minister was applied. The Act of 1854 fixed our currency on its present basis, confirming the par of 1841 of $\$4.86\frac{66}{100}$, or 24s. 4d. currency to the £ stg. or $9\frac{1}{2}$ % premium on the par of Queen Anne.

The Confederation of the British North American colonies and the consequent extension of the Canadian par has left but two anomalous currencies among the English-speaking people of this continent. In Newfoundland the par of 4.80 to the £, or 8% premium prevails, and the little Island of Prince Edward still rejoices in the enormous premium of $35\frac{1}{8}$ %, or 30s. to the £ stg. We may surely hope that the time will shortly arrive when, not only these anomalies will disappear, but when the mother country will adopt a decimal system which will facilitate computation, and thus increase trade with all her children throughout the world.

"NEVERMORE."

Merrily, merrily over the sea,
Came he, my true love, a-courting to me;
Came with the spring-time and blossoming tree;
Came with the murmuring hum of the bee;
Came with the throstle to pipe on the lea,
Sweet words to me.

* * *

Wearily, wearily pace I the shore;
Wearily hear I the cruel sea roar;
Wearily seek for him; vainly implore;
Weary this heart beats, so tender, so sore;
Wearily wind-whispers sigh on the shore
A dull—nevermore.

ALFRED JAMES.

MARGUERITE KNELLER, ARTIST AND WOMAN.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

CHAPTER XI.

"LOVE THE GIFT IS LOVE THE DEBT."

THE next day, when Maurice awoke from the heavy slumber into which he had fallen, after a night's restless agitation, he was at first tempted to believe that all the strange, contradictory, intense emotions—the exquisite delight, the sharp pain he had felt a few hours before, had all been suffered in a dream. But there rose up before him, distinct as reality, that fair vision in the garden, that bright enchanting face, with its sunny tresses, its soft smiling eyes, its ineffable harmony of loveliness, which had penetrated his heart with such subtle and instantaneous power. And then, passing from the sunshine into the shadow, growing dimmer and dimmer every instant, he seemed to behold the dark pale face of Marguerite filled with a deep sadness he had never till now seen it wear.

"It is madness!" he exclaimed. "I will not believe that I can be so weak and wicked. I will go to Marguerite, and this nightmare will vanish before the glance of her true eyes, the touch of her faithful hand."

But even as he walked through the streets that shape of beauty which had taken such complete possession of him seemed to glide before him, drawing him towards her with her haunting eyes, and when he entered the house and stood again beside her, he knew, as he had known the night before, that he loved her with a wild resistless passion, such as he had read of in story and song, and had sometimes dreamed of, too, but which he had long since told himself he was never destined to feel.

Day after day the spell grew stronger, but he struggled hard, if not to subdue his feelings, at least to conceal them, and for some time he succeeded. Marguerite was too steadfast herself, and her faith in Maurice was too strong, to let the slightest doubt enter her mind, nor could she have believed, if an angel had spoken it, that her young sister, whom she loved so well, whom she had nursed in sickness and watched over in health, and cherished with a mother's fondness, was thus fated to destroy her happiness. But this state of things could not long continue. As time passed, and Maurice's passion grew stronger, his power to hide it grew less. True love has ever the power of divination, and gradually Marguerite felt that Maurice was changed. His words, his manner, were as kind as ever, but there was a subtle, indefinable difference. It was as if the perfume had left the flower, or the essence in which lay the elixir had escaped from the crucible, leaving only dull matter behind. The word, the act, were there, but the soul which once inspired them, the love which gave them life, were fled forever, and only the worthless form remained.

At first Marguerite shrank from her fears as those to whom life is sweet would shrink from the doom of death. Passionately she strove to repel the conviction which every day grew stronger, that Maurice no longer loved her, and when some half-spoken word, some furtive glance, would force upon her the truth which Maurice desperately sought to hide, she hated herself for the doubts which she could not resist, and accused herself of the meanest and most contemptible jealousy. In this struggle of feeling her face grew darker and paler than ever, her eyes

lost their brightness, and if she smiled it was resolute effort, not gladness, brought the semblance of gaiety to her lip. It was little wonder then, that Maurice, when he looked at her, marvelled how he could ever have found a charm in those sallow irregular features, those quiet melancholy eyes. Every day she grew graver and stiller; all those nameless graces which happy love bestows on its favourites, and which had once diffused their charm over all her looks and motions, now faded away as if they had never been; and there are few who would not have pardoned Maurice for preferring the bright loveliness, the bewitching gaiety of Claire to the deeper feelings and higher mind of Marguerite.

And besides that joyous beauty, that winning playfulness which gladdened every eye that beheld it, like summer sunshine, there was an ever-varying charm about Claire which seemed to invest her each day with a new attraction. Sometimes shy, sometimes saucy, full of playful and innocent coquetry, but always soft, gentle and yielding, her pretty vanities and affectations only served to make her, in Maurice's eyes, more truly woman, and to throw a more irresistible fascination round her.

But to know and feel all this was no balsam for Marguerite's pain. She uttered no reproach, made no complaint, betrayed no suffering, but she did not endure the less because she endured in silence. She had given her heart for love and love alone, and she could not accept in its stead a shadow springing from compassion. She was proud as well as loving, and would have died rather than receive kind words or caresses prompted by pity or any other feeling than the heart's own impulse; and when Maurice, in spite of himself, had suffered some proof of his passion for Claire to escape, and immediately after would try to atone to Marguerite by all the tenderness of manner and words he could assume, she would endure it sometimes with a sad quietude, often with a painful shrinking which puzzled and irritated Maurice, and almost made him believe that he had been as much mistaken in thinking Marguerite's was a love which could never change, as in giving his calm affection for her that passion's name.

As for Claire, her vanity was flattered by the deep impression she soon saw she had made on the handsome young painter, nor would it have been easy to find any one more largely gifted with all those qualities of mind and manner best fitted to charm the fancy and win the heart of a young girl than Maurice Valazé. Claire loved her sister, and would not have deliberately made her unhappy, or robbed her of her lover, for all the world; but admiration was even dearer to her than Marguerite, and the homage expressed in every word and look of Maurice was far too delightful to be long resisted. She told herself that he could not help admiring her beauty, nor could she prevent him from showing that he did so; Marguerite herself had said that every true artist must worship the beautiful, and it would be absurd to suppose that this artistic admiration could at all interfere with his love for his betrothed bride. And so she looked, and listened, and laughed, like a child playing on the edge of a precipice, unconscious of the danger to which she was drawing nearer and nearer, till all power to escape seemed gone.

CHAPTER XII.

A PICTURE AMONG THE VINES.

ONE evening Maurice found Claire by herself in the garden gathering grapes. Marguerite, she said, had gone into the house, but was coming out again immediately.

"In the meantime," said Maurice, "let me help you to gather the grapes."

While they heaped a basket with rich purple and white clusters, Maurice described

to Claire a day he had spent among the vines at Tivoli in the vintage season.

"Do you recollect a drawing I showed you one day of a young fellow in a cone-shaped hat and red vest, with a green sash round his waist, holding down the topmost festoon of a tall vine to two girls in blue petticoats and red stomachers who are picking the grapes?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I remember," said Claire, "one of the girls was very handsome."

"Did you think so? It was the picturesque figures and attitudes of the group tempted me to sketch them. There is really very little beauty of a high order among the Italian peasants. They have nearly all finely formed figures and magnificent black hair, but their swarthy complexions and strongly marked features, however favourable to artistic effect, have nothing of that ideal softness and grace without which there can be no true beauty."

"Don't you think one tires of always seeing the same coloured hair and eyes," said Claire.

"Yes, especially if they are dark. But very lovely blondes are often seen among the higher ranks in Florence and Venice. You remember how many Italian heroines had golden tresses, and what lovely golden hair the old Venetian masters have painted. I saw a Florentine Marchesa with fair hair and blue eyes, whose face I then thought the most beautiful I had ever beheld. But I have seen one far more beautiful since!"

"Oh, I have dropped the finest bunch of grapes on the tree," cried Claire. "Take care you don't step on it, Maurice."

She stooped to pick it up, and so did Maurice, and her lovely shining hair, which the vine branches had caught and loosened, fell in a glistening stream over his hands.

"Petrarch's Laura never had such hair as this," said Maurice, "nor the divine Beatrice herself," and he pressed it passionately to his lips.

Claire, laughing and blushing, drew it away, and began winding it round her head.

"You have painted Beatrice," she said, "I wonder what hair you have given her."

"Like yours, only not so beautiful—not half so beautiful."

"What nonsense," cried Claire; "you only say so because the picture is at Rome, where I shall never see it."

"Oh, if I might only show it to you!" said Maurice, and then checking himself, stopped. "Claire," he resumed, "do you remember that green silk net which you used to wear, and which I hated so much?"

"Yes, I remember it very well. But my hair is so long now I don't think any net would hold it."

"Such glorious hair ought never to be confined except by some slight ribbon," said Maurice.

"Since you admire it so much, perhaps I will let you paint it some day," said Claire.

"Only genius like Titian's or Giorgione's could paint such woven sunbeams," said Maurice. "As I look at you among the vines, raising your arms to reach the grapes above your head, or bending down to put them in the basket, some lovely nymph or grace that I have seen in Venetian pictures seems before me."

"Oh, how charming," cried Claire; "do I look like a picture now?" and, coming forward to an opening in the trellis, she stood and looked at Maurice; the green leaves and purple fruit twining round her with a wild natural grace, as if some Oread had wreathed the picturesque frame to set off her beauty.

"More beautiful than any picture," said Maurice. "Don't stir—don't move—stay just as you are!"

There was a little pause, while Claire looked beautifully conscious of Maurice's admiring gaze; then she moved hastily away.

"There, now, the picture has vanished," she said, "and I must finish gathering the grapes."

"It has not vanished," said Maurice. "I see it still; I shall see it as long as I live. Claire, have you forgotten that when I was going to Italy you told me you intended to grow beautiful before I came back?"

"Did I? I always told Marguerite that Dame Fortune had given all the genius which ought to have been shared between us to her, and that it would be very hard if she did not give beauty to me. But the blind goddess has not made a fair division after all, for Marguerite is not without beauty, and I have not a spark of genius."

"Do you know what genius is?" asked Maurice.

Claire laughed. "Not very well, but it is something that Marguerite has, that you have, and that I have not. That sounds like a riddle, does it not, but I am sure you can understand it much better than any other definition of genius I could give."

"I am not jesting, Claire," said Maurice. "Listen to me and I will tell you what it is. It is a feverish desire, a passionate longing for the beautiful, a craving to possess it in some visible, tangible shape and form. For this reason genius ceaselessly strives to create for itself images of the beauty for which it yearns, but which it so seldom finds on earth. But those who have in themselves that glory of the universe, full, perfect, complete, like you, have no need to waste their lives seeking for it, as a genius seeks perhaps never to find it, or to find it too late —like *me*."

At this instant some lines which Marguerite loved came to his memory with strange power, and he almost thought he heard her voice repeating them:

"But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all: it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver.

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower,
Radiance and odour are not its dower;
It loves, even like love, its deep heart is full—
It desires what it has not, the Beautiful!"

The next moment Marguerite joined them, and though she answered his hasty and embarrassed greeting as sweetly as ever, and he could not detect any change in the gentle quietude of manner which of late seemed never to alter, he felt certain that she had heard his last words, to which his voice and look had given a passionate meaning that still suffused Claire's cheeks with blushes.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Such a Lord is Love,
And Beauty such a Mistress of the World!"

A FEW days after this, Marguerite was at work in her *atelier*, while Claire, seated on a low stool near her, was busy with her embroidery, in which she was very skilful, and Maurice turned over a portfolio of Marguerite's sketches—often, however, glancing away from them to the graceful head and lovely face bending over the wreath of violets and lilies of the valley growing under Claire's delicate fingers.

During Maurice's absence in Italy, Marguerite had not been idle. The great painter whom she had met in the Luxembourg had invited her to visit his studio whenever she chose, had examined and criticised her drawings, and given her the kindest and wisest advice and assistance. He had also encouraged her to attempt a large original painting, which was now nearly finished, and which he had promised to see favourably placed at the next great exhibition at the Louvre.

She had chosen for her subject Clymene listening to the music of Apollo's lyre. She had painted as lovely a sea-shore as her fancy could conceive, covered with glittering sand and pebbles and tangled shells; its margin softly kissed by the blue Ægean sea.

Bright-coloured rocks, hollowed into caves and grottoes, and fringed with flowering shrubs, came down to the beach, and in front of one of these grottoes, wreathed with myrtles and rose-laurels, the god was seated, playing on his lyre, his bow lying at his feet. On a ledge of rock a little above the spot where Apollo reclined, the nymph Clymene was kneeling, her cheek supported on her hand, and her long fair tresses falling round her sweet young face, which was turned on the glorious minstrel with an expression of the most rapt and blissful attention. Over all the evening sunlight was streaming, gilding the scene with such a glory as it might have worn in the golden ages.

To the execution of this picture Marguerite had devoted all her powers, and she had been rewarded by the warm approbation of her friend Monsieur Delacroix, who had seen it several times since its commencement. He had especially praised the Apollo, and Marguerite was not the less gratified at this praise that she had given to the god a subtle indefinable likeness to her lover.

There was silence in the *atelier* for some time; Marguerite painting, Claire working at her embroidery, and Maurice slowly turning over the leaves of the portfolio. It was broken by Mère Monica showing herself at the door, and calling Marguerite out of the room to consult her on some household matters. Then Maurice, with an impatient sigh, threw down the sketches, and going up to the picture Marguerite had just left seemed to examine it attentively.

"What a lovely expression there is in the nymph's face," he said at last.

"Yes," said Claire, "but the Apollo is much more beautiful. I wanted Marguerite to give Clymene the same sort of resemblance to herself that she has given the Apollo to you, but she would not. She said Clymene must have golden hair. I wonder why all poets and painters think there is something celestial in fair hair and blue eyes!"

Maurice turned and looked at her, and as their eyes met, half ashamed of her coquettish speech, half agitated by his look, she blushed a bright beautiful blush.

"They *are* celestial," said Maurice. "Do we not look up to the cloudless blue of the skies as the abode of supernal beauty, purity and joy, and what can so vividly image the divine glory as the golden radiance of sun and star? Byron compares the dark eye of a woman to the beauty of night and storm and darkness, but in eyes of heaven's own colour we see angelic love, and light, and joy, and all the brightness of the seraphim in tresses which seem woven out of sunbeams!"

"Isn't there something in Shakspeare about 'a shadow like an angel with bright hair, dabbled in blood'—what is it?"

But Maurice did not hear Claire's hurried words, spoken in a wild effort to seem unconscious of his passionate gaze. Passion's tide had overwhelmed him, and he had ceased to struggle against it.

"Claire," he said, in a low agitated tone, "I am going to tell you something that seems very strange. Something I never told to any one, but which to-day I *must* tell you. Will you believe that in the picture of Beatrice sending Virgil to the aid of Dante, which I painted at Rome, the Beatrice is so like you that if I were to paint your portrait now I do not believe there would be any difference between the two!"

"It is very strange!" said Claire.

"Yes, but not more strange than true. As I look at you now, I see my vision of 'Beatrice with the lustrous eyes and radiant smile' before I tried to paint it,—I see my picture, except where my hand faltered and marred the perfect image. Do you recollect how disappointed Marguerite was when I told her I had lost all my sketches and studies for that painting? I had not lost them. I have them all. Oh, do not blame me. I dared not let her see them, for in Beatrice

she would have seen *you*, and read my heart too truly."

"But how could you in Rome have painted me as I am now?" said Claire.

"I cannot tell how it could be, except that in Beatrice I tried to paint my ideal of perfect beauty, an ideal of which I have dreamed ever since I can remember, but which I never thought to have seen in living shape. And now—Oh, Claire, at first I thought it hopeless to fight against the fate that had mocked me so cruelly. I believed I must be forever miserable. But to-day I know not what delicious hope gives me courage. Beautiful Claire! more beautiful, more beloved, than Beatrice, than Laura, than any poet's dream! look at me, speak to me; tell me you love me! Tell me it is not too late!"

He bent over her as he spoke, and she, leaning towards him, half met his embrace, when a voice, well-known, yet strange and unfamiliar, made them start asunder and spring to their feet, to see Marguerite, pale as a ghost, a wild unearthly light shining in her eyes.

"No, Maurice," she said, "it is not too late. I thank God that it is not, or we might all have been equally miserable."

Maurice grew pale, too, as he looked at her, but his face assumed an expression of fixed determination, and he said not a word. But Claire rushed to her sister in an agony of terror and remorse, and throwing her arms about Marguerite's neck, she exclaimed, while tears almost choked her voice—"Oh, Marguerite, don't look so—it is nothing—Maurice does not mean it; I know he does not!"

Marguerite clasped her sister closely, and after a brief struggle for self-command, turned to Maurice, who still stood, silent and motionless, striving to control the passionate emotions that seemed driving him to madness.

"I cannot talk to you now, Maurice," she said, in the same unnaturally forced and tuneless voice, "you must have patience with me till to-morrow. Just now Claire and I will be better by ourselves."

And, firmly supporting the weeping Claire, who clung to her like a child, she led her from the room.

Maurice followed the beautiful, drooping figure of his idol with despairing eyes till she disappeared, then, catching up the embroidery at which she had been working, and which had fallen on the floor, he pressed it to his lips again and again. A skein of purple silk which he had watched trembling in her agitated fingers as, startled, bewildered, fascinated, she had listened to his passionate words, still clung to her work, and putting it as tenderly as if it had been part of herself, into his breast, he left the house, tortured with doubt and uncertainty, and bitterly at war with himself—dreading to meet Marguerite again, yet longing for the morrow, when, whatever followed, he would surely see Claire once more.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Giv'st thou me red roses?
'Tis my heart's blood makes them red."

THAT night Marguerite drew from Claire a confession that she loved Maurice;—a confession broken by many sobs and tears, by wild wishes that she were dead, and passionate entreaties for Marguerite's forgiveness.

"But I will not care for him any longer," she sobbed out, weeping more violently than ever. "I did not know what I was doing. I would rather die a thousand deaths than make you unhappy, my darling sister! And I know Maurice does not really care for me. How could he? There is no one in the world so good and so noble as you are, and Maurice knows it well. He has often told me so. What he feels for me is all nonsense. And I did not want him to be false to you, though sometimes I have been vain

and foolish enough to try and make him admire my beauty. Oh, Marguerite, I hate myself when I think of my folly and wickedness."

Marguerite tenderly kissed and soothed her, bathed her hot forehead and hands, made her go to bed, and sat beside her with one arm thrown round her, as if she had been a troubled child her fond nurse was hushing to rest, till at last, worn out by her tears and agitation, Claire fell asleep.

But Marguerite had yet much to do before she could be alone with her grief. Her father had been surprised and annoyed at Maurice having taken himself off so suddenly without even coming to bid him good-night, and Marguerite had to listen to his half jesting, half earnest complaints, that Italy had spoiled Maurice, and he was not half as good a fellow as he used to be,—and smile and stifle her bitter pain. When supper-time came, she had to sit down at the table and appear to eat, though the sight of food made her sick; to talk, and laugh, and seem gay and at ease, when her heart had been so cruelly bruised and wounded that no conscious feeling was left but one of hopeless anguish. At last it was her father's hour for going to bed; then Mère Monica locked the outer doors, and went to her room, and Marguerite was alone.

Taking up her candle, she went softly into the chamber where Claire slept, and carefully shading the light, stole to the side of the bed. Claire was sleeping the deep sleep that follows exhaustion. Her rich golden hair, loosened by her restless tossings, streamed over the pillow; long eye-lashes, darker than her hair, fringed her closed lids; her cheeks were flushed, like the heart of a damask rose; a smile seemed hovering round her lips. The coverings had partly fallen off, and Marguerite could see one little white hand pressing a little bunch of purple and white pansies, which Maurice had gathered for her in the garden that afternoon, against her breast. Beautiful she looked as Psyche when she first wept herself to sleep after Cupid had flown, and the memory of her lost bliss still lingered in her dreams. It seemed to Marguerite she had never known half her sister's loveliness before, and turning away, she met the reflection of her own dark, pale face in a looking glass that stood near, with a smothered sigh. Then she stooped over Claire, softly kissed the smooth, innocent brow, and disappeared as noiselessly as she had come. Going into the studio, she locked the door and put out the light. At last she was alone, no mortal eye to see, no mortal ear to hear. Now she might take out the grief she had kept hidden away in her heart, and look at it in all its terror. She might let herself feel all the weight of the burden that had been laid upon her to bear, and teach herself, if she could, calmly to renounce love, and hope, and happiness on earth.

There was a narrow, latticed window, at one end of the room, with a broad window-seat, and throwing herself on her knees before it, Marguerite opened it and looked out. All was still in the street below, and scarcely a murmur reached her ear from the more noisy and crowded parts of the city. Nothing was to be seen but the quiet sky and a few pale stars. The night was calm and mild as if it had been summer. There seemed peace without, but in Marguerite's heart what a tumult of passionate pain! Deep tenderness for Claire and jealous bitterness against her; a wild yearning love for Maurice, and something that was almost contempt for his fickleness and weakness, contended with each other; and the struggles of wounded pride and slighted love, of anger and pity, of hopeless regret and conscious wrong, were renewed again and again through all that long night. There are dark chambers in the soul, of which only misery holds the keys, and into these poor Marguerite got fearful glimpses now.

At last the night passed. She watched the stars fade out, and the gray morning twi-

light brighten into the golden flush of the coming sun. Then she rose from the kneeling attitude in which she had remained all night, and went into a little room which served her for a dressing-room. She roused her stagnant energies with cold water, dressed herself carefully, and brushed and arranged her hair, anxiously trying to banish all traces of her sleepless night, her tears and mental struggles. Then she sat down and wrote a note to Maurice. A very few words sufficed.

"DEAR MAURICE,—Will you come to me immediately?

"Your sincere friend,

"MARGUERITE."

She knew that Maurice was always early in his studio, and going down stairs to Mère Monica, whom she had heard stirring in the kitchen, she begged her to take the note at once.

"*Mon Dieu!* not this minute," said Mère Monica, beating the eggs, with which she intended to make an omelette for breakfast, more rapidly than ever.

"Yes, *ma mère*, this minute."

"*Mon Dieu!* why, he will be sure to be here by and by. Cannot you wait till then."

"I am afraid he will not come if he does not get my note," said Marguerite; "that is the reason I want you to take it to him."

Now Mère Monica turned hastily round and looked at Marguerite. "There is something the matter, *ma mie*," she said, putting down her dish of eggs. "I remember he went away last night before supper. What has he been doing?"

"Oh, *ma mère*, how can you vex me by such nonsense!" said Marguerite, "why are you so cross to me to-day?" and she looked up at her faithful old nurse and smiled.

The smile did not seem very satisfactory to Mère Monica, for she shook her head gravely. "Well, well," she said, "I suppose I must take it, *ma mie*, but it seems very queer, and I never knew you do a queer thing in my life till Monsieur Maurice began to come here. *Ma foi*, the longer I live the more I see that lovers are nothing but a trouble. A good, sensible husband that will provide well for the house, and never scolds or grumbles as long as his meals are well served, and his house *comme il faut*, is not to be despised; but your fine, fanciful lovers are another matter; there is no chance of making good husbands out of them."

After thus giving indirect expression to the growing dissatisfaction which she, as well as Christian Kneller, had lately felt with Maurice, Mère Monica arranged her gown and her cap, and set off with the note.

For a while Marguerite tried to quiet her impatience by making herself busy in the kitchen. She felt sure that Maurice would come the moment he received her note, but the time she had to wait, short as it was, seemed intolerably long. Now and then she went to a window from whence the street could be seen, to look if he were coming, and when at length his handsome figure came in sight, her heart sprang to meet him as fondly as ever, and for a moment she believed that the passionate words and adoring looks she had heard and seen him give to Claire the day before were only the creations of a dream. But the next instant the cold, stern expression into which his face had hardened when he saw she was in the room, came back with all the force of the cruel reality, and she felt strong again, and able to go through the bitter task she had set herself.

Maurice, too, had passed a sleepless night, and when Marguerite opened the door the sight of his pale, agitated face pierced her heart. But she had fought a fearful battle with herself during the last few hours, the victory had been hardly won, and had left her mind still wrought up to the desperate tension with which we strive for life itself, so that no pain just then could have shaken her self-control. Thanking Maurice for coming so soon, she led the way into the parlour, and Maurice followed.

"I wished you to come now, Maurice,"

she said, "because we are less likely to be interrupted than at any other time, and I thought it was right we should understand one another at once."

"Oh, Marguerite," exclaimed Maurice, impetuously, "forgive me. Forget what has passed. I must have been mad. Forgive me, and let everything be as it was before."

"How can everything be as it was before, Maurice? You no longer love me, and you do love Claire."

"But I have no right to love her—I will not love her—"

"Stop, Maurice," said Marguerite; "let me not have to believe that you can be false to her as well as to me—that you care for no woman's heart except as it affords a triumph to your vanity."

Maurice coloured painfully: "You are severe, Marguerite, but you do me wrong—Claire does not care for me."

"Are you sure of that, Maurice," said Marguerite, "I think you must have thought differently yesterday."

"Marguerite," cried Maurice, with a sudden change of tone, and a bright flash from his eyes, "do not mock me! does she care for me?"

Marguerite felt her emotion almost choke her, but she subdued it after a moment's struggle, and answered gently, "You must ask herself."

Maurice started up and moved restlessly about the room, then coming back to Marguerite, he leaned on a table beside her, and looked earnestly into her face. Marguerite was glad that it was a dull, gray morning, and that there was not much light in the room.

"Marguerite," he said, "since I have seen you this morning I have felt as if I were nothing better than a vain fool. I was such an idiot as to think it would make you miserable to lose me, and I had determined to sacrifice everything in the world sooner than destroy your happiness. But I ought to have known that you are too wise and strong to grieve for a fickle lover," and he smiled.

Marguerite smiled, too, but if Maurice had not been thinking more of himself and Claire than of her, he would have felt that smile more painful than any tears. "You are quite right, Maurice," she said, but again the choking agony stopped her voice.

Maurice did not see the quivering of her lip, the quick sudden shudder that shot through her frame. He had done all that it seemed to him his honour required; his sacrifice did not appear to be needed; and Claire might yet be his.

"And Claire?" he asked, timidly; "when may I see Claire?"

"Come at your usual hour this evening," said Marguerite.

"But your father?"

"I will explain everything to him. You may trust to me."

"I do, I do trust you altogether, Marguerite. You were always good and great, far too good for me. I always felt that you were."

"Because you did not love me," said Marguerite.

"Marguerite, we both deceived ourselves—you will know how much when you find some one whose nature is really suited to yours. As for me, I never knew what love was till I saw Claire. Oh! Marguerite, if you knew how madly I adore her, you would forgive me!"

"I do forgive you, Maurice, most truly."

"And you will promise me that I shall see her this evening?"

"Yes, you shall see her this evening. And now, Maurice, I think you had better go."

"Good-bye, then, Marguerite," and he moved towards the door, but a sudden impulse made him turn back.

"Marguerite," he said, "we are friends still, are we not?"

"Oh, yes, Maurice, I hope we shall always be friends."

"And you are quite happy to be released from me—quite content?"

"I cannot bear this torture much longer,"

thought Marguerite, but she nerved herself to answer, not quite untruly, "I am content, Maurice. Farewell."

She held out her hand, and, as he grasped it, its icy chill made him start, and, with a sudden thrill of remorse, he glanced at her pale, sad face, released her hand, and left the room. But this feeling was gone in a moment. "She is noble, and good, and kind," he said to himself, as he walked away from the house, "but she is too proud and strong-minded to care for any one who does not care for her. If I could only hear Claire—my beautiful Claire!—say she loves me, I should be the happiest mortal on earth."

(To be continued.)

"ONLY."

BY M. E. MUCHALL.

ONLY a touch of her jewelled hand,
As we met in the whirling dance;
Only a smile from her deep blue eyes—
Their colour might rival the azure skies—
And my fate was sealed in that glance.

Only a clasp of her tiny hand,
Then a smile and nothing more;
A smile from her eyes and a clasp of her hand,
But she threw athwart me the magic band,
Then I felt I was treading an unknown strand,
With the world of love before.

Only a touch of her little hand,
Only a smile from her eye;
One touch and and one smile as she past in my sight,
A vision of life and beauty bright;
Before I met her my heart was light,
Now I can only sigh.

Only a few short lines to read,
Only a marriage that met my eye;
Only a line, but it told a tale—
And my heart grew faint and my cheek grew pale,
And I longed so much to die.

Only a hope I have left me now,
That when we shall meet once more;
Meet in that far off better land,
That I may be able to clasp her hand—
Till then will my heart be sore.

PETERBORO, 1872.

THE ROMANCE OF THE WILDERNESS MISSIONS.

A CHAPTER OF OUR EARLY HISTORY.

PROLOGUE.

THE writer does not propose to propound a new historical theory, or to set forth any new or newly discovered historical facts. He proposes simply to run over with the reader one chapter in the early history of Nova Scotia and of Canada proper, containing the record of the rise and progress of the early missions, and of the lives, labours and deaths of some of the missionaries. The chapter will be new to some. It may be familiar to many; it ought to be interesting to all. For surely it is not too much to claim that the Canadian reader shall have a kindly and deep interest in the men who began the history of our country. It is a history to which we look back as the Greek looked back to the Homeric heroes, or the Roman to the dim figures which fill the epoch of his country's foundation, and which will ever be the prologue to the recital of the most splendid developments to which these colonies may in the future attain.

What, if in our case, the figures are those of Jesuits?

I do not know any one so little as to turn away from the contemplation of the labours of these fathers in North America. They stood alone, in that early time when their labours began, the only champions of our Christianity in the savage regions of the North-west. They opened up the way for all who came after them. If the roads of the north-west all the way to British Columbia have become familiar to the feet of the traveller, it was the Jesuit who laid the first trail across the country. It was Jean de Brebœuf—dead two hundred and fifty odd years—who smoothed a Canadian governor's path to Fort Garry.

When the missions were first established in the Acadian forests, and in the dim regions about the lakes, not a very great deal of interest was taken in the things that were passing in this uncared for corner of the world.

It must be remembered that it was a full century and a half before the true value of the newly discovered continent was understood. As a road to the fabulous magnificence and lavish wealth of the East, as a preserve for furs, or minerals or precious stones, were the new regions alone looked upon for a long time. It was not till life had been lavished and treasure wasted, and energy misapplied to impossible purposes, that it was seen where the wealth of the new lands lay, and that an acre of land properly cultivated was worth more than the average gold mine in the long run. Merchants and politicians had lost hope a little in the new country about the time of the establishment of the missions. It was, however, looked upon as a treasure-house—of souls—by those who felt themselves divinely called to labour among the heathen for their salvation. If the general world took thought of the missionary scheme at all, it looked upon it as the impossible dream of visionary men—looked upon it as the average Spaniard may have looked upon the enterprise of Columbus; looked upon it as the average Roman might have looked upon some scheme of the pagan priests to overturn the Druidical altars, and rear up the temples of the Roman gods in the far-away monster-haunted fastnesses of Britain. What manner of m e

were they who undertook the spiritual conquest of a continent? A dozen descriptions might be given from a dozen different points of view, and not one of them right perhaps. The conventional "Jesuit" is a familiar figure. A dark, mysterious, unreliable, intangible, terrible person, with ten tricks at hand, and ten times ten in a bag, fond of going, like the equally conventional "devil" of the middle ages, to an excruciating amount of trouble to compass an end that one sees could be got at with very little trouble at all—do we not most of us know that grotesque figure; the orator's never-failing resource, the dreadful delight of romantic young ladies, the terror of pious spinsters of both sexes. And truly there is something to excite wonder, if not awe, in the history of the almost omnipotent Order founded by the dreamy chivalrous soldier, whose campaignings were cut short by a hound at Pampeluna. Beginning at Rome, it grew till it had compassed the world by sea and land in the prosecution of its enterprises, and long before it had reached the meridian of its glory and its power, it had sounded the deeps of all human nature, had conquered for its own the almost boundless realm of human science, and had roused all the passions of which our nature is capable for its enthusiastic support or its speedy destruction.

Of such an order were the men who came from the cornfields and vineyards of pleasant France to the inhospitable wastes and forests of this new world. The task which they had set for themselves was one of the most hopeless ever attempted—the conversion of the North American Indians to Christianity. These Indians were among the worst of their kind. The cruel conditions and inexorable laws of life had well nigh killed all humane instincts, and awakened in them all the cunning of the fox and all the ferocity of the tiger. Governing themselves within each tribe by rigorous rules, for all their neighbours they had but one rule—death and confiscation. The manner of their lives had bred among them the most horrible diseases, which, gathering up all their venemous forces, periodically swept off the savages thousands at a time. Their moral lives were no less loathsome and destructive. The dragons that tore each other in the prime were civilized and moral beings composed with these savages when the savage instinct was once aroused. It is a too common belief that advancing civilization has swept away the Indians; but it is said by some who have studied the question that in reality it has preserved them from an earlier extinction. For between wars and private feuds, immorality, disease and famine, they were, when the missionaries came, being killed off with a rapidity to which the destruction wrought by such calamities and crimes in a civilized country bears no proper comparison.

Their religious lives were not more promising. Sentimentalists have had too much of their own way with the Indians, and they are commonly thought to have had a settled religious belief. There was no such thing, it is said, among them. There was no word among them meaning God as we understand the word. Oki or Manitou might mean anything adopted as sanctified by the savage —it might be some unknown spirit who spoke in the sighing of winds, or the melancholy moan of the forest; or it might be a skin or an old tobacco pipe; a good meerschaum might have ranked as a Manitou of the first order, and even a T. D. might have taken place as a Tutelar Deity. To inculcate the Christian doctrine, to bind together in one common religious bond this wild and wayward savage people, was the task of the missionaries. Therefore they leave behind them the centres of civilization, the comforts of civilized life. They forsake the dim quiet cloisters in which their youth had sweetly been passed. They pass from the portals of the churches where from childhood they had assisted at the magnificent solemnities of their religion. They close

their eyes to the galleries where the art treasures were hung, to the well-beloved libraries where the collected volumes of ages were close at their hands. The stout ship bears them over seas. The perils of ocean are passed. They clasp hands with their fate and their duty upon the shores of a new land.

Abenaqui Missions.

It is in Nova Scotia that the history of the missions properly begins. Henry IV. of France had all the unbounded zeal of a convert thinking of the spiritual dangers from which he thought he had escaped; he was filled with horror at the thought of the dangers of the strange races over whom the sceptre of his authority stretched. He burned with zeal to signalize his conquests and his acquisitions by an offering of converted souls. His zeal was duly encouraged and inflamed by his director, who was soon instructed by the King to select fit agents for the mission. The men chosen were of the Jesuit Order, Enemonde Masse and Peter Biard. I pass advisedly over the difficulties which delayed their departure. Suffice it to say that at length, through the energy of their superior and the distinguished generosity of Lady Guercheville—who stands out in the history of these very early times as only a blameless and beautiful woman can stand out amid a worldly throng, moving through all the scandals and dangerous temptations of the time like the lady in Comus, entirely serene and pure—they departed from Dieppe and arrived at Port Royal on the 12th June, 1611. They found there one other French priest, F. Jesse Fleche, and with him began to study the Mic-Mac tongue. They received much assistance from that Sagamore Memberton who is so prominent in the early history of Port Royal, and whom at length they converted and baptized. Their hopes of success through his influence were soon dissipated by his unexpected death, and thenceforward their work had to go on unassisted under the trees and in the smoky wigwams of the people, where they chiefly dwelt. The death of the influential Sagamore was not their only cross. Speedily quarrels arose with Biencourt, with whom they had come, and with whose father, Poutrincourt, they had been made, by liberal purchase, partners in the expedition. So violent was the anger of Biencourt that the missionaries resolved to return to Europe, having no proper means of carrying on the mission nor of assisting the Indians, on whom the inevitable rigours of a northern winter began to press. They had indeed embarked, and were about to sail, but were compelled to disembark on the eve of their departure.

This state of things was reported to Lady Guercheville and the Queen in France; and it was determined that if it was impossible to make Port Royal the seat of the mission a new and more favourable spot should be chosen. Père Biard had visited the region of the Penobscot, and knew the country and the people; and in this region the new mission was to be founded. The expedition arrived in due time at Port Royal, took on board the tormented missionaries, and, with Fathers Quentin and Lalement as a reinforcement, sailed for the mouth of the Penobscot. Here they landed on the east side of Mount Desert Island, and, having planted a cross and offered the Holy Sacrifice, they founded the mission of Holy Saviour.

Their first adventure, as related, was a most lucky one for their future relations with the natives. Penetrating into the forest with a Lieutenant of the ship, Biard heard a great sound as of some assembly shouting, and soon the two came across an Indian, who told them that a child was dying. Biard and the Lieutenant pushed forward, and soon came upon a village, where, at the head of a long line of sorrowing savages, stood an Indian with a dying child in his arms. At each manifestation of suffering in the infant the Indian gave out a yell, and the long line took it up, and echoed it till the forest rang with the terrific mourning. Father Biard advanced

and asked the Indian, whose dialect he knew, if he did not wish to have the child baptized. The Indian laid it in his arms. Water was procured, and the missionary knelt and prayed for some signal manifestation of the Divine power to the Indians. He baptized the child, which soon recovered and was handed to its mother: and great was the wonder of the savages at the power of the black-robed man, who had apparently performed a miracle. Auspiciously as the mission was thus begun it was destined to have but a brief existence. The forts planned by the expedition were well nigh completed, the vessel was ready to depart, when a sudden and fatal blow was dealt them. Some English fishing vessels, commanded by the well known Argall, were driven on the coast, and, hearing that a European colony was established in the neighbourhood, they determined to attack it. When the English vessels came the French ship had but four persons on board, the commander, de la Saussaye, being at the fort. A short defence was made, but the enemy was too powerful. The ship and fort were taken, and in the contest the mission received its baptism of blood in the death of the lay brother, Gilbert du Thet. On his departure from France he had prayed that he might meet death in the service of the mission. And behold, his wish was accomplished. They buried him at the foot of the cross he had helped to raise. And there they left him, in the quiet forest, under the sacred symbol, as nearly alone with God as the resting-place of mortal might be. His death was significant. The flowing of his blood was the first startling intimation to the missionaries that the labour of their lives was to be done in defiance of the bullet and tomahawk; and it might have prophetically revealed to them the fate that was in store for those who were to carry the Cross through the wilderness, through danger and disaster to death. Such is the story of the beginning and the end of the first independent mission in Acadia. Père Biard returned to France, where he died in 1622, quietly teaching theology at Lyons. Masse was to labour again and die in the service of the missions. For the future, all the missions were to have origin and centre at Quebec, which was well protected, and whither, in times of danger or trouble, the missionaries might repair for safety and assistance.

Quebec Missions.

I.

The missions of Quebec owed their origin to the religious enthusiasm of the heroic and devoted Champlain. Finding so great a field for missionary labour, he induced some members of the Recollet Friars, a branch of the Order of Franciscans, to come to Quebec. In 1615 there came, at his request, two years after the failure of the Acadian mission, to Quebec, Fathers Jamet, Dolbeau, Le Caron, and du Plessis. Their first acts on landing were to select a site for their convent and to offer the mass. There, under the shade of the forest, the hope of New France was gathered, and the cannon from the ships on the river, and from the ramparts of the fort, saluted and proclaimed the inaugural celebration of Christianity. No time was lost in beginning to work. Father Dolbeau went to the Montaignais, and Le Caron to the Hurons; Jamet and Du Plessis remained at Quebec. As this narrative does not purpose to include a history of the doings of the the Recollet Friars, I shall not follow them into the forests. Their labours were not destined to be long. They were not equal to the work. They found themselves unable to surmount the difficulties of the situation, and called in the aid of the Jesuits, whose missionary success had been great; and fourteen years after Biard and Masse had landed at Port Royal, Canada first received the far-famed Jesuits in the persons of Fathers Brebœuf, Masse (who now returned), and Charles Lalement, who arrived at Quebec in

1626. A great work was before them. They had to accustom themselves to the climate and to the habits of the people; and, above all, they had to master the most difficult of languages and their dialects. For this purpose they went among the Hurons at once. Brebœuf was very portly in figure, and found trouble in getting passage in the frail canoes, but at last he succeeded, and partly by his imposing presence, partly by his winning manners, and partly by the charm of the strange and new doctrines he preached, or rather hinted, to them, he succeeded in winning the enthusiastic admiration of the Hurons. But this first attempt at establishment among the natives was destined to an early termination. Some of the missionaries found it impossible to overcome the difficulties of the Indian tongue, and returned for instruction to Quebec. Brebœuf remained three years among his Hurons, and when he was ordered to return to Quebec it was a great grief to the Indians. Crowding around him they said "What, Echom!" for so they called him, "dost thou leave us? Thou hast been here now three years to learn our language, to teach us to know thy God, to adore and serve Him, having come but for that end as thou hast shown. And now, when thou knowest our language better than any of the French, thou leavest us. If we do not know the God thou lovest we shall call Him to witness that it is not our fault, but thine, to leave us so." He could not stay. An order from his superiors was as a "voice from Heaven" to him, and he went. The missionaries had gathered at Quebec in consultation when once more, as at Holy Saviour, a blow from the enemy struck them down. Three days after the arrival of Brebœuf the English under Kirk captured Quebec. The Recollet Friars were in favour with the English; but even out here in the wilds the sight of the Jesuit was odious, and they were treated rigorously as captives. Thus was the second attempt to plant a mission in Canada brought to grief. It was the fortune of war. Kirk carried off Champlain and the Jesuits. The latter made their way into France from England.

For four years the wandering Indians will wait for the black-robed men who were wont to instruct them. Four or five times will the forests of the fall turn red and the fields of winter wax white, and the green of the woods and the silver of the rapid rivers be glorified by the golden summer; the infants that were baptized will learn to prattle the sacred words that were left them as a legacy, and many changes will take place among the tribe, ere "Echom" comes again.

The result of the mission had not been brilliant, but it had been encouraging. The introduction of the missionaries among the Algonquins and among the Hurons had, so far, deeply impressed the natives with the character of the "black-robes." The "black-robes" were so patient, so winning, so cheerful; they were so brave; they were so bold in denunciation, and so fervent in instruction, that they could not but impress the Indians. That was a point gained. But some more decisive work had been done. Some converts had been made who promised well for the future. A chief or two had been gained. Here and there a missionary like Brebœuf had won the esteem of a whole village. The people had become familiar with the "black-robes," and had lost some of their old superstitions, and had lost their old faith in their medicine men to some extent. And, on the whole, when the second blow came on the second structure and shattered it, there yet remained a foundation sound enough for a third attempt.

Quebec Mission.

II.

We now begin the story of the third mission—the second from Quebec—the most successful of all, and the most disastrous, the great mission to the Hurons. Peace had been declared in Europe; and, on Cham-

plain's representations in London, Quebec was ordered to be restored to France. So, in 1632, back from France—Brebœuf foremost—came the missionaries to the fields they knew, the labour they loved, and the deaths that were surely in store for them. In 1634 the new mission was begun.

In the Residence mission house of Our Lady of the Angels, were gathered together Brebœuf, Daniel, Davost, Masse, de Noue, and le Jeune, the Superior. The result of their deliberations was that Father le Jeune remained at Quebec as Superior, while, at different times, the others went out into the distant and dangerous missions. Let us remain for a little with the Superior to see how he goes about his work. "I have commenced," he says, in his Relation of 1633, "to call together some children with a little bell. The first time I had six, then twelve, then fifteen and more. I made them say the Pater, the Ave, and the Credo. We finish with the Pater Noster, which I have put into rhyme in their language, and I make them chant it; and, in conclusion, I give them each a little porringer of peas, which they eat with much appetite." All his spare time was given to the study of the Algonquin tongue; and in this study he was greatly assisted by an Indian named Pierre, who had been to France, and who had cultivated, with the piety of the people, a strong affection for the wines of the country. As Lent came on, however, Pierre went off, and left poor Father le Jeune to fast at once from meat and from Algonquin. To pursue his studies he determined to go off with a hunting party. It was winter. He did not know the difficulties in the way. His provisions were a temptation to the Indians, and, not understanding the eagerness with which he was requested to go, he went. Pierre had a brother called Mestigoit, and another who was a medicine man. Seeing with the keen eye of a savage of more than ordinary intelligence that the success of the Father meant his own downfall, the sorcerer hated le Jeune and determined to work him evil. It was perfectly natural, and the missionaries were to find out when their star was dark, and their churches in flames, and their deaths at hand, that the revenge of the sorcerers was bitter and certain.

So le Jeune set out. His first experience was not encouraging. He had brought with him a small keg of wine in case of sickness or accident. Pierre found it and tapped it, and, it is quite needless to say, went even so far as to drink it. He became half mad, of course, and manifested a strong desire to do mischief. His amiable brother Mestigoit poured over him a kettle of boiling water which removed a good deal of his skin but did not improve his temper. He playfully resolved to annihilate the poor missionary who only avoided trouble by sleeping on the ground in the winter forest. The journey to the hunting-grounds was an awful one for the Father. Through the difficult obstructions of the winter woods he was compelled painfully to wend his way. Slipping and falling, yet wet and weary, tearing his clothes and his limbs, he toiled along. "Figure to yourself," he says, in one of the Relations, "a person burthened like a mule in addition to these (the afore-mentioned annoyances), and then judge if the life of these savages is sweet." And all his misery was aggravated by the malicious sorcerer, who not only persecuted him with gibes when he was well, but when he grew ill was still more malicious in the persistency with which he practised his noisy heathen rites for the missionary's recovery. For six months this sort of life continued, alternating between feasting and famine, so far as food was concerned, and steadily barren so far as conversions were concerned. The utter foulness of the Indian life presented greater difficulties to conversion than their mere heathenism. At last he accepted a chance to get back to Quebec. The Algonquins did not prove so easy of spiritual conquest as had been expected. They were too predatory and too unsettled.

It was impossible to do anything with them till they had been gathered together in villages; and, as this was impossible, it was determined to penetrate further into the country of the Hurons, who were more settled. After a solemn council with the Huron chiefs who had come down the river, it was agreed that they should receive the missionaries. A dispute deferred the enterprise for a year, but when a year had passed Fathers Daniel, Davost, and Brebœuf were sent out to the Hurons. It was a toilsome journey. Barefoot, cramped in the canoes, laden like mules in the forest, separated at times, robbed and ill-treated, at last they all reached the Huron towns. Brebœuf had been deserted by his guides at what is now known as Thunder Bay. He hid his sacred altar vessels, and went in search of the town Ihonatiria. Soon he found it, and the crowd came out to receive him with rejoicing for they knew the familiar figure, and were glad that "Echom" had come again. Soon, also, came Daniel and Davost. If they only knew to what they had come! If some divine revelation of the not very distant future had been given them in some vision of the noonday, or in some midnight dream, would they have remained? Knowing what we do of their fate, and knowing the feebleness of humanity, does it not seem to us that then their hands would have fallen helpless, and terror have come upon them like a thunder-clap! But there was no revelation, and they remained.

The Pestilence.

At this time the missions had attracted some attention in France, through the accounts of those who had returned and the Relations of those who remained. Other missionaries soon came, in time to share in the danger and the toil—Fathers Jaques, Chaletain and Garnier. They were received with rejoicing; and, just as they had recruited their energies, the periodical pestilence broke out among the people. Previous to this some converts had been made among the adults, though for fear of backsliding the missionaries had been chary of baptism; now everything was jeopardized. Those who were thoroughly converted were confirmed by their trials. Those who were not relapsed to the Okis and Manitous of their youth. The whole mission was now depending on any slight accident. The Indians, in their dread of the pestilence, began to look black upon the missionaries, at the instigation of the sorcerers, as its probable cause. But still they went on with their work—and the small-pox went on with its work also. Now ensued a scene of horror and dismay and death on one side, and of sublime devotion to a sacred duty on the other, which has seldom been equalled either in the plague-haunted streets of London or Lisbon in the olden time, or when the frieze-clad friars were busy with the burying of the dead in the stricken city of the Adriatic. The small-pox raged from cabin to cabin, from village to village. From every wigwam over a vast space arose the cry that never fails to raise sympathetic feelings in human bosoms, the cry of a people sorrowing for its dead. All the stores that the missionaries had were lavished in aid of the stricken people. Daily as they went their dangerous rounds they exhorted, consoled the adult, and secretly baptized the dying infant whose parent would have slain the missionary had he seen the act. The sorcerers continued their insinuations with effect. It was the black robes that brought the small-pox. It was contained in their cross, in their weather streamers, in the secret places of their dwelling. Ill-feeling rose high against them. They walked in danger. The tomahawk was over their heads. They were threatened and assaulted. At last a council was called to condemn them. They escaped condemnation through the influence of Brebœuf: but it was given them to understand that their death was certain at last.

So far the missions had got to be systematically arranged. The Huron towns had all been visited, and each had been named after a saint. They were partitioned into four districts. To these the Tobacco nation was added as a fifth, and Garnier and Jaques had been sent thither. The position and condition of the missions was now this:—The districts had been arranged, and the missionaries were systematically at work in the wilderness. At Quebec changes had taken place of an important nature. A seminary for boys, a convent for girls, and an hospital for the sick, had been built. Madame de la Peltrie, the recital of whose romantic career is almost needless for the reader, had arrived from the Convent of the Ursulines at Tours, with Marie de St. Bernard and Marie de L'Incarnation, and they had begun that system of conventual life and education which is now so familiar to us all. They had taken, these delicate women, their share, and more than their share, in the labours of the missionaries at Quebec among the pestilence-vexed people, spending night and day in their terrible duty. Surely we yield them the tribute of our loyal admiration. Le Jeune and others are at Quebec; Brebœuf is among the Hurons; Jaques is among the Mohawks; Bressani is among the Iroquois. The missions are doing fairly well. The harvest is great, but the reapers are few though they are untiring. With Heaven's help a strong Christian Church will raise itself among the heathen, and New France shall be an honour to Old France, and all the labour shall not have been in vain! Such hopes might have animated the breasts of the Brethren in France, but those who were at Quebec were looking grave, and they had cause to be grave.

The Conflagration.

There is a great smoke in the west. On the wind comes borne a confused tumult nearer and nearer. Stragglers come in faint, bleeding, dying. They tell an awful tale. The Iroquois have declared war—the most powerful and bloody nation in the North-West are on the war-path, and all the missions are at their mercy. The last act, the consummation of the growing tragedy, has come.

Father Jaques was the first sufferer. He had gone to Quebec for altar service and supplies, and was on his way to his mission along the winding river in the shade of the silent forests. There is a yell and a volley from the rushes! The Huron guides fly before the Iroquois, who bear down upon them in canoes. Jaques' companions are captured. He escapes, but seeing his companions in danger he returns in the midst of the enemy. They beat him with war clubs; they tear him with their teeth; they drag him along with a load on his back, and dying almost with unspeakable pain, and he as tender and delicate as a woman; they run him through the gauntlet of two hundred warriors with clubs; his thumbs are cut off with shells; and at night they stretch him on the ground, his limbs extended between stakes. But they do not kill him. He is in evil case; but still he goes on with his labours; his breviary he reads in the forest till the cold pierces his heart; and he stands up to rebuke his captors when they mock at his God. Shortly to sketch his career at this time, it suffices to say that he escapes through the kindness of the Dutch; and months afterwards the doors of a College in France are knocked at by an emaciated and mutilated man whom the Rector admits, and who falls at the Rector's feet to ask for a blessing on the head of Father Isaac Jaques! The day of his triumph is come. The king sends for him; queens and fair court ladies kiss those mutilated hands that, unless a dispensation is granted, will never offer sacrifice any more. That dispensation is granted; and after a period of rest Jaques is once more on his way to Canada, and we pass to scene the second.

The war cloud is getting blacker. All

over the country the Iroquois have spread. The Huron nation is melting like flax before fire, before the wrath of the banded Iroquois; and the second scene in the last act of the tragedy closes with the picture of Joseph Bressani, with his fingers split up into his hands, his hair and beard torn out by the roots, his body burnt with live coals; and with Père Anne de la Noue bewildered in the snow-blinded forest, kneeling in a space he had cleared for his grave, with his hands and eyes upraised to heaven, frozen dead.

Peace had been patched up for a time, and the third scene opens with Jaques appearing once more among the Mohawks. Busily he plies his vocation, exhorting, rebuking, baptizing, for he feels his end is near. It is indeed near. The peace is broken, and Jaques is seized again. His treatment is too terrible to dwell on. At last he is brought to his death feast; and as he enters the lodge a hatchet is buried in his brain. Broken body, thou hast rest at last! Patient soul, thou hast now thy reward! Noblest of men, thou hast entered into thy nobility!

The missions ripened as the end drew near. The Hurons, in deep terror at the ruin of their nation, flung themselves at the feet of the missionaries, and claimed their aid. But the end was coming. Conversions were rapid and baptisms many. There were churches with bells at St. Joseph, St. Ignatius, St. Michael, and St. John Baptist; and morning masses, and frequent ceremonies and sacraments. But the Iroquois were coming. It is at St. Joseph; it is July in the woods, balmy and beautiful. The mission house is crowded to the door. Antoine Daniel is at the altar. Suddenly there is a confusion in the distance. Then there is a wild cry "the Iroquois! the Iroquois!" They are coming across the clearing. The warriors offer a faint resistance and fly. Daniel stands clad in the brilliant vestments of his office. Then a volley of arrows tear through him, a ball pierces his heart and he dies. The savages bathe their faces in his blood and rush to finish the ruin. What had been begun by a massacre is finished by a conflagation; the mission of St. Joseph is in ruins.

The deceptive and precarious Indian peace follows for a time; but eight months after war leaps again out of hell. The great heart of the mission, Brebœuf, giant in frame and martial in bearing, with the refined and gentle Lalement, are at St. Ignatius, and upon St. Ignatius the fire falls fiercely. The smoke and flames tell to those at St. Mary's, almost as soon as the fugitives, how fearful the ruin is being. A party is sent out to examine. They find a staring horror. Scorched and violated at the stake are the mangled remains of Brebœuf and Lalement. The Indians had known how great and brave the soldierly missionary was, and had taxed all their devilish ingenuity for tortures. They had beaten and scorched him. They had poured boiling water upon his head. They hung round his neck a collar of red-hot hatchets. They had torn away his lips and his tongue. Then they killed him. The effort to keep collected had nearly burst his heart, and he failed early in the torture; his companion, gentle as a woman, had, like a woman, lasted long under the agony.

Epilogue.

Thus one by one the missions were done to death, with what accumulation of horrors it is needless to say. The tide of Iroquois war was not to be checked, and it overflowed nearly all the north, to the ruin of the missions for the time. The Huron nation was broken up; and the remaining missionaries gathered at Quebec. And thus closes one imperfect chapter in the history of our country. Men who yield no sort of submission to the claims of these missionaries' religion may not love their Order, and while acknowledging its magnificent achieve-

ments, its energy, and its power, may find fault with its policy and its principles. But no man who reverences heroism in the form of self-sacrifice, can help yielding a tribute of admiration to the memories of the men who, under burning summer suns and bitter winter skies, in doubt and danger, toiled in the beginning of our history; and who, whether friends failed them or not, whether hope comforted them or not, whether fate favoured them or not, looking straight to their one object, through yelling enemies and charred villages, through weary miles of wilderness, and the barriers which winter had piled in their track, saw only that souls, as they believed, were to be saved, and above all saw, shining in the heavens, the crown of glory that was to be the reward of the labours of their lives, and the consolation of their disastrous death.

M. J. Griffin.

GENIUS.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

THE inspiration which by God is given,
Born of the light, like light belongs to heaven;
The eagle soaring to the noon of day,
Meets with unblenching gaze the solar ray,
His light of life, and, basking in its sheen,
Sweeps on strong wing along the blue serene.
The inky billows of the storm may rise,
And roll a gloom of terror through the skies,
Onward and upward still he proudly cleaves,
And far below the murky vapour leaves;
The thunders crashing through the shadows dun,
Vainly impede his progress to the sun;
Sailing through heaven's wide space on pinions free,
He only feels the present Deity,
The thrilling ecstasy absorbs his sight,
And bathes his spirit in the fount of light.

Belleville.

THE LEGAL INTERPRETATION OF THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

BY JAMES BEATY, JR.

THE Washington Treaty is a document of such special importance in the interests of peace and humanity, that its contents cannot be too carefully examined or its meaning too critically elucidated. The interpretations already given to it; specially with reference to the character or extent of "the claims" submitted by it; have not in all points done justice to its true import. We will not now detail the events preceding the appointment of the Joint High Commission, to put all the questions arising out of the "Alabama claims" "in the way of a final and amicable settlement." The history of those facts will no doubt be sufficiently fresh in the minds of our readers.

We will at once enter upon an examination of the treaty, with the view of ascertaining the meaning which a disinterested tribunal —say the Tribunal of Arbitration—ought to place upon the document as to the claims submitted by it; the satisfactory determination of which may involve consequences of such serious import as the maintenance of peace and cordial relations between two great nations, who ought to cherish common sympathies arising from their community of race, language, literature and laws.

In pursuit of this object, the first enquiry would be, what must be understood by the recital in the first paragraph of the treaty, where it is said:—"Whereas differences have arisen between the Government of the United States and the Government of Her Britannic Majesty, and still exist, growing out of the Acts committed by the several vessels which have given rise *to the claims generically known as the Alabama claims*"; and also that portion of the third paragraph where it is stated that in order to *adjust all claims* on the part of the United States and to provide for the speedy settlement of *such claims*"; the "High contracting parties agree that *all the said claims* growing out of acts committed by the aforesaid vessels and *generically known as the Alabama claims* shall be referred to a Tribunal of Arbitration"?

To ascertain what matters were contemplated by those words and what "claims" were "referred" to the "Tribunal," the Arbitrators are to "proceed impartially and carefully to examine and decide all questions that shall be laid before them." The high contracting parties have since the appointment of the Arbitrators laid before them their "cases" respectively; which occupy large volumes and involve a complete history from the standpoint of each side of the whole controversy.

If the arbitrators were asked to determine this question, they would require to consider these paragraphs calmly from an "impartial" standpoint, and regardless of the vociferated views of plaintiff and defendant thrown in such ponderous tomes at their selected heads. From this point of view we will as far as possible examine this treaty. With our present object in mind, a brief review of facts with respect to "the claims" will not be out of place, to enable us to arrive at an intelligent conclusion.

The Alabama escaped from England on the 29th of July, 1862, after construction there, but without fitting out or equipments of any kind of a warlike character, except the build. The Florida departed from England on the 22nd March, 1862, under the name of the Oreto. She was designed for warlike purposes, and was duly registered as a British vessel. No tangible evidence,

however, of her destination or ownership was provided before her departure. The Georgia and the Shenandoah were never "in any manner or degree within the dominions of Her Majesty, fitted out, armed, or equipped for war, or specially adapted to warlike use."

In the American case, "the cruisers for whose acts the United States ask this tribunal to hold Great Britain responsible" are detailed in what purports to be chronological order, as follows:—"The Sumter, the Nashville, the Florida, and her tenders, the Clarence, the Tacony, and the Archer; the Alabama and her tender the Tuscaloosa; the Retribution, the Georgia, the Tallahassee, the Chicamauga and the Shenandoah." The "depredations committed by those vessels," as the treaty words it, "have given rise to the claims," which were referred to the tribunal, and which in the literature of this controversy, if I may so term the despatches between the two governments, have been "*generically known* as the Alabama claims"; and recognized in the treaty in this their common and general acceptation.

These "claims," it must be observed, are not claims by the Government of the United States, as such; but claims of citizens of the United States who suffered the destruction of their property by the depredations of those vessels. The Government of the United States stood as an intermediary in prosecuting "the claims" presented to them by their own citizens. This is the position assumed by Mr. Secretary Fish in his letter of February 3rd, 1871, in reference to "other and further claims of British subjects or of American citizens, growing out of acts committed during the recent civil war," that "only such claims of this description" were to be considered "as may be presented *by the Governments of the respective claimants.*"

During the whole of this controversy, from the time the first "depredation" was committed by the Alabama until the close of the war, and ever since up to the time of the appointment of the Joint High Commission, those claims only were contemplated by either party, which were filed by citizens of the United States in the archives at Washington, and which resulted from the destruction of private property by the acts of these vessels. The figures in which these claims were expressed never reached twenty millions of dollars. Fourteen millions were probably the highest figure they had ever attained during all this period. No other class or character of claims was ever contemplated or expressed by the responsible controversialists during the whole intervening nine years.

The immediate correspondence that preceded the appointment of the Joint High Commission will forcibly aid us in illustrating the meaning of the treaty. In this correspondence the first mention of the "so-called claims" was by Mr. Secretary Fish on the part of the United States. In his letter of Jan. 30th, 1871, to Sir Edward Thornton, it is said:—"He (the President) thinks that the removal of the differences which arose during the rebellion in the United States, and which have existed since then, growing out of the acts committed by the several vessels which have given rise *to the claims generically known as the Alabama claims* will also be essential to the restoration of cordial and amicable relations between the two Governments." Here "the claims" are identified as the claims "*known*" as of a certain class; those "known as the Alabama claims." We may enquire, by whom were they so "known"? by the correspondents, or by the governments they represented, or by all interested? Surely a practical and astute statesman of Mr. Fish's calibre would not for a moment use such language without knowing what he meant by it, and if he knew what he meant by it, he must have assumed that Sir Edward Thornton would attach the same meaning to his description that he did himself, from the very terms in which he expressed it, because he calls

them "the claims *known* as the Alabama claims." Sir Edward Thornton on the other hand, an experienced and wide-awake diplomatist, would certainly have asked explanation if he had not fully understood the language, or if he had been aware that it was ambiguous and indefinite in meaning. He shows, on the contrary, that he considered it unambiguous and definite, when in his answer of February 1st, 1871, and in reciting Mr. Fish's letter he transfers the meaning into the words:—"the claims *generally known* as the Alabama claims." In direct terms he also says in the same letter, "that it would give Her Majesty's Government great satisfaction if *the claims commonly known by the name* of the Alabama claims were submitted. In this letter we have two words of identification added to the list, the words "generally" and "commonly" known; one of which Mr. Fish adopts in his letter of February 3rd, 1871; and adds a new one for him when he expresses the President's pleasure at "the disposition to be made of the *so-called Alabama claims.*" What "claims" were "so-called"? were they uncertain, unknown, unascertained before that? If so, what could be the meaning of the terms "the so-called Alabama claims"? What claims were "generally," "commonly," "generically known" by the "name of the Alabama claims," if they were not some claims previously and then clearly and distinctly known and understood by all parties concerned in the negotiations. It would be, to say the least, disrespectful to the two Governments and the gentlemen who conducted this correspondence, to suggest that they did not know what they were writing about all this time; and yet if there is any pretence for ambiguity or doubt about the language of either, that is what is suggested when it is claimed that those words included references to "differences" which previously had never been authoritatively mentioned.

It was under these circumstances that the Joint High Commission commenced their labours as expressed in Her Majesty's commission, "for the purpose of discussing in a friendly spirit the various questions on which differences have arisen," and "of treating *for an agreement as to the mode of their amicable settlement.*" The President's commission thus expresses the purpose of the appointment of the High Commissioners on the part of the United States to be, "to meet the Commissioners" of Her Britannic Majesty, "and with them to treat and discuss *the mode of settlement* of the different questions." During this friendly discussion, on the 8th March, 1871, for the first time a new style of language was introduced in the "treating" of this question. The protocols state that the "history of the Alabama and other cruisers" and "the operations of those vessels showed extensive *direct losses* in the capture and destruction of a large number of vessels with their cargoes, and in the heavy national expenditure in the pursuit of the cruisers, and *indirect injury* in the transfer of a large part of the American commercial marine to the British flag, in the enhanced payments of insurance, in the prolongation of the war, and in the addition of a large sum to the cost of the war and the suppression of the rebellion; and also showed (?) that Great Britain, by reason of the failure in the proper observance of her duties as a neutral, had become justly liable for the acts of these cruisers and of their tenders; *that the claims for loss and destruction of private property which had thus far been presented* amounted to about fourteen millions of dollars, without interest, which amount was liable to be greatly increased *by claims* which had not been presented; that the cost to which the government had been put in the pursuit of cruisers could easily be ascertained by certificates of Government accounting officers; that in *the hope of an amicable settlement* no estimate was made of the *indirect losses*, without prejudice, however, to the right to indemnification on their account in the event of no such settlement being made."

New terms are in this statement for the first time brought into the discussion. These new terms are "indirect injury" and "indirect losses," and are expressly contra-distinguished from the "direct losses," and "the claims for loss and destruction of private property" previously well understood under the terms, the "so-called Alabama Claims." These new phrases had never before been introduced into the controversy or negotiations; why? because what they represented had never been thought of as a claim, and had never been formulated in language. If they had been in the mind of those who had previously discussed these subjects they had never found expression.

The terms themselves, from their distinctness and certainty show a marked difference in comparison with the language heretofore used. "The claims" are clearly understood also; not all claims, any claims, or every claim; only "the claims." The words "damages," or "losses," or "indirect," or "consequential," or any of their equivalents, were not used in the negotiations at any time antecedent to this. The reason of this style is clear, the thoughts had not existed, and the language did not express it. There were no "losses" or "injuries" of the Government of the United States ever under consideration; "the claims" only, which had been presented to the Government of the United States, and which had arisen from losses or injuries suffered by private citizens, in the destruction of private property were the matters considered.

The despatches of the Secretaries of State in controverting these questions and in negotiating for their "amicable settlement," never did name these "losses," "injuries," "damages," "indirect," "consequential," or "inferential," because they only knew them as "claims" against the United States Government, or for the recovery of which the aid of the Government was sought. In that sense they always treated them, wrote about them, negotiated about them, and finally referred them. This too, notwithstanding the introduction of this new phraseology at a stage of proceedings preceding the final reference, which affords another and if possible more conclusive reason that they were never "referred," seeing that after this time the new style was not introduced into the Treaty. It was in fact abandoned, and the old adopted by both parties and the Treaty concluded in the very terms commonly and generally known, and clearly and definitely appropriated by common consent to a class of "claims" well understood and ascertained by both Governments and by the people of both nations.

The argument deduced from the pretence that they are not expressly excluded, to show that they are included could with equal propriety be urged with respect to the Fenian claims concerning which there is not a word of exclusion in the whole Treaty. It is true they were discussed and were not introduced into the Treaty, and are therefore necessarily abandoned; but if so, the "indirect losses" were by the same mode of reasoning as clearly abandoned by the United States Government, and should never have been presented in their "case." One of the reasons given by the British Commissioners why they "would not urge further that the settlement of these (Fenian) claims should be included in the present Treaty," was "that they had the less difficulty in doing so, as a portion of the claims were of a *constructive and inferential character.*"

If "indirect losses" are admissible at all, the United States might as well at once make out a "case" for the value of four millions of slaves liberated, or the value of the labour of two or three millions of able bodied combatants diverted from industrial pursuits for the various years of the war. The latter would be about as reasonably included in the "so-called Alabama claims" as

some of the former. The British Government might on similar grounds make a "case" for "losses" certain and undoubted to their people in the destruction of the cotton trade with the South and the bartering in other products of the then Confederate States; and the prevention of commercial intercourse with them by the blockade. Article XII of the Treaty would admit a plausible case to be made out of this character, for for not only "all claims on the part of corporations, companies, or *private individuals* subjects of Her Britannic Majesty," which "have been presented"; but "any other such claims which *may be presented*," shall "be referred to three Commissioners." If this should be done, however, would not every citizen of the United States say, and say reasonably, this business which is a serious one and ought to be so treated was attaining the proportions of a broad farce; and would not the whole matter in the estimation of reasonably disposed people, the world over, be regarded as having reached an unenviable caricature? Yet this approximates the position in which the matter is even now placed by some one, whether responsible or not.

It may be, however, that it will turn out to have been done, in the way an extravagant bill of particulars might be drawn in an attorney's office. A clerk is told to draw it, he takes the instructions and sits down to write his bill. He has been ordered to write and he writes, he has a bill to make out and he makes one, whether it is consistent with anything that has gone before or anything to follow after he cares not. He will "claim enough" so that the jury will have room enough to oscillate between the minimum and maximum amounts, and decide the qustion either by guessing at a verdict or determining it by the turn of a tossed cent. In such case the client will not suffer by reason of preferring too small a claim and making the case appear shabby or mean. It is possible the American "case" in this respect was prepared in some such way without sufficient consideration as to what had previously transpired or the consequences that might follow from mistake or wrong in this part of the proceedings.

It is a peculiar fact, however, that no figures are stated as to the extent of these "indirect losses." Mr. Gladstone in one of those masterly speeches which distinguish him, delivered in the British Parliament about the middle of February in answer to a lucid and eloquent history of the question by Mr. Disraeli, says, "It is perfectly true that the American case does not state any figure of the indirect losses, but it supplies data from which figures may be computed, by no very elaborate process," and he admits, as Mr. Disraeli suggested, that the amount would equal, if not exceed, the war indemnity payable by France to Germany, or about one thousand million of dollars.

It has been urged with some earnestness that the treaty admits of the presentation of the indirect losses, and that it is for the arbitrators to say whether they will be allowed. In this connection an interpretation has been put upon the statement of the American Commissioners on the 8th March, 1871, already quoted, that is not warranted by the facts and documents. They said that "in the hope of an amicable settlement no estimate was made of the indirect losses, without prejudice, however, to the right to indemnification on their account in the event of no such settlement being made"! It has been therefore urged in justification of the presentation of the "indirect losses" that the suggestion that no estimate being made of them was "without prejudice" to indemnification" in case no "amicable settlement" was made; and that such settlement was confined to an acceptance of the liability for fourteen millions of dollars by the British Commissioners and by payment thereof without the arbitration; and that if such settlement were not then and there made they reserved the right to bring for-

ward such claims in the discretion of their Government. There is nothing in the statement of the American Commissioners to warrant this interpretation. It might be asked, too, Is the arbitration an inimical, an unfriendly settlement? Mr. Secretary Fish has interpreted it as an "amicable settlement," in those very words. He alleges in the first reference to the Alabama claims found in the correspondence between him and Sir Edward Thornton, that the President directed him to say "this subject also may be treated of by the proposed High Commission and may *thus be put in the way* of a final and *amicable settlement*." So that whatever way the Joint High Commission would devise for the settlement of this question would be "amicable," just as well as a settlement made by the Commissioners themselves with the sanction of their respective Governments; if indeed such a settlement was contemplated when such statement was made. On the contrary, the whole correspondence and the authority of the Commissioners show that they had no right to settle anything only "*the mode*" of settlement; to "put" the question "in the way" of a settlement; and they acted within the scope of their power in the reference to arbitration. Her Majesty also gives the same character to the acts of the Joint High Commission, as Her Commissioners are authorized to treat "for an agreement as to the mode of their amicable settlement." It should also be observed that at this time the question of arbitration had not been discussed at all by the Commissioners. The conclusion is inevitable that referring "the claims" to arbitration, and entering into a treaty to abide by the decision of the arbitrators without the unfriendliness involved in a war, was "a mode" adopted for an "amicable settlement."

Hence by the terms of the "statements," the "indirect losses" were waived and abandoned; and it was in fact substantially agreed that they should not even be brought to the consideration of the "Tribunal of Arbitration." The American Commissioners thereby undertook that in the event which has occurred, their Government would only urge the claims for the "direct" losses; or, as the Treaty demands, for the claims arising out of the "depredations committed by the Alabama and other vessels in the destruction of private property;" or "the capture and destruction of a large number of vessels with their cargoes;" being, in fact, neither more or less than "the so-called Alabama claims," the only claims "referred" to the tribunal. The Treaty in terms does not include the second class of losses urged by the American Commissioners, namely, "the heavy national expenditures in the pursuit of the cruisers," amounting to about seven millions of dollars, and which they represent to be "direct" because, up to that time they were never "known" as the "so-called Alabama claims," and were not included in the negotiations between Mr. Fish and Sir Edward Thornton; and, consequently, did not come within their powers, and could not be referred by the Treaty. It was on this ground that the American Commissioners resisted the introduction of the Fenian claims, and certainly what was a good rule in this case for the Eagle, cannot be a bad one for the Lion.

The simple fact is, the introduction of this new claim for "indirect" losses at the time, might be very readily interpreted to be in the nature of a gentle threat to press the British Commissioners to an "amicable settlement; "because," say the American Commissioners, "if you do not come to such a settlement now, we will hereafter not only look for the 'so-called Alabama claims;' but we will also seek to recover these 'indirect losses,' which we never before made any ado about; but if you come to friendly terms, we will forego urging these henceforward, and be content with whatever amount we can charge upon you of 'the claims commonly known as the Alabama claims.'"

The Treaty itself is in complete harmony with all that was said and done before its ratification. The paragraphs already cited, interpreted in the light of the facts briefly noted, tend to show but one meaning, that "the claims generally known as the Alabama claims," were the only claims "referred" in that branch of the Treaty. Article VII has been brought into requisition very gravely, to warrant the reference of the "indirect losses" to the "Tribunal of Arbitration." In the first place, "indirect losses," or any equivalent terms, are not once named in the Treaty. The duty of Great Britain "as to each vessel separately," was first to be determined by the Arbitrators, guided by the Rules adopted; and in case it was found that "Great Britain had failed to fulfil any duty or duties," the Tribunal might, if it thought proper, "proceed to award a sum in gross, to be paid by Great Britain to the United States *for all the claims referred to it.* These words which are again the well understood words of the negotiation, and the adopted words of the Preamble, cannot be held to mean more than they meant in the previous history of the question; in the correspondence leading to the appointment of the Joint High Commission; in the deliberations of the High Commission; in the Protocols; in the Commission of Her Majesty, appointing the High Commissioners; and in the recital of the Treaty. On the contrary, whatever meaning they had in the Preamble, where the claims are "referred," they have in this Article, as it includes only "the claims *referred*" to the Tribunal. The "gross sum" can only apply to "each vessel separately;" and is limited by the terms of the treaty to "the *depredations committed*" by each vessel; and not to "indirect losses," "arising out" of, or "growing out" of matters which cannot be said to be the subject of "depredations" of a vessel.

Article X is then added, in case a "gross sum" is not awarded; Assessors are to be appointed "to ascertain and determine *what claims are valid, and what amount*, or amounts shall be paid by Great Britain to the United States, on account of the liability arising from such failure *as to each vessel.*" This also maintains the harmony of thought and expression we have found to exist throughout. The Assessors are to proceed to the investigation of *the claims* which shall be presented to them by the Government of the United States, and shall examine and decide upon them *in such order* and manner as they may think proper;" and "they shall be bound to hear on *each separate claim*, if required, one person," or agent of each Government. The "decision of these Assessors shall be given on *each claim* in writing." Examine also the wording in subsequent parts, such as: "every claim," "amount of claims," "further claims," "any claims," and all are in consonance with what precedes.

Article XI says, that the "High Contracting parties engage to consider the result of the proceedings of the Tribunal of Arbitration, and of the Board of Assessors, should such Board be appointed; as a full, perfect, and final settlement of *all the claims* hereinbefore referred to;" and "further engage that *every such claim* shall be considered and treated as finally settled, barred, and thenceforth inadmissable," when the proceedings of the Tribunal or Board are concluded. There can be no doubt that Mr. Gladstone is right in regarding the Treaty as "unambiguous," and certain in meaning. Indeed it would be difficult to suppose it possible, and it is a consideration that awakens curiosity to ascertain if it is the fact, that Mr. Gladstone, Earl Granville, the law officers of the Crown who must have advised on it, the Commissioners, including the Dominion Minister of Justice, Sir John A. Macdonald—than whom there is no better constitutional lawyer on the continent, nor a mind more acute in practical legal formula—could all have been mistaken as to the meaning and intent of this Treaty.

The "charges of negligence, slovenliness and other faults, which have been freely made against" the British Commissioners, as Sir Stafford Northcote expresses it in a late letter, concerning the distinction of Marquis conferred on Lord Ripon, the chief Commissioner, are not well founded. Sir Stafford may well say that, although they have not answered those charges, "their reticence is due, *not to any doubt of the force of the answer they have to give*, but their belief that it is better in the interests of peace and friendship, that they should say nothing to complicate the unfortunate difficulty."

I must notice briefly the present attitude of the two Governments. The American Government has presented its "case," and includes in it this new, and at the same time once abandoned, claim for "indirect losses." Mr. Gladstone, in a late speech, said of it: "I frankly own that, whether rightly or wrongly, when I first heard of the American case, my belief was, that it was an exact counterpart of the British case; that is to say, a dry, dull, but most able and close argument upon the points connected with *the Alabama* and her consorts; and I imagine that all those who gradually became possessed of the Volume, underwent the same sentiments of *surprise as myself at the entire novelty* of an important portion of the contents of the Volume." The portion about the "indirect losses" was to him an "entire novelty," in that connection; and, therefore, he was obliged to protest. These "losses" were "referred" or they were not. We have seen, satisfactorily enough, they were not "referred"—were not even "estimated"—in the hope of an "amicable settlement;" that only "the generally known Alabama claims" were referred.

When this novel feature presented itself the only course left open was either to go before the arbitrators and consent to discuss a matter over which they had no jurisdiction; or to say at once "such matters were not referred, and we will not consider them at all. We cannot go before the Tribunal and be called upon to answer as to matters which the submission did not contemplate." The latter course was the one adopted, and, indeed, it was the only one open in reason or common sense; law or equity.

The Commissioners on either side did not make a mistake. The Governments had pre-determined that a settlement should be made. They appointed the High Commissioners to determine "a *mode* of settlement," to put this vexed question "*in the way* of a settlement. It was no part of their duty to settle, to close up the dispute by any arrangements or compromise as to the liability in the first place, or admitting the liability, as to the money question in the second place. Theirs it was to establish a "mode of settlement." That they did; they deserve, too, the highest credit for industry, patience and equanimity in the disposal of the vexed question upon which they treated. If, however, any one is disposed to blame any of the Commissioners, the American Commissioners are obnoxious to blame, and not the British Commissioners. If it were intended by the United States Government to have included in the treaty "these indirect losses," it is quite certain they did not accomplish it; and the charge of negligence if made at all should be laid at the door of the White House.

Since they were not included, and no doubt intentionally so; as a settlement was a foregone conclusion on both sides, and the spirit of concession wisely ruled the hour; each conceded their share of grievances, and these "indirect losses" were clearly a part of the concessions of the American Government. That being the case nothing further should ever have been said about them. The situation should have been accepted, and no new embarrassments created. As it is claimed now; these losses not being "referred" on one hand or abandoned on the other, the award of the tribunal, it might be said afterwards, did not dispose of them,

and the conclusion of their labours would not render such claims "inadmissible" thereafter, and thus the very "complaints" intended to be "removed," and "the claims" intended to be "adjusted," instead of being settled would only be open for renewed controversy and continual dissatisfaction and irritation.

Nothing can be done under such circumstances but stop the machinery of arbitration until it will be seen that the end aimed at will, undoubtedly, be obtained. What, then, it may be asked, is to be done as things stand? The proper answer is, the American Government ought to withdraw this portion of their "case." If it were a mistake, let it be acknowledged as freely as the British Government did when the High Commissioners were authorized to "express in a friendly spirit the regrets felt by Her Majesty's Government for the escape, under whatever circumstances, of the Alabama and other vessels from British ports and for the depredations committed by those vessels." If it were a wrong, let not the wrong be perpetuated. No matter what the circumstances under which this claim was made, intentionally or inadvertently, let a proper acknowledgment be made promptly and magnanimously. Let this peaceful and happy mode of settling international difficulties be inaugurated by the two nations of all the earth in the van of general intelligence and Christianized civilization. Let a new era of harmony and peace dawn upon the world under the ægis of the moral weight of two peoples whose influences are felt to the remotest parts of the earth;—mutually abandoning the slaughter of one another and the destruction of property as acts necessarily precedent to the rectification of an error or the adjustment of a wrong, imaginary or real, inflicted by one upon the other.

TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

THE CANON'S DAUGHTER.

(Translated for THE CANADIAN MONTHLY *from the French of Edmond About.)*

THE following story was related to me by one of the most honest men of Strasburg. On a certain occasion, a few winters ago, I was invited to join in one of those large hunting parties which, in the country around Baden, make such a havoc among the rabbits. The gentleman who gave us this treat, was a Mr. Louis Frederic Zimmer, a notary of Strasburg. He was a man of high standing in the town, and exercised over his equals that friendly authority, which an unerring good sense accompanied by an irreproachable character always commands. All those who think freely, and there are many such in this noble corner of France, sought his advice and followed his example. No intelligent work of benevolence was ever undertaken without his assistance. He was the very soul of the worthy and patriarchal city. A republic might have been founded, far superior to any Athens and Sparta ever boasted of, if a million of men, such as he was, could have been brought together. This citizen of the golden age did not, however, disdain the present time; his tolerance embraced all works

of contemporary art and literature. He would go to the theatre, read all new books, never failed to praise whatsoever was good, and always looked charitably upon all public or private shortcomings.

As the meeting place for the chase was a considerable distance from town, we had time to exchange many ideas, and talk about various people. Mr. Zimmer's criticisms, though always just and sober, seemed to me, however, defective in one respect. "One of your greatest mistakes," he said to me, "you novelists, dramalists, and comic authors of the day, is to study the exceptions of life only. The theatre and the novel live by nothing else. What are adultery, crime, suicide, but exceptions to the general rule? The *Demi-Monde*, that masterpiece of Dumas' son, the brazen faces, Giboyer, Master Guérin, the Natural Son, the Faux Bonshommes, are all exceptions; the whole of Balzac is a vast museum of all sorts of exceptions, deformities and moral monstrosities. Is it impossible to interest the reader or spectator at a cheaper rate? Life is fruitful enough in varied combinations, and natural events; sober sentiments, every day actions and actors, taken from amidst the crowd, might produce, with the help of art, the comic or dramatic effect you are trying to bring about at so great an expense."

I remarked to him that, in choosing from amidst the crowd, personages who had distinguished themselves by enormities, we only followed the example of the masters. Since the days of Homer, both romantic and dramatic art have lived on nothing but exceptions. Ulysses, Agamemnon, Achilles, have not been taken at hap-hazard from among the Lefèbvres and Durands of the war of Troy. The heroes of ancient tragedy—Œdipus, Jocasta, Orestes, Clytemnestra, Etiocles, Polynices, are all exceptions. The dramatis personæ of Shakespeare, Othello, Macbeth, Shylock, are exceptions; the Orlando of Ariosto, is an exception; Don Quixote is an exception; Don Juan an exception. Art is subject to a law of optics, which obliges its votary to choose from among the characters that present themselves, those that are the more striking—and even to exaggerate these a little. The portrait of a person neither handsome nor ugly, and taken at random, is not interesting. The ordinary man with his half-vices and half-virtues, his small contentments, and small troubles, is not worth a pen full of ink. With whatever art you may season his commonplace, you cannot force him upon the attention of his contemporaries, and still less upon that of posterity.

"I am a man like any other," replied the old gentleman, and I sympathize with every thing human. Let me quote you Terence, who never put an exception on the stage. I should consider it a real service done to the reading public, and to me in particular, if some one would bring to life again, the simplest, the most modest, the least exceptional of the men that lived in Strasburg five hundred years ago. I should like to compare his ideas and sentiments with ours, and see what, on an average, we have gained or lost since then."

"We have gained much in ideas, and have lost considerably in vigour; but this is not the question now. We are talking about literature and not about moral archæology. You think that we writers, are wrong in imitating the masters, to try to cultivate and bring before the public that rare plant called exception. I maintain that our art would be contemptible if it treated only common-place subjects—those uniform, indifferent specimens of humanity that vegetate throughout life as plants in a garden. We write to be read, and the reader would not open our books if he did not expect to find in them types better or worse than himself."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"Well, allow me now to submit this question to your own experience. Let me relate to you a story exceedingly simple, whose heroes, nay, whose personages are all commonplace people of the middle class, of ordinary powers and very homespun morality. I tell you beforehand that they are all equally interesting, because they are all good, sincere, and considerate, and no more; there is no violent passion, no sublime devotion in the whole case; nothing exceptional whatever. Let us see now whether a picture without lights and shadows, can hold the attention of an experienced amateur.

And thus he related the following story :—

"Professor Henry Marchal was, at the age of

thirty-five, one of the best physicians of our town. I may call him by his name, and the others too, for the event which concerned them happened a long time ago, and they have all long since died or disappeared. Professor Marchal was neither an Adonis nor a Quasimodo. He might have walked for hours together under the trees of the Broglie without being noticed. His passport said: 'nose ordinary and *idem* for all the rest.' He was neither tall nor short, his hair neither dark nor light, his beard I remember was somewhat reddish, his eyes soft and smiling, his person solidly built and slightly stout, but without any signs of obesity.

"He was a Strasburger by education, and spoke German without being exactly an Alsatian. His father, a French captain, had died in the service, leaving his two sons, one grown and the other still in his teens, without fortune, as foundation-scholars in our lyceum. The elder, who had a taste for business, went straight to Paris, entered a broker's office and became rich; at least rich enough to pay the inscription fees, and subsequently the diploma, in short, to meet all Henry's expenses, for five or six years. The younger attacked the profession of medicine, as a man who wants to make his own living, and that as soon as possible. He was not any better endowed than the generality of martyrs, but he had a correct mind and a determined will; after obtaining the doctor's degree he sought a fellowship in the University, and at thirty-five he was Professor in our faculty of medicine, which, thank God, is not one of the lowest in Europe. His practice had increased with his reputation, as is always the case. Professor Marchal attended the best families of the town and suburbs. He was, by appointment, the physician of Mr. Aytmann's foundry at Hagelstadt; there was in all Alsatia no important consultation without him. As he was orderly and saving, he soon bought a house on the *Quai des Bacheliers*, and I assure you that he felt no little pride in his proprietorship. He bought also new furniture, and then everybody of course began to suspect that he was going to get married.

The general sentiment in the town was that he had a right to choose, and that no mother would think of refusing him her daughter. Besides his position, which was in every way a desirable one, he enjoyed a good reputation. His conduct had always been, if not an examplary one, at least a decent and proper one. He had enjoyed himself like all young men, but had never been guilty of debauchery. All the gossips in town, and there are many in Strasburg, busied themselves therefore in finding out to what heiress the professor was going to offer his hand and name.

The thing was not hard to guess: it was to the only daughter of Mr. Lauth, professor in the Protestant Theological College, and Canon of St. Thomas' Church. Adda Lauth was then about seventeen years old. Picture to yourself an agreeable, light-haired, well-shaped, healthy young girl, of a playful disposition, pretty well educated, and you have Adda Lauth. Those who prefer grace to beauty would have thought her perfect; but the details of her person did not altogether bear examination. Her intelligence was of the common order; she was nothing more than a sensible, good-natured upright girl.

Whether right or wrong, people fancied that Marchal was more in love with the frame than with the picture. The fact was that the Lauth family had an irresistible attraction for all good men. The Canon and his wife, who had married at twenty, looked almost as young as their daughter. A sister of Mrs. Lauth, the wife of substitute Miller, lived in the Canon's house with her husband and four children. Old papa Lauth and his wife, a fervent churchwoman, occupied the second floor; their eldest son, Jacob Lauth, a highly esteemed tanner, lived near by; he also was married and the father of a fine and numerous family. The little tribe lived thus in close intimacy like Noah's children in the Ark. A stranger, suddenly introduced to the Canon's family, would have been struck by the collective character of its physiognomy. The whole house told of neatness, regularity, dignity and cordiality. The sentiments, ideas and habits of these people, made up a peculiarly worthy and kindly group. The usual expression of their faces was a grave and frank smile, a little proud perhaps, but nevertheless quite winning: a smile which could have been translated into —"We are old citizens of Strasburg; we have not a drop of blood in our veins that is not respectable; we have not a sou in our pockets

that has not been earned by work. We honour God, we practice the Gospel, we love each other, we are perfectly happy, we have need of no one, but our homes and hearts are opened to the neighbour, if he wishes it. Come all honest folks and take a seat among us; we are quite enough ourselves, but you are not one too many."

Be assured the neighbours did not hesitate to accept. The best men in town considered it an honour to be on a familiar footing in that house. Mothers would take their daughters there of an evening; the young men generally gave to the Canon's parlour the preference over the brewery of the Three Kings. I still remember how carefully I fixed my cravat in the dressing-room, the first evening I was to be presented there. There were two whist-tables in a side-room; the drawing-room hung with gray-white paper, was modestly lit up by two lamps. Mrs. Holtz, the judge's widow, was performing on an immense piano of the Empire style; Mrs. Lauth, junior, was preparing coffee in the dining-room; about twenty young girls in high necked dresses, beautiful because of their candour and simplicity, were dancing. The first that caught my eyes, was Adda Lauth, tenderly encircled by Professor Marchal's arms. Their looks told me that they loved each other, or at least that there was much sympathy between them. Like every body else, I concluded from this that we should soon see a wedding.

This belief became so general amongst the friends, patients and colleagues of Mr. Marchal that he had to suffer all sorts of persecution from their allusions. The most considerate were satisfied with delicately hinting at the thing; others, less civilized, would come flat out with it. The professor at first pretended not to heed their insinuations; but, when called upon directly to answer, he would become angry, maintain that there was no such thing as marriage in his mind, and request all those busy-bodies to let him alone. The men were soon silenced, but it was not so easy to get rid of the women. One would say: "What are you waiting for? The Lauths cannot surely offer you their daughter; why don't you go and ask for her? They will be but too happy to have you for their son-in-law." Another would reproach him with procrastination, and tormenting uselessly a poor girl that doated on him. A third took him aside, and whispered to him: "They say that you dare not ask for Adda Louth because she is too rich. Don't you believe that. I know for certain from the notary of the family that her dower and outfit does not exceed twenty thousand francs. The position you hold allows you to expect twice as much."

One evening, when this gossipy inquisition had tried him more than usual, he resolved to question himself on the subject, and examine his feelings. I want to get married, that is plain enough; I want to get out of this hollow bachelor life before it is too late. A few years more and I shall be a confirmed egotist. No, I have still enough youth and health in me to found a family, and I will do so. Miss Lauth is, of all the young ladies I have met, the one that suits and pleases me most. Do I love her now passionately, as they do in novels? I do not know; but it is certain that for the last year all my feelings and thoughts tend towards her. I have the highest esteem for her father, her relatives, the whole household: I should be both proud and happy to be one of them; but does Adda love me? Setting modesty aside, I think that she sees me with pleasure. I never enter the parlour, but her face brightens up; she comes to me as I to her, by a sort of impulse; my eye never seeks hers but it meets it; in the dances where the lady chooses a partner she invariably selects me. If any one happens to speak about marriage, she frankly expresses herself before me as wishing for a sensible and learned husband. The day I came to announce to the family my nomination to the chair of clinical pathology she had tears in her eyes. Last summer, at the foundry of Hagelstadt, when we had a dance on the river side, she almost betrayed herself. Young Axtmann was hanging paper lanterns on the lower branches of the lindens, Lieutenant Thirion was getting his horn ready, and lawyer Pfister his violin, I saw Adda dropping her black veil over her face, so I asked her if she was cold? "No," said she, laughing, "it is merely a precaution that I may not be seen blushing when you talk to me." "Heaven forbid," I replied, "that any word of mine should ever cause Miss Lauth to blush!" I know it, Mr. Henry; I was only jesting; will you forgive me?" "Forgive? we forgive anything in those we—respect." Respect? yes, I am quite sure I

did not use another expression. Never did there escape me one word, gesture or look that could trouble the peace of her soul. If it is true that she loves me, my conscience does not reprove me for having done anything towards it. And if I tried to please her now? If I went about it resolutely at once to-morrow? If I seized upon the first opportunity to open myself to her, to say to her: 'I love you; will you accept me for your husband?' Could I be blamed for doing so? Perhaps. It would not be a violation of any moral law, for my intentions are the purest in the world; but I should run against French customs, and people might esteem me less for it. Morality is universal, but custom varies in different countries. In England, loving Adda, I should first try to obtain her heart from herself, and should afterwards ask the approbation of her parents. In France it is not right to talk of marriage to a young girl unless the parents authorize one to do so."

He considered the idea in all its bearings. The French custom seemed to him brutal and despotic; it looked like an abuse of paternal authority; the heart, he thought, should go before any family considerations. However, there was nothing to be done. Whether blame or praise-worthy, the established custom had to be submitted to.

"Well," said he, "I will observe the rule. I will ask of Mr. Lauth the permission to love and be loved. What have I to fear? These good people have always sought my friendship; why should they refuse me as a son-in-law? I will make a clean breast of it, and that no later than to-morrow. I have reached such a point that the sooner I do it the better. Let us go to bed!"

He went to bed, but did not sleep much; a thousand dreams beset him. Mr. Lauth would give and refuse him his daughter according to the right or wrong side he fell asleep on. The first rays of the morning found him anything but refreshed, and the more resolved, therefore, to carry out his intention. The students at the hospital winked at each other, and whispered: "There is something in the wind. The professor is himself more feverish than any of his patients." After his regular rounds, hospital and town patients' visits, he went home. He meant to stick to his purpose; still, as the decisive moment approached, his courage began sensibly to fail. He dined slowly, dressed still more slowly, took time to correct some proof sheets which might have been put off—anything to retard the fatal instant without breaking the promise he had made to himself. At last, towards three o'clock, he took courage, walked resolutely to the Canon's house, but, as he put his hand on the door-knocker, he stopped. It occurred to him all at once that Mr. Lauth might not be alone; that Adda might be in, which would render the visit useless, that to come so abruptly upon a father and ask him for his daughter was rather a brutal sort of thing. Were it not better to come to the point sideways, to sound first substitute Miller, or Mr. Lauth, junior, or some other relation of the young lady? This decision seemed to him preferable, as it somewhat put off the difficulty. As Mr. Marchal was going back and turned towards the tannery, the tanner himself, who had dined at his brother's, came out of the house, his pipe in his mouth, and, seeing the professor, cried out gaily:—"Hallo, Mr. Marchal, are you studying architecture now? I should not wonder. This house of ours is certainly one of the oldest, handsomest, most substantially built in the town.

"Mr. Lauth," stammered the Doctor, "I was not looking at the house; I was rather looking within myself. But I am glad I have met you, for I am greatly perplexed; I was just thinking of calling on you. Can you spare me a few minutes, and will you take a little walk with me?"

The Tanner did not refuse, but his countenance fell somewhat, and he replied "I am at your service, and glad to do anything for you." He took Mr. Marchal's arm, and walked a while with him, smoking his pipe.

"Dear Mr. Lauth, what I have to say to you concerns myself and another person, whom you well know—Miss Adda."

"Yes, yes," murmured the little fat man, in a tone which meant "that's what I feared." The Doctor continued!

"I hope that the family does not take in ill part the frequency of my visits at the house?"

"No, sir, the house is open to all good people, and the society of persons like you cannot fail to be welcome."

"I was a little afraid, because—because the gossips in town begin to talk, and—and—"

"Let them talk, doctor, let them talk, and go your way."

"Miss Adda is very pretty."

"No, no, there are three or four hundred much better-looking girls in town than she is."

"I do not think so, and have not seen any. She is so graceful and so bright."

"You think so, perhaps, but I, her uncle, beg leave to tell you that she is nothing more than ordinary."

"But, suppose I love her, Mr. Lauth, would my asking her in marriage of her parents give any offence?"

"No, Mr. Marchal; they would, on the contrary, feel greatly flattered by it. I fully appreciate all you have said on the subject; but my niece is not the wife for you. Now, don't get into a fluster, but listen to me. You surely could not suppose that we are all blind in the family, and that we have not seen what you were aiming at these six months. We know, also, that Adda, if she had her own way, would prefer you to many others. But why, think you, did my sister-in-law, and my sister, and my wife never encourage you when you complained of loneliness, when you asked them to find you a wife, and so on? It is because they could not speak to you on this subject as you hoped and wished they would. The family esteem you highly and love you, but we have made up our minds in regard to Adda, and fully determined that she shall not become Mrs. Marchal. We know your position, your character, your fortune; we are certain that you would make your wife happy. But there are two insuperable reasons which forbid my ever having the honour and pleasure of being your uncle. The first is your religion; you are a Catholic, we are Lutherans; and, although my brother has blessed many mixed marriages, he should not, as Canon, give an example of such a compromise. Even if he should wish to do so, my old mother, whom God preserve, and who is a living law to her children, would positively oppose it. You may say that you are hardly more a Catholic than a Protestant. I know it; you practice the universal religion, whose temple is the world, and whose creed is good works. I feel quite certain that it would be a matter of perfect indifference to you in which of the two persuasions your children were brought up; but your own tolerance does not remove the obstacle. Besides there is a second reason, my niece is only seventeen years old, and you are thirty-five; more than twice her age. You might almost be her father, for the Canon is only three years older than you. I know that in the eyes of many people this would be a trifling consideration, that in a society somewhat less patriarchal than ours your marriage with Adda would be perfectly proper. Dear me! the fashionable prudence of the present day requires even that a man's position and fortune be fixed and made before he thinks of marrying, and one can hardly accomplish that before thirty-five; but we are people of former times; our father married at twenty-two, the Canon at twenty, and I at nineteen. It is a family tradition, not a theory. You may dispute it as a physician, but we, the old Lauths of Strasburg must respect it. From times immemorial, in our very modest house, husbands and wives have led their quiet, well regulated lives without interruption. We marry youth with youth, ignorance with ignorance, poverty with poverty. It seems hard at first to make both ends meet, and the first-born baby's outfit becomes quite a problem to solve; but the old grand-parents are not far off, and they come at the right moment with full hands. Comfort comes gradually with the years, and it is the more appreciated for the work it has cost. Then the young couple grow old, side by side—the wife a little faster than the husband; but it is not perceived, for all gradual change is invisible to those who are never separated. Besides, they have the consolation of bringing up their own children, of seeing them grow, of being able to say to a big thick-bearded fellow; 'look here, youngster, see what a fine, holy, complete thing a family thus moulded is!' It has a thousand more advantages, one especially which the Christians of the present time do not sufficiently appreciate: I mean the certainty of a past life as pure with the man as with the woman. Think of some of those poor young girls in Paris, who, at a vast expense, buy some old worn-out debauchee, or are sold to some decrepit millionaire! This is not meant for you, however, Mr. Marchal: we all know what sort of man you are, but there is no science in the world that can subtract ten years from your thirty-

five. It is therefore impossible for the Canon to give you his daughter's hand, even if you should abjure the faith of your fathers, which I should certainly advise you not to do."

The poor Doctor was as much stunned by this speech as an ox by the butcher's mallet.—"Come now, cheer up," continued the Tanner. "show yourself a man. Don't look so crest fallen ; the world is not at an end. Consider the matter coolly : there is no cause for despair. You want to get married, very well, you are in the very best condition to do so. Your fortune, your rank, your looks and your name make you a desirable match for the best families in the country ; there is not one in a hundred I could name that would refuse you their daughter. Bless me ! this is but a little penance for your lesser sins, that the first girl you fancy you cannot get. Why, look elsewhere ; I bet ten ox-hides against a rabbit skin, that you will not have to look a long time ! Dear me, I had to hunt a good while before I got a wife ! Just think, I was not a gentleman like you ; my two arms, my apprenticeship certificate, and ten thousand francs from papa Lauth, was all I had. The first girl to whom I offered my heart, answered me by throwing a glass of beer at my head. It was Miss Christmana, the youngest daughter of the brewer at the Grape Vine. I went after another one, and another one, and another one still. Now when I think of it, I am but too glad that Providence crossed all these loves, till I found my Gredel, my darling Gredel ; the best fitting wife that ever was. She was as exactly cut out for me as the lining for the coat. Do you understand ? No ! Well, never mind, Mr. Marchal we shall see each other again when you have got over this a little."

The doctor bowed sadly : "No one, dear sir, is quite sure of himself, and time has shaken resolutions as firm as mine. However, I think I know myself sufficiently to affirm that no other woman will ever take the place of the adorable Miss Adda in my heart. Do not be afraid that your niece will ever know my feelings for her. I shall at once mark out for myself a plan of conduct that will defeat any evil interpretations the world might make of my absence from your house. Miss Lauth's future must be considered before anything else ! I hope, or rather you oblige me to hope, that her heart has not conceived any serious attachment for me."

"Oh no, just make yourself easy about that. Young girls prefer half a dozen gentlemen, one after the other, and never love any except the last, their husband ; he sweeps away the memory of all the others."

"Thank you sir, thank you. One word more, and you are free to go ; may I hope that this conversation will remain a confidence between you and me ?"

"No sir, indeed ; I am going this very moment to tell my brother of it. Surely the thing is worth the trouble, and the proposal coming from such a man as you, deserves at least a moment's consideration. I have told you what the feelings of the family are, but in reasoning as we have done, we have not yet been formally asked for a yes or a no. It seems to me, however, quite unlikely, that their sentiments should change from one day to another ; yet must the Canon be apprised of the fact. I myself have no right to refuse you my niece."

"What does it matter whether it is you or her father that refuse her to me ?"

"It matters this much, dear Doctor, that a message should reach its destination. I know what I am about, and I have your interests more at heart than you think perhaps. You are a conspicuous man, and we must not allow your enemies to take advantage of this."

"How so ?"

"Just now all Strasburg marries you to Adda. To be sure, (and I do not reproach you for it) you have courted her a little. To-morrow the wind will have changed ; you will be seen to turn away from the Canon's house, and soon after to pay your addresses to Miss Louisa, Theresa or Dorothea ; next, you will order a new coat to take one of them to the altar, and . . .

"No."

"Yes you will ; you are bent upon marrying, and when a man has once come to this point, he will marry any time—famine, the plague or war, rather than remain single. You are on the edge of the precipice ; no one knows exactly when you will jump, but jump you will and the further back you step to take a start, the better will be the leap."

"Suppose this to be the case, what then ?"

"Well, what I want to say is, that when that day comes, and your enemies taunt you with

fickleness or breach of promise to Adda, a man of authority like the Canon may silence them at once. Do you understand ?

"The precaution is useless, but it comes from a kind feeling, and I leave the matter in your hands and thank you. Good bye, Mr. Jacob, who knows when we shall see each other again ?"

"Why, very soon I hope, and as soon as you like ! My niece is not made of tinder and will not catch fire at the sight of you."

They parted, and the Doctor went home to conceal his disappointment. His house seemed a Sahara since hope had deserted it. He had been plunged for an hour or more in the most lugubrious meditations, when suddenly a big body, all dressed in black, stood before him with extended arms. It was the Canon ; the excellent man had come to offer a bit of consolation to the discarded and inconsolable lover.

"Adda cannot be your wife, but she shall always be your sister in God. Certain considerations worthy of all respect will not permit your becoming my son-in-law, but I beg you to look upon me as your spiritual father," etc., etc.

Good Canon Lauth was not a very successful consoler, and eloquence has made considerable progress since his time. He concluded his consolatory address by a few paternal and rather awkward remarks such as—

"The companion you want is a lady from thirty to thirty-two, of a matured mind, or a young widow already experienced in household matters and the education of children. Seek within these two categories of persons, and above all make haste, for every new year hurries you towards old age."

The Doctor listened politely, but did not think the remarks very obliging, and the canonical wisdom somewhat irritated his nerves.

He asked the Canon whether he meant to communicate the affair to Miss Adda ?

"No," he replied ; "it is not proper to awaken children's imagination by confidences of this kind."

"And yet she may wonder at my absence. I should like to keep the esteem of so dear and accomplished a lady."

"My daughter has been too well brought up to ask any indiscreet questions ; she may notice your absence at first, and even perhaps be troubled about it, but time will here also do its kind work, and a regular and sensible love will soon fill the place of all the purposeless reveries she may indulge in for the present. I am quite sure that in a few months, Mr. Marchal, you can come and dine again with us as usual."

So disdainful a security all but exasperated the Doctor. He suffered intensely, and like all people given to analysis, he dissected his feelings and watched their painful writhings. He perceived that the answer of the Tanner had left him in a state of lethargic melancholy, but that the remarks of the Canon threw him into a disorderly state of mind, into a downright fury. After the visit of Mr. Lauth he behaved wildly, raved till midnight, formed a thousand projects and fell a prey to all sorts of contradictory ideas and sentiments. He brought his very delicacy of feeling and good nature into question ; thought of braving the whole family, and appealing to Adda's own feelings.

She looks upon me kindly, I am sure of it, her eyes tell me so ; I could in no time change this timid inclination into a strong and true love. She will then open her heart to her parents ; they may disapprove ; they may present her one, two or three suitors ; she refuses ; they insist ; she declares boldly that she will remain single or become Mrs. Marchal. I seize upon the occasion, I reiterate my request. Do we not constantly see at the theatre, in novels, in real life love crossed by the whims of families, and triumph in the end nevertheless ? And I, upon a simple refusal, should yield in this way — take my hat and cane and get discarded elsewhere again ! No ! I am going to show these stubborn people that I am a man and one not so easily put off.

Upon this basis he laid out a regular plan of battle. He was acquainted with Miss Lauth's habits, knew when to meet her every day, and at every hour ; the friends of the family were his, the house even of the Canon was left open to him, he was the physician of all these people. One scruple, however, held him back, he feared he had cut off all retreat by accepting the sentence without protest. Both the Tanner and the Canon had received his double resignation as suitor. Was it not too late now to revive the matter ? The poor man saw that his ready submission had spoiled his case ; he felt himself bound by his own assent, and turn-

ed his anger upon himself. In order to relieve his mind from this self-dissatisfaction, and call back some serenity, he tried to evoke the image of Adda; but by a strange effect of moral reaction, Adda appeared to him less pretty and attractive than the day before. Naturally enough, the preceding day he had seen her through a prism of joy and hope, and now the image of that lovely girl was enshrined in numberless rebuffs.

I should impose upon your patience if I took you through all the oscillations of a disconcerted, restless, unhinged mind. The Professor's agitation was a spectacle to all Strasburg for a number of weeks, and, heaven knows, there was no lack of commentaries of all kinds. But it must be said in praise of the Lauths that nothing transpired of the truth, they kept the affair secret and let the people talk. Besides, what did these know? That Mr. Marchal visited no longer at the Canon's house, that the Lauths avoided mentioning his name, that the Doctor and the young girl looked like two souls in purgatory, and that the marriage so much talked about was broken off. If you know anything of provincial life you may surmise all that was said. Enough stories were invented to prevent a thousand fellows from getting wives, and a thousand girls from getting husbands. As for Adda, who lived within her family as in a fort, she heard but little of all this, but the Doctor, not so well protected, had all the benefit of it.

His anger developed into a firm determination to get married at all hazards. Rich or poor, handsome or ugly, he did not care provided he got a wife. He longed to silence the silly talk, to show to the Lauths that they were by no means indispensable to his happiness, in short he had come to that happy moment, predicted by the Tanner, when a man would marry all the plagues of the earth rather than remain single.

There lived in Strasburg at that time a Miss Blumenbach, a piano teacher, and something of a match-maker. She was the daughter of a colonel, and was thus admitted into society. She was a good sort of girl, had been quite pretty in her younger days, but had missed matrimonial opportunities, and was consoling herself in her celibacy by contributing to the happiness of others. She would never accept any presents from the young couples she brought together, and only enjoined upon them to make haste and have daughters that she might not lack pupils.

It was this Miss Blumenbach, that our friend Marchal met one evening at the house of the Rector of the Academy. They took instinctively to each other, and the good creature after a few games at *écarté* appeared radiant as the sun. This transfiguration gave again rise to suppositions, and the next day Judge Pastourian, a Parisian, gave out that Mr. Marchal, out of sheer despair, had offered his hand to Miss Blumenbach.

People were still laughing about the matter when the public papers announced a promise of marriage between Marchal (Henry) Professor of the faculty of medicine, and Sophie-Clara Axtmann, daughter of the wealthy foundry proprietor of Hagelstadt.

Clara Axtmann was nineteen years old; she was well educated, pretty, if not handsome; a nice fat pigeon sort of a girl, full of captivating ways. The professor did not know her, although he had met her a thousand times, perhaps, because he had met her so often, and she had so to say grown up under his eyes. For the same reason had the attention of the young miss only glided over the Professor without resting on him. She had danced with him as with many others, but her heart had never beaten any faster for that. Sometimes she had allowed herself to recommend to him some workman's household or some one living at a distance from the foundry and in whose welfare she was interested, and the doctor out of courtesy or kindness of heart would spare neither his time nor his legs to do the errand; but that was all the acquaintance these two souls, whom the Mayor and the Pastor of Hagelstadt were going to unite for life, had ever had.

Henry Marchal's indifference, or rather inattention to the young lady had, however, an honourable excuse which it is important to mention. Miss Axtmann, although she had a brother and two sisters, was considered one of the richest heiresses of the province. Her dowry, twice that of Miss Lauth, represented scarcely a fourth or fifth of the inheritance she had yet to expect. Now the Doctor was not a man to aim higher than his head. He had

looked forward merely to a suitable match, and the good fortune in which Miss Blumenthal played the part of Providence, was but the just reward of his modesty. Mr. Axtmann had cordially declared that he was as much delighted as honoured by the proposal, and Mrs. Axtmann was almost beside herself with joy at the idea of her daughter marrying a professor and being a professoress. The young people, (for every one becomes young again when about to take a wife,) the young people saw each other every day, and their love increased according to that curious progression which mathematicians have never yet been able to calculate. Since Clara and Henry knew that they were destined for each other, a million winged and indefatigable weavers, wove around and about them invisible golden threads. They would have wondered indeed if any one had told them that they had not known, loved and sought each other since the creation; and if any sceptic had dared to maintain before them that Clara might have fallen as violently in love with any other man, and Henry with any other woman, his philosophy would indeed have cost him a bitter moment.

All Strasburg confessed that Doctor Marchal had grown ten years younger. As he hurried through the streets you would have thought that he had wings. He was seen to enter the handsomest shops and buy the most expensive articles. At the hospital he was charming to the patients, nurses and sisters of charity, saw everything on the bright side, became most indulgent on the subject of diet, prescribed wine, chickens, cutlets to any that wanted them. At his lectures he professed the most consoling theories, denied any sickness to be incurable, could not see why a man wise, happy and married should not live a hundred and fifty years! The people listened, smiled and yet confessed that the Doctor had never shown more talent His pupils would bring down the house in applauding him. They once waited for him before the college intending to give him an ovation; but he slipped off, got out by a back door, and was soon seen travelling as fast as he could on the road to Hagelstadt. His future connexions promised to pay him a visit at Strasburg whilst he was yet in his bachelor-quarters. Mrs. Axtmann and Clara were to improve the occasion by announcing the good news to their intimate friends; they intended also to make some complementary purchases for the trousseau, for a trousseau is never complete, and one might keep on buying till doomsday if one listened to mamma. The Doctor obtained by much intriguing that they should all take dinner with him. He was a whole week getting ready for the event. Not only did he put into requisition all the fish, poultry and game to be found in the markets of the town, but he bought so much furniture that his two servants, Fritz and Berbel, did not know where to put it; he had the front side of his house painted white, but either the painter took one pot for another or the devil got into his paints, for the newly painted front looked positively pinky, one would have been blind not to see it.

What a dinner, too, goodness gracious! A real wedding dinner before the wedding! The salmon was as big as a shark, the crabs like lobsters! All the wines of Alsatia and Burgundy paraded before father Axtmann who smacked his lips *en connoisseur*. The mother and her three daughters only moistened their lips—to clear the way for words. Clara told of all the calls she had made, the many compliments that were paid her, and the praises, ah the praises she had gathered from all around for her Henry.

"I am only sorry," she said, "that I could not meet Adda any where. She was neither at her father's, nor at her aunt Miller's, nor at her grandfather's, nor at uncle Jacob's. I should have liked so much to kiss her, and tell her how happy I was! You know Adda, Henry, don't you?"

The Doctor replied without the least embarrassment, and his serenity was nowise a feint. His heart was so full of Miss Axtmann that everything not her was indifferent to him. Adda Lauth seemed so far from him that he perceived her only as a mere speck on the horizon of his thoughts.

A week later the marriage was celebrated with great pomp at the foundry of Hagelstadt. The festivities were not only sumptuous, but also cordial and touching. The Mayor of the village had been a former domestic in the family; he had known Clara as a child, had been the confidant of her little secrets, her almoner as it were. The good man shed heartfelt tears in pronouncing the irrevocable words

that unite two hearts until death. The Pastor, who owed his living to Mr. Axtmann's bounty, had for a long time been the teacher of the three young ladies. He, better than any one, knew what a delicate and tender soul was given in marriage to the Doctor. The man of God distrusted somewhat science and learned men, those idol-breakers. He confessed his fears with such good natured frankness, recommended so artlessly to the husband to respect his wife's holy ignorance and prejudices, that Marchal would surely have kissed him, if his face had not been all besmeared with tobacco. The workmen of the factory had a thousand reasons to respect and love the Axtmann family. Mr. Axtmann was one of those Alsatian manufacturers who exercise over their workmen a paternal patronage, and weigh in a just balance the rights of capital and labour. Besides, the Doctor did not come as a stranger into that colony. Men, women and children had all had to do with him, and knew from experience his devotion to, and respect for, the human machine. These good people exerted themselves to the utmost to add something to the general rejoicings and family festival whereto they were invited. Their employer gave them a ball, they returned the compliment by a concert; they were asked to dinner, but they furnished the fireworks; in short the happy equality between work and capital was sustained to the last.

The upper ten of Strasburg shared, of course, in the festivities of the occasion. The dear, good Blumenbach was not forgotten, but Clara deplored most sincerely the absence of Adda. The Canon and his wife came early in the morning with some other members of the family; but Miss Lauth, who was to be bridesmaid, sent an excuse—"she was not well, had a sick headache," "and surely it must be so," remarked Clara to her husband, as she showed him the blurred writing. And blurred it was, indeed, but Henry Marchal listened as composedly to it all as if he was not the least concerned in the matter. The most important thing to him just then was the post-chaise that was to take him and his wife away that evening. The Doctor had a leave of absence for a month; the newly married couple visited Germany. These wedding-journeys are very pleasant, except that they are generally of very little profit. You go through cathedrals, picture-galleries, theatres, without seeing any thing but yourselves. In vain the richest and most varied panorama spreads before you; the attention of the spectators is all rivetted on a little imp, Love, who fills up the whole foreground. When the Marchals returned to Strasburg they were not very well posted on the merits of the royal gallery of Dresden or the Glyptotheca of Munich, but they knew each other and adored each other. The every day contact, friction, even the jolts inseparable from travelling, had thoroughly mixed their natures; in short, these two beings had become one. It is useless to add that they had no secrets from one another.

However, the Doctor did not tell his lady of his little misadventure with the Lauths, the story of that love, crushed in the bud by well meaning parents. Not that he feared to make her jealous by it, or that he had himself still some spite against it in his heart, but because he had well-nigh forgotten it. It had lasted so short a time, his heart had been so slightly touched by it; besides, how many things had happened since! The pitiless brutality of present happiness drove all such memories into fabulous distances Adda Lauth? What Adda? It was a century of three whole months since he had seen this young lady.

But Adda Lauth had not forgotten. These, to them so blissful, months had been to her painful enough. Time had seemed long, indeed, for she had counted its instants by her anxiety and her grief, and wondered that in so few months one could shed so many tears.

We have not enough pity for young girls. Here is now a pretty little thing, sincere, gentle, loving, who allowed herself to yield unresistingly to the inclination of an honest sympathy. She loves, or very nearly so, has reason to suppose herself loved in return; but custom does not allow her to show her preference or to ask the question on which depends her future. Her lot is to watch, to wait, to be silent. Her very parents would accuse her of effrontery if she opened herself to them. All conspire in making her inert, passive, without any will of her own; they would almost wish to make a fool of her. Young men indiscriminately are allowed to be about her; she is seen to fall in love, or nearly so, with Professor Marchal. Pshaw! the thing is not worth noticing, nothing risked but a heart.

But when this same Mr. Marchal comes forward like an honest man and asks to marry her whom he loves, ah, that is quite another thing. "How, sir! and so you were in earnest when you courted our daughter? You really think of marrying her? Oh dear, dear, that must not be; you must leave the house, and stay away, and not come back till you are called again! You are too poor, or too old or too something else; our daughter cannot be your wife." "But I love her!" "Can't help that." "Suppose she loves me too?" "Impossible!" "But I have courted her; what will she think of me if I leave her thus abruptly without explanation?" "She will think nothing, sir; are young girls allowed to think?" "But will you, at least, let her know that I have asked for her hand, that it has been refused me, and that I deeply grieve about it?" "No, no, no sir; why, Mr. Lover, what do you take us for, to suppose that we would, under any consideration, fill our daughter's head with such romantic notions? Either she loves you not, and then your eclipse will not the least disturb her, or she loves you, and then all that she will have to do will be to try to forget you. If it were absolutely necessary to assist her in that we should take her travelling and thus divert her mind. There is nothing good parents would not do when the happiness of their daughters is at stake.

This is not an exception I am describing. Alas, no! there is hardly a father or mother, in France at least, that does not conceal from his or her daughter offers of marriage, which the family has rejected beforehand. It is feared that these young hearts might catch fire at the first proposal; that their sympathies may be wasted on a man discarded from motives of self-interest, caprice, or prejudice. And this false and unreasonable prudence is constantly followed up by some such misunderstandings as the one I am about to relate.

Adda, who, like all girls in love, spent a good deal of her time at the window, in constant expectation of some message from the outside, whether by dove or raven, had seen the meeting between her uncle and the professor. As soon as she spied Henry Marchal she was filled with the presentiment of an important event. His dress was unusual, there was emotion in his face; young girls have the genius of observation as soon as their hearts are in question. She had seen Jacob Lauth accost her dear Henry; she understood from their gestures and the expression of their faces that the conversation was of a grave character. The two men walked on and finally disappeared, and the poor child remained alone with her surmises and the violent agitation of her heart. Fortunately, she was alone in her room; she could weep and pray without being tormented by questionings. Her anxiety lasted the eternity of an hour; she was all impatience against her uncle who had taken possession of her Henry at such a moment. The knocker of the front door brought her again to the window; alas, it was her uncle coming back, not Henry. She ran to meet him. He kissed her in a hurry, and went into her father's library, the door of which he decisively shut after him. She goes back to her room, and holds herself in readiness to answer the first call; it seemed impossible they should not come for her, whose destiny they were now debating. Yet she was not called, and saw again from the window her father go out with her uncle. They are going for Henry, she thought, and will bring him back with them. I will dress. The two Lauths, however, separated—one went towards the tannery, the other turned towards the *Quai des Bacheliers*. All is right surely; one is enough to go after Henry.

But he came not; poor Adda waited for him the whole day long. The family supper passed off as usual; nothing particular transpired; they talked of rain and sunshine; the father was in his usual mood; everybody felt natural except poor Adda, who laughed nervously at everything to dissemble her anguish. They rose from the table; soon the evening friends were heard in the hall, putting out their lanterns and hanging up their cloaks. They come in. Adda had not the least doubt that the doctor would be one of the first, and, perhaps, if he had come, she would have been imprudent enough to ask him, "what news?" But he alone came not, and by an odious fatality there was not a single remark made about his absence. The poor child groaned in her heart: Heaven! how selfish the world is! will no one pronounce that name?

Why did she not pronounce it herself? Because she was a young lady well brought up, and thoroughly trained from her childhood to repress her natural feelings.

From that evening up to the time when the professor's marriage became known through town, Miss Lauth spent weary and solitary days. She reads, she thinks, she weeps, she tries her piano, works at some tapestry, dances in the evening with the young men from town, and answers to their compliments with a pale and lifeless smile. The friends of the house suspect something, and question discreetly the Canon ; the Canon replies as discreetly, and the matter is dropped. But as he is a kind father he makes it a duty to amuse Adda. He takes a season ticket at the theatre. Adda goes any where, but it is too plain that she is happy no where. Her health is not exactly threatened, but her colour has vanished, her cheerfulness is gone, and people say :— " There is another girl pining away."

It was during a round of visits, and in company with her mother that she heard the news.

"Well, ladies, do you know ? Professor Marchal marries Clara Axtmann ; quite a fortune for a physician !"

The blow hit her full in the heart ; she fell flat down like a soldier struck by a cannon-ball. Her friends busied themselves about her, unlaced her, fanned her, opened the windows ; it is the parlour stove that is too hot ! these wretched stoves are always playing tricks like these.

When she was brought to, her countenance was fearful to look on ; her eyes shot wrath, and she murmured in a strangled voice, hardly audible to any one : " The villain."

This word was a summing up of all the passionate contempt which unrequited love, wounded dignity, crushed hopes, violated honor could inspire. Up to that fatal moment she had endeavoured to justify that man ; she had still hoped in him. Her honest heart would not believe the appearances that went so against him. In her mind Marchal was still faithful ; some obstacle or other had made him hesitate, she thought, or foolish friends had advised him to try her faith. But now, no more doubt, he had betrayed a sacred, though silent engagement ; the motive for his desertion was among all those that drive men into wrong-doing one of the basest : interest, cupidity, love of money ! Oh ! it was too infamous ! She wished he stood before her, that she might utter to his face all the contempt she felt for him, and at one stroke take back again all the esteem he had won from her.

This vigorous indignation did her good ; her face regained its former freshness, her buoyancy returned. A just anger sustained her under the trial. She began then to hate Marchal as energetically as she had loved him. Now, according to our customs, an honest girl is no more authorized to show her hatred than her love. All passions are equally forbidden her ; they must be repressed, cost what it may.

Miss Lauth's heart shuddered at the thought of meeting again the infamous professor. There was no avoiding the thing. He was the family physician ; he had married a friend of the family ; they frequented the same houses. What torture to be obliged to suffer his presence, and not to be able to give him his due ; for there are accounts that cannot be settled before witnesses.

Meanwhile Clara's visit could not be avoided. Clara had betrayed no one ; Adda had never entrusted her secret to her : she could not therefore make her answerable for her husband's crime. Yet did all her feelings turn cold towards that friend of her childhood, and she avoided meeting her by all possible means.

She succeeded in escaping the betrothal visits, in avoiding the journey to Hagelstadt on the wedding day ; in short, she put into use all the little stratagems current in the province, whereby disagreeable or agreeable guests are denied or allowed entrance.

Miss Lauth's tactics were, however, innocently defeated by a pretty counter-movement on Mrs. Marchal's part. She had scarcely returned to Strasburg, when she hastened to her friend, caught her in her morning attire, and fell on her neck. It was so suddenly done that Adda had no time to parry the embrace. But as soon as the first fire was over, she intrenched herself in a peevish and cruel indifference. The good Clara was so astounded and taken aback, that she did not tell her a tenth of what she meant to say. She returned home all confused and hurt, bringing back the little presents she had intended for her friend, and which the latter would not give her a chance to offer, and all in tears related the event to the Doctor.

This incident revived Henry's memories, and

as he had no reason to dissemble with his wife, he told her all ; the little love story, his marriage proposal and the refusal of the Lauths. Clara, of course, judged the affair in the light of a wife's love, thought the Lauths absurd people, and denied flat that there was on earth a man any younger than her husband.

" But if they did not want you, these stupid folks, what are they angry with us for ?"

" The family is not angry, it is Adda alone; they thought proper to conceal from her my offer, and she thinks probably that I have forsaken her out of caprice, or for some other foolish reason, in order to marry Miss Axtmann, here present ; do you understand ?"

" But that is dreadful !"

" It is very disagreeable at any rate, and if you please we will undeceive her, for I do not like to be ill-judged for having been too discreet."

" Do you care so much for her opinion ?"

" It is not very pleasant to have one's good intentions misinterpreted."

"I should think it still more unpleasant to enter into any explanation with her about it. She might think you still courted her retrospectively."

" Pshaw, as if it were not plain to every one that I love you alone, darling !"

" Still, she might ; I have learned to know her better this last hour ; she would cry from the house-tops that you married me because you could not get her."

" Oh no !"

" Yes, she would. Let us drop the matter, and be content to avoid her as much as possible.'

On this they agreed, and the agreement was sealed with a kiss.

But social necessities are often stronger than any resolution one can make. The young couple were obliged to accept the round of festivities generally termed wedding returns. Every where they met the Lauths and the implacable Adda. A family dinner was even forced upon them by the latter, and, whether it was through a freak of destiny or through revengeful premeditation, the poor Doctor was assigned a seat by his enemy. Every one felt the awkwardness of the situation, and suffered under it. Mr. Marchal was ill at ease, Clara was jealous and Adda felt probably as uncomfortable as all the rest. The poor girl was not made to carry out deep laid plots or violent schemes. She succeeded, however, in insulting the professor in two instances, and in so direct and provoking a manner as to call upon herself the attention of all the guests, and deserved in consequence a severe reprimand from her parents. This circumstance became the means of breaking up the intimacy that had heretofore existed between the two families. The Doctor reproved Mr. Lauth for the course he had taken, and Mr. Lauth insisted that any father would have pursued the same. This rupture did not, however, put an end to hostilities. Wherever Miss Lauth met her former suitor, she persecuted him with a feline animosity ; not by direct and coarse attacks, society would not have suffered it, but by an infinity of invisible stings, malicious epigrams and pointed witticisms. The poor Doctor on entering a drawing room where she was, was sure to be assailed. His sense of dignity would not allow him to conceal himself or to withdraw, yet was it a constant mortification to be thus subject to thrusts he could not parry, and the prolonged torture told gradually on his temperament. His wife would at times sympathize with him, but at others again would interpret his absent mindedness to thoughts about Adda, and reproach him with being absorbed by the revengeful sprightliness of their common enemy.

What most irritated Clara, was to see Adda so much courted and admired. The secret fire that devoured her, had strangely sharpened her wit, and animated her countenance. Judge Pastourian declared she had quite a Parisian style about her. In addition to this, and whilst the spiteful beauty was reaping so much admiration, poor Clara's face was suffering from the first effects of maternity : she had a tired, wan look about her which set the dashing Adda still more advantageously off, nor did her being a mother make her gain any ground over her fierce antagonist, for Adda would insult her even in her child, stopping the nurse whenever she met her, and making all sorts of ill-natured remarks upon the babe.

Things were going on thus, when in the course of the same year the papers on the other side of the Rhine announced that the little town of Hochstein was decimated by an epidemic of severe quinsy. There were neither physicians nor nurses left in the community ;

all that were wont to attend the sick had perished in the attempt. Two physicians who had come to the rescue from Munich, had been brought back within forty-eight hours in a hearse. Mr. Marchal thought himself in possession of a certain specific against quinsy; his first attempts had been successful, but he had not had as yet an opportunity of experimenting on a large scale. He set out for Hochstein despite the remonstrances of his friends and the tears of his wife.—"If I was in the army," said he to Clara, "you would not forbid my going to war; well my dear, the enemy is at Hochstein, and I should be there to fight him. He was six weeks absent and returned in perfect health, after having saved all that remained in the town to be saved. An act of courage performed in so simple a manner was much noised about in the world. The king of Bavaria wrote an autograph letter to Mr. *de* Marchal, conferring a title upon him and offering him a pension of six thousand francs from the state. The professor replied in respectful terms that the prefix *de* could not well be adapted to his name, and that the money would be better employed in helping the convalescents and orphans of Hochstein. About the same time the prefect of the department sent Mr. Marchal a letter of congratulation, saying that he had presented his name to the minister for the cross of the Legion of Honour. Mr. Marchal requested that the favour should be bestowed on old doctor Laugenhagen, who had, he said, an older and more national right to this honour than he.

This noble conduct obtained from the public the praise it deserved: all Strasburg felt itself honoured by the professor's conduct. One person alone protested against the general admiration. Miss Lauth could not understand how the same man could be alternately good and bad, loyal and treacherous, sublimely disinterested, and basely sordid. In one word, she could not admit that one could be guilty towards her without being so towards the whole world: woman's logic. Thus, without actually incriminating Henry's last actions, she tried to find a dark side to them, and not finding any, endeavoured to invent one out of spite. As Mr. Marchal had become something of a prophet in his country, she could no longer slander him as before without incurring the general blame; she therefore changed tactics and began celebrating the hero of the day with ludicrous extravagance. She invented so grotesque a mode of admiration, travestied so perfidiously the praises which circulated from mouth to mouth, that little more was needed to turn the liberator of Hochstein into a ridiculous buffoon.

The Marchals escaped this danger, however, through a family misfortune which again drew upon him the general attention. Henry's eldest brother had for some time been in business difficulties. But luck had turned against him, so much so that the poor man had not even been able to attend his brother's wedding. For a long time he struggled bravely, but succumbed in the end. Henry received on the same day the intelligence of his death and the detailed account of his debts together with a list of some creditors poorer or more interesting than the rest. The doctor and his wife after five minutes' deliberation, wrote to the parties that they accepted all the liabilities of the deceased.

At those times a bankruptcy did not assume the monumental proportions we admire now-a-days; people were less enlightened and lived more plainly. Clara's dowry, and the house on the quay sufficed to cover the whole debt; it was a matter of two hundred thousand francs. Mr. Axtmann, who had not been consulted till all was over, protested vehemently at first; he declared that his daughter and grandchild were reduced to beggary and foretold all sorts of dire consequences. But when Henry gave him to understand that he owed to that unfortunate brother all that he was worth, that their domestic comfort would not suffer by it very materially, as he should always be able to provide plentifully for the little family, and that as to what regarded his son, he would much rather leave him an unspotted name than a large fortune, Father Axtmann being a worthy man finally gave in, and promised even to assist in mending matters.

When this last event became known, (and everything is known in a provincial town,) Miss Lauth began to open her eyes. She recollected from a child how the doctor had always been known for his extreme delicacy of conduct, she embraced at a glance the whole situation of things, and saw that delicacy in the light of heroism. The only unworthy action

she thought him guilty of stood out from this pure life like a monstrous contradiction. Adda for the first time wondered whether she could have been mistaken, and that doubt alone racked her whole soul, for, if there was a mistake, she had persecuted an innocent man, and Henry's resignation, the patience with which he bore so many public insults, were in that case simply sublime.

It was whilst making a visit with her aunt Miller to the wife of the President, that the light broke overpoweringly upon her. The Marchals' voluntary sacrifice had been carried over town by a Mrs. Mengus, whose husband had been commissioned by the Professor to dispose of all their goods and to forward the proceeds to Paris. As Mrs. Mengus entered into the details of the affair, the complete impoverishment of the little family, their future modest home, Adda became more and more uneasy. Unable to bear it any longer, she hastily took leave, hurried home with her aunt regardless of the calls that remained yet to be made, and the purchases the evening ball at the prefecture required, and bursting upon her mother, just then engaged with two laundresses, the biggest gossips in town, she asked in a tone which took the unsuspecting lady all by surprise: "Mother, upon your eternal welfare, tell me if Mr. Marchal has ever sought me in marriage?" There was no chance of eluding the question, or consulting her husband. Adda pressed her for an answer, and allowed not her piercing eyes to wander a moment from her mother's countenance, watching anxiously its every expression. And as Mrs. Lauth hesitated, "Answer, answer," she said, in so excited a manner, that the good lady, fearing a nervous crisis replied, stammering: "It is so long ago! You were so young! Besides, what do you care now, since he is married to another?"

Adda burst into tears, fell on her mother's neck, and after a nervous, "Thank you, thank you," fled to her room, where she gave free vent to her grief. Mrs. Lauth and Mrs. Miller found her there a short time after absorbed in the Bible.

For some time Adda's mental condition gave her parents considerable uneasiness. Her manners and language went beyond all the limits even of eccentricity, and the family became seriously alarmed about her reason. Grand-parents, uncles and aunts, father and mother, came together to hold a council as to what was to be done. Some thought her mind should be diverted, and proposed amusements; others advised travelling and a journey to Italy, others again marriage. But how marry her if she herself would not consent? There was no lack of suitors: she had discarded about half a dozen within one year. Only the day before, a friend of the Canon had proposed, a certain Mr. Courtois, a fine fellow, good dancer, counsellor at the prefecture, and only son of a wealthy family. But Mr. Lauth had been so distracted by his daughter's late demeanour that he had not even acquainted her with the offer. It was, however, thought proper by the family to acquaint her with the fact, and to persuade her to accept. They were all prepared for resistance, and expected to find her as usual, irritable and peevish on the subject. But Adda, contrary to all expectation, astonished them all by an unusually respectful submission. She commenced by getting ready for the ball, took, contrary to her habit, a hearty supper, paid special attention to her toilet, and showed herself that evening extremely attractive, Her entrance made quite a sensation. Although she was aware of the general admiration she was creating, she heeded none of the praises whispered around her, and only satisfied herself, her eyes wandering over the ball-room, that certain persons were present. Mr. Courtois, her late suitor, showed himself duly attentive, and engaged her for the first dance. She danced divinely, but when her partner was going to take her back to her seat, she requested him to go a little further, to the place where Doctor Marchal was standing. Mr. Courtois knowing the invincible dislike the young lady had always manifested towards that gentleman, was getting ready for combat, to show off his championship, when he was strangely taken by surprise by the following dialogue:—

"Mr. Marchal, will you allow me to take your arm for a moment?"

"My arm, Miss Lauth."

"If you please."

"I am at your service."

"Thank you, sir; I expected no less from you," and, making Mr. Courtois a slight bow, she walked the whole length of the drawing room on his arm. The whole of Strasburg was amazement; every eye was fixed on them; Clara could not believe her senses; those who wore

spectacles took them off to wipe them ; the orchestra stopped playing.

As they had reached the end of the room, Mr. Marchal said "If this is a wager, Miss Lauth, you have surely won it."

"It is no wager, Mr. Marchal,"—and, after a pause, "What do you think of the gentleman I was dancing with a moment ago ?"

"I ? why, nothing."

"Do you think he would make his wife happy ? He seeks me in marriage ; my parents like him, and are ready to accept him ; but I do not know him, and I have no means of knowing him. You are acquainted with him. If I were your sister instead of being your enemy would you advise me to become Mrs Courtois ?"

"No, Miss."

"Why ?"

"Because this gentleman, besides being dissipated, is also a gambler and a hypocrite. He would begin by ruining you, next would beat you, and would finally prove to the world that all the wrong was on your side."

"Thank you, Mr. Marchal. And among my other suitors, Mr. Marchal, is there one who, in your estimation, deserves full confidence ?"

"Yes, Miss—Captain Chaleix, a man of talent and of exemplary conduct. You have discarded him, I believe ?"

"Yes, but he loves me still ; he will come back if I recall him. He shall be my husband. I accept him from your hand, Mr. Marchal, and I beg of you to consider this mark of confidence and esteem as a reparation for the many wrongs I have done you. And now take me to Clara, if you please."

The good notary Zimmer had reached this point in his story, and I was listening with undivided attention, when the horses stopped. We had reached the place of our destination, the Swan Inn. Our comrades were alighting from their several vehicles, applying themselves with arms and legs to restore the circulation of the blood, whilst the coachmen were handing them their guns, one by one. Twenty-five or thirty peasants, staff in hand, were confusedly grouped in a corner of the yard, under the orders of an old game-keeper. Two pointers, in a leash, whined impatiently like children. The host of the Swan appeared on the door steps, his fur-cap in his hand, and bade us welcome :—"The wine is drawn, the soup on the table, the omelet on the fire—to breakfast." There was no time to lose, it had struck ten o'clock, and it was night at four. Every one hastened to the summons, drank, ate, filled his flask, buckled his cartridge-box, lit his pipe or cigar, raised the collar of his coat over his ears, and away !

Professor Marchal and the Canon's daughter were forgotten a while amongst the troups of rabbits bounding before the hunters. My friend, the notary, was all engrossed by his duties of head hunter, and by thoughts of his guests. I succeeded, however, in getting near him, and between two beats, asked him for the rest of the story.

"Why, I thought I had finished it. You can guess the end. Adda Lauth married Captain Chaleix, and lived as Christian a life with him as Marchal with Clara. The Canon's daughter and the honest Professor found out by certain signs that they had not been intended for each other since they lived so happily apart."

"Well, and what has become of all these good people ?"

"They lived a long time as good neighbours in pleasant intimacy. What more can I say ? You know what the course of the things of this world is, and that all lives whether merry or sad, calm or stormy, come to the same end—old age, sickness and death. I must, however, tell you of a curious remark the Professor made once as the two couples were coming from the theatre, and were discussing an old stage-saying, 'I forgive you, but you shall pay for it. Adda maintained that it was impossible for a woman to forgive unreservedly."

"For example," said she to the doctor, "if you had made me suffer but a hundredth part of the affronts I heaped on you, I should never have forgiven you. Does not the remembrance of these things sometimes trouble you ?"

"Sometimes."

"And then, don't you hate me ?"

"No, on the contrary, I rather feel grateful to you and thank you."

"Now, that is strange !"

"It is so. It was at that time that I took a vigorous resolution, and accomplished perhaps the only meritorious acts of my life. I hardly think I could have summoned up sufficient energy for these acts if you had not put me in a condition that obliged me to force your esteem, my dear Mrs. Chaleix."

THE END.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, M.A., Founder of the Methodists. By the Rev. L. Tyerman, Author of "The Life and Times of S. Wesley, M.A.," (Father of Revs. J. and C. Wesley). London: Hodder and Stoughton.

When we read a life of the founder of the Methodists we stand beside the source of a mighty river. Methodism, assuredly, is one of the great religious movements of history. More than twelve millions of persons, as Mr. Tyerman tells us, are now either members of Methodist Churches or receiving Methodist instruction. Vast missionary agencies are employed in the work of propagating the Church, and Methodist doctrines and sentiments are disseminated far and wide by a great Methodist press. The indirect influence of the movement upon other Churches, even those which have been most in collision with it, and upon society at large, has also undoubtedly been extensive. In the United States, Methodism is now waging a momentous war with Roman Catholicism for the allegiance of the masses, Methodism enlisting the people, while Roman Catholicism subjugates them. In his day Wesley, though acting on a national, not on a European scene, was practically the grand antagonist of Voltaire. His Church is now the grand antagonist of Loyola, whose spirit, finally predominant in the Papacy, is once more wrestling hard for the dominion of the world.

Mr. Tyerman's work is most valuable as a collection of facts and documents. Nor is it wanting in literary power. It might, perhaps, without detriment to its accuracy, have been somewhat more picturesque, but picturesqueness is so apt to run into sensationalism, and sensationalism is so fatal to veracity, that a lack of picturesqueness is not the fault which we should be most extreme to mark. Mr. Tyerman is a Methodist of the most primitive type, and evidently views with dislike some recent developments of his Church. His spirit is especially grieved by the growing architectural beauty of the Methodist Churches, and the increasing æsthetic attractiveness of the Methodist services. He regards all this as a falling off from the stern simplicity of the first Methodist Chapels and the primitive worship of the Church. But why should Beauty and Harmony be forbidden to serve their Maker? If they are forbidden to serve their Maker will they not serve the enemies of their Maker? The true philosophy of the matter seems to be contained in old Rowland Hill's saying that he did not see why the Devil should have all the best tunes. When a church is in its apostolic and martyr state, enthusiasm supplies the place of every other incentive to devotion. The rudest upper chamber is then perhaps the most congenial of all temples, except the open air. Mr. Tyerman tells us of Wesley preaching in the house of a mechanic, where he had to stand on the ladder which led from the lower room into the loft, so as to address at once those who were in the loft and those who were below. We have no doubt he preached to a rapt audience, no one among whom was sensible of the grotesqueness of the arrangement, while the zeal of all was enkindled by the material difficulties against which they had to contend. But then that was the primitive age of Methodism and the preacher was its founder. An ordinary preacher in the present day would hardly venture to preach in the same position. The founders of Methodism lived in a spiritual atmosphere in which miracles seemed not incredible, and extraordinary influences were certainly at work. But when human nature subsides to its ordinary level, its ordinary needs must be recognized, and among those needs unquestionably is a certain congeniality of the mode of worship and the surroundings to the mental act of devotion. In the same way in the vital hour of a Church enthusiasm is the highest organization, but more settled times bring with them the need of a regular government. It is not to be supposed that the life of a church is failing because she adapts herself to the needs of the present time.

The general facts of the life of Wesley are as well known to the whole English-speaking race as the general facts of the life of Luther. Both Luther and Wesley rose to meet the pressing needs of a generation sunk in religious infidelity and practical immorality. Both are classed among the historical characters known as Reformers. But with regard to both the name *reviver* would be more adequate, for each of them was not a mere assailant of abuses, but the leader, and humanly speaking the author of a fresh outburst of spiritual life. Wesley's special scene of action was among the poor, whom the wealthy but torpid church establishment of those days had left absolutely without vital religion, and whose morals and habits are too familiar to us from the pictures of

Hogarth and the other hideous records of low life in the eighteenth century. The most loyal Anglicans in the present day are the first to deplore the total failure of religious life in their church, and the indolence of the clergy in those times. It is needless to repeat the history of clerical indifference, sinecurism, pluralism, and even vice. The highest offices of the church were part [illegible] than worldly politicians. The best and most active-minded of the Anglican divines occupied themselves with writing dry logical or historical apologies for Christianity, of which it was justly said they proved the truth but hardly knew what to do with it when they had proved it. A fair type of them was Paley, who, as the Cambridge tutor said, "had the credit of putting Christianity into a form which could be written out in examinations." With such an establishment, bound hand and foot as it was, and precluded from self-reform by political and social influences, the leader of a great movement of spiritual regeneration was inevitably destined to part company at last. Wesley clung with all the desperate tenacity of early affection, and perhaps also of professional sentiment, to the church, whose orders he had received; but the necessity was too strong for him, the old bottle would not hold the new wine, and, though unavowedly and perhaps half unconsciously, he became before the end of his life practically the founder of a new church.

Not only was Wesley a churchman, and a very loyal one, but he was a High Churchman, and to the end retained a decided tincture of the ascetism belonging to the character. It was natural that before abandoning the Anglican system, or bringing himself to work outside it, he should prove to the uttermost the system itself. Luther, in like manner, proved Catholicism and Monasticism to the uttermost before he thought of striking into a new path. Wesley's movement, in its Oxford phase, in fact, was very nearly a prototype of that afterwards led by Dr. Newman. But Dr. Newman was a refined and eloquent intellectualist, who flattered the reactionary sentiments, both political and ecclesiastical, of the rich and fastidious, without, as we venture to think, any great force of practical conviction, and certainly without producing any extensiye change in the hearts of men. His logic at last forced him without his being prepared for it, or desiring it, to take a leap, his accounts of which are mere bewilderment, and which terminated his course as a religious leader. Wesley was originally a man of far more practical force and capacity than Dr. Newman, but happy circumstances also drew him away from his Oxford seclusion, and from the genteel to the practical world and to the service of the poor. His visit to America, unlucky in other respects, was fortunate probably as the means of cutting him more completely adrift from the Oxford and High Church moorings of his youth.

Mr. Tyerman is not aware of a fact which lends special interest to Wesley's connection with Lincoln College. That college was founded by Fleming and Rotherham, two Catholic Bishops who were great enemies of the Wycliffites, and who specially dedicated their foundation to the holy war against that heresy. The fellows of the college were specially enjoined by the statutes to devote themselves to the suppression of "the novel and pestilent sect which threatened all the sacraments and all the possessions of the church." One of the Fellows admitted under those very statutes was destined to do a good deal more than Wycliffe for the novel and pestilent sect.

Voltaire owed his immense influence over his generation in a great degree to his longevity and to his long retention of his intellectual powers. His great antagonist had the same advantage, which, in his case, was all the more vital, because he had not only doctrines to propagate, but a society to organize; had Wesley been weak and short-lived, with all his marvellous qualities and powers, Methodism might have been buried in his grave. As it was, he not only retained his intellectual faculties, and even his power of preaching, almost unimpaired to the age of 85, but underwent through life, in his career as an itinerant preacher and organizer of his church, in an age of difficult locomotion, exertions and trials of his constitution which may be almost literally called superhuman. He is on horse-back, with but an hour or two's intermission from five in the morning till nearly eleven at night. Five hours after he sets out again and rides ninety miles. At midnight he arrives at an inn and wishes to sleep, but the woman who kept the inn refuses him admittance and sets four dogs at him. Again he rides five hours through a drenching rain and furious wind, wet through to the very soles of his feet, but he is ready to preach at the end of his journey, The frozen roads oblige him to dismount, but he pushes forward on foot amidst the snow-storm, leading his horse by the bridle, for twenty miles, though tortured by a raging toothache. At the age of 69, he encounters winter storms, wades mid-leg deep in snow, is bogged by the badness of the roads, preaches in the midst of piercing winds in the open air, delivers sometimes as many as four sermons a day, yet makes no entry in his journal indicative of failing health. The amount of preaching which he went through, besides all the work of governing his Church and that of writing a good many books and tracts, would kill any preacher of the present day. This wonderful strength was partly the gift of nature, but it was preserved and confirmed by most careful attention to health—early rising which ensured sound sleep, extreme temperance in diet, abstinence from

stimulants, even from tea. Mr. Wesley's mother also deserves gratitude for a system of bringing up her children directly opposed to that of most American and Canadian mothers, who seem to think it the first of maternal duties to ruin the stomachs, and with them the constitutions and the tempers of their children. The immense fruits of Wesley's healthiness and longevity are a lesson to all who affect to disregard physical health and to be indifferent to the length of life provided it be useful, as though the usefulness of a life did not, in great measure depend upon its length and upon the exercise of the mature powers. At the same time there was nothing about Wesley of the muscular Christian; if he took great pains to keep his body sound it was not for the sake of bodily soundness, much less of athleticism, but for the sake of a sound mind and of the great objects which that mind was to serve.

The amount of persecution and mal-treatment undergone by Wesley and his principal disciples was astounding. We might fill columns with details culled from these pages. The lower orders in England at that time were neither Christian nor civilized till Wesley diffused among them Christianity and civilization with it. They baited a Methodist preacher as they baited bulls or badgers. The soldiery were, perhaps, a shade more brutal than the mass of the common people, as Hogarth's March to Hounslow indicates, and it is a signal proof of the power of Methodism that it should have numbered among its earliest and sincerest converts soldiers who faced death at once like Christians and heroes at Fontenoy. No one acquainted with the manners of the time will be surprised to learn that magistrates and clergymen, in some cases, abetted the persecutions. Beau Nash tried to turn the vulgar intruder out of his realm of Bath, but was confronted by Wesley with a tranquil firmness before which the despot of the world of pleasure ignominiously recoiled. From the bishops, who, though appointed by political influence, and of the "Greek play" type, were superior to the mass of the clergy, Wesley does not seem to have met, on the whole, treatment which, considering the irregularity of the movement, could be called unkind. Bishop Lavington, of Exeter, who seems to have been a great blockhead, as well as a bad man, took a more hostile course and received severe chastisement at Wesley's hands. Sympathy in high ecclesiastical quarters was not to be expected. As we have said before, the final independence of Methodism was unavoidable.

The least agreeable passages in the life are those relating to Wesley's love affairs and his marriage. These incidents are dark specks in a life of uncommon brightness. After all, however, the sum of the matter is that a man like Wesley living a life of wandering labour without a settled home, was at once most sure to crave for domestic happiness and most certain not to find it. His lingering Oxford fancies about ecclesiastical celibacy add just another shade of absurdity to these affairs, and this is as much as can be said. Wesley's opportunities of observing female character in society had been so limited that he is not much to be blamed for having been taken in by the detestable woman who, in an evil hour, became his wife, and whose temper was such, that a friend going into the room one day, actually found Wesley on the floor, and Mrs. Wesley with locks of his white hair in her hands.

The biographer does not shrink from doing his duty with regard to these incidents. Nor has he any reason for shrinking. Wesley was the founder of Methodism, but he was not its origin, nor is he its life.

The size and cost of Mr. Tyerman's work, even in the smaller and cheaper edition, will prevent its being ever very popular; but it will take its place in our book-cases as the most complete and authentic account of the origin of one of the most important movements in history.

CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY AND MODERN SCEPTICISM. By the Duke of Somerset. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The appearance of the Duke of Somerset in the field of religious polemics has probably caused considerable surprise. The head of one of the greatest Whig families, the Duke has hitherto been known, and very favourably known as the active and hard-working head of the department. During more than one Administration he was First Lord of the Admiralty, with credit to himself and advantage to the country. The greater part of the vessels now forming the iron-clad navy of England were built under his auspices. Since the formation of Mr. Gladstone's Government he has played the part of an assiduous, honest and somewhat acrid critic.

Though he now writes theology it is still as a politician, with a politician's object and in a politician's style. He observes that for many years past, religious questions have incessantly interfered with the social and educational improvement of the community, and that the disturbance seems to be increasing. A politician, he says, would gladly avoid touching these thorny subjects, but religious teachers never cease from intermeddling with politics. "The Church of Rome, as in olden times, pours imprecations on our heads; and the Roman Catholic clergy, in the United Kingdom, administer the same balm in a more inconvenient form. The Established Church distracts us with so many doctrinal disputes

and perplexing doubts that we almost wish she would slumber again, as she did during the greater part of the last century. The non-conformists appear to be exasperated, and threaten to upset, from the village school to the cabinet, unless they are to have their own way." The Duke accordingly proposes to administer a sedative to the Protestants at all events, and it is impossible, notwithstanding the gravity of the subject, to abstain from smiling at his business-like and almost grim fulfilment of his intention. Within the compass of 182 pages he has condensed, besides a preface, index and introduction, no less than thirty-nine chapters, each treating of a distinct branch of the inquiry, the whole being written in the terse, incisive style of an official *précis*. The bulk of the work is on the sceptical and destructive side, presenting against the existing forms of historical and dogmatic Christianity critical arguments mainly derived from writers of the Tubingen school, to which the Duke's intensely practical mind naturally inclines rather than to the more speculative and imaginative theories of Strauss and Renan. The constructive part of the work is comparatively limited and weak. The Duke, however, believes that he has preserved to Faith one unapproachable sanctuary—faith in God. "Here at last the natural and supernatural will be merged in one harmonious universe under one Supreme intelligence. In affliction and in sickness the thoughtful man will find here his safest support. Even in that dread hour when the shadows of death are gathering around him, when the visible world fades from his sight and the human faculties fail, when the reason is enfeebled and the memory relaxes its grasp, Faith, the consoler, still remains soothing the last moments and pointing to a ray of light beyond the mystery of the grave." The Duke also looks forward to "better days," when irrational dogma and sectarian distinctions having been eliminated, there will emerge a purely rational Christianity common to all Protestants, when the clergy will again become the teachers of the people, when the open Bible will irresistibly lead to the open Church, and the Church will without any violent commotion become the Church of the whole Protestant people. From the ascendancy of such a Christianity he expects inestimable benefits, moral, social and intellectual, as well as religious. It would be idle to attempt to discuss within the compass of a review the multitudinous questions raised by the critical portion of the work, which states, with apothegmatic brevity, almost every objection made by a certain school of sceptics. The Duke is well read for a layman, and a man of business, but he is not profoundly learned, or qualified to appear as an original and independent inquirer. He is hard-headed, but he is wanting in intellectual comprehensiveness, in largeness of sympathy, and generally in those qualities which are most essential to an appreciation of what are commonly called the moral evidences of Christianity. On the other hand, he is transparently honest, and his rank, though it can lend no weight to his arguments, is a sufficient guarantee that his aims are not those of a mere religious agitator or a political demagogue. The doubts to which he gives expression are, it would be idle to deny, widely prevalent among the most intellectual classes, and disturb breasts far different from those of the sensual or scoffing sceptics of former generations. It is too true, as the Duke says, that "while our clergy are insisting on dogmatic theology, scepticism pervades the whole atmosphere of thought, leads the most learned societies, colours the religious literature of the day, and even mounts the pulpits of the Church." There is but one rational, but one effective, but one Christian way of dealing with such doubts. It is the way indicated by Bishop Watson in his reply to Gibbon: "I look upon the right of private judgment in every concern respecting God and ourselves as superior to the control of human authority. * * Never can it become a Christian to be afraid of being asked a reason for the hope that is in him, nor a Protestant to be studious of enveloping his religion in mystery or ignorance, or to abandon that moderation by which she permits every individual *et sentire quae velit et quae sentiat dicere*—to think what he will, and to speak what he thinks." A higher than Bishop Watson had taught the same lesson before. The apostle who doubted the Resurrection was answered not with unreasoning anathema, but with convincing proof. "Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless but believing."

THE LIFE OF JESUS, THE CHRIST. By Henry Ward Beecher. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

The world is now full of Lives of Christ, each of which is, in fact, the shadow of the writer projected across the Gospel. M. Renan's Life of Christ is the shadow of a French philosopher, not without a touch of the Parisian *coiffeur*. *Ecce Homo* is the shadow of an English Broad Churchman; and so with the rest.

Dr. Dio Lewis, in "Our Girls," says:—

"A great many people rather fancy a dyspeptic, ghostly clergyman, and can hardly bring themselves to listen to a prayer from a preacher with square shoulders, a big chest, a ruddy face and a moustache. The ghost, they think, belongs in some way to the

spirit world ; while the beef-eating, jolly fellow is dreadfully at home in this world.

"The ghost exclaims—

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Oh ! how I long for thee,
When will my sorrow have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

"The other, *like Mr. Beecher*, enjoys a good dinner, a nimble-footed horse, a big play with the children and the dogs, seems joyous in the sunshine, and, wretched sinner, does not sigh to depart."

And here is an account of one of Mr. Ward Beecher's sermons :—

"Henry Ward Beecher last Sunday evening, in discoursing on death, said that it was no evidence of special Christian grace to be willing to die. It was far better to be willing to live and do the duties of life. In the course of his address he mentioned that his brother Charles, who was always in a dying mood, once congratulated their father, old Dr. Lyman Beecher, on the fact that he couldn't live much longer. "Umph," said the old man, "I don't thank any of my boys to talk to me in that way. I don't want to die. If I had my choice, and, it was right to choose, I would fight the battle all over again." Old Dr. Beecher, as his son adds, 'was a war horse, and after he was turned out to pasture, whenever he heard the sound of the trumpet he wanted the saddle and bridle.' "

Mr. Ward Beecher, in fact, like his rival, in ability and popularity, Mr. Collyer, of Chicago, is a preacher of "The Life that now is." His sermons are not so much religious discourses as lectures on the formation of character and the rule of conduct in the present world, with as little as possible of the "ghost" in them, delivered in a good platform style, enlivened with plenty of references to mundane interests, and not unfrequently seasoned with a humour broad enough to make the congregation laugh.

We were very curious to see what sort of a Life of Christ would be produced by the projection of this shadow across the Gospels. What would Mr. Ward Beecher make of that part of Christ's history and teaching, not the smallest part in bulk or importance, which belongs so emphatically, not to the life that now is, but to that which is to come? What would he make of the closing discourses, the agony, the passion, the resurrection? How would all these and the character revealed through them be made to harmonize with the robust philosophy of the Ply mouth Church and the hygienics of Dr. Dio Lewis ? We confess that we opened the book more with the hope of finding an answer to these questions than in the expectation that the great popular orator would be able to throw much light on the deep problems of theology, which, in connection with the Life of Christ, are pressing on all minds and hearts.

Our curiosity, however, as yet remains, to a great extent, unsatisfied. The present volume does not present the problem in its full force, since it embraces only the early part of Christ's Life and Ministry, concluding with a discourse delivered on the shore of the sea of Galilee. Over this period of the Life Mr. Beecher is able to throw a congenial hue of cheerfulness and even of joyousness. "It was the most joyful period of his life. It was a full year of beneficence unobstructed. It is true that he was jealously watched, but he was not forcibly resisted. He was maliciously defamed by the emissaries of the temple, but he irresistibly charmed the hearts of the common people. Can we doubt but his life was full of exquisite enjoyment? He had not within him those conflicts which common men have. There was entire harmony of faculties within and a perfect agreement between his inward and his external life. He bore other's burdens but had none of his own. His body was in full health ; his soul was clear and tranquil ; his heart overflowed with an unending sympathy. He was pursuing the loftiest errand which benevolence can contemplate. No joy known to the human soul compares with that of successful beneficent labour. We cannot doubt that the earlier portion of this year, though full of intense excitement, was full of deep happiness to him." "Besides the wonder and admiration which he excited on every hand, he received from not a few the most cordial affection and returned a richer love." "It is impossible not to see from the simple language of the Evangelists that his first circuits in Galilee were triumphal processions. The sentences which generalize the history are few, but they are such as could have sprung only out of joyous memories and indicate a new and great development of power on his side and an ebullition of joyful excitement through the whole community. 'And Jesus returned *in the power of the Spirit* into Galilee ; and there went out a fame through all the region round about. And he taught in their synagogues, *being glorified of all.*' (Luke iv. 14—15)." We are not so sure that the simple language of the Evangelists will bear the sense which Mr. Beecher has put on it, and which he tries to fix and intensify by his italics, as we are that Mr. Beecher's own words express the joyous excitement of a successful popular preacher with a body in full health.

A slight turn is given throughout to the Gospel teaching in favour of muscular, or at least, of robust Christianity. Thus the comment on "Blessed are the poor in spirit" is "Not poverty of thought, nor of courage nor of emotion,—not empty-mindedness, nor any idea implying a real lack of strength, variety and richness of nature,—was here intended. It was to be a consciousness of moral incompleteness. As the sense of poverty in this world's goods inspires men to enterprise, so the conscionsness of poverty of

manliness might be expected to lead to earnest endeavours for moral growth." And in reference to the baptism of Jesus by John, it is said: "That which repentance means in its true spirit, namely the rising from lower to higher moral states, Jesus experienced in common with the multitude; although he had not like them any need of the stings of remorse for past misconduct to drive him upwards. Repentance is but another name for aspiration."

As a set of Essays on the Life of Christ from this special point of view, the work has unquestionable merits. The style is fresh and vigorous, though occasionally marked by what seem to us faults of taste, among which we should be disposed to number certain touches of rhetorical woman-worship, such as "there was no circle of light about His head except His mother's arms." The effort to give human colour and vividness to the Life by painting the local scenery and surroundings, appears to us to be carried to a considerable length; but this is the fashion of the day. The most successful passage in the work in a strictly biographical sense is, we think, that in which a conception "not of Christ's person, but of his personality," is educed fairly enough on the whole from what the Gospels tell us directly or by implication of his personal habits, bearing, look and gestures; though here again there is a tendency to exaggerate the social aspects of the character and to give the quality of "free companionship," an undue prominence and significance.

This work like *Ecce Homo* is totally destitute of the critical basis necessary to give any work on the subject a permanent value. The critical questions are totally ignored. The Gospels are taken without scrutiny as "the collective reminiscences of Christ by the most impressible of his disciples," and the miraculous element is accepted, we might almost say, swallowed in the lump, the author sheltering himself rather ominously under the saying of Joubert "State truths of sentiment and do not try to prove them. There is danger in such proof; for an inquiry it is necessary to treat that which is in question as something problematic: now that which we accustom ourselves to treat as problematic, ends by appearing to us really doubtful." The tremendous mystery of the incarnation is encountered; but an attempt to find, obviously for a practical purpose, a middle passage between conflicting theories ends as might have been expected, in a purely arbitrary solution.

Renan, Pressensé, the author of *Ecce Homo*, and Mr. Ward Beecher, all men of more or less ability, and all working upon the same materials, with which all of them are thoroughly familiar, bring out four widely different Christs, each deeply coloured, as we before said, with the individuality of the writer. Other writers again, especially those of the Ascetic School, bring out from the same Gospels a Christ totally different from the four. The natural inference seems to be that the attempt is chimerical. You may have Diatessarons and Harmonies of the Gospels, you may have commentaries and sermons on Christ's acts and discourses, you may have topographical and antiquarian illustrations of the Gospel History. But as to Lives of Christ—there is a life of Christ in the Gospels and there will never be another.

LITERARY NOTES.

CONTEMPORARY poets, are not, it appears, to have it all their own way. We have already noticed a criticism in the *Contemporary Review* on "The Fleshly School of Poetry." The paper was originally published under a pseudonym, but ultimately acknowledged by Mr. Robert Buchanan. On that occasion Mr. D. G. Rossetti was the chief object of attack; but in an article in the last number of the *Quarterly*, Messrs. Swinburne, Rossetti and Morris are pilloried together as the chief exemplars of "The Latest Development of Literary Poetry." In the previous number, the same critic, if we mistake not, treated his readers to a comparison between Byron and Tennyson, in which the laboured eulogy pronounced upon the one was as palpably factitious as the studied depreciation of the other. The mantle of a satirist is, at best, a dangerous legacy; that of Gifford has made uneasy the shoulders of his sucessor. He cannot exactly imitate the savagery of the elder prophet, but the mission of both is substantially the same—to assail every assertion of nascent talent in the current age. Critics of this stamp are always born too late. If Gifford had lived in the Elizabethan period and the living critic had adorned the reign of Queen Anne, all would have been as it should be. Falling, however, upon evil times their mission was, and is, to take up their parable against the feeble degeneracy around them. Into the controversy between the *Quarterly* and the so-called "Literary" school, we have neither space nor inclination to enter;

but a remark or two on what appears to be a singular method of criticism may not be out of place. Our readers will ask what is a "Literary" poet? Are not all poets literary, who are not illiterate? The critic says, No. Literary poets are those who select their subjects from the past, failing to appreciate the active life of their time; they also err in choosing their own style and diction, instead of merely employing the methods of their predecessors and the language of the prosaic world in which they move. They owe their origin immediately to John Keats—a name rather out of place in the mouth of a *Quarterly* reviewer. Keats is said "to have died from the hostility of the critics," but his writings have "done more to determine the subsequent course of English poetry than those of any other poet." The self-complacency with which Keats' death is referred to is perfectly wonderful. As everybody now knows, however, the *Quarterly* had not the slightest share in the poet's early decease, for he never took its attack to heart. The testimony to the influence its supposed victim has since exerted by his works is a striking proof of the impotence of its criticism, either for good or evil. Spenser, it appears, was, to a very large extent, a literary poet; but he was saved by connecting his literary theme with the time in a dedication to Elizabeth. If Milton had written "Paradise Lost" only, he would have fallen under the ban; but then in his minor poems, there are "the most enchanting descriptions of English scenery." Dryden and Pope were of course non-literary, because they dealt in party politics and personal satire. We suppose that Shakspeare, had he rested his fame on Hamlet, Othello, As You Like It, and The Tempest, would also have been one of the literaries. Mr. Swinburne, for writing Atalanta in Calydon, has incurred the imputation and so, we presume, would Shakspeare if he had published "Venus and Adonis," without a dedication to the Earl of Southampton. This style of criticism may mean a great deal, but it is far out of the range of contemporary understanding and ought, therefore, to be stigmatized as "literary" for similar reasons.

Our attention has been called to a literary organ of Bostonian opinion, from which we find that we hardly did justice to Mr. Longfellow's "Divine Tragedy." It seems this drama is the first part of a "trilogy" of which the two other parts are "The Golden Legend" and the "New England Tragedies." A drama in three parts, of which the first part is the history of Christ, and the last and crowning part an outburst of Puritan fanaticism in Massachusetts! This, we are told, "is Mr. Longfellow's contribution to the Christology which is so prominent a study throughout the religious world of to-day." Surely it is the strangest contribution ever made to any "ology" of our day.

We omitted to mention last month a case of unblushing piracy on the part of an American newspaper. In *Frank Leslie's Illustrated* appeared an engraving entitled "Sportsmen in Camp among the Adirondacks," *from a sketch by T. S. Jameson.* Will our readers believe that this picture is merely a tracing of one of Messrs. Notman's photographs, transferred to a wood-block, without even the merit of limning? We have examined both the photograph and the engraving, and can testify to the fact of the appropriation without the slightest doubt. The original forms one of a series—"Moose Hunting," produced by Wm. Notman from designs and details by S. A. Fraser and Col. Rhodes, and was taken in 1866.

The Religious literature of the month is as varied as usual. In the controversial department, the most prominent as well as the most numerous are works written with a view of reconciling science with revealed truth. Three of these may be mentioned as especially note-worthy:—"Moses and Modern Science," by J. Elliott; "Physical Facts, and the Scriptural Record," by W. B. Galloway; and "The Agreement of Science and Revelation," by the Rev. Dr. Wythe. The Athanasian Creed which has been denounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Peterborough, still finds defenders. The Rev. Mr. Brewer in his reply to Dean Stanley, even defends the damnatory clauses:—"If error," he says, "shall not perish everlastingly, then will error be everlastingly saved; and there is no essential difference between truth and error but both are originally pleasing in God's sight"—a species of logic, which partly evades and partly begs the question at issue. "The History of the Literature of the Israelites, according to the Old Testament," by C. and A. Rothschild, a valuable work from the Jewish point of view, has recently been published in an abridged form. "Illustrations of the Old Testament," by the Rev. G. Rawlinson; and "Moral Difficulties of Old Testament History," by Dr Hessey, are useful little volumes, issued under the auspices of the Christian Evidence Society. The Rev. Dr. Macmillan is a popular writer, and we have no doubt his latest work just announced—"The Garden and the City, with other contrasts and parallels of Scripture," will command a wide circle of readers. The publication of a revised edition of Canon Westcott's "Introduction to the Study of the Four Gospels," and the appearance of an American edition of Naville's "Problem of Evil," an able work on an inexplicable subject may be mentioned. "Christ in Modern Life," a series of sermons by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, one of Her Majesty's Chaplains in ordinary, has also achieved sufficient attention to warant republication. Dr Cuyler, of New York, has just published a work entitled, "Thought Hives," which, from the reputation of the author, should be worth reading. Two books from the High Church may be noted:—"The Two Estates, that of the Wedded in the Lord, and that of the Single for the Kingdom of Heaven's Sake," by Dr. Morgan Dix, Rector of Trinity, New York. The other a laboured vindication of "Praying for the Dead," by the Rev. Dr. Lee. Dr. Dollinger's "Fables concerning the Popes of the Middle Ages," a very valuable and interesting contribution to Church History, has just been reprinted at a reasonable price in New York.

In Mental Philosophy, we may mention two works: Dr. Calderwood's revised edition of "The Philosophy of the Infinite," by Sir W. Hamilton and Dr. Mansel, and the issue in separate form of the Preface, Supplementary Dissertations and concluclusion of Sir W. Hamilton's work, collected by the late Dean Mansel. In Politics and Sociology we have the promised volume of "Essays and Lectures on Politics and Social Subjects," by Professor and Mrs. Fawcett. We take advantage of the appearance of an American edition of Arthur Helps' "Thoughts on Government," to commend it again to the notice of our readers; like all the author's works, it is interesting as well as instructive. Mr. Macdonell's "Survey of Political Economy," the

latest treatise on the subject, we observe is now ready.

The works of John Hookham Frere may be noticed in this place, although his most substantial claim to remembrance rests upon his admirable translation of Aristophanes. But he was an M.P. and a diplomatist, the intimate friend of Canning, and one of the chief contributors to the parody and satire of the *Anti Jacobin*.

In Physical Science, the chief work to be noted is Prof. Huxley's "Manual of the Anatomy of the Vertebrated Animals," which will at once take its place as the best text book on the subject. "The Forms of Water in Clouds, Rain, Rivers, Ice and Glaciers," by Prof. Tyndall, is the first of the International Scientific Series to be published simultaneously in London, Paris, Leipzic, and New York. A list of contributors has been announced; amongst the rest Profs. Huxley, Bain, Quetelet, Ramsay, Dr. Carpenter, Sir John Lubbock, and Mr. Herbert Spencer. "Corals and Coral Islands," an illustrated work by Prof. Dana will shortly appear. "A Manual of Anthropology," by Charles Bray, author of the "Philosophy of Necessity," is an eclectic work, instructive in character and abounding in humour and feeling. Sir Jno. Lubbock's valuable work, "Pre-historic Times, as illustrated by Ancient Remains, and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages," and Tylor's "Primitive Culture," a learned and candidly written view of human development, based upon the theory of Evolution, have both been reprinted in the United States. In Archaeology, "Rude Stone Monuments of all Ages," by Ferguson, the author of the History of Architecture, and "Ancient America, in notes on American Archaeology," by Mr. Baldwin, M. A., are note worthy. We may add that Mr. Timb's useful Year Book of Facts in Science and Art, with a portrait of Sir W. Thomson, President of the British Association, has just made its appearance. In Art, may be mentioned the issue of the third part of Gustave Doré's "London, a Pilgrimage." "The History of the Gothic Revival," by Chas. L. Eastlake, is an attempt to show how far the taste for mediæval architecture was retained in England during the last two centuries and has been re-developed in the present. "The British School of Sculpture" is a handsome and valuable illustrated work published by Messrs. Virtue. Hamerton's "Etcher's Hand Book" may also be commended as useful, both as a practical and a critical guide. The Rev. Mr. Haweis' work, "Music and Morals," which is most delightful in style and matter, has been reprinted by the Harpers; we shall probably notice it at greater length hereafter.

"At Home with the Patagonians" is a very curious record of Travel, by Mr. Musters, a retired Commander of the Royal Navy. The author gives a curious account of his "year's wandering over untrodden ground." It seems that he actually proposed to marry and settle there, but the match was broken off, on a demand on the part of his betrothed's friends that his revolver should be made over to them. "South Sea Bubbles," by the Earl and the Doctor, is an exceedingly racy narrative of a yacht-cruise amongst the Islands of the Southern Pacific. The Earl is understood to be the young Earl of Pembroke. Dr. Edward Prime's "Round the World," is interesting enough to reward perusal, and so is Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "Switzers," although the amount of fresh information contained in them is not large. Taine's "Notes on England," translated by Mr. W. F. Rae, a well known contributor to the high-class periodical literature of England, ought to command general attention in their revised and collected form. "New Homes for the Old Country," is a book on Australia and New Zealand by Geo. S. Baden-Powell, a son of the celebrated Savillian Professor. We only mention it, to give expression to our regret that no Canadian Colonist has yet been found to do a similar service on behalf of this Dominion.

In Biography and History we have the usual abundance. The Duc D' Aumale has made his appearance in the literary field with "Lives of the Princes of the House of Condé. Carl Elze's Life of Byron" has been reprinted, on this side, and although it contains no new information and errs in several important particulars, it will repay perusal as a foreign estimate of the poet. Wm. Chambers' Memoir of his brother Robert is a healthy book, in every sense—the record of struggling aspirations and untiring perseverance with their ultimate reward. Thomas Cooper, formerly known as the Chartist, and author of "The Purgatory of Suicides," has issued an autobiography. The second series of Miss Mitford's delightful letters will appear shortly. The fourth volume of Ernest Curtius' History of Greece, extending to the death of Epaminondas, has appeared in England. Mr. Freeman's "History of the Norman Conquest," to which we have already referred, is now complete. Mr. Nassau Molesworth's "History of England since 1830," is a useful record of the events of the last forty years. Mr. Longman's "Edward III." is not to be the only Historical work by a publisher. Mr. Adam Black has taken the field with a "Political History of the Times." "Our Empire in Asia; how we came by it, a Book of Confessions," by W. M. Torrens, M. P., is a very severe attack upon the annexation policy in India, and urges that some independent court of arbitration should be established to decide equitably between the Crown and the native princes. Another war history has appeared "In France with the Germans," by Col. Otto Corvin. We may note the re-issue of Taine's "English Literature" (Vols. I. and II.) by Holt & Williams, New York, and the announcement, in England, of a second series of Earl Stanhope's "Historical Miscellanies."

In Belles Lettres, so far as poetry is concerned, there is nothing worthy of special mention. Mr. Tennyson was said to be engaged on a poem on the illness of the Prince of Wales; and Mr. Browning is also reported to be writing a popular poem on a popular subject. The most popular and commendable novels of the month, we shall merely name:—Jeaffreson's "A Woman in spite of Herself"; Bruna's Revenge, by the author of "Caste"; Lord Kilgobbin, a Tale of Ireland in our own Time, by Charles Lever; Cast Away, by Edmund Yates; Cecil's Tryst, by the author of Lost Sir Massingberd; Poppies in the Corn, by the author of The Harvest of a Quiet Eye; and Miss Braddon's Lovels of Arden, just reprinted in New York.

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THE GROWTH OF CANADIAN COMMERCE.

BY JAMES YOUNG, M. P.

NOTHING more truly indicates the condition of a nation than the rise or fall of its commerce with other countries. As its commercial tides ebb and flow, so may the nation be said to prosper or decline—advance or retrograde. A contracting annual commerce indicates "something rotten in the state of Denmark"; an expanding commerce tells not only of important resources, of national industry and enterprise, but of growing wealth, power and influence.

Looked at from this point of view, the condition of Canada, especially since the Confederation of the Provinces, may justly be described as satisfactory and hopeful. Our progress may not have been so rapid as that of particular States of the neighbouring Republic, or of one or two of the Australian Colonies, whilst under the first stimulus of the gold excitement. But it has been less fitful than the latter, and the volume of our annual commerce has been marked by a steady, and, since the Union, a rapid expansion.

The "blue books" issued by Parliament each year have very few students. They are, it must be confessed, not very attractive to the general reader; but the facts which they contain are highly important, and deserve more consideration than they generally receive. Let us see if they cannot tell us something interesting about the extent and character of our commerce, the different nations with which we deal, and the exchanges which annually pass between us.

The Union of the Provinces, on the 1st of July, 1867, naturally divides our commercial, as it does our political, history. Prior to that time, our public records contain only the Trade Returns of Ontario and Quebec; since then, we have those of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick included. Taking these divisions in their order, we find that the annual commerce of the late Province of Canada rose from a mere trifle in 1841,

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year 1872, by Adam, Stevenson & Co., in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

when Upper and Lower Canada were first united, to nearly $100,000,000 before that union terminated in 1867. To prove this, and show the steadiness which marked its growth, we need not go farther back than the year 1850, from which date up to Confederation, the total value of our annual transactions (imports and exports added) was as follows:—

Year.	Total Trade.	Year.	Total Trade.
1850	$29,703,497	1859	58,299,242
1851	34,805,461	1860	68,955,093
1852	35,594,100	1861	76,119,843
1853	55,782,739	1862	79,398,067
1854	63,548,515	1863	81,458,335
1855	64,274,630	1864 (½ year)	34,586,054
1856	75,631,404	1864–5	80,644,951
1857	66,437,222	1865–6	96,479,738
1858	52,550,461	1866–7	94,791,860

From these statistics, it will be observed that, with the exception of a few years succeeding the great commercial crisis of 1857, which swept over this continent like a flood, the growth of the trade of the late Province of Canada was generally steady, and at times, even rapid. Between 1850 and 1856, our annual transactions rose from the value of $29,703,497 to the handsome sum of $75,631,404—an increase of over 250 per cent! This result was largely due to the unusual stimulus of that wise and liberal measure negotiated by the late Lord Elgin, the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, and it could not, therefore, be expected that such a large *percentage* of increase would long be kept up. Taking the whole period quoted above, however, the result will be found satisfactory. The highest amount reached during any twelve months was $96,479,738 in 1865–6—the year the Reciprocity Treaty terminated—and by comparing these figures with those for 1850, it will be seen that our commerce increased within a fraction of 325 per cent. in fifteen years, or, in other words, doubled the original amount every five years.

We are now in the fifth year of Confederation, and the "blue books" give us the result of four years' experience. Of the political fruits of that measure, more time may be necessary to enable an intelligent judgment to be formed; but the experience we have had, comparatively short as it has been, goes far to establish its success from a commercial point of view. This will appear by an examination of the imports and exports of the Dominion since the union, beginning with the year ending the 30th June, 1868, and ending with that of the 30th June, 1871:—

Imports.	Exports.	Total.
$71,985,306	$57,567,888	$129,553,194
67,402,170	60,474,781	127,876,951
74,814,339	73,573,490	148,387,829
86,661,145	74,173,613	160,834,758
$300,862,960	$265,789,772	$566,652,732

The returns of the first two years after Confederation, it will be noticed, were nearly equal, but since then the Dominion has bounded quickly forward in the race of commercial progress. During 1869–70 the value of our trade increased $20,510,878 over the previous year, during 1870-1 there was a further expansion of $12,446,929, and the current year promises to equal, if it does not surpass, them both. Our total transactions last year reached the handsome sum of $160,834,758, and it will be seen that the Dominion's first four years' business amounts to no less than $566,652,732. These facts we need not enlarge upon. They go far, as we remarked before, to establish the commercial success of Confederation, and point hopefully to the future.

Next in interest to its extent, we may set down the character of a nation's commerce, and the countries with which it deals. The nature of our exports are familiar to all. The great bulk of them are comprised under three heads: produce of the forest, animals and their products, and agricultural productions. Through the courtesy of John Langton, Esq., Auditor General, we are enabled to give in advance a complete return of the exports of the various Provinces comprising the Dominion, for the year ending 30th June, 1871:—

EXPORTS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA FOR 1870–1.

	Ontario.	Quebec.	Nova Scotia.	New Brunswick.	Total.
Produce of the Mines	1,994,280	256,633	797,997	172,551	3,221,461
Do Fisheries	89,479	678,162	2,852,255	374,379	3,994,275
Do Forest	6,107,733	12,138,510	1,063,140	3,042,828	22.352,211
Animals and their products	5,786,552	6,319,351	405,568	71,454	12,582,925
Agricultural products	4,978,668	4,588,473	232,489	53,516	9,853,146
Manufactures	313,869	784,677	295,320	807,465	2,201,331
Miscellaneous	256,133	79,950	32,289	19,173	387,554
Ships		558,144			558,144
Total	19,526,714	25,403,909	5,679,058	4,541,366	55,151,047
Coin and bullion	1,261,598	5,325,402	20,350	83,000	6,690,350
Goods net produce of Canada	428,475	7,713,475	817,519	893,564	9,853,033
Estimated short returns	1,869,748	578,920			2,448,668
Manitoba					30,520
Total	23,086,535	39,021,706	6,516,927	5,517,930	74,173,618

The value of articles exported last year, which were the actual growth or produce of the Dominion, was $55,151,047, as will be seen by the above table. Of this amount, the productions of our farms and forests make up no less than $44,788,282, or considerably more than three-fourths of the whole. Less than one-fourth is contributed by our fisheries, mines, manufactures and shipyards, but it is gratifying to know that these branches of trade are fairly prosperous, and that the returns manifest a moderate annual increase.

The imports into Canada from Great Britain and foreign countries, during 1870-1, amounted to $86,661,145, and embraced so many different articles that the publication of a complete list of them would take up too much space. They are chiefly composed of manufactures and tropical productions, of which the principal articles are Cottons, Woollens, Teas, Sugars, Hardware, Iron, Coal and Fancy Goods. The Trade and Navigation returns for the last year are not yet published, but we have gone over those for 1869-70, and we find our principal imports and their values in that year, to have been as follows:—

Cottons	$7,270,927
Linens	768,828
Silks, Satins and Velvets	1,282,132
Hats, Caps, &c	632,088
Woollens	6,893,424
Fancy Goods	1,426,460
Glass and Glassware	549,029
Hardware	2,335,391
Iron	1,786,647
Railroad bars, axles, &c	917,283
Iron—pig, scrap, &c	1,134,001
Teas	3,646,977
Sugars	3,618,304
Molasses	1,429.275
Cane juice, melado, &c	549,898
Coal and Coke	1,455,936
Wines and spirits	1,557,339
Carpets and rugs	436,408
Cotton wool	427,479
Wool	799,944
Machinery	317,436
Watches and jewelry	368,602
China, Crockery, &c	431,525
Stationery, &c	537,868
Prepared oils	346,455
Small wares	1,475,921
Salt	540.557
Tobacco (un-manufactured)	799,944
Leather and leather goods	612,264
Un-enumerated articles	674,434

This list of the principal classes of goods we annually import is highly suggestive, and in view of the fact that our imports increased $19,259,275 during the last two years, and exceeded our exports during the same period by $13,728,103, it may be properly asked: are we not importing articles which could and ought to be produced profitably among ourselves? The answer to this query must be in the affirmative, but we

have every confidence that the enterprise and skill of our artisans will speedily apply a remedy wherever practicable, and that, too, without the Government resorting to high protective duties, or any other mode of forcing capital and labour into unproductive channels.

The great bulk of our commerce is carried on with two countries—Great Britain and the United States. The West Indies—Spanish and British, Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island and France, take rank next, and in the order of their mention. The trade returns for 1869-70 contain the names of about thirty different nations with which we dealt more or less. With several of these our transactions were merely trifling. We shall, therefore, confine our list to those nations whose trade with us exceeded $50,000, which we find after careful research to be as follows :—

Countries.	Exports.	Imports.
	$	$
Great Britain	24,950,925	38,595,433
United States	32,984,652	24,728,166
Spanish West Indies	1,280,268	2,423,421
B. N. A. Provinces	1,421,423	1,268,948
British West Indies	1,512,780	892,134
France	278,420	1,394,346
Germany	15,535	469,275
China	.....	432,919
Spain	85,082	314,925
South America	340,693	.....
Belgium	13,598	161,553
British Guiana	166,554	384
Italy	150,006	9,426
Holland	6,735	145,774
Portugal	56,322	43,435
Norway	.....	108,649
St. Pierre et Miquelon	91,711	2,065
Africa	.....	70,241
Brazil	51,861	8,504
Naples	61,371	.....

Besides the nations mentioned in the foregoing table, Australia, Switzerland and Sicily figure in the returns for considerable sums—the former buying from, and the latter two selling to us. Of the total commerce of that year, which amounted to $148,387,829, it will be observed that no less a share than $121,259,176 was carried on with Great Britain and the United States.

As our two largest customers, the fluctuations of our trade with Great Britain and the United States, are worthy of attentive consideration. By tracing these changes, the immense influence of the Reciprocity Treaty becomes strikingly apparent. From 1850 to 1855—the five years preceding Reciprocity—our imports from Great Britain were (in round numbers) $73,000,000 as against $50,000,000 from our neighbours ; during the following five years the United States sold us to the value of $96,000,000, but the mother country only $76,000,000. Since the repeal of the treaty, however, Great Britain has again obtained the lion's share. During the four years for which we have returns, the excess was $48,490,007 in her favour,—the difference for 1869-70, as may be seen above, being $13,867,267. This difference is very considerable, but it falls short of the real amount, for in the statement of onr imports from the United States are several millions per annum, for grain and flour, which, although entered at our shipping ports, for the most part simply pass through this country on their way to market.

Another striking change, in the current of our commerce with the United States, has taken place of late years. We are not of those political economists who attach much importance to the "balance of trade," for Canada has only thrice had a balance in its favour during at least fifteen years, and yet who can doubt that it has steadily grown in wealth and prosperity? But if there be any virtue in it, it is gratifying to know that whilst, as between the Dominion and Great Britain, the balance continues to be against us, in the case of the United States it has turned steadily in our favour. In 1869-70, for instance, whilst we had to pay Great Britain $13,644, 508 to square up the transactions of the year, our American neighbours

had, *per contra*, to pay us $8,256,486 for the same purpose. That this circumstance is not exceptional, but the rule, will appear by the following statement of our exports to, and imports from the United States during the last four years for which we have returns :—

YEAR.	EXPORTS.	IMPORTS.
1866–7	$25,583,800	$20,272,907
1867–8	27,534,292	26,315,052
1868–9	27,846,461	25,477,975
1869–70	32,984,652	24,728,166
Total	$113,949,205	$96,794,100

These statistics are exceedingly significant when the illiberal character of the present fiscal policy of our neighbours is considered. That policy was framed advisedly to protect the American farmer, by shutting out Canadian products from their markets, except on payment of exorbitant duties. But what has been the result? They have since then bought from us more largely than ever, whilst, with our markets as free to them as during Reciprocity, their sales to us have relatively declined ! Under the partial free trade of the treaty, the "balance of trade" was almost invariably and largely in their favour ; since they barred and bolted their markets against our productions, the balance has turned no less than $17,155,105 against them ! These facts carry their own moral. They throw considerable light on the working of the opposite systems of political economy practised by the United States and Canada, and we commend the lesson to the legislators of the two countries. The commerce of the Dominion, with nations other than Great Britain and the United States, is comparatively limited, and exhibits very few signs of progress. This is much to be regretted, for a varied commerce is almost as valuable to a country as diversified forms of industry. In order to show how sluggishly our trade advances with the nations to which we refer, we append a statement of our total transactions with the principal of them during the last two years :

COUNTRIES.	1868-9.	1869-70.
France	$1,469,447	$1,672,966
British West Indies	2,408,115	2,404,914
B. N. A. Provinces	2,489,198	2,690,371
Spanish West Indies	(not given)	3,703,689
Germany	555,733	484,810

These figures reveal the fact that our trade with these countries remains almost stationary, a condition of affairs which, we think, an earnest effort should be made by the Government to remedy. According to the report of the Special Commissioners who visited the West Indies on the eve of Confederation, this is quite practicable, for these gentlemen confidently affirm that there is an ample field for the sale of our productions in the British and Spanish West Indies, Mexico, Brazil and other South American countries. The establishment of regular steam communication, at least fortnightly, with some judicious tariff changes, would, we feel assured, infuse into our trade with the tropics fresh life and vigour.

Taking our commerce as a whole, the people of Canada may justly congratulate themselves on its past growth, present extent, and future prospects. It affords conclusive testimony to the great natural resources of British America, and is creditable alike to the industry and intelligence of our three millions and a half of people. It is yet, however, only in its infancy. What will its volume be twenty years hence, when the rich prairies of the North-west are peopled by millions—the continent spanned by the Canadian Pacific Railway—and the sails of our merchant marine, now the third largest in the world, whiten every sea?

NOTE.—Since this article was put in type, the writer has learned from Mr. Langton that the Returns, as finally completed, show the imports for 1870-71 to be $86,947,482 instead of $86,661,145. The difference does not materially affect the general inferences of the article.

THE WISDOM OF THE EAST.

BY GEORGE MURRAY, B. A.

BEFORE a Judge two Arabs came,
One to deny, and one to claim.

And one was young and one was old:
They differed—like the tale they told.

The young man spake: "Nine days have flown
Since the hot sands I crossed alone.

"My gold, meanwhile, I left in trust
With yon old man, reputed just.

"My journey o'er, his tent I sought—
He swears I trusted him with nought."

"Name," said the Judge, "the sum of gold:
And where, I pray thee, was it told?"

"Four score gold pieces did I tell
Beneath a palm-tree, by a well."

Then spake the Judge: "Go, seek that tree,
And bid him hither come to me;

"But take my seal that he may know
To whom thou biddest him to go."

The youth went out into the plain—
The old man and the Judge remain.

An hour passed by, but not a word
From either of the twain was heard.

At length the Judge: "He cometh not—
Dost think the lad hath reached the spot?"

The old man, startled, answered: "No—
Far o'er the sands the tree doth grow."

The Judge spoke sternly, like a king,
"How know'st where that one palm doth spring

"For in the desert, near and far,
I trow that many palm-trees are."

The youth came back and cried: "The tree
Returned answer none to me."

"He hath been here," the Judge did say,
"The gold is thine: go now thy way."

MONTREAL.

DINAH BLAKE'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

CHAPTER X.

A STORMY INTERVIEW.

EMBOSOMED in the deep solitude of a mountain glen, a few miles from Carraghmore, stood Elm Lodge, the residence of Mr. Crofton, the English agent of Lord Arranmore, and of the heiress of Barrington Height. The house was a modern dwelling, built of greystone, and in the English style, its situation extremely romantic. It stood on a verdant slope, overlooking a picturesque sheet of water. Lofty rugged mountains rose precipitously around, their naked grey cliffs impending as if to shelter the quiet scene below.

It is the hour of early evening, a beautiful evening in August. The warm haze which filled the atmosphere during the day, veiling with its golden mist the gigantic mountains, is lifting itself up from their heath-clad sides, and rolling away westward in fantastic-lining masses to drape the declining sun. The front entrance to Elm Lodge is graced by a marble portico—marble being abundant in the neighbourhood. On the steps, enjoying a cigar, sits the master of the Lodge, and beside him, busy with some fancy work, is his daughter and only child, Isabel Crofton. The agent, as he is usually styled, is a native of England, elderly and of imposing presence. The face, however, is not prepossessing. Among the tenantry of the Arranmore and Barrington estates he has the reputation of being a hard master, a fact which may be gathered from the cold gleam of his pale blue eye, and the stern decision of the thin compressed lips. The interests of the landlord are always considered by him before the well-being of the tenant; but his own interest is paramount to every other consideration. He manages the property committed to his care well, gaining for himself the gratitude of his employers, although as much could not be said regarding the often oppressed tenantry, and he has prospered in the world, building for himself the handsome residence in this secluded glen, and furnishing it in a style of modern elegance and comfort. His wife, an Irishwoman of good family, has been some years dead. Their union was not a happy one, his domineering habits, his tyrannical spirit, and cold, sullen nature had rendered existence to her a dull, monotonous misery.

All the affection he seemed capable of feeling was given to his young daughter, of whose beauty and accomplishments he seemed so proud. Hitherto she had experienced nothing but unvarying kindness from her stern father; his habitual moroseness was kept in check by the sunshine of her temper, and as yet he had not exhibited himself to her in his true character—that dark picture, however, was soon to be revealed. The green slope on which the house stood was dotted with ornamental shrubs, and two rows of young elm trees enclosed the gravel walk leading up to the hall-door. Approaching the house by this walk might now be seen half-a-dozen men dressed in the picturesque garb of the Connemara peasant —the blue frieze coat fastened by a rude clasp at the throat, and hanging loosely from the shoulders. On seeing the agent and the young lady sitting in the portico, their pace slackened, and there was a cringing servility in their look and manner as they slowly advanced. Mr. Crofton eyed them sternly, and the expression of his face was anything but encouraging. They seemed to feel the baleful influence of that cold blue eye, and hung back as if unwilling to address him. He it was who broke the silence.

"What brings you here?" he asked, in tones so harsh that Isabel started and looked at him in surprise. What a changed countenance met her eye, sending a thrill of pain through her heart!

"We came to spake about them cabins, your honour," answered one, a little bolder than the rest. He was a powerfully-built man, with a sinister expression in his flashing grey eye.

"What's the use of saying any more about them, Flannagan? I have already told you my mind, and—"

"But we thought sir," broke in another of the group, timidly, "that if you knew the throuble it put us to, the grief of the wife and the childher—laving alone ourselves—at being turned from undher the roof that sheltered us so long, you'd listen to rason, and not be so hard upon us intirely."

"And you came here for the purpose of telling me this, did you?" asked Mr. Crofton, a ring of cruel scorn in his passionate tones.

"Sure we did, your honour."

"Then you might have spared yourselves the trouble!" broke haughtily from him. "You ought to know by this time that I am not a man to be turned from my purpose by appeals from the like of you," and he surveyed the humble group before him with withering contempt.

"Well, if you won't listen to the cry for marcy, maybe you will mind the threat of vingince!" fiercely exclaimed Flannagan, brandishing the knotted shillelah he held in his hand.

"What! you dare to threaten, do you?" said Mr. Crofton in the hoarse tones of intense passion.

"Be asy, Larry! can't ye spake him civil?" whispered one of the party. "It'll be betther for us in the end, man alive!"

But Larry Flannagan's savage nature was roused by the mocking scorn and cruel heartlessness of Lord Arranmore's agent, maddened, too, by the prospect of ejection from the humble home where his forefathers had lived contented before him. This portion of the estate was situated in an adjacent vale, called Glenmore, through which a deep stream wound its way. The site could be made available for the erection of grist and other mills wanted in the neighbourhood; and Mr. Crofton determined on ejecting the half-dozen tenants who rented the land, and leasing it himself with the intention of building the mills, from which he could derive so much pecuniary advantage.

"There's no use mincing matthers wid the likes of him, I tell ye!" fiercely retorted Larry Flannagan. "His heart is made of stone!" he passionately continued. "What hope is there of moving him when anything is to be gained? Isn't the mills to be his

own? hasn't he rinted the land to himself? Its' no use palaverin' here any more; the divil himself wouldn't make him change his mind; and I tould ye that, boys, afore we come!"

"So you did, Larry avic," said one of the peasants, soothingly. "But stop, asy a while. Here's Terence Carroll, as quiet a man as ever broke bread. Let him thry what he can do. Terence ahagur, spake up like a man! Spake for the women and the childher, God help them, the crathurs! going to be turned out upon the wide world widout a roof to shelther them!"

"Misther Crofton, sir," began Terence, imploringly, "listen to us poor men wid the same pity Lord Arranmore himself used to do when he was to the fore—"

"I'll hear no more of this!" interrupted the agent, imperiously. "All you could say till to-morrow morning wouldn't alter my intention of ejecting the whole pack of you from Glenmore!"

This announcement was met by a wild cry of grief and indignation. "May it never do you good—may the curse of those you make homeless cling to you for ever and ever, I pray God!" was the fervid ejaculation of the passionate men as they glared upon the agent with savage hate.

"Papa, dear, is there no other place where you could build the mills?" asked Isabel, frightened by the fierce gestures and malignant countenances of the men, and sympathizing with them in their trouble.

"Yes, there is, miss!" eagerly answered Terence Carroll, "a purty little dale wid a brook running through it, where no body lives. Sorra one to be upset by building them mills at all."

"The water there is too shallow!" broke in Mr. Crofton, hastily. "Isabel, you must not interfere with things you do not understand," and his eye rested for the first time with an angry expression upon his daughter.

"Dear papa, forgive me, but it does seem so hard to turn these people from their homes," she pleaded, with a wistful look, her bright eyes filling with tears.

"Oh, it's nothing! such things must happen—the poor are used to such trials," he replied, carelessly. Then seeing the men still lingered—their hopes aroused by the young lady's interference on their behalf—he added, with an air of haughty command: "Be off with you at once! You have got my answer, that must satisfy you!"

"Satisfy them!" repeated Isabel, moodily. "Nothing will satisfy them but some act of revenge," and she shuddered as she watched the gleam of fury in the defiant look they gave Mr. Crofton before they turned away and walked down the little avenue, gesticulating violently as they talked among themselves.

"Papa, was it wise to excite their hatred thus? Are you not afraid they will do you some harm?"

Mr. Crofton laughed scornfully. "They dare not!" was his confident answer.

"Dare not!" reiterated Isabel, somewhat derisively. "Such people dare do anything to gratify their revenge. Oh, papa, I shall not have an easy moment for the future since you have drawn upon yourself the bitter enmity of those men."

"Nonsense, Isabel! It is not the first time I have served ejectments on the Arranmore tenantry. Would the estate be so flourishing to-day if I had yielded to the whims of the tenants and not considered the proprietor's interests?"

"But this affair of the mills is your own concern," observed Isabel, boldly. She judged her father harshly, feeling that he was acting a selfish part.

"Well, and if it is," he answered hotly; "must I forego my own advantage and listen only to the pathetic appeals of these fellows?"

"It would be the wisest plan, papa; they threatened you — and their threats mean something."

"I tell you again I have nothing to fear,"

he answered impatiently. "I know what I am about, and must warn you, Isabel, against mixing yourself up in these affairs; I will brook no interference on your part—"

"But, dear papa, it is my strong fears for your safety that induce me to say a word in the matter. I know well what lawless acts have been committed by ejected tenants. Have I not reason to be afraid?"

"I tell you, no!—they will bluster and threaten, but dare not act. Curse them for a cowardly, cringing, deceitful set!" and Mr. Crofton, having vented his passion in these complimentary words, stalked away to the stables, with the intention of taking his accustomed evening ride, leaving his daughter meditating painfully on what had occurred.

This display of her father's real character pained her deeply. His indifference to the well-being of others, his want of consideration for their feelings, his selfish regard for his own interest, his passionate temper—flashed a startling revelation on the daughter's mind, making her feel how insecure were the hopes of happiness she had so fondly cherished. Of her father she had seen little since her childhood. After her mother's death she had been consigned to the care of an aunt who lived near Dublin, and the last six years had been spent at a fashionable boarding-school. Mr. Crofton, during his occasional visits to see his daughter, had taken care only to exhibit the bright side of his character. The late outburst of ill-temper had taken her by surprise, shewn her what she had in future to expect, and cast a shadow across her young life. Her fears for her father's safety, too, filled her mind, and, in spite of his assertion that he had nothing to dread, she gave way to the gloomiest forebodings. Whilst Isabel was lost in this painful reverie, the sun had descended in the western sky, and was now resting his crimson disk upon the glittering quartz peak of Muilrea—the highest mountain in Connaught—as if taking a view of the magnificent scenery below, varied by hill and dale, mountain, glen, and lake. She looked very lovely as she sat there, all aglow in the brilliant sunlight, the golden rays glinting on her wavy hair, the colour on her rounded cheeks deepened by her late excitement, and so thinks that handsome pedestrian, who, emerging from a mountain gorge, is now rapidly making his way up the elm-walk leading to the house. The lithe, manly figure soon caught the eye of Isabel Crofton, and the vivid blush of pleasure crimsoned her face. "How becoming that clerical costume is!" she thought, as she watched his approach, "and how glad I am to see him! Just the one to confide this trouble to about papa."

This was not the first visit the Rev. Maxwell Butler had made to Elm Lodge since the arrival of Isabel Crofton. The impression she had made upon him at Barrington House had been deepened by every succeeding interview, as he got a deeper insight into the generous and noble nature of the girl whose grace and beauty had first attracted him. Very often about this time he had been in the habit of coming to spend an hour at the Lodge before returning home from his round of parochial visits. It was now some weeks since his acquaintance with Isabel commenced. No words of love had yet passed his lips, but the language of the eye, though mute, is eloquent, and Isabel learned to know the cause of his frequent visits, and to look forward to them with eager anticipation. As Mr. Crofton was usually absent at this time enjoying his daily ride, he seldom met the clergyman at his house, but he was aware of his attentions to his daughter and did not discourage them, and his absence was never regretted by the young people, who could enjoy their pleasant *tête-à-tête* and talk sentiment, unrestrained by his presence. On this evening, however, their conversation was on a graver subject.

"I am so glad you have come. I wanted

so much to tell you something that has just happened," Isabel said in her impulsive way, looking up into his face with an expression of grave anxiety clouding her brow.

Max took the white, shapely hand she offered him, and tenderly clasped it in both his, then relinquishing it reluctantly, he seated himself on the marble door-step beside her, and eagerly inquired what she had to communicate.

"Oh, something dreadful!" she answered piteously. "I never felt so frightened in my life."

"What has occurred to disturb you?" Max inquired in tones of tenderest sympathy.

"Papa is going to evict some of the Arranmore tenantry, and they have uttered threats of vengeance."

His face clouded as he listened, and Isabel saw he shared her alarm, still he spoke encouragingly.

"You must not fancy the worst. What does Mr. Crofton think about it?" he asked.

"Oh! he only laughs at my fears; says the fellows dare not carry out their threats, but I think differently; and so would you, if you saw them glare on him with such bitter hate. I shudder when I think of it. You know what lawless acts have been committed in a case like this."

"Who are the men? Where do they live?"

"In Glenmore. One of them is called Larry Flannagan, a desperate-looking man he is, who seems capable of committing any outrage. Papa is mad to arouse the enmity of such a fellow," observed Isabel gloomily.

"Why does he evict these men? Are they in arrears of rent?"

"Oh no! but he wants their land to erect mills on, which, he says, will vastly increase his income."

"Then it is to benefit himself he does this?"

"Yes; isn't it cruel and unjust? I wonder how he can be so hard-hearted!" exclaimed Isabel, in tones half sorrowful, half-indignant.

"It is hard on the poor men to be evicted from their homes for no fault of theirs, but we must hope they will not be induced to commit any outrage on that account. Some of them belong to my flock; I will see them and preach patience and submission under these trying circumstances."

"But isn't it very cruel of papa to act so? You cannot think how it grieves me," and Isabel's eyes filled with tears. "He will be sorry for it some day when they burn the house over our heads," she added, with a choking sob.

They will do nothing of the kind," said Max, cheeringly. "You must not give way to such gloomy apprehensions. Put away these thoughts from you, and do not allow your mind to dwell on this painful subject." But although he spoke encouragingly he felt there was just cause to dread some terrible act of revenge if Mr. Crofton persevered in his intentions of rendering the tenants of Glenmore homeless to enrich himself, and he returned home that evening thoughtful and depressed, having, however, in some measure, quieted the fears of Isabel Crofton.

CHAPTER XI.

NEW CHARACTERS.

THE coast of Connemara is indented with picturesque inlets from the Atlantic, which add to the wild grandeur of the scenery. About a mile from Elm Lodge, near one of these inlets, in a secluded hollow, stood a fisherman's cabin. At the door of this humble dwelling, about a fortnight after the stormy interview between Mr. Crofton and the tenants of Glenmore, a pretty peasant girl might be seen one evening as the glorious sun was again sinking behind Muilrea, steeping its gigantic peaks

in crimson and golden light. She was busily employed mending nets for her brother, the young fisherman, for whose return she now watched impatiently, throwing her eyes frequently along the road leading to Carraghmore, whither he had gone in the morning to sell fish.

"What can be keeping Dermot so long, grandmother?" she asked, addressing an old woman who sat knitting inside the cabin door.

"It's more nor I can tell, Rose; but no doubt he'll soon be here."

However, sunset faded from the mountain peaks and twilight shadows were gathering in the glens and vales before Rose Kavanagh descried her brother's stalwart figure coming along the road. Just at this moment a column of red light shot up into the darkening sky.

"Holy Biddy! what blaze is that?" exclaimed the old woman, as she came eagerly forward to watch the bright glare.

"Faith, I dunno! but it's likely Dermot will be able to tell us," was her granddaughter's reply.

A few minutes elapsed and then Dermot came rapidly up the boreen or by-path leading to the cabin from the public road.

"Do you see the fire beyant there?" he asked with angry excitement.

"Sure we're not blind," responded Rose, curtly.

"Where is it, ahagur?" inquired the old woman.

"Where would it be, but in Glenmore," was the vehement reply. "It's the cabins in the vale set on fire by the peelers, afther the misfortunate crathurs was forced to quit," Dermot added, a gleam of fierce indignation in his dark blue eye.

"And that's what kept you so long, I suppose?"

"What else? and the heart-breaking sight it was to see the dacent people dhruv from their own door! and that villyn of an agent standin' by wid a face as stony as his own heart. And it's all to betther himself he done it," Dermot continued passionately; "to make himself rich at the expinse of others. Sure it isn't for the benefit of the landlord he's doing it at all."

"How will Misther Crofton be the betther for it?" inquired Rose.

"Bekase he is going to build mills and make a facthory in the place; but let him take care, he'll find his match among thim he grinds so hard!" and an angry light flashed over Dermot's sunburnt face.

"They have vowed vingeance agin him?" said the old woman, interrogatively.

"Aye, have they! he'll get what he doesn't bargain for afore his death!" and Dermot laughed unpleasantly. The ring of that laugh grated on the ear of his grandmother.

"I hope you'll have no part in their revinge, Dermot," she said with grave rebuke. "I'm afear'd you mix yourself up too often with such things.

"Ach, granny! what makes ye think that?" he answered evasively. "What have I to do in this business at all? only that it rouses the sperit of a man to see his friends thrated so."

"Why did they wait till night to set the cabins on fire? was it to make a brighter bonfire," asked Rose, with a sarcastic smile.

"The agint and his bailiff couldn't get the crathurs to lave the cabins all day, till at last the peelers come, and then they had to march quick enough, I tell ye! Bad luck to the whole set of them!" Dermot added stamping his foot in fury.

"Why, where's the harm it done you that you take on so?" asked Rose in surprise. "Oh! now I undherstand," she added, after a moment's thought, "Celia Carroll's father is one of the men turned out of their little homes in Glenmore—poor Celia! and the mother so sickly herself! and the childher just out of the faver! Where will they get a roof to shelther them? Why

didn't ye bring some of them along wid ye, Dermot?"

"Well, the weather isn't cowld anyhow," remarked the grandmother, "and they'll have to find a home somewhere else. But sure it's hard to have to quit the one they have lived in so long, and their fathers afore them; but what help is there for it? They'll have to bear it patient like every other throuble."

"They'll not bear it patient," said Dermot, fiercely. "They'll have their revinge some day, and why not?" he added, with a defiant look at the old woman.

"Is that what the priest taches you from the althar every Sunday?" she asked reproachfully. "Doesn't he tell ye to submit yerselves to the law, and to live like quiet, dacent people."

"That's what the priest and the parson both prache, sure enough; but for all that there's some among us will take their own coorse, and revinge their wrongs by their sthrong right arm." Dermot spoke with subdued vehemence, but there was an evil gleam in his eye as it boldly met his grandmother's.

"You'll come to no good ind, I'm afeard," she said sorrowfully.

"Ach, granny, don't say that!" broke from Rose, half indignantly. "Dermot doesn't mane to do any thing wrong; but sure he can't help feeling for them that's in such disthress this blessed night, and Celia Carroll herself among them."

"If Lord Arranmore was to the fore this would never have happened, for a betther landlord couldn't be found than his own father," observed the old woman.

"Yes, but the young lord isn't like him, granny, he is a great one for spinding money in every counthry but his own, never caring where it comes from so he gets it, and laving his poor tenanthry to be thrampled upon by an agint that has a heart as hard as Ould Nick himself. It's a pitty he has such a nice daughter," remarked Rose. "She is so mighty purty, too, and kind-hearted. I saw her yestherday, when I went to the Lodge to sell crabs. It's the good price she gave me, never haggling about it as her father does, rich as he is."

"She is like her own mother for that," interrupted granny eagerly. "It's Mrs. Crofton was the good frind to the poor, and its many a blessing followed her to the grave. And a hard life she had herself wid that husband of hers! All the good she done was by stealth, bekase of him not caring to help any one. Och, he is the hard man, no doubt! But come in and ate your supper, Dermot, dear, it's the long fast ye had, and it's waiting for ye this long while."

"Are you going out to-night, Dermot, bekase the nets is all mended and the wind is fair?" asked Rose as they entered the cabin."

"Yes, I'm thinking of it, I got a good price for the fish to-day at Carraghmore, and can sell as much more to-morrow, for the town is full of people come to the election. There is quality from Dublin, too, at Barrington House. There is going to be a grand ball there, they say, and grand doings while they remain. The young heiress will be getting married one of these days.

"To her cousin, Sir Gerard?" observed Rose, interrogatively.

"No, he'll marry Parson Butler's cousin, I am thinking, if all I hear is thrue. She is mighty purty intirely, no doubt."

"She'll be a happy girl to get him," observed Rose; "but what'll Miss Barrington say to that. People thought he'd marry her, you know.

"Well, and if he chooses to change his mind he has a right to plaze himself," was Dermot's cool rejoinder, as he seated himself at the humble board where his supper was laid out, doing full justice to it, as his long fast had sharpened his appetite.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE CONSERVATORY.

THE ball at Barrington House, which Dermot Kavanagh spoke of to his sister Rose, was a brilliant affair, and created great excitement in the neighborhood. Josephine Dormer was there looking bewilderingly beautiful. The Rev. Max had declined an invitation, keeping his determination of not being present at such festivities. In her simple, but elegant costume, Josephine outshone the heiress and others who "glittered in gold and pearls and costly array," and was pronounced to be the belle of the ball-room—*La belle parmi les belles.*" Her singular beauty and grace made a deep impression on more than one of the gentlemen, visiting at Barrington House, awakening the jealous fears of Sir Gerard Trevor and increasing the passionate admiration with which he already regarded her. He began to think seriously of declaring his love for Josephine, apprehensive that some one of her other admirers would carry of the prize he coveted. Competition enhances the value of any object.

It was a few days after the ball, Sir Gerard was in the conservatory selecting a bouquet to take to Miss Dormer, when his mother, Lady Trevor, joined him.

"For which of your fair acquaintances are those flowers destined, Gerard?" she asked with apparent carelessness.

"For Miss Dormer," was the curt reply. There was a gleam of displeasure in her ladyship's eyes, which did not escape his notice, and he felt there was a hidden motive in her question.

"You are very attentive in that quarter. Eva will be jealous." There was an angry ring in her voice, and Sir Gerard knew that this interview with his lady mother would not be a pleasant one.

"No danger of Eva's feeling jealous. She does not care enough for me for that," he answered with a light laugh, cutting off a bunch of white moss rose buds as he spoke.

"So you think! but I know better, Gerard," said Lady Trevor, eyeing the rosebuds spitefully. She felt intuitively that they were intended as a mute declaration of his passion for Josephine.

"I think you are mistaken, mother, Eva and I are good friends, affectionate cousins, but nothing more." was Sir Gerard's rather impatient remark.

"That is your own fault then," said his mother sharply. "Eva is proud and will conceal her feelings when she sees so little demonstration of affection on your part."

"I cannot show what I do not feel," he answered, irritably;" "you would not have me act the hypocrite, I suppose."

"I would have you act like a sensible man," she retorted angrily. "You are aware that I have intended Eva for you, from her very childhood. Neither you nor she can be ignorant of my wishes on this point."

"I know that we have been taught to look upon ourselves as affianced, and it is precisely on that account that we have not fallen in love with each other. It would have been wiser to have thrown some obstacle in the way—some barrier to our affection. You did not display much tact in match-making, mother," Sir Gerard added with a a little laugh, and he was about to leave the conservatory, anxious to end a colloquy which annoyed him.

"Stop a little longer, Gerard! allow me to make a few more remarks," said Lady Trevor, eagerly, the tones of her voice tremulous from subdued passion. "Have you seriously thought of the state of your affairs? Are you so circumstanced as to be able to marry a penniless girl? Pause and reflect before you commit yourself in this matter. Remember your encumbered estate."

"You want me to marry Eva for her money, and barter my happiness for gold," he scornfully exclaimed.

"It is the only way to recover the Trevor estate, so heavily mortgaged," she pleaded. "Besides your present income is not sufficient to permit you to marry a girl without money."

"I am not thinking of marrying just yet. It takes time to win love such as I require in a wife. Affection that will stand the test of time. If I am so fortunate as to gain the heart I covet, assuredly the want of fortune will be no consideration. My moderate income will be sufficient for our wants. Happiness can be enjoyed in a cottage as well as in Trevor Hall."

"You speak like a silly sentimentalist and not like a man of the world, Gerard," broke from Lady Trevor with angry contempt. "But if you despise money, I think you might look for birth in the woman you honour with your hand. The cousin of a country parson can scarcely be considered a suitable wife for Sir Gerard Trevor," she added loftily.

"Butler is a good family," said the baronet hotly. He was losing his temper now provoked by his lady mother's interference.

"That may be, but what was Josephine's father? a Government clerk, or rather, an inferior clerk in some Government office. No pedigree to boast of you may be sure. Think of such a man's daughter being raised to the exalted position of a baronet's wife!" There was withering scorn in Lady Trevor's look and manner as she boldly confronted her son. He, too, was not devoid of this pride of ancestry which most aristocratic families feel; but his love for Josephine conquered that and the recollection of her, so beautiful and so refined, made him passionately exclaim, "She would grace even a higher station than I can offer her!"

"Then you have made up your mind to commit this folly, this madness, Gerard."

"Mother," he said coldly but with decision, "I am not at present going to offer my hand to Josephine. Our acquaintance is too short to justify my taking such an important step."

"You are right in that; it does require much deliberation," she interrupted warmly, "and I trust that time will cure you of this foolish fancy."

"You are quite mistaken in that opinion, mother. The love I feel for Josephine Dormer is no passing fancy, and if I am so happy as to win hers in return, I shall consider neither her want of ancestry nor fortune, but shall please myself in the selection of a wife."

"You shall never marry her with my consent!" exclaimed Lady Trevor vehemently, as she swept out of the conservatory, while her son, having gathered his bouquet, strolled in the direction of the Rev. Max Butler's home, full of angry resentment towards his haughty mother, who he knew would carry out her threat of opposing his marriage with Josephine Dormer.

On arriving at the cottage, Sir Gerard Trevor was told that Miss Dormer was not at home, that she had gone down to the beach an hour ago. The latter piece of information Winny was induced to add with womanly kindness on perceiving the look of disappointment in the young man's face.—With a brightened look the baronet turned away, smiling his thanks at Winny, and strolled towards the sea-shore, hoping to have a delightful *tête-à-tête* with the beautiful girl who filled his thoughts. His heart had been hitherto almost untouched by the arrows of Cupid: this was his first love, the first deep attachment he had ever felt towards any woman. It was not that he had never before seen a face with such perfection of feature and delicacy of colour: he had met girls equally beautiful and graceful as Josephine, but none with her beauty of expression—none who realized his ideal of all that was charming in woman—that nameless witchery which every man sees in the woman he loves— an indescribable charm

which captivates his senses, and constitutes her his destiny.

On reaching the beach, Sir Gerard cast his eye eagerly along the line of yellow sand stretching at the base of the tall grey cliffs which formed the barrier to the encroaching waves, but the graceful petite figure of Josephine was no where to be seen. He walked on for some minutes, hoping to meet her, but in vain. The weird figure of an elderly woman upon the lonely shore, at length caught his eye. She was seated on a low rock, smoking a dudeen or short pipe. Approaching her he asked if she had seen a young lady walking on the beach.

"To be sure I have. I'm not blind!" was the ungracious answer.

"Where is she now?" was the next eager question.

"Beyant there! If you have good eyes in your head you can see her yourself," and she pointed in the direction of a rocky, narrow promontory jutting far into the ocean. "She's sitting there among the rocks, reading, expecting yourself, maybe," the woman added with a grim smile.

The baronet's eager gaze sought the place pointed out, and he perceived some figure, which he supposed must be Josephine, as the woman asserted, half hidden among the rocks. She had, he thought, selected that quiet spot to enjoy her book undisturbed, as she listened to the low booming of the waves as they dashed white and foaming at the base of the promontory, for he knew that she delighted in the deep and solemn music of the ocean.

"The tide is rising fast!" he said quickly, with a startled look, as he perceived the green heaving waters rushing rapidly inland, depositing their crested masses on the yellow strand glistening in the sunshine.

"Well, what if it is? Who can stop it?" asked Dinah Blake—for it was she—puffing away with the greatest unconcern.

"But don't you see the danger threatening the young lady?" rejoined Sir Gerard impetuously. "It is high tide to-day, and the promontory will be flooded."

"So it is! The Lord betune her and harm!" exclaimed Dinah, with a look of dismay. "I never thought of that afore!" and putting the dudeen in her pocket, she rose to her feet with sudden alacrity.—"Something must be done to save her," she continued. "You see she axed me if there was any danger in going out there to the end of the pint, and I tould her no, forgetting intirely about the high tide."

"How could you forget?" asked the baronet with much asperity, flashing on Dinah Blake no pleasant look. "I forgot it anyhow, and there's no use in getting tearing mad about it!" she answered snappishly. "Sure I wouldn't hurt a hair of her head, though sorra tear I'd cry if she was dhrowned, for wouldn't it lift a weight off me ould heart that's crushed wid it this many a day." This concluding remark was muttered to herself, escaping the ear of Sir Gerard.

"What is to be done!" he exclaimed passionately, his handsome face pallid with fear at the danger threatening Josephine.

"Let us shout at the top of our voice both of us!" suggested Dinah. She might hear us."

"No, the noise of the waves would prevent that, and the breeze blowing inland would carry our shout in the opposite direction."

"Maybe if you ran for the bare life you might get there in time to warn her of her danger," was Dinah's next suggestion.

"I could get there in time to warn, but not to save her—the promontory lies low and will soon be flooded. If we only had a boat! Is there none about here?" and Sir Gerard half frantic with his fears for Josephine, threw his eyes wildly along the lonely shore in quest of one.

"Bedad! as luck would have it, there is a boat belonging to Pat Sullivan!" exclaimed Dinah joyfully; "it is down there on

the sthrand behind that big rock, but it's a mighty heavy one; it'll be amost impossible to row it, yer honour."

"Better that than none: it is the only chance of saving her!" and Sir Gerard sprang towards the rock where Pat Sullivan's boat was moored, followed quickly by Dinah Blake.

"Can you lend a helping hand?" he asked eagerly as he saw her prepare to shove off the boat.

"Of coorse I can! I havn't lived all my life near the sae widout learning how to handle an oar. Besides it's partly me fault that she got into danger. I can't sit still and see her dhrowned."

"It is very fortunate that you can help, for the boat is a huge unwieldy thing. If we only had a sail observed Sir Gerard impatiently, as the boat moved slowly out to sea, his and Dinah's united strength being scarcely sufficient to propel it through the surging waters.

"A sail would be the greatest help no doubt, but what is the use of wishing for what one can't get? It is well we have the boat anyhow," was Dinah's philosophic observation as she bent herself to the oar, and astonished her companion by her skill in rowing. "It's many a good sthroke of an oar I dhrew in me young days" she said, by way of explanation, "and many a time I was out at sae with me father, who was a fisherman. We might make a sail with me ould cloak and your honour's walking stick, if the wind was fair, but it isn't you see. It's blowing in shore, bad 'cess to it."

"We'll never reach the point in time to save her!" was Sir Gerard's despairing exclamation as he fixed his gloomy gaze upon the spot where Josephine sat, unconscious of her danger, believing she was safe above the wild rush of the waves she saw dashing madly towards her.

"There's no use in despairing, yer honour," remarked Dinah encouragingly. "Keep a brave heart, and with the help of St. Patrick we'll win the day yet agin the waves and tide."

(To be continued.)

FORSAKEN.

THE Autumn skies are dull and gray,
Mists gather round the year's decay;
The drooping elm's lithe branches sway
In the wind that moaned all day;
The twilight swiftly fades away
And yet unveils no starry ray.

Come, enter with me yonder room,
Silent as some buried tomb;
Shimmering faintly through the gloom,
The dying fire-brands half illume
A youthful head from which youth's bloom
Has fled before some fatal doom.

Look at the shadows flitting o'er
The walls, the ceiling and the floor;
You deem them shadows, nothing more;
Yet Fancy through their films can pour
Warm glow and colour, and restore
Lost scenes that once life's brightness wore.

See, how he looks with dreamy eyes,
While rapidly before him rise
Green fields and cloudless azure skies;
A river steeped in sunset's dyes,
On which a halcyon quiet lies,
Unruffled by the west wind's sighs,

He sees a little shallop glide
Along the river's glassy tide;
A youth and maiden side by side,
Hand in hand, that shallop guide,
Said each to each—"Whate'er betide,
Nought can our hearts and lives divide!"

Far brighter than the sunset's sheen
The maiden's tender smile was seen,
And purer than the clear serene
Of river shone her eyes, I ween,—
Like stars without a cloud to screen
Their beauty from the summer e'en.

Dun shades dispersed the cloud-robes gay,
The robin sang his parting lay;
The river drank the sun's last ray,
But still those soft eyes seemed to say,
"My love shall light you on your way,
And prove, when perils come, your stay!"

The scene is changed. Dark grows the night,
The river swells with angry might;
Fierce rapids flash with spectral light
Their tossing, whirling foam-wreaths white
Before the youth's bewildered sight.
Strive as he may, in his despite
His boat drives on with headlong flight.

And where is she, who, when the sky
Was clear, and not a cloud on high,
No rocks in sight, no whirlpools nigh,

With blushing cheek and timid eye,
Vowed him a love that could not die?
Oh, can such love so swiftly fly?

In safety she has reached the land.
He sees her there unheeding stand;
She will not stretch her fair, cold hand,
To guide the lost one to the strand:
Though now, as if a helm of sand,
The rudder swerves from his command.

In vain his eyes turn towards the shore,
In vain her pity they implore;
She will not by a word restore
His failing strength.—He strives no more
To shun his doom. His bark drives o'er
The rapids,—whelm'd amidst their roar!

The scene grows dim and fades away;
The room assumes a deeper gray;
But that bowed head, that eye's quenched ray,
On which the fitful fire-gleams play,
A sense of darker gloom convey
Than shades that may be chased by day.

Oh, Fancy! not the darkest hue
Thy magic chemistry can brew,
The threads of fiction to imbue
With mimic woes we half deem true,
A sadder picture ever drew
Than that reality I view.

An aching heart, a nerveless frame,
A spirit fervid once as flame,
And thrilling high at thought of fame,
Yearning to win a deathless name,
As dreams of glory crowding came,
Indifferent now to praise or blame!

And she, so tender, pure and fair,
Whose love he thought the one thing rare,
Time, chance, or fate could not out-wear—
Cold and unyielding, can she bear
To see him perish in despair,
Nor clasp his hand, and with him share
A nobler life, in purer air!

L. M.

OUR PIONEER BISHOP: THE HON. AND RIGHT REVEREND JOHN STRACHAN, D. D., LL.D.

IN ancient times of Western Canadian history, when Ontario was in its cradle, and the lively young papoose was opening its eyes to gaze wonderingly at the first stray glimpses of sunshine among its pine forests and uncleared bush, a Scottish lad, then just coming of age, sailed from Greenock for New York, in the month of August, 1799. Upper Canada was the destined field of his life-work, and Kingston the place of his destination.

General Simcoe, the first Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, a man of rare sagacity and foresight, had conceived magnificent plans for the improvement of the young colony, as a rival to the recently revolted States. The site of its future capital was already selected by him on the Bay of Toronto, and the ephemeral wigwams of the Missassagua savage were giving place to more substantial log huts and frame dwellings. He had devised schemes for the liberal endowment of educational institutions adapted to the wants of the Province, when it should emerge from its infantile rudeness; and accordingly a favouring despatch from the Duke of Portland, in 1797, had responded to an address from the Provincial Parliament, praying His Majesty "to appropriate a portion of the waste lands of the Crown for the establishment and support of a Grammar School in each district, and also of a College or University for the instruction of youth in the different branches of liberal knowledge." Surely never were waste lands appropriated to wiser use. The plan was still in embryo; but every year's delay left the rising generation to grow up devoid of the training that should fit them for self-government; and the energetic Lieutenant Governor was impatient to make a beginning. He accordingly gave authority to two members of his Council to secure the requisitely gifted instructor. They, in their turn, applied to friends in Scotland, and their first choice showed that the confidence had not been misplaced.

Among a group of students at the ancient University of St. Andrews, three youths of nearly the same age were there united together by common tastes and sympathies, in a friendship only broken by death. One of these, Thomas Duncan, died in honoured old age, Professor of Mathematics in that University; another, Thomas Chalmers, lived to fill professorial chairs at St. Andrews, Glasgow and Edinburgh, and to win himself a name among the foremost of the great and good in his native land; the third, John Strachan, survived both of his early friends, made his mark in a new world, and on a young country, that then lay in embryo among the uncleared pine-forests of Western Canada, and closed his career as Bishop of the first Diocese of the Anglican Church, built up, mainly by his own exertions, among the clearings of its vast wilderness.

Thomas Chalmers was the first choice of those entrusted with the selection of a director for the educational system of Upper Canada; and curious is it to reflect how different might have been the future, not of Canada only, but of Scotland, had his sagacious organizing abilities and wise philanthropy found an arena for their exercise in the moulding of this young State. But it was not so to be. Happily, for Scotland at least, Thomas Chalmers clung to his native soil; and so the next choice fell on his friend and fellow-student, John Strachan.

The future Bishop of Toronto was by birth and early training an Aberdonian.

His father, the overseer of a granite quarry near Aberdeen, was killed by a sudden explosion in the quarry, when his son was only in his fifteenth year. He is said to have been a non-juror, and his native district is well known as one where the old non-juring Episcopalians have left many traces of their former predominance. It may be doubted, however, if this exercised any influence on the opinions of the boy. His mother was then, and remained through life, a Presbyterian. She was, moreover, a woman of much sagacity and decision of character; and from her he not only received his early training, but also inherited the energy and talent which distinguished him through his long and singularly active career. Dr. James Beattie, then Professor of Moral Philosophy in Marischal College, but better known as the author of "The Minstrel," took an interest in the orphan; found him a situation as tutor to a little boy and girl; and so enabled him ere long to carry home his little earnings—the first of many generous gifts of like kind to his widowed mother.

The bursaries and other educational endowments of Aberdeen schools and colleges are exceptionally abundant; and with their aid and his own tutorial labours, he scrambled through his preliminary studies with creditable diligence; took his degree, and soon after removed to St. Andrews, there to prosecute his theological studies with a view to the ministry of the Scottish Church. At St. Andrews he found himself in a congenial circle. In the debating society of St. Mary's College he had for fellow students, John Leyden, the poet, John Campbell, the future Lord Chancellor, and his own special friends, Thomas Duncan and Thomas Chalmers.

In an episcopal charge delivered in 1860, Dr. Strachan gave an interesting review of his own career; and of those early friends he remarks: "We were all three nearly of the same age, and our friendship only terminated with death, being kept alive by a constant correspondence during more than sixty years." But like many another Scottish student, he had to find the means of present subsistence while prosecuting his studies; so he sought and obtained a parish school in the neighbourhood, worth about £30 per annum. Some needless sensitiveness has been displayed in reference to the early creed of the future bishop. Nothing is more certain than that an abjuration of prelacy, as well as of every other form of dissent from the Scottish Presbyterian Church, could alone secure him the mastership of a parish school. In reality we can discern in him not a few traces of the zeal of the convert; as where, in his first episcopal address, after he had been to England, and seen its Church with his own eyes, he pronounces it to be "a spotless model of the primitive Church; one august, incorruptible and glorious verity." He was still only nineteen when he learned that the more lucrative mastership of the neighbouring parish school of Kettle was vacant. He accordingly offered himself as a candidate, and we have heard him tell with lively humour of the verdict pronounced by Professor Hunter, who had undertaken to test his fitness for the post. After due examination in the prescribed requisites, the youthful candidate was encouraged to prosecute his application by this cautious verdict: "Well, you're no great things, John; but you'll be the best of the lot!" And so it proved. He was successful over much older candidates; and was forthwith placed in charge of a school numbering at times a hundred and twenty pupils,—some of them older, and many of them bigger than himself.

Among the nameless rustics who formed the pupils at Kettle Grammar School, one in whom the new master took a special interest, has since become known to all as the famed painter, Sir David Wilkie. Preceptor and scholar met in London after an interval of thirty years. They both attended the meeting of the British Association at Bir-

mingham, the same year; and the great painter gratefully recalled the interposition of his old master, by means of which his uncle was induced to place him under the celebrated painter, Sir Henry Raeburn, and so start him on the road to fame and fortune. Meanwhile to the young master the larger emoluments of the Kettle school had seemed a fortune. They enabled him to render substantial aid to his widowed mother and sisters; and for the next two years :—

> "There in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
> The village master taught his little school."

At the close of that brief incumbency, on the refusal of the proffered Canadian Grammar School and embryo college, with its promised salary of £80, by his friend Thomas Chalmers, it was accepted by him, and so a novel direction was given to his whole future career. He set out with more definite prospects than usually cheer the Scot in his wanderings abroad. But they proved illusory enough. He tossed about—the sport of calms and adverse winds,—in a small trading craft that tediously voyaged across the Atlantic; and then made his way overland at even slower speed, with the primitive resources for travel then in vogue; so that the wanderer who had left Greenock in August, only reached Kingston, Upper Canada, on the last day of the year and the century. He found, as it seemed to him, an Arctic wilderness, enveloped in ice and snow; and the aspect of nature only too well accorded with the prospects that awaited him. In his weary tossings on the Atlantic, he had been well-nigh forgotten by all; and when at length he presented his credentials, it was only to learn the utter failure of his hopes. General Simcoe had been recalled in the interval. Timid councils had taken the place of his far-sighted plans. The scheme for schools and colleges was pronounced to be altogether premature. He had come without official invitation or appointment; his claims for salary were ignored; and, as he long afterwards wrote to a friend, if he had possessed £20 he would have returned home by the next ship.

Compelled to tarry, where he had thus been invited under such delusive promises, the Hon. Richard Cartwright, through whose direct influence Mr. Strachan had been brought out, offered him a home, and the tutorship of his two sons. By and by other pupils were added; and among them the sons of the Rev. Dr. Stuart, Rector of Kingston. The rector was a characteristic specimen of the founders of the infant colony. Born in Virginia in old colonial times, and brought up with the utmost strictness in the Presbyterian communion, he had adopted the views of the Church of England, and spent the first seven years of his ministerial life as a missionary among the Iroquois, in the Mohawk River Valley. There he was engaged on a translation of the New Testament into the Indian tongue when the Revolutionary war broke out; and his Indian converts took sides in the quarrel. He at once declared himself for the Royalist party, to which the large body of the Six Nation Indians adhered; accepted a chaplaincy in a provincial regiment; and when at length peace was established, he settled among his fellow-loyalists in Canada, Rector of Kingston,and father of the Episcopal Church in Western Canada. With such a friend and counsellor it is not difficult to imagine the influences now brought to bear on the young tutor. To him is mainly ascribed the change of views which led the Scottish divinity student ere long to take orders in the Church in which he rose to the rank of bishop. He was ordained a deacon, by the Bishop of Quebec in 1803, and admitted to priest's orders in the following year. Appointed soon after to the Parish of Cornwall, he found a church had still to be built. There he fairly entered on his life-work; established a school, famous in the history of the Province, from which his pupils went forth to fill its most influential positions; and he was able in

his later years to number, with pride, Senators, Chief Justices, and official functionaries of every grade, among those he had thus trained; and at last achieved his heart's desire, when, in his old age, a loved pupil of the Cornwall Grammar School was consecrated his coadjutor in the See of Toronto.

The future Bishop was a strict disciplinarian; and indeed the personal reminiscences of his biographer are rather calculated to impress the reader with an exaggerated idea of his stern rule. The boy who was to be his successor in the future bishopric, reached Cornwall on a Saturday in May, and gives this curious picture of pedagogic pomp and decorum, mingling with the more characteristic life of a Canadian village, upwards of sixty years ago. On Sunday morning he joined the gathering of boys at the schoolhouse, nearly opposite the parsonage:—"Those outside maintained a very staid and respectable demeanour, standing in groups in their Sunday's best, or sauntering about within safe distance of the parsonage; whereas within, there was romping and tumbling, shouts of young voices, and clouds of dust. But the moment the principal presented himself in his flowing gown and powdered head at the door of the parsonage, there was a rush of every boy to the gate; a procession was formed and the whole school, two and two, marched to the church close by, the master following."—"Black Monday" followed, with its fearful array of censors' reports, Sunday tasks and exercises, and lictors' rods. No wonder if Cornwall reproduced in plenty—

> "The whining school-boy, with his satchel,
> And shining morning face, creeping like snail
> Unwillingly to school."

The destined co-adjutor tells us he "crept quietly in after the school had opened, and was much awed by the sights and sounds he witnessed,—the sounding lash, and the shrinkings and contortions of the unfortunate ones that were made to come under it." He adds, however, that the punishment was not very severe. It was, in truth, no unfair premonition of the future rule in higher spheres. If the Bishop did not, in later years, employ the same rod of discipline for his clergy, he unquestionably ruled his large diocese with much the same authority as that with which he had been wont to regulate the Cornwall School. There was something in the very air with which the Bishop's old serving-man, in later years, was wont to receive a young clergyman who presented himself at the "Episcopal Palace" enough to scare any little remains of courage out of him, if he had any delinquency to atone for, or any petition to prefer. And if the usher looked grim, the aspect of the Bishop himself was little calculated to dispel the delinquent's fears. His photographs, without exception, give him the stern look which his face was apt to assume in repose! and this is even exaggerated in the engraved portrait attached to Mr. Fennings Taylor's "Last Three Bishops." But to all who knew him intimately his expression is associated with the smile of genial humour. He retained to the last his Aberdeenshire pronunciation,—little less strange to ordinary Scottish, than to English ears; and his incisive utterances in vigorous northern Doric have left their impress on many minds. "Well, Mr. A——, I hope I may like you better when I know more of you," was the somewhat equivocal *l'envoi* which closed the first interview of one somewhat presuming clerical intruder. "Sit doon, sir, ye're talking perfect nonsense," was the summary arrest of another's untimely utterances, when a public audience was already manifesting unequivocal symptoms of dissatisfaction. There was no equivocation with him. No one could ever challenge his sincerity or doubt his meaning. Yet, in reality, apart from the conscientious administration of a power as absolute and infallible as ever was wielded under the mitre, no more genial, or kindly man ever lived. His humour was racy; his laugh free and hearty, and he

entered into every social pleasantry with genuine sympathy.

The genial heartiness and fine social sympathies of Dr. Strachan helped him through many difficulties; and secured the good will of his sturdiest opponents at the last. He could use his humour also at times with a quiet effectiveness that dispensed with argument; as in his reply to a rustic deputation entrusted with the grievances of a whole parish. Their clergyman was wholly unacceptable to them; and among other reasons, they protested that only last Sunday he preached a sermon they had heard half a dozen times before. "And what was the text?" demanded the Bishop in his broadest Doric; following the troublesome question round, as one deputy after another scratched his head in vain effort to recall the forgotten words. "Very good," responded the Bishop, "I'll write him to preach it over again!" And so the delegates were bowed out of the episcopal library. The story is still repeated with great gusto by admirers of the Bishop's fatherly rule. It seems such an unanswerable reply to the impertinence of parishioners venturing to sit in judgment on their clergyman. Yet, it is just possible that neither the deputation nor the parish appreciated the fine wit of the argument, or estimated any more highly their rector's unimpressive homilies. Perhaps, indeed, if the truth were known, the pews of the neighbouring Presbyterian or Methodist congregations were a little better filled in consequence; for men do not, after all, like to be treated as children. But it was the Bishop's way. "Not only," says Mr. Fennings Taylor, "was he a 'Father in God' by his office, but he was by habit and experience inclined, on all seasonable occasions, to display the attributes of paternity. When he saw fit to admonish a brother, or to give a Synod a piece of his mind, it was done in a fatherly way: that is sententiously, and to the point; and a very sharp point it was as many can testify who felt its pungency." Few more enthusiastic admirers of the old Bishop could be appealed to: yet such "fatherly rebukes" appear even to him to have occasionally had a little too much of the father in them, possibly owing to personal experience of their sharpness; and so he adds: "considering that he was dealing with men and not with boys, it must be allowed that he too frequently feathered his contempt with what could scarcely be distinguished from rudeness."

But we anticipate the events of Dr. Strachan's eventful life. He was a man of such indomitable energy and courage, so fertile in expedients, so firm and self-reliant, that wherever his lot was cast he must have made his influence felt. But introduced as he was to a new country, just emerging from its cradle, he found a boundless career opened to his ambition; and no one can study, without the liveliest interest, the strangely chequered career of the inexperienced Scottish lad, transferred at the age of twenty-one from the parish school of a Fifeshire village, and its income of £30, to what was then the uncleared wilderness of Upper Canada. It is far from improbable that the destined organizer of its Episcopal church had never even seen a Bishop. Episcopacy could be known to him only as a little non-juring community of Scottish separatists, existing outside the pale of legal toleration; and carrying their zeal for the divine right of the exiled Stuarts so far that, so long as Prince Charles Edward lived, they persistently refused to recognize the reigning family even in their prayers. The death of the prince placed them in a new dilemma. Roman Catholic though he was, his "royal" confirmation had been asked on the consecration of every non-juring bishop. But now their king *de jure*, and the head of their Protestant Church, was a Romish Cardinal, Henry Benedict, Cardinal York, on whose tomb in St. Peter's, is inscribed the apocryphal title of Henry IX. King of Eng-

land. To this little sect of Jacobites it is said the Bishop's father belonged. Of his mother's creed there is no question. She was a Presbyterian dissenter of the Scottish Relief Secession.

Of England and its Church Dr. Strachan knew nothing when he set foot in Canada. Had he tarried at home, the probability is that he would have become one of the leaders in the Moderate party of the Church of Scotland; and as such have proved the uncompromising opponent of his life-long friend, Dr. Chalmers: for whatever he did, he did energetically and uncompromisingly. Ordained by Bishop Mountain, a deacon in 1803, and admitted to priest's orders the following year, Cornwall became the scene of his joint labours as schoolmaster and clergyman. The occupation of his time in the former capacity no doubt greatly curtailed his parochial visitations, yet his intercourse with the people was effectively maintained. The indefatigable energy which survived long after he had passed the allotted term of human life was displayed to its full in those early years. His school vacations were devoted to extensive missionary tours into the widely scattered settlements on every side; and it was characteristic of him that, though with no taste for music, he succeeded in mastering a long and a short metre tune so as to be able to lead the psalmody, in the primitive services of those early days. He had, indeed, a habit of whistling as he walked with short quick steps in his energetic fashion. But it was the tuneless index of a mind busily engrossed with many thoughts and plans. An old pupil of his Toronto school describes him in those later years, "distinguished then, as for nearly half a century later, by the antique ecclesiastical costume of a past age." A sign from the established watcher warned the school of his approach, "when a hushed silence would pervade the building, growing in intensity as he himself entered, and continuing unbroken so long as it pleased him to pace the apartment, toying with the gold seals attached to his watch, and indulging in a subdued continuous whistle, for which he was noted elsewhere also, which seemed to keep time with the motion of some busy thought going on within." The experience of Scottish pastoral and catechising visitations was not lost on him; and the traditions of Cornwall still perpetuate remembrances of his public and private admonitions, his catechising of old and young: himself be it remembered slight and small of stature, and then of very youthful years;—and still more the general kindliness and humour which he dispensed alike to parents and children. His interest in young people retained all its freshness to the close of his long life; and hence his great success as a teacher. He had a shrewd discernment of character, and, when it pleased him, great adaptability alike to old and young. His faculty for remembering faces was surprising; and to the last he would win the hearts of children by his cheery recognition on the street, greeting them by name, and enquiring after all the home circle with unfailing accuracy. In the characteristic autobiographical charge already referred to, he says: "When any came to me who manifested a sincere desire to know the truth, it was my duty as it was my joy to encourage and assist them in their enquiries; but if they came merely to dispute and wrangle for the sake of victory, I refused to indulge them. By such a course I gradually acquired authority, and, notwithstanding my youth and inexperience, I was able to repress superciliousness and to expose ignorance."

For nine years Mr. Strachan continued to discharge his double duties of Rector and Grammar School Master at Cornwall. In 1811, the death of his friend, Dr. Stuart, left vacant the Rectory of Kingston, to which he aspired. But the Bishop of Quebec transferred the son of the incumbent from York, as Toronto was then styled; and

in lieu of it Dr. Strachan—recently created D. D. by his old Alma Mater,—was offered the vacant Parish of York. Times have greatly changed since then. In 1811 the Rectory of Toronto was little of a prize. The removal from Cornwall involved the abandonment of its flourishing Grammar School; and though he did at length accept the offer, with the addition of the Chaplainship of the Forces and its salary of £150, we have the authority of his friend and biographer for saying that he conceived himself wronged. He never after cultivated the cordial relations that had previously existed between him and his diocesan; and he even bethought himself of cutting the colony altogether, and returning to Scotland.

The future capital of Ontario was at this time little more than a village, with a few hundred inhabitants. The Indians' wigwams still lingered at the mouth of the Don, and the wild fowl abounded in the neighbouring bay. The old Fifeshire village of Kettle seemed as likely to rise to the rank of a capital city, with cathedral, collegiate and parliamentary buildings, churches, court-houses and crowded marts. It was the good fortune of Dr. Strachan to assume the parochial charge of Toronto while thus in its infancy; and, more than any other single man, he directed the steps through which it advanced with the growth of the province. He was scarcely there a year when its quiet was disturbed by the din of war. America had taken advantage of England's struggle with Napoleon to avenge real or fancied wrongs; and Canada must needs bear the brunt. The victories of Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane are the records of her gallant share in the strife. But Toronto has a different tale to tell. General Dearborn's fleet anchored off the town, landed a force of 2,500 men; and the little British garrison, compelled to retire before overwhelming odds, blew up the magazine, killing thereby General Pike, and a number of his men. At this critical stage Dr. Strachan was put forward as mediator, and by mingled threats and remonstrances, succeeded in rescuing the little town from sack and flames, after the exasperated foe had already begun to fire the public buildings.

Dr. Strachan was now one of the most influential men in the colony. Already one of his pupils was Attorney General; others were among its civil and military leaders; and many more were to succeed to the highest offices in the province. There is now preserved in Trinity College a massive silver epergne, bequeathed by him to the favourite institution of his later years. On its pedestal are engraved the names of forty-two of his pupils, by whom it was presented to him in 1833. These include three chief justices, a bishop, a chancellor, a speaker of the House of Assembly, puisne and county judges, members of parliament, deans, rectors, bankers and doctors. No wonder that he should stamp his character on the young country in which he played his part at so critical a stage. It had been as wax to be impressed and moulded to his will.

The early population of Western Canada differed equally from the adventurers of Virginia and the pilgrim-fathers of New England. The loyalists who had flocked in and taken possession of the wilderness, which they were then clearing and settling with indomitable industry, had in many cases sacrificed everything to their fidelity to their sovereign and the empire. Some of them were men of birth and culture; all of them were enthusiastically loyal. They had fled from revolution; but not till they had borne their share in the contest, both by word and sword, on behalf of the civil and religious rights that were periled. Society was reduced to a primitive and patriarchal condition; and the management of its affairs as naturally devolved on the recognized chiefs of the little community, as did the rule of the old Heptarchy on its Saxon eoldermen. The U. E. Loyalist was an undisguised Tory of the old

colonial type. General Simcoe, indeed, held a citizen of the new Republic in such undisguised abhorrence, that the British Government abruptly recalled him, to avert a precipitation of the war which broke out at a later date. The new Lieutenant-Governor, and every succeeding one, found a little compact body of loyal councillors, to whose advice they implicitly yielded. The settlers who slowly colonized the young province, had enough to do, at first, in their own struggles with the wilderness, without troubling their heads about colonial administration; and thus there grew up, by the most natural process, a little Canadian aristocracy, the members of which regarded all beyond their privileged pale very much as the old Norman did the Saxon churl. They intermarried and shared among themselves—at first justly enough—all patronage and privileges. It was, in truth, the very realisation of Carlyle's ideal perfection of human government: *la carrière ouverte aux talents*: according to him "our ultimate political evangel, wherein alone can liberty lie."

Such was the natural origin of "the Family Compact," an aristocracy very memorable in later years of Canadian history. Of this Dr. Strachan was the moving spirit. Appointed Rector of York in 1812, he became by Royal warrant a member of the Executive Council in 1818; in 1825 he was made Archdeacon, and in 1839 consecrated Bishop of Toronto, with a diocese extending from the Ottawa westward to Rupert's Land, and northward to the Arctic circle. He had set before his mind the clear aim of establishing in Canada a church supported by tithes and landed endowments after the model of the Church of England in its palmiest days of dominancy and privilege. Richelieu and the Bourbons had found no difficulty in establishing a Gallican unanimity of faith and worship: why might not a corresponding Anglican uniformity be the crowning triumph of British supremacy? Of the very limited powers of an English bishop of that day, and the easy relations of dean and prebend, archdeacon, rector and vicar with their episcopal head, he knew absolutely nothing by personal experience. He appears to have conceived in his mind an ideal not unlike that which an old Archdeacon of Huntingdon framed, after that memorable visit to Presbyterian Scotland in 1617, in which, with grief of heart, Dr. Laud declared that he found there "no religion at all that he could see!" In carrying out his ideal of a "religious unanimity in the future generations of Protestants who shall occupy these fine and extensive countries," he received hearty support from men who still dreamt in this nineteenth century of an absolute and willing conformity to the Church of England.

The ministers of religion were scarce, and the poor emigrant craved its rites and consolations in any acceptable form. We have heard an old clergyman tell of a Scottish grandame bringing her grandchild to the font. The good man was the sole Protestant minister of a region as large as an English diocese. She had overcome her sectarian prejudices, and watched with interest the novel baptismal service, till he came to make the sign of the cross on the infant's brow, in token of its faithful Christian service hereafter. The Presbyterian prejudices of the old Scottish dame could stand it no longer, and seizing the clergyman by the wrist, she exclaimed: "Na! na! I'll no ha'e the mark o' the beast on my bairn!" With such a community, conciliation was a very needful means towards success. But in carrying out his schemes, conciliation or concession formed no part of Dr. Strachan's plan. His first enthusiastic biographer says of him: "Matters of principle did not, in the Bishop's opinion, admit of conditions, and hence he was always ready to contend for what he believed to be 'pure,' being comparatively indifferent whether the strife was peaceful or the reverse. There was little moderation in his character, and, on

matters theological, less generosity.—Throughout the earlier portion of his life he had absolutely ruled boys, and in his maturer years he had been required conditionally to govern men. He had been accustomed to direct, and not to argue, and when accident imposed the latter duty upon him he seemed occasionally to be seized with a sensation of surprise, apparently because his opinions were questioned, or his judgment doubted. It seldom occurred to him that he might be right only in part, and he rarely doubted that those who opposed him were altogether wrong."

By an Imperial Act of 1791 one seventh of all the unappropriated lands of the province had been reserved "for the support and maintenance of a Protestant clergy." As surveys proceeded every seventh two-hundred-acre lot in each township was as duly reserved, as the right shoulder of the Hebrews' peace offering was for the sons of Aaron. But the country filled up slowly, and no proceeds were available from the ecclesiastical reserves. Their whole revenue up to the year 1818, when Dr. Strachan was sworn in a privy councillor, had scarcely exceeded £600; and no claim had been made on it for clerical support. In the following year, however, all was changed. The episcopal clergy were incorporated; the great ecclesiastical endowment of the future was entrusted to their management; and ere long the strife began, which went on with ever increasing bitterness till the secularisation of the Clergy Reserves in 1854. The terms in which all other denominations were then spoken of read now as an inconceivable anachronism of this nineteenth century. The ministers of the Church of Scotland were the first to advance a claim to the title of "Protestant;" but the opinion of "John Patterson, an able and rising lawyer in England," was procured by Archdeacon Strachan, to the effect that if they "be let in, there is no reason why any other denomination of dissenters should not also be admitted; and the words '*a Protestant Clergy*' must then be taken to mean Protestant ministers or teachers—which appears to me absurd." Attorney-General Hagerman enforced the absurdity in this contemptuous fashion: "How can you possibly place yourselves in comparison with the Church of the State, or imagine yourselves anything else in Canada than a merely tolerated sect? Are you not tied down by degrading disabilities? Can your clergymen perform the marriage ceremony even among their own people without having to dance attendance on the contemptible Court of Quarter Sessions? Does not everything show that you are meant to be, and must be simply a dissenting sect, existing at all in Canada, but by sufferance?" It seemed as if the gracious spirit of the martyred Laud had returned to earth, to conciliate the young province into loving uniformity!

In the arguments by which the exclusive Anglican claims were asserted, dissent and disloyalty were assumed to be nearly synonymous terms; and the idea found many sympathizers in the Home Govermment; though the friends of a wise toleration were not silent. Mr. Dunning, Lord Ashburton, had long before asserted that "the offering up to the Creator of that worship which they conceived to be most acceptable to Him, is a natural right of mankind;" while Burke had commended to the colonists "the generous example set by the treaty of Westphalia, by which the worship of the Roman Catholic, the Lutheran, and the Reformed Religions, was carried on in the same church on the same day." No idea could be more remote from the means by which Dr. Strachan hoped to promote the best interests of the province. Sketching the rise and progress of "The Church" in Canada, in his sermon on the death of Bishop Mountain, he speaks of itinerant preachers "who, leaving steady employment, betake themselves to preaching from idleness, or a zeal without knowledge, by which

they are induced, without any preparation, to teach what they do not know, and what, from their pride, they disdain to learn."

For long years the Clergy Reserves proved an ever increasing source of strife and heart-burning. In vain the House of Assembly, as representative of the popular will, protested against this and other grievances, till the revolutionary crash of 1837 compelled the Home Government to interfere, and place the government of the people under their own constitutional control. Seventeen more years elapsed before the strife was ended by the secularization of the Clergy Reserves; but by that time, not only had Presbyterians and Methodists made good their claim to rank as "Protestant clergy," but the Roman Catholic Church was enjoying an equal share with them in this "Protestant" endowment.

It was with a view to the organization of Grammar Schools and a University of the Province, that Dr. Strachan had been originally invited to resign the parish school of Kettle; itself an integral part of the Scottish Established Church. No wonder, therefore, that he devoted himself with characteristic zeal to the organization of District schools, and the establishment of King's College, on sound Church principles. The name of the new college, we imagine, was selected in pleasant memorial of his own Alma Mater. In 1825 Sir Peregrine Maitland sent home a despatch recommending the appropriation of valuable Crown lands for a university endowment, and in the following March Dr. Strachan paid his first visit to England, and saw for himself its cathedrals, parish churches, and universities, in "all the beauty of holiness." There he pushed the scheme of a colonial University on sound Church principles, so effectually, that money, as well as lands, was appropriated for the purpose, and a Royal charter duly set forth that His Majesty, George IV., "of his special grace ordained that there shall be established at York, in the Province of Upper Canada, a college, with the style and privileges of a university, to continue for ever, to be called King's College." It also further ordained, "that our trusty and well-beloved, the Right Reverend Father in God, Charles James, Bishop of Quebec" should be Visitor, and the Rev. John Strachan, D.D., Archdeacon of York, President, and his successor in all time coming as archdeacons, to fill the same presidential office. It further provided for seven professors, who "shall be members of the Established United Church of England and Ireland, and shall previously to their admission into the said college council, severally sign and subscribe the thirty-nine articles of religion, as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer."

"Complete success" says his biographer, "had crowned the efforts of Dr. Strachan; and the day-dream of his youth and of his mature manhood was at length realized;" and he comments on the admirable charter, as "the most open and liberal that had ever been granted," since it exempted under-graduates in other faculties than Divinity from religious tests. In reality, the "complete success" was of a very equivocal kind. The charter proved wholly unworkable; and the university which His Majesty, King George IV had graciously declared should "continue for ever," never existed in any other form than the parchment adorned with his royal autograph. So in 1827 we again find Dr. Strachan in England, once more prosecuting his suit for a workable university charter, on Church principles. While busily engaged writing pamphlets—"An appeal in favour of our college;" another on emigration; an abstract of colonial reports for the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, &c.—he found time to enjoy English society; was present at an Oxford commemoration; made a run to Scotland; spent some pleasant days with his old friends, Professors Hunter and Duncan, and Dr. Chalmers, at St. Andrews; visited his brother at Aberdeen; and

in London mingled with the varied circles of the great metropolis. His letters tell of meetings with Malthus, Horne Tooke, Lockhart, Wilkie, the poet Campbell, &c., in addition to the statesmen with whom his diplomatic mission lay. While still prosecuting his suit, the dissolution of the Liverpool Administration transferred the Government to other hands; but he was able to write home: "I am happy to tell you that I had the good fortune to accomplish the most material parts of my mission before the crash of the Ministry took place. My University charter issued on the 22nd of March." Again he writes, characteristically, "I got Lord Bathurst to give directions concerning the endowment of our University, a few days before he resigned; and one of the very last despatches that his lordship signed was one settling our Courts of Law upon a basis which I had drawn up; for you see, we colonists are obliged to turn our hand to everything." He applies to Oxford, unsuccessfully, for books for the University library; in spite of the opposition of Bishop Bloomfield, he gets a more favourable response from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; obtains from the Church Missionary Society a promise of £100 per annum for a Professor of the Indian languages and a corresponding sum to educate Indian missionaries; and so he turns his face homeward, happy in the conviction that he had not laboured in vain.

What he did return to was, as his biographer says, "a storm of unprecedented fierceness," based on his home representations as to Church matters in Canada. According to his own description to a friend in Scotland: "The flood-gates of a most licentious press were opened upon me." But he adds, "having very good nerves, I permitted them to rail on and, conscious of my integrity, I maintained an invariable silence." This did not, however, preclude a defence of himself in the Legislative Council, in which he maintained the exclusive rights of "The Church" to the whole Clergy Reserves, and triumphantly produced the legal opinion already quoted, which characterised the claim of the clergy of the Kirk of Scotland to be a Protestant clergy as "absurd."

Meanwhile one step was secured by the establishment of Upper Canada College, the great public school of the province. As to the University, as Bishop Bethune says, "all that was done for many subsequent years was to quarrel over the details of its charter, and have it modified, if possible, into such a shape as would meet the popular demands." Sir James Mackintosh had wisely remarked of the original charter: "I see with astonishment, that in a country where the majority of the people do not belong to the Church of England, the professors must all sign the thirty-nine articles; so that if Adam Smith were alive, he could not fill the chair of Political Economy; and Dr. Black would be excluded from the chair of Chemistry. In short, these regulations would exclude almost all the great teachers and illustrious men of the last age, and that too in a country where no such thing as a Test Act is known." Lord Stanley in like manner contended that "if any exclusive privileges be given to the Church of England, the measure will be repugnant to every principle of sound legislation." The old charter was utterly impracticable. Of the new one, Bishop Bethune says, "in King's College, with its original features materially changed, there was nevertheless much retained that would remind the world of its being a Christian and a Church institution": and this was even more strongly manifest in its personal organisation.

The history of the struggle which followed is that of one which has since been carried on at home with little less bitterness and and with like results. A Committee of the British House of Commons recommended the abolition of all tests, and the establishment of theological chairs, at least

of the Presbyterian as well as the Episcopal Church. By such means the different denominations have been successfully united in the common work of higher education in an Australian colony; but Dr. Strachan would hear of no compromise. In all his addresses and appeals the Bishop showed his absolute conviction that his Church was "The Church," his faith, "The Faith"; nor was it wholly without provocation that his antagonists loved to remind him that he had come to Canada a member of the very Church he was forward to denounce as schismatical. Lord Goderich pressed on him the proposal to receive one half of the University endowment as the exclusive property of the Church of England, with the original charter unchanged; and Bishop Bethune does not conceal his conviction that there was little wisdom shown by his predecessor in the refusal of so liberal an offer. What he did get, instead of this, was a college of which he was still president, a staff of professors actually, though not necessarily, of the Church of England, a Divinity faculty of the same church, and a college chapel conducted according to the forms of the English Prayer Book, but from attendance on which students of other denominations were exempted.

In 1841 Sir Charles Bagot succeeded to the Colonial Governorship left vacant by the death of Lord Sydenham. He was a man of culture, and took a warm interest in university organization. Advantage was accordingly taken of his countenance and favour to inaugurate the new college with all becoming ceremonial. On St. George's Day, April 23rd, 1842, the corner stone of King's College was laid by his Excellency in person. The description of "the vast procession," and all its magnificent accompaniments, receives due prominence in the Bishop's biography:—"The sun shone out with cloudless meridian splendour on perhaps the fairest scene that Canada has ever beheld. The Governor's rich Lord Lieutenant's dress, the Bishop's seemly vestments, the judicial ermine of the Chief Justice, the splendid convocation robes of Dr. McCaul, the gorgeous uniforms of the suite, the neat accoutrements of the firemen,"—and so the "glorious spectacle" is recorded to its minutest details. "To none was this a more joyous day than to the Bishop of Toronto." Alas for the brightest human hopes! The building thus auspiciously begun, remains an incompleted fragment. It has long ceased to resound with the prelections of professors or the exuberant demonstrations of undergraduates. But—

"Great wits to madness nearly are allied;"

and so the Canadian Government turned it to account as a branch of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum. But this is an incident of recent years. At the earlier date now referred to, all seemed replete with promise of success. The unoccupied Parliamentary Buildings were temporarily appropriated to the use of the college; its senate chamber was fitted up with stalls and other appliances as a college chapel; and to some, at least, the long-delayed triumph of Governor Simcoe's plans for higher education seemed happily accomplished. Professors of Divinity, Classics, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry were appointed. On the 8th of June, 1843, the college was publicly opened. In spite of its modified charter it was still, as Bishop Bethune says, "thoroughly English in tone and style; the changes effected were, practically, merely sentimental; they had no bearing or influence on its work or its spirit." "The solemnities of the day," says the *Church* newspaper, "commenced with the performance of Divine service in the college chapel," and the addresses and inaugural lectures which followed, are pronounced by the same authority "to have added fresh lustre to the theological, literary and scientific character of that best instructor of Britons,—the Church of the Empire." It was an unpropitious announcement.

"There was," says the Bishop's biographer, "an undisguised jealousy of its connection with the Church;" and it may be doubted if the steps which were taken were calculated to allay such jealousy.

Bishop Bethune, in detailing all the gratifying incidents of the Triennial Episcopal Visitation, only four years later: the Bishop's impressive address, his earnestness and practical manner of exhibiting "the Church as a bulwark against heresy and schism," and "the readiness with which Dissenters cast off all regard for the forms and usages of the Church of the Apostles;"—closes with an enthusiastic description of the special choral services in the Chapel of the University of King's College, with its "plaintive tone of sacred song, conducted by the rule of the ancient chants," and "the AMEN of the choristers and people, following the dirge-like petitions of the minister," at the close of which the clergy repaired to the episcopal residence, or "Palace," as it was customarily called. The plain, substantial red brick dwelling aspired to no palatial magnificence; but the old Bishop used to repeat, good-humouredly, the exclamation of his brother, who made his way from Aberdeen to the episcopal mansion; and, lost in wonder at his brother's good fortune, exclaimed in homely vernacular: "Eh! Jock! is a' this honestly come by?" The associations of that deserted mansion are replete with memories of genial hospitality, wit, and kindly humour to many. The host was full of anecdote about the events and characters of early Canadian history; and the guest who sat down for the first time at the Bishop's table, was surprised to find that the uncompromising antagonist of every ecclesiastical and political opponent, could welcome those very men to his table, and make their differences the subject of lively banter and repartee. But this pointed to no concession or compromise on such points of difference.

To this hospitable mansion the clergy repaired from the Choral Service of King's College Chapel, on the evening of the 3rd of June, 1847, to partake of the hospitalities customary at those triennial assemblages, and to present to him a massive silver inkstand, since appropriated to the use of his episcopal successors in perpetuity. No wonder that the impressions produced by all this were "of the most gratifying and refreshing nature" to Churchmen; but as for the "Dissenters," whose lack of "deference to the authority of the Church" had been one of the special subjects of denunciation in the Triennial Address of the morning: some of the proceedings were little calculated to persuade them that they had yet got a college in which students of all sects and creeds were to enjoy equal rights and privileges. In reality the University question was unhappily involved in all the bitterness of ecclesiastical rivalry in regard to Clergy Reserves and other matters; and so ere long the Episcopal King's College had a rival Presbyterian Queen's College, and a Roman Catholic Regiopolis College at Kingston, a Methodist Victoria College at Cobourg; and in recent years, an Episcopal Methodist Albert College at Belleville: of all of which Dr. Strachan may be very legitimately regarded as founder. But the good Bishop went on his way without doubt or hesitation. His heart was set on the realisation of a grand ideal, which he did accomplish at last, though after a very different fashion from that of his youthful dream.

When the full control of provincial government was conceded to the Canadian Legislature, the education question was anew taken in hand. A general scheme of Grammar and Common Schools was adopted on strictly non-denominational principles; and the University of King's College was reorganized in harmony with the general scheme. The leading object of the new University Bill was to place all denominations on a perfect equality; or, as the Bishop stated, in his protest, "to place all forms of error

upon an equality with truth, by patronizing equally within the same institution an unlimited number of sects whose doctrines are absolutely irreconcileable"; a principle which he accordingly denounced as "atheistical" and more monstrous in its inevitable results than the madness of the French Revolution!

With such views any further relations with the remodelled University were impossible. The Bishop seemed to have spent the labour of a life-time for nought. He now set to work with characteristic energy to establish a Church University, on the model of his original charter; headed the subscription list with his own generous gift of £1,000; appealed for contributions in money and land; and after meeting with a hearty response from his own people, the aged Bishop, now in his seventy-third year, started once more for England, and there obtained £15,000 sterling in money, and the promise of a Royal charter for a new college, which should realise all that had been guaranteed in the abortive charter of George IV. upwards of a quarter of a century before. On the 30th of April, 1851, another foundation-stone was laid. The bishop himself now officiated. He pronounced the new College to be "a burst of Christian benevolence, to remedy an intolerable act of injustice; and to prove that all oppression is short-sighted, and sure in God's own time to be overruled for good. It is," said he, "peculiarly the child of the Church; from her it springs, and under her wing it desires to nestle;" and so Trinity College was inaugurated, and now stands the most fitting and worthy monument of the venerable Bishop, to whose energy and indomitable zeal its existence and its special characteristics as an exclusive Church institution are alike due.

But the courageous resolution and intrepidity of Dr. Strachan found in other ways fitting opportunities for their exertion. Not a few of his own doings, both as Executive Councillor and Bishop were regarded by opponents as high-handed enough. When a like course roused him to opposition, he proved all the more formidable as an antagonist. The war of 1812 was no sooner well over than the soldiers and sailors who had served in the defence of Canada in many cases returned to settle in its clearings. The Bathurst district was chiefly filled up by a sturdy band of Scottish emigrants; and then, in their wake, followed the Earl of Selkirk, with a scheme for settling the Red River region of the far West, which, had it been encouraged might have rescued that wilderness from Crees and buffaloes, and organized the Province of Manitoba a full half century earlier. But rival fur companies watched the project with distrust, and the Scottish Earl, finding his project thwarted where the only law was that of force, adopted "the good old rule, the simple plan;" and so Montreal, the head quarters of the North-West Fur Company, was startled with the news that he and his Scottish followers had captured Fort William, and imprisoned the company's factors. Dr. Strachan had no idea of neutrality. He threw himself with characteristic energy into the contest and wrote a pamphlet against Lord Selkirk, exposing both his acts and aims as opposed to right and justice. Whatever may now be thought of the merits of the question as a whole, the collision between the rival parties had been attended with acts of violence and bloodshed, such as a Christian minister might well denounce; and so Lord Selkirk made a hasty retreat home.

But it is with no mingling doubt as to the merits of the cause that we turn to contemplate him as a Christian minister, in all the charitable social relations of life. His cheery greeting, and kindly sympathetic enquiries for the afflicted, were neither limited to the circle of his friends, nor to the members of his own communion. There, at least he was catholic in the largest sense. If the most uncompromising opponent—the clerical abettor of denominational poachers on his Clerical Reserves fund, the

political pamphleteer, or newspaper assailant of his cherished schemes—were laid prostrate by sickness, Dr. Strachan was among the foremost with proffered sympathy, or, if need were, substantial aid. With open heart and liberal hand he dispensed the charities of a generous nature; and in the hour of convalescence would cheer his old antagonist with bantering challenge to renewed warfare. It is pleasant so to think of him: welcome wherever he visited, in joy or sorrow, and everywhere a special favourite with the young. His kindly greeting was shared even by the household dog; and in his own later years, not the least characteristic feature of the bishop's library was his huge tom-cat comfortably coiled on the well-cushioned easy chair. Or again, in equally pleasant contrast to such homely scenes, we recall him on his long and toilsome missionary tours and episcopal visitations, undaunted by cold, hunger, fatigue, or privation; as genial and kindly among the poor settlers in their frontier log-cabin, as in the best society that Toronto could supply; and even in old age shaming the youngest of his clergy by the cheerfulness with which he bore the inevitable fastings and privations of their journeys into the wilds of Canada. Again, his fearless labours attract attention under another aspect. When during the terrible outbreak of cholera in 1832, it was computed that a fourth of the whole population of Toronto were attacked, and upwards of a twelfth died of the malignant disease. While hundreds were fleeing from the plague-stricken city, Dr. Strachan devoted himself to tending on the sick and dying with such self-sacrificing zeal, that the admiration excited by his conduct found expression in the form of a beautiful silver vase presented to him by his fellow-citizens, the inscription on which records that it is a memorial of respect and gratitude for his fearless and humane devotion to the duties of Christian philanthropy during the visitation of an appalling pestilence.

As his long and busy life drew towards its end, many of the earlier causes of strife and contention had been removed; and it seemed as if the calm of a beautiful autumnal evening gathered around life's close. The hand of time had been laid gently on him; yet as he approached his ninetieth year it was impossible that he should not feel the pressure of many exacting official duties. In 1866, accordingly, his old pupil and friend, Dr. A. N. Bethune, Archdeacon of Toronto, was elected his coadjutor in the episcopate, and he felt himself free to spend the few remaining months of life in kindly, genial intercourse with old friends, and with some also who had been old opponents. When at length, on the 1st of November, 1867, he expired at the venerable age of ninety, men of all creeds in religion and in politics united to do honour to his memory. His integrity of purpose was universally acknowledged; his liberal charities, so unostentatiously distributed, were recalled with grateful recognition; and many were ready to own that they owed to his generosity the assistance which had been rendered to them in the hour of adversity, or the means which enabled them to start on a successful career. He was a man of mark; and whatever be thought of the ideal he pursued with such zeal and singleness of purpose, he has left his enduring impress on the country of his adoption.

BOOKS.

BY ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

"My library was dukedom large enough."
— *Shakspeare.*

WE once heard an enthusiastic hunter, after an exciting day's sport, exclaim, "Surely the man who does not love hunting can have no soul!" The hunting spirit never having got hold of us, we therefore could hardly join in the sentiment. But we have sometimes thought that the man who does not love books must be sadly deficient somewhere in the upper story. We have even wondered if he could have any upper story at all, when he preferred to live away down among the grubs and the gossips, to associating with the great immortals. But be that as it may, some men never read any thing but the "prices current," catalogues and almanacs. Others read merely for amusement, or to help to pass an idle hour, or put in a rainy day, and could do well enough without it. But with us books are an every day necessity, and have been so ever since that long delightful summer of our boyhood when we lived on the Island of Juan Fernandez in company with Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday. That was our first acquaintance with books—it was indeed an era in our existence, for it shaped and coloured our life-long journey. After leaving the island we set out on our travels with Mungo Park through the centre of Africa; and after "doing that region," we started on a voyage of discovery with Captain Cook, and after circumnavigating the world, returned only to set out again for "fresh fields and pastures new"—to range through the kingdoms of science, literature and art. We are likely to continue our journey to the end of life's chapter, for the more we travel the farther the fields extend, and are all the time growing more wonderful and incomprehensible,

"And realms of which we nothing know,
Keep multiplying as we go."

"Books," says Milton, "are not absolutely dead things, but do convey a potency of life in them to be as active as the soul was, whose progeny they were: nay, they do preserve as in a phial, the purest efficacy and extraction of the living intellect that bred them." To us they are veritable beings, living souls, dear companions! to whom we go in joy or in sorrow. Our experiences, good or bad, are not new to them, for they have felt exactly as we feel, and can therefore sympathize with us, and in the deepest and the darkest hour we hear their voices whispering "courage."

Books are the mirrors of humanity; yea, the stage on which the dead appear to re-enact "life's tragedy again." Most people do not believe in ghosts. But look there! what is that? Lo! it is the "melancholy Dane," still soliloquizing, and exclaiming,

"To be or not to be!"

And here comes something far more wonderful than any ghost, even Falstaff himself, lacking not an ounce of flesh, and hale and hearty as when he fought the "men in buckram." There also comes the knight of La Mancha, still prancing on his Rosinante and exclaiming, "There is still sunshine on the wall." Lift a volume, open the leaves, and lo! as if by magic, Egypt, Greece, Rome, Babylon and Assyria appear, and pass like panoramic pictures before us, with Britain and America in the distance, and many more following each other like the progeny

of Banquo, "as if the line would stretch out to the crack of doom."

There are some books of which we never weary, for they are fresh and new after the fiftieth reading. We never fathom them, for they are deep wells of thought, from which the bucket always comes up overflowing. Every time we drink at those unexhaustible fountains we are refreshed; every time we look into their unfathomable depths we are filled with awe and wonder, and are elevated thereby. When we open a real book we cease to be ourselves, we get into the author's sphere, and he literally takes possession of us; we see with his eyes, we hear with his ears, think with his mind, and judge with his understanding. He recreates all nature for us anew, and we are mirthful or melancholy at his pleasure. If we open "Paradise Lost," we are instantly taken away from this little petty peddling, bargain-making time, and transported into the dawn of a glorious day, and the beings with whom we come in contact are all of preternatural stature, and have a shadowy grandeur about them; and we wonder at the degeneracy of mankind. People tell us they do not believe in magic, and yet what magic there is in thus giving to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name"! What magic in thus giving to immaterial thought a permanent form, which defies the power of space, of death, and time! We can never be without good company if we have a few good books, for they contain the life experiences of the greatest men. We can have their opinion on all the great problems that have perplexed mankind. They are raised above the petty passions and interests of the hour, and talk to us with a sublime serenity. What a joy they have always been to the sad and the solitary! They have peopled the desert, and filled the solitude with aerial voices, and introduced even to the shanty of the backwoodsman, company that a king might envy.

At one period it was our lot to live away back in the bush, where intercourse with our fellow men was rare, and save for the few books we had, the solitude would have been insupportable. But we were not without company, for

My cabin seemed a whole world-wide,
Kings entered in without their pride,
And warriors laid their swords aside.

There came the Saxon, there the Celt,
And all had knelt where I had knelt,
For all had felt what I had felt.

I saw, from clime and creed apart,
Heaving beneath their robes of art,
One universal human heart.

And Homer and Sir Walter Scott
Came to me in that humble cot,
And cheered with tales my lowly lot.

And Burns came singing songs divine,
His great heart heaving in each line;
A glorious company was mine!

I was the brother of the great!
Shakespeare himself on me did wait
With leaves torn from the Book of Fate.

They asked me not of rank or creed,
And yet supplied my spirit's need:
O they were comforters indeed!

And showed me by their magic art,
Those awful things at which we start—
That hover round the human heart—

Fate, ever watching with her shears,
And mixing all our hopes with fears,
And drenching all our joys with tears.

They showed how contradictions throng—
How, by our weakness, we are strong;
And how we're righted by the wrong;

Unveiled new regions to my sight,
Transformed the weary winter's night,
Into a spring-time of delight.

THE NINE HOURS' MOVEMENT.

BY C. HENRY STEPHENS.

IT is not our purpose to argue this question from any particular point of view, or to speak of it with any object other than that of obtaining as much light on the question as possible, and aiding society, as far as in us lies, in its proper solution.

It is a question—next to that of war or peace, of life or death—of paramount importance to all classes, and affects all in a greater or less degree. It is a question, moreover, of so complicated and intricate a nature, that it requires not only the most careful study, but facilities for examining it in all its bearings, in order to form anything like a just idea of its operation and results. We therefore propose to consider it by the light of whatever data and sagacity we can bring to bear upon it, from these two points:

From what it springs.

To what it tends.

That there is a great social revolution going on in the world, is a fact patent to the most casual observer. Nor is this to be considered in itself as new or strange. At no period in the history of the world, we believe, has its social condition been entirely at rest—at least among civilized nations. The nature of civilization is revolutionary and progressive. Among savage and barbarous nations—such as the negroes of South Africa or the natives of the South Sea Isles—the social status is necessarily always the same. It is true they acknowledge a chief or king, as the case may be; but besides these, distinctions of class—of high and low, of rich and poor, of educated and illiterate, of employer and working-man—are unknown.

And as it is these which constitute what we call social condition, the status must ever remain the same, the elements of change being wanting. But in civilized life these elements are as numerous as the sands on the sea shore, and subject to almost as many changes. Those which are uppermost to-day, airing themselves in all the sunshine of prosperity, are to-morrow borne down by the waves of an ever-changing existence and buried fathoms deep in obscurity. In like manner others, who for long years have remained unseen, unknown, unheard of, are continually being brought to the surface by the same influences. The more modern and advanced the civilization, the more rapid and varied these changes become—the more numerous the elements and the more indistinguishable the shades of difference between them. When civilization was in its crude and early stages the distinctions between class and class were more marked and striking and the mutations less rapid. Whole centuries were required to effect as great a revolution in the social arrangements of a people then as can now be accomplished in a single year. The action was more like the encroachments of the ocean on its banks, than the shifting of the sands which composed them.

These lines of separation, however, instead of being worn away and obliterated by the process, have, on the contrary, been parcelled out and divided up into innumerable smaller ones; so that in a division of society, where one line could be drawn before, there may now be drawn twenty. The working-man commenced as a serf and the employer as a lord. It was so in old Rome,

and it was so also in new Britain. The changes in social status were slow, and the progress of civilization was still slower. The former, indeed, may be said to have been a constituent and essential part of the latter; whether it will continue so, or not, still remains to be seen. In the course of ages, the great wall of separation between the employer and working-man was broken down. The serf was made free; was conceded the right of enjoying the fruits of his labours; was conceded the right to liberty of action, within certain restrictions necessary to the protection and welfare of society; was conceded the right of education and the right to call himself a representative man and a constituent part of the state.

But the breaking up of one distinction created "a hundred others new." The right of the working-man to the fruit of his own labour gave rise to an aristocracy of wealth, and in process of time to a thousand subordinate distinctions of this nature; and the right of education, to a thousand differences in learning and intelligence. In this manner society has become so complicated and the interests of society so varied and conflicting, that legislation is entirely unable to keep pace with it; and all the experience of the past, all the wisdom bequeathed to us by our ancestors, and all the advantages of the present generation, utterly fail to furnish our modern economists with a solution of the social problems of the day. Unceasingly, remorselessly the stream of time carries away now that pleasant point of land on which thousands have stood securely in bygone days and watched the rolling of its tide; and now that jutting rock, which was once so firm and strong as to challenge the admiration of all, leaves the statesman, who has devoted all his life to these questions, lost in bewilderment and doubt and unable to do more than utter the most random speculations as to the result.

Throughout all these changes it is worthy of remark, that the career of the working-man has resembled very much a triumphal progress, in the midst of which the words "Onward and Upward" have ever been conspicuous. The serf has possessed himself of freedom, of education, of representation, and of a power which, in this work-a-day world, controls, to a great extent, the operations of trade, and dictates terms even at the foot of the throne.

The working-man becomes a guild, a league, a body corporate, at whose meetings the highest in the land are proud to preside—a political army at whose head are found those of great intellect and of titled birth, both alike ambitious of leading them on. Have they anything to ask of the state, hundreds of supple tongues are ready to become their champions; have they a grievance to redress or a whim to carry out, an impecunious press stands willing to espouse their cause. They are "The People," and woe to the man or the institution which would say them nay.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, notwithstanding the advantages which the working-man of to-day possesses over him of ten, five or one hundred years ago, it is unfortunately too true that he is but the working-man after all. He is the man who labours from a stated hour in the morning until a stated hour in the evening to earn bread for his family and himself; he is the man who lives in a humble tenement, who dresses in a humble garb and, socially, commands the least influence and respect. This we fear must continue to be the normal and unalterable condition of the working-man despite all the changes of time and the concessions of his fellow-creatures. It is impossible, we well know, for all to be wealthy, for all to be capitalists and employers, and, that being so, it is unavoidable that he who has least money, who has the fewest elements of social strength in his possession, shall occupy, in appearance at least, a position inferior to his who commands both money and influence. This is an inevitable

corollary of our existence; but, while admitting its absoluteness, we cannot but admit, in contemplating the design and governance of the Almighty-Ruler of the Universe, how imperative it is that the capitalist who possesses power and means should concede all that can be conceded to the comfort and amelioration of the condition of the working-man, consistently with the general welfare of the state and of society. Placing the two classes—employer and employed—on an equal footing as far as civil rights are concerned, it may be and has been argued, that perfect justice is done. It has been said that the employee, if he do not like one situation or locality, can go to another, and that no employer can force a man to work against his will. But it has been proved that this is a very poor sort of justice indeed. It has been found not only that he was entitled to perfect freedom in this respect, but that legislation was actually necessary, as far as it dared to interpose between him and the exactions of his taskmaster.

But legislation could not go far enough in the matter. It could not raise the standard of wages or dictate the terms of the agreement between employer and employee in any respect. But of late years a remedy has been found. The philosopher's stone of the working-classes has been discovered —"Union is Strength."

By this they have done what legislation could not do, and which, carried to its ultimate consequences, must create a revolution of no mean magnitude in the social world. It has already emancipated them from a state of servile dependence, and raised them to a position of something like equality with their employers. It was but a few weeks ago that the foreman of a manufacturing establishment in this country, on being requested by the proprietors to discharge one of the hands, refused to do so; and when the employer did so himself, the whole establishment struck work, and the unfortunate proprietor was allowed to help himself in the best way he could. What the upshot of the strike was we cannot say, but the incident is a very fair indication of the power of which workingmen are beginning to feel themselves possessed; and it is this consciousness of power that has led to the present agitation for a lessening of the hours of labour.

What are the natural tendencies of that agitation, and what its probable results, we have yet to consider.

As we write, the news comes that the operatives in the flax mills of Leeds have struck for a reduction of their time of labour to nine hours a day. "The number of persons on strike," says the telegram, "is estimated at between 10,000 and 11,000." Ten thousand people—an army—in one town! What a power to work with, a power which gives to every request the force of a determinate demand, and one which cannot be lightly disregarded. The nine-hours' movement is the latest development of that restless progressive spirit of civilization of which we have been speaking. It is now about four years old, and is the offspring of the labouring classes in the United States. Several times the matter was brought up in Congress, and urged with more or less energy and force of argument, by those who had undertaken to champion it.

It was thrown out on two different occasions, but was at last carried, and is now in operation in the public works of the different States.

There is, however, one important difference to be noted, and that is, that there it is eight hours instead of nine, but only eight are paid for. And, moreover, so far as these concessions are concerned, no branch of trade is affected thereby, as no branch of trade is dependent on them. What the effect on the men themselves is we are unable to say; but we presume they enjoy their extra time for recreation as best they can, without being either much wiser, richer or happier for the change. The movement next made its ap-

pearance in England. Last spring the engineers of Sunderland demanded the reduction of time to nine hours, and stopped work until they got it. The joiners and carpenters of Newcastle and Gateshead followed suit, and in these places held out from May until September, a period of four months. In the latter month the agitation broke out in New York, and on Wednesday, the 13th of September, a procession of over 25,000 persons was held in that city, composed of mechanics and labouring men "on strike." From there the contagion has at last spread to Canada, and bids fair, in a short time, to be raging with considerable fury.

And what are the arguments put forward to justify this despotism of the working classes? Is their time of labour oppressive? Is their condition such as demands amendment? We fear this last question must be answered in the affirmative. In the large manufacturing towns and cities the operative or mechanic does not get his share of the comforts of life, considering his importance in the community, and the amount of labour he performs. This is more especially the case in the large manufacturing centres of England and the United States. There the working-man learns what it is to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, almost before he can comprehend the meaning of the phrase.

He toils on from year to year, he developes his physical and muscular powers, he arrives at manhood, he marries and begets children, and, though he obtains work from one end of the year to the other—regular and un-intermitting work—he finds that he has almost more than he can accomplish to provide the necessaries of life for those dependent on him. If his family be large, his labour has often to be supplemented by that of his wife, to provide even these; and, if he yield at all to the great curse of the civilized world, and spend his pennies in taverns, his way of life is thorny indeed.

And when we consider that this condition of affairs is shared in by what we—both English and American—are fond of designating a free and enlightened people, we cannot wonder that they will do what they can towards amelioration. We cannot wonder that they will league themselves together and do all in their power to improve their position and to render it more in accordance with the plain rules of justice. They argue, and no doubt with reason, that the man who does a hard, honest day's work every lawful day in the year, is entitled to as much of the fruits of his labour as will keep him in decency and comfort. But will a reduction in the hours of labour effect this much desired improvement? We confess we cannot see how. Even admitting that he will be drawing the same amount of wages at the end of the week, will he have gained by the change? Not at all: but, on the contrary, if the movement be a general one in the branch of trade or manufactures to which he belongs, the price of that article will necessarily rise.

And though it may not affect him directly or materially, still, "what is sauce for the goose," according to the time-honoured proverb, "is sauce also for the gander"; and the other branches of trade and manufactures will necessarily do the same thing; and the price of everything affected thereby will naturally rise ten per cent. to balance the account. This is inevitable. Even assuming that the manufacturer and other employer of regular labour will be induced to concede one hour out of the day's work, and pay the same price for the balance, it cannot be supposed for a moment that he is going to hand over to his employees a tenth part of the value he is accustomed to receive from them.

The merest tyro in human affairs would laugh at such an idea. He would tell you that the manufacture, whatever it may be, must be raised in proportion; and the farmer, finding he has to pay more for manu-

factured goods, must raise his produce accordingly; and the employee in turn must pay more for both. This is the circle in which the current of trade runs, and in which—no matter how the current may for the time being be disturbed—the common level must be maintained. Thus, if the operatives in boot and shoe factories demand the nine hours' system, and it is conceded to them, boots and shoes will inevitably rise all over the country; and, if this be the case with other fabricated articles in general use, there will follow an upward tendency in every article of household consumption. The result would be just the same as if the labouring power of the country were reduced by one-tenth, creating a scarcity of labour. Every one knows that when this has been the case, high prices have ruled. The operation of trade in this respect is as simple as the action of a water course, which goes up hill or down hill according as it finds its proper level. It will be easily seen then that the workingman would gain but little pecuniarily by the change.

There is another phase of the subject, and one which, notwithstanding it has been already pretty thoroughly discussed in the press and elsewhere, it would be well to consider. This is the system of coercion—the tone of absolutism which the Labour League has thought proper to adopt. Without laughing as *Punch* did, a year or two ago, when a body of tailors on strike in London published their "ultimatum," it is impossible to regard the action of the League as other than ill-advised and foolish. When one considers the impractibility of applying any inflexible rule to all parts of the country, and to all departments of trade, the folly is at once apparent. What may be expedient in one case may be wholly inexpedient in another. Where it may be simple justice in one case, it may involve a gross injustice in another. Thus there are some trades which are peculiarly exhausting, and some which are peculiarly unhealthy; while others, on the contrary, are not only neither of these, but are absolutely conducive to health and happiness when engaged in at the moderate rate of ten hours per day. Of the two former classes are iron-smelting, painting, stone-cutting, and glass-blowing. These are occupations the least of all to be envied, and those engaged in them are entitled to as much indulgence as possible in this respect. In opposition to these may be placed such occupations as that of a carpenter, a machinist, or a civil engineer, where the interest is so well sustained, where the proportions of physical and mental labour are so nicely balanced as to render them a pleasure rather than a burden. In cases like these there would be an injustice, not only to the employer but to the workmen themselves, in forcing them, if such a thing were possible, to work a smaller number of hours than they found expedient and profitable. In some cases again, and eminently those first above mentioned, very little risk is incurred in shortening the hours of labour, inasmuch as those branches of trade are not subject to such international competition as to be affected materially by a change of this kind; while others, on the contrary, such as the manufacturers of cottons, woollens, and leathers might suffer very sensibly from this cause. Nor does it seem that the operatives in these branches are at all oppressed by working ten hours a day. Tanning, without being peculiarly fatiguing, is notoriously a healthy occupation, while the work in cotton and woollen factories is so light as to be supplied chiefly by boys and girls. It may be said that this very fact would make it desirable to shorten the hours of labour. It may be urged that ten hours work is too great a strain on the physical endurance of one of premature years, but those who have had opportunities of observing, must have noticed that the great majority of boys and girls employed in factories go to and leave their work with just as much cheerfulness as others

more fortunately situated go to or leave school ; and, that they are, the year through, as healthy, contented and happy. And then there is, besides the impracticability of attempting to apply one rule to all branches of industry with anything like justice, the apprehension and distrust which may arise from the imperative, dogmatical manner in which the League has gone to work. We grant them the most perfect right to speak of their "ultimatum," and use any expressions with which an unabridged Webster may provide them, or which may be used by any other class of people, proletarian or capitalist, gentle or simple. But there can be no doubt that when a comparatively small body of workmen—at least a small proportion of the population of the country—can league themselves together and demand that this or that system shall be adopted one or two months hence throughout the land, it is time that society should wake up to a knowledge of the fact, that money is no longer the ruling power of the commercial world, and that the old terms of master and man must be speedily reversed. It is time it should awake if only to realize the new position in which it stands, and learn to adapt itself to the new order of things. There can be no doubt that the threatening stand which the working-men have taken is unwise. Every one must admit that it is calculated to sow distrust between the two great classes of society, and to frighten capital from the country. It is not the interest of the capitalist only, but that of the working-man in particular, that the most cordial understanding should exist between the two. To destroy this is to discourage the investment of capital in those very branches of industry which employ the greatest number of people.

There is another aspect of the question, however, and one which makes it incumbent on employers to move very cautiously in the matter. It will not do for them, however much they may be convinced of the justice of the step to accede too hastily to the demand for a reduction of time. We believe some may be led to do this from a fondness for the little temporary popularity they may gain by it, without duly considering the consequences which are to follow. It is possible that the action of a single firm may cause such a disturbance in that particular branch of trade as to be fatal to the standing, not only of themselves, but of many others in all parts of the country. A whole department of manufactures may be placed in such a position in relation to other countries as to be entirely destroyed.

Canada is now struggling in the manufacture of cottons, woollens, and other staple branches of commerce to compete with other and older countries, where, notwithstanding that labour is very much cheaper there than it is here, or can be expected to be for many years, they have strenuously opposed for the most part any concession of this kind. We have already seen that such a movement if generally carried out must inevitably raise the price of manufactured goods and must, in an inverse proportion to this increase, lower our ability to compete with other countries ; and this too when many are crying out against the small modicum of protection afforded to our manufacturers already. This is a phase of the subject which requires the most careful consideration.

The great difficulty with writers on this question generally is that they can only see it from one point of view—either as employers or employees ; and some of them, in their eagerness to establish their case, step right over the question, and unconsciously argue against themselves. Thus, a writer in a prominent daily journal, discussing the matter on behalf of the working-men, says that if the labour of 5000 men a day were reduced by an hour each, 500 men would not be lost to the community, as they would still remain as consumers, while other 500 would come in to make up the difference. This, on examination, will be found to be

very poor logic, if indeed it contain any logic at all, for its argument is rather implied than stated. We cannot see how either the working-man or the country is to be benefited by the result which is pointed out. If that man is a blessing to his country who makes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before, then surely 500 men who produce nothing, but who are fed by the labour of others, must be the very reverse. This is the true light in which to place the question. And again, how is it to benefit the working-man that every thing he has to buy, already higher than he has been accustomed to pay for it, owing to a reduction of labour, is raised still higher by the fact that there are so many more to feed who produce nothing? The same writer goes on to ask :"what right have the buyers in Europe to expect that Canadian workmen will manufacture at a figure to suit their pockets? especially as many of this class came here to escape the degradingly low wages prevailing in some parts of that continent?" This is the most childish argument imaginable.—Does the workman anywhere ever manufacture to suit the pockets of the buyer? Or, as we suppose he means, what right has the manufacturer here to produce a cheap article so as to suit the pockets of the buyer elsewhere?

Except it is to support himself and find employment for his workmen, we confess the question is unanswerable. If his employer did not manufacture so as to compete with other countries, whether cheap labour is employed or not, what would be the result to the workman? Would he get higher wages? Scarcely! The employer having no market would be obliged to shut up his establishment, and the workman would be obliged to return to the "degradingly low wages" of which he speaks. This would be the inevitable result, and will probably be found to be the result of a too hasty adoption of the nine hours' system in many branches of business.

There are, however, many favourable points in connection with the movement which are worthy of consideration.

There is every day an increasing disposition in the world to consider the working-man as a thinking, reading, intelligent being, the equal of his employer in every respect but that of wealth, and the position which wealth commands. There is an increasing disposition to consider him as one whose birthright is an equal share of what joys and comforts the world will afford, and one entitled, by the laws of justice and equity, to every amelioration of his position, which can, with a due respect for the rights of others, be accorded him. This principle is so thoroughly recognized in the neighbouring States, that many establishments are conducted on the joint-stock or mutual interest system; and in others, where they have been unable to concede the nine hours' movement, they have given to their employees a trifling interest in the business, and so tided over the difficulty entirely. This method was found to be most effectual, and one of the best that could be pursued in those parts of the country where labour was scarce, and where the business would suffer materially by the withdrawal of any portion of its force. But what are the other advantages which might be expected to follow a general adoption of the nine hours' system? One of them would undoubtedly be, that in large manufacturing towns and other places, where the labour market was crowded, the work to be done, and the wages to be distributed, would be more equally divided among those who stood in need of them. The "out of employment" class would stand a chance of receiving something to do; their families would be provided with the necessaries of life; and a vast deal of misery and discontent saved to the community. This certainly would be a great object gained. There would be fewer paupers in the poor-house, and society would be relieved to a great extent from a burden, which, instead of diminishing, goes on in-

creasing year by year. The last return of London pauperism shows that there were 33,875 in work-houses, and that 82,580 received out-door relief, making a total of 116,455 persons dependent to a greater or less degree on the charity of society for support. This is the return for one city alone, but we may safely assume that in all the other thickly populated cities, pauperism is in much the same proportion. According to another statement, it is said that the wool industry alone in England supports over a million people. If the day's work of all these were reduced to nine hours, *i. e.* reduced by a tenth, there would be a hundred thousand people at once provided for, and pauperism would be reduced in proportion. And this would be in connection with a single branch of industry. But we have principally to do with the result in this country, where pauperism is almost entirely unknown, and where everybody who is not disabled by misfortune or old age can obtain a day's work and a day's wages. Under these circumstances it is only left to us to enquire, whether the operative, the mechanic, and all those coming under the operation of the new system would be benefited in a moral or intellectual sense by the change. If the extra hour were taken in the morning, and the workman went to his daily labour at eight o'clock instead of at seven, as is pretty generally the case at present, it is safe to say that it would, for the most part be spent in bed. If in the evening, it is hard to say what would be done with it. In summer time, especially, it would, no doubt, be very much appreciated by many. The father of a family would have a longer evening to spend with his wife and children, to walk with them, or shop with them, if he were so inclined. The young man of studious tendencies would have a longer time for mental improvement, and would come to it less exhausted than he would be had he worked through the entire length of an average day. The girls, of whom large numbers are employed in factories in every country, would have increased time to attend to those thousand and one mysterious little matters so inseparably connected with a young lady's existence,—by which, in spite of the most discouraging circumstances, they are enabled to maintain their appearance and self-respect. Finally we would recommend to the working classes, wherever the population is sufficiently large, to make a faithful and strenuous effort to establish and conduct stores on the co-operative system. If they wish to take a greater interest in life ; if they wish to cultivate a business way of thinking ; if they wish to reduce the profits of the capitalist of which they complain so much ; if they wish to live cheaper and enjoy more of the comforts of life, they will find this one great means to that end. It has been tried, we are aware, frequently where it has failed ; but this was not from any innate defect in the principle, but from the manner in which it was attempted to be carried out. It has been tried in London, and is now being carried on there with great success. It is estimated that some 50,000 people there are obtaining their necessaries in this way, with much advantage. Let the workingmen of Canada learn to do this ; let them learn to live frugally, temperately, and with a high and proper sense of the power and responsibility with which they are entrusted, and they will do more to ameliorate their position than by any reduction of their hours of labour, or any fictitious appearance of material gain.

LET US LAUNCH OUR BOAT.

BY MISS M. B. SMITH.

LET us launch our boat on a sunny sea,
Where the bright waves dimple and glow,
Dip into its waters rolling free,
And toy with the sea-weed that, restlessly,
Is swayed by its ebb and flow.

Far under its waters, clear and blue,
There are strange and delicate things:
Frail sea shells, bright with a roseate hue,
And pearls that shimmer like slumbering dew,
And gems for the crowns of kings.

Oh, look! where the coral rocks lie bare,
Is a sea-nymph sporting free,
A sunbeam plays on her golden hair,
And touches her form with a beauty rare,
As she frolics and laughs in glee.

But she dives far down where her sisters sleep,
And she wakes them with her mirth;
And there on the water a dance they keep,
And they laugh and laugh but never weep,
Nor dream of the tears of earth.

Gray is the sky, and the sun has set,
And a cold faint breeze blows by,
And sullen the tones of the breakers fret—
For where is the shore? We have found as yet
But shadows and clouds come nigh!

The sea-nymphs—where? They have passed from sight
They were made but of sunlit foam,
They are gone with their eyes and their tresses bright
And over the wave comes the hue of night—
Let us turn our boat towards home.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

MARGUERITE KNELLER, ARTIST AND WOMAN.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW CHRISTIAN KNELLER LET MARGUERITE HAVE HER WAY.

THE same day, when her father had dined and was enjoying his pipe, seated by his favourite window, Marguerite came behind him and, leaning over his chair, said very quietly :

" Father, listen to me ; I have something to tell you. Maurice and I have found out that we don't suit each other, and that it is better for us not to marry."

" What is that, Marguerite ? Let me hear that again," said Christian Kneller.

Marguerite repeated her words as quietly as before.

" I told you that long ago, did I not ?" said her father.

" Yes, father, but I did not believe you then. You were right, however, and you see we have found it out before it was too late. You are glad of that, father, are you not ?"

" Yes, Marguerite, if thou art content ; thy happiness is mine."

And Marguerite answered her father, as she had answered Maurice, " I am content." Then she continued : " But, father, I have something else to say. Claire and he were made for each other ; let Claire be his wife instead of me."

" Claire ! Does he want to marry Claire ? I see it all, Marguerite. I always knew this young troubadour-painter was not worthy of you, and now see what has happened. He has deserted thee for Claire's pretty face." and he laid down his pipe with an emphatic gesture of disgust.

" He has not deserted me, father ; he would have married me if I had consented. But I would not consent. I wish him to marry Claire."

" Come round here, Marguerite," said her father, " come opposite to me. Let me see thy face."

Very unwillingly, Marguerite obeyed. It was an ordeal from which she shrank, but she trusted that the crimson tints reflected from the stained glass of the window would conceal her paleness.

" Kneel down, child—here, close beside my chair," said Christian Kneller, " I want to get a good look at that honest face, which knows not how to deceive. Marguerite ! Marguerite !" he exclaimed, " when wert thou wont to have those ashen cheeks and lips, and those dark circles under such dull and heavy eyes ? I understand it all, my poor girl. The heartless fool ! He shall never have Claire."

There was a little pause. Then Marguerite rose, and sitting on the arm of her father's chair, put her arm round his neck and said softly. " Father, you say you understand all this ; but I think you do not understand everything. Suppose I had dreamed, or imagined, from some cause or other, that Maurice did not love me as well as he used to do, what would you have me do ? Would you have me marry him still ?"

" God forbid ! Thou art too rare a jewel, my Marguerite of Marguerites, my pearl of all pearls, to be worn by any one who did not prize thee beyond anything else on earth."

" Well, then, father, ought I to die of a broken heart, or pine away my life in hopeless sorrow ? Ought I not rather to forget I had ever loved him ?"

"But that is impossible for thee;" said her father, shaking his head—"I know thee too well."

"Father," said Marguerite, "you have often called me strong; now is the time for me to prove that I am so. But you must help me. You must let Claire marry Maurice."

"Never, Marguerite, never!"

"She loves him, father, and he adores her. He will make her a good husband. It is not his fault that he loves Claire better than me; he cannot help it. She is beautiful as an angel, gay, sweet, bright-hearted——"

"And thou, my Marguerite, art the noblest of women. As for him, he is selfish, heartless and false."

"No, father, he is not heartless, he is not false—he did not mean to be selfish. He deceived himself when he thought he loved me, that was all. Many a one has done the same."

"Yes, many a one among the vain, the weak, the fickle. And shall such a one be made happy with a loving and lovely wife like Claire, after having trampled on such a heart as thine? I say again, never!"

"But you must not say it, father. Do not grieve for me, beloved father. Shall I not have all that sufficed to make me abundantly happy before I knew him? Shall I not have the glorious heavens and the beautiful earth, my beloved father, and my divine art? But before I can be happy you must let Claire marry Maurice. Trust to me, father, he is good, and kind, and honourable, and he will make our Claire happy."

"Well, daughter," said Christian Kneller, "I have never refused thee aught, and I suppose I must not begin now. I am glad thou art not to marry Master Maurice, I own; and I have no doubt thou wilt soon rejoice, in thy escape as much as I do. Kiss me, my brave girl, and let it be as thou wilt."

"That means, father, that Claire has your permission to marry Maurice."

"Yes, yes. To please thee, Marguerite, I would consent to anything."

Marguerite kissed her father gratefully, and then left him to finish his pipe and his afternoon slumber.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW MARGUERITE BEARS HER PAIN.

THE next few weeks were like a wild bewildering dream to Marguerite, in which past, present, and future seemed all mingled together, filled with a confused throng of fleeting images of misty objects and shadowy faces—vague, unmeaning words and uncertain voices sounding in her ears. When not engaged with her father, she employed herself on Claire's new wardrobe, and other preparations for the marriage, which was to take place immediately. Her only thought about herself was that she must not have a moment's time for rest or reflection. Day after day she persisted in walking to the most distant part of Paris, to make the purchases that were needed; and, coming home foot-sore and weary, would sit down to work at her needle far into the night; till, at last, thoroughly exhausted and worn out, she would throw herself on her bed and in sleep, more resembling the stupor of disease than healthful slumber, find a short oblivion. From this she would waken dizzy and bewildered, only conscious that a burden, no effort could remove and no eye must see, oppressed her, till the truth would pierce her heart with a sudden pang, and she would rush up and hasten to find some work to do—something that might aid in the struggle against thought and feeling, which now filled her days. Yet she looked better at this time than perhaps she had ever looked before. The strained tension of mind, the hurry of spirits, the

forced excitement, with which she tried to banish thought and deaden feeling, flushed her cheeks and gave a false brightness to her eyes, which made her as unlike the stereotyped love-lorn damsel as could possibly be; and no one ever seemed to suspect that, instead of being signs of health and happiness, they were only the symptoms of that fever of the heart which is, perhaps, the very worst phase of anguish. Claire never doubted that Marguerite, who was so strong and wise, was able to give or take away her love just as she chose, and, therefore, had ceased to love Maurice the very instant she had known that he no longer loved her; and Maurice, in the brief moments he thought of her at all, came to the same satisfactory conclusion. Even her father, seeing more colour and animation in her face, than had been there for many a day, and finding her ready hand and kind voice always near him when he needed them, smoked his pipe in peace, and said, "She is not weak and silly like other women. If she gave away her heart foolishly, she took it back bravely, when she found the gift was slighted. I can forgive the fellow now, when I find he has planted no thorn in her breast. He is far better fitted for Claire than for Marguerite."

The only one, who sometimes said that it was the canker within which gave such an unnatural brightness to Marguerite's cheek and eye, and such hectic energy to her frame, was Mère Monica; and with watchful and silent affection the faithful woman strove to save her from every annoyance and discomfort she could keep away from her. Claire she treated, half with pity, half with anger, as a selfish and silly child, and for Maurice she had always a short answer and a gloomy brow, though he had once been a great favourite with her. But her sympathy, pity and anger were alike thrown away on them all. Maurice and Claire were too much absorbed in each other to notice any change in Monica; and though Marguerite lived in a region very different from theirs, it was far beyond the reach of all around her.

Sometimes Monica would contrive to get Marguerite into the garden, when she knew that Claire and Maurice were not there, by begging her help in gathering fruits or vegetables. Then she would try to rouse her interest by descriptions of country work and country pleasures in fair Normandy, where she had lived when a girl. On this theme Monica would grow almost eloquent, and it was one which had always possessed strong attractions for the city girl. As she listened, the picturesque old Norman chateau and farm houses seemed to rise up before Marguerite, bringing with them glimpses of great strong horses; of patient cows, of gentle sheep;—of fowls strutting and cackling round the barn-doors; pigeons fluttering and cooing. swallows twittering:—visions of all the sights and sounds of happy rustic life and labour. She saw the gnarled old orchard trees, so laden with fruit that their branches bent to the ground; the fields of golden grain; the little patches of woodland with wild flowers growing in every opening. There were the brown hay-cocks rising in the stripped meadows, the rustling shocks of yellow corn; the ripe, juicy apples gathered for the cider-press;—and there too were the dance and song when the day's work was over, the village Fêtes on Saints' days and Sundays. She saw a bright little fishing village, with the fishermen's nets spread on the beach, the little children at play among them, and the fishing craft riding at anchor near; the shining sands strewn with shells and sea-weed, over which tiny waves danced in pleasant weather, or tumbled swollen and dark in the wild autumn gales. Even now, when Monica repeated her oft-told tale, in spite of herself, Marguerite would listen, and sometimes as she did so, a breath of peace and quietness, as if blown from that simple country life seemed to pass over the weary girl's spirit, and she

would long to be where she could hear the free wind sounding through the forest branches, or rustling the waving corn—the birds singing among the leaves, the streamlet rippling over its pebbly bed, or the waves dashing on the shingly shore. She longed to stand among the ripening corn and gather the blue scabious, or the scarlet poppy yet "crumpled from its sheath," to catch the scent of wild thyme when the bees were clustering, and sit on banks yellow with cowslips or purple with violets—or, best of all, to bury herself in the depth of leafy woods, and forgetting the dark and mocking past, live a new life alone with that benign nature, which

"Never yet betrayed the heart that loved her!"

CHAPTER XVII.

A GLIMPSE OF ANOTHER LIFE.

At last Claire's wedding-day came. She was married in an old, very old church, brown with age, which stood at the opposite side of the street; and which, during all the years it had been standing there, and among all the bridal parties that had entered its doors, could never have received a fairer bride. Immediately after, she set out with her young husband to spend the honeymoon at his old home in beautiful Provence.

On the evening of that day so eventful to those few hearts who make up the little world of this simple story, Christian Kneller had fallen into his usual afternoon's slumbers; Mère Monica had begun to put the house into order after the late hurry and bustle which had somewhat disarranged the regularity of its arrangements; and, for the first time for several weeks, Marguerite went into her *atelier* and sat down by the window.

"Now it is all over," she said, "now I may be quiet!" But in less than a minute she moved restlessly. "I cannot be quiet," she said wildly, "for quiet brings thought, and thought maddens me."

Starting up, she went to a table, on which lay some of her favourite volumes. One was a copy of the first Aldine edition of Dante, bearing the date 1502, and the simple title of "Le Terze Rime di Dante." Maurice had sent it to her from Italy before doubt had come to darken the brightness which his love for her had cast over the world, and the sight of it made her start as if the ghost of her lost happiness had risen before her. Throwing a piece of cardboard over it, she took up Goethe's Egmont, and began to read where the volume first opened.

"MOTHER.—Youth and happy love have an end, and there comes a time when one thanks God if one has any corner to creep into.

"CLARA. (*shudders, and after a pause stands up*).—Mother! let that time come, like death! To think of it beforehand is horrible. And if it come—if we must—then we will bear ourselves as we may! Live without thee, Egmont! (*weeping*) No! it is impossible!"

Hastily turning from Clara's joyful surprise as her lover enters, Marguerite found her death scene, and read it eagerly. Then she shut the book. "I will paint her," she said, "holding the phial to Brackenburg with one hand, and pointing to the lamp with the other, the pale and livid hues of despair, and of the deadly draught she has taken, darkening her beauty, but the great might of her love still illumining her eyes, and shining through the gathering shadows of the grave. I see her standing before me now, and I hear her softly saying, 'Extinguish the lamp silently, and without delay. I am going to rest. Steal quietly away. Close the door after thee. Be still. Wake not my mother!'"

In getting pencils and paper to make a sketch of the picture she had been imagin-

ing, she caught sight of the picture of Apollo and Clymene still on the easel. There was the face of Maurice, beautified and exalted as the light of her love and genius had beautified and exalted it, his radiant eyes shining into her own. Back on her memory rushed all the glad hopes, the bright visions which had filled her with such happiness while she had worked at that picture. While she had painted it she had thought only of Maurice, she had worked only for him; his pleasure and praise were to have been her great reward, —and now, the picture and she who had painted it were alike indifferent to him.

Hastily covering it, she began her sketch, but very soon she had to stop to brush away the tears which, in spite of all her efforts, began to fall in large drops from her eyes. Soon she could not wipe them away as fast as they came, and throwing down her brush, she let them flow without making any effort to restrain them.

"I think I will never paint any more," she said within herself. "What do I care for any success, any triumph now? And how could I achieve any if I tried, when my very soul seems dead within me. But what then am I to do? I cannot die as Clara did, and break my father's heart. No one shall suffer through me, least of all he who alone has truly loved me. If I live I must have work, but not such work as I have hitherto loved. Work that will blunt the imagination and stifle the feelings, work that will make me as cold, mechanical and insensible as a machine—that is the work I must find to do now. Farewell love and hope and fancy—farewell poetry and art; bright visions of ideal beauty and perfection, farewell! Henceforth I am to live a dull, monotonous, joyless, uninspired existence, a life from which all the sunshine and glory have fled!"

At that instant the bells in the old church began to toll a slow, sad funeral dirge, yet with a soft and soothing undertone in their chimes, like a faint whisper of hope amidst a wail of sorrow. The church, as has been said before, was very old, and the bells were very old too, but the tones were wonderfully rich and harmonious. Marguerite had always loved the strange and solemn music of those old bells, laden, as she often thought, with the sufferings and sorrows, the hopes and prayers of all the long centuries through which they had sounded; and now their plaintive tones, their fitful changes, their unearthly sweetness seemed to penetrate the room with a holy pathos and power, drawing her soul away from earth and all its anguish towards that diviner region where passion and pain shall cease and vanish, merged in everlasting rest. Softly she opened the window, and kneeling down as she had knelt on that night of agony which now seemed so far away, she listened to the deep, clear, dropping tones, every one of which seemed to fall on her aching heart like dew on the parched earth, bringing healing as it fell.

As she thus knelt and listened, softened and subdued, she saw through the grey November evening a funeral train coming down the street. There was a bier covered with its long black pall, and attended by a little company of black-robed priests and mourners; and as the slow procession moved along with measured tread, a strain of rich music seemed to float before them. The priests and choristers were chanting an ancient Latin hymn, well known and loved, in Dr. Neale's English translation:—

"Oh one! Oh, only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And joy has no alloy!
Thy ageless walls are bonded
With amethysts unpriced,
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner stone is Christ!

"Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright Day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!

Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy power.
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower !"

The voices of the singers were very sweet and tuneful, and their execution did not mar the beautiful music to which St. Bernard's grand old hymn was set. Marguerite had often heard it, but never before had it impressed her so deeply. The contrast between the dark despair that had been surging in her heart, and the song of triumphant joy now sounding in her ears and thrilling through all her being, brought to her mind that great army of martyrs, saints and heroes, made perfect through suffering—"whose heroic agonies rise up forever out of all lands, a sacred *Miserere* to Heaven, their heroic actions also, a boundless, everlasting psalm of triumph !" She thought of all those suffering ones who had known all the bitterness this world can give, and never tasted of its sweetness, yet they had gone on their way brave, patient, strong, unmindful of their own bleeding feet and torn garments, binding up the scars of the wounded, comforting the sorrowful, strengthening the feeble—living wholly for the sake of others. What was her pain compared with theirs, and yet how weakly and impatiently she had borne it. But with God's help, it should be so no longer. Words which she had read—she did not now remember where—seemed to spring out of her memory in characters of light: "Do good to others, and God will heal in your heart the wounds of sorrow."—A little while ago she had asked herself: "Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul, which long for death, yet it cometh not, and dig for it more than for hidden treasures?" She believed that the answer had come.

Slowly, solemnly the funeral train entered the church, and for a while there was silence. Then the organ began to play Spohr's beautiful anthem—"Blest are the Departed !" Marguerite could hear every note distinctly, as their melodious sounds floated through the grey mists of evening and seemed to gather round her, till they wrapped her in an atmosphere of peace. When the anthem was over, she rose from her knees, and calmed, comforted, strengthened, she went down stairs to her household labours.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER SIX YEARS.

Six years after his marriage, Maurice Valazé was the most celebrated portrait painter in Paris. He had almost given up all other painting; for he no longer aspired to give form and being to his conceptions of the beautiful and true; he only strove for wealth and reputation; and skilful portrait-painting was a far surer road to these than works of higher art, which would take years to execute, and for which no purchaser might be found. And he had perfectly succeeded in his aims. He received prices for his pictures that to poor struggling artists seemed fabulous; he had a distinguished reputation, a magnificent house, a beautiful and amiable wife and lovely children. He was the favourite of society, courted and flattered by high-born beauties, princes and statesmen, and fortune seemed never weary of showering her gifts on his head.

And where now was Marguerite?

Living in her old home in the quiet and shadowy street, neither house nor street in any way changed, except that the honest, kindly face of Christian Kneller was now never seen there. The good Christian was dead, and Marguerite had only her faithful Monica now. She had conquered the love which she had found so sweet in its beginning, so bitter in its ending, and her life was calm and peaceful. She had returned to her beloved art, and she gained by her labours more than enough to satisfy all her wants, and provide her with such simple

pleasures as she desired. She had her books and her garden, she had congenial work, which was not so much work, as the spontaneous language of her being, and every day her hand grew more skilful in expressing the conceptions of the spirit that guided it. And though she lived a life as retired as a nun's, she did not forget the lesson she had learned that dark November day, six years ago, when she knelt at the window and listened to the hymn of St. Bernard, as the funeral train passed by. She had made her own burden light by striving to lessen the burdens that others had to bear. Many a homeless victim of want, many a wretched hope-abandoned outcast found the way to that quiet dwelling, and none ever came there without receiving help and comfort.

Sometimes Claire would drive up in a handsome carriage, and looking as gay, as sweet, as beautiful, as ever, get out and trip into the grey old house, her rich bright dress, her golden hair, and lovely looks making "a sunshine in the shady place." She would give Marguerite and Monica a hasty kiss each, repeat for the thousandth time her entreaties that they would leave that gloomy old house, and come and live with her; and then, half laughing, half angry with Marguerite for refusing her consent, and wondering again and again how she could bear to live such a dull and lonely life, she would kiss her once more, say a few loving words, trip back to her carriage, and drive away, like a beautiful princess in a fairy tale, escaping from some grim enchanted dwelling.

Marguerite, though she loved her as fondly as ever, never went to visit Claire. She lived in an atmosphere of artificial glitter and excitement, of show and seeming, in which Marguerite could not have existed for a day. But if she had been in want, or in sorrow, she would have found Marguerite's love as faithful and as tender as in the days when she had knelt by her bedside and sung her to sleep, with all a mother's fondness stirring her girlish heart. Maurice, Marguerite never saw, and when Claire talked of him as the most fashionable artist of his day, the courted companion of men and women of rank, the idol of drawing-rooms, she felt it hard to believe that this could be that Maurice who had sat beside her in the dear old garden, planning a life rich with all the divinest possibilities of man, while she listened with undoubting faith, and believed that to share that life, and follow where he led, would be the noblest destiny earth could give to woman.

(To be continued.)

THE BARD.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

O HEAVEN-gifted, Poet-soul,
Stand up erect amid thy peers,
And let thy mellow thunders roll
Like music down the coming years.
From age to age the world has groaned
Beneath some grievous weight of wrong,
But much in mercy is atoned
In justice to the Poet's song.

Where Falsehood shows its venomed sting,
Let slip the golden dart of Truth,
And shield, as with a seraph's wing,
The many-passioned heart of youth.
Thy song should be ambrosial food,
Soul-manna, making wise and just;
The mental-nectar of the good;
Thou, worthy of thy sacred trust.

Nature's designed interpreter,
Her great High Priest, her Prince of Love,
Whose hymnings, Hope-inspired, stir
The pride of earth, the heavens above.
A high, a holy mission thine;
Be brave, and battle for the right;
Mount up, as one whose flight divine,
Like morning's, makes the darkness bright.

Thine is the heart that grows not old,
The sweet eternal youth reigns there,
Mild as the Zephyr, and as bold
As thunder when it shakes the air.
Teacher of Beauty, Goodness, Joy,
Calm joy, and mirth that stirs the brain;
In manhood great, in soul the boy
That treads his native hills again.

Thine is the mission, too, to preach
The law of Kindness far and wide,
The hate of hatred, and to teach
Forgiveness, blest and glorified.
Exponent of the higher laws,
On thy firm rock of safety stand,
And leave the human rooks and daws
To rear their temples on the sand.

Man of the restless brain and heart,
The dreamy, speculative eye,
Living in thine own world, apart
From all the pomp that passes by;
Unknown and uninterpreted,
Unfathomed by the common herd;
Dead living, living most when dead,
Whole nations pondering o'er thy word.

The ages' standard-bearer thou,
The banneret ordained to scale,
With conquering tread and dauntless brow,
The battlements where Doubt must fail;
The toilsome hills of life to climb,
All heart and soul, and hope, and trust,
In fancy-dreams and moods sublime
Obtaining respite from the dust.

Scorning the earth, but not in scorn,
Thy footsteps here, thine eye above,
In expectation of a morn
More perfect, to be born of love;
And like the airy Mercury,
Using thy winged gift to soar,
In sweetest meditation free,
Among the stars for evermore.

OTTAWA.

YACHTING.

BY AN AMATEUR.

THE growing interest, which is at present manifested in Yachting in all civilized countries, will warrant an appeal to Canadians on behalf of a great national amusement—one which has no equal in the popular enthusiasm which it creates, the health-invigorating exercise which it furnishes, and the noble sport to which it gives birth.

The history of Yachting yet remains to be written—and, as a consequence, one is compelled partially to grope in the dark in the search for early and reliable data concerning the origin and subsequent development of Yachting and Yacht Clubs. The Royal Cork Yacht Club, founded in 1720, heads the list of regularly organized Yacht Clubs; and from that date to the founding of the Royal London in 1849, there were 17 Yacht Clubs established in various parts of the United Kingdom—ten of which were English, four Irish, two Scotch and one Welsh. During the years 1848–9 a great deal of enterprise was shown in the construction of a large number of first-class yachts, which were unsurpassed for completeness of outfit and perfection of workmanship. Up to this time Yacht Clubs were confined to the United Kingdom, but the success of yachtsmen in the Old World stimulated kindred spirits in the New to give their attention to a now national amusement, and in June, 1848, the "New York Yacht Club" was organized. Little was known in England about American yachting beyond the

performances of the New York pilot boats, which had long been famous for their speed and sea-going qualities. Previous to the year 1851, judging from the records of that date, English yacht-builders and yachtsmen were firm in the belief that they possessed the fleetest yachts and the best skilled sailors in the world. Repeated triumphs evidently confirmed their right to be thus considered, and to furnish grounds for the unqualified statement made in the "Yacht List" for 1851, that "yacht-building was an art in which England was unrivalled, and that she was distinguished pre-eminently and alone for the perfection of science in handling them." These were strong words, and yet they doubtless conveyed the honest judgment, not only of the writer, but of foreign yachtsmen generally. The success of yachting in the United Kingdom led to the building of a yacht in the United States, to test the powers of the long conceded English champions. It was decided to construct a yacht, cross the ocean with her, and challenge a trial of speed in a contest open to all nations. The originality of the proposal was only equalled by the originality of the model and general outfit of the yacht, which was at once built.

In view of the fact that skilful yacht-builders in England, for nearly half a century, had been constantly striving to produce fast yachts, and with abundant experience to guide them, the successful defeat of their favourite system surely marks an important era in the history of Yachting. "No Englishman," says a writer in *Times* in 1851, "ever dreamed that any nation could produce a yacht with the least pretentions to match the efforts of White, Camper, Ratsey and other eminent builders." The English system of yacht building was that of deep draught, narrow breadth of beam, straight water lines forward, and with the greatest breadth of beam abreast the *foremast*. The weakness of this old system was demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of the most obstinate and incredulous, by the splendid victory of the *America* in 1857, in the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta for the Queen's Cup.

To George Steers, of New York, belongs the the credit of inventing—for invention it really was—a new system of yacht-modelling. He zealously contended that breadth of beam furnished the best buoyancy, and that hollow water lines forward, with the greatest breadth of beam abaft the *mainmast*, should supersede the old system. Steers believed that sails could force a yacht *over* the water more easily and swiftly than *through* it—and so his system was distinguished by great breadth of beam and comparatively light draught. The theory advocated by this great yachtsman at first found little favour among American yachtsmen, and so he built the *America* to prove that his views were correct. The performances of this yacht were so satisfactory that Commodore Stevens, of the New York Yacht Club, took her to England, and at once issued a challenge to all foreign yachts to sail a race for "$10,000, a cup or a piece of plate." The presence of this American yacht in English waters created a degree of enthusiasm before unparallelled. The "cheek" of her builders and backers, in boldly throwing down the gauntlet to all comers, was a subject of general comment—and of many a jest and sneer as well.

But despite funny criticisms and the great number of foreign yachts against which she would have to contend, the *America's* challenge was made in good faith, and sustained by yachtsmen who were seriously in earnest. The Annual Regatta, at Cowes, came off shortly after the arrival of the *America*; but the latter yacht was ruled out for valid reasons, and for some days it was feared that no test race would be made. The appearance of the "Yankee Craft" was somehow not altogether pleasing, and while English yachtsmen were confident they could beat her, they still showed a remarkable reluctance about making the attempt. However, after the first flurry of excitement had sub-

sided, a race round the Isle of Wight was arranged, for a cup presented by Her Majesty to come off on the 22nd of August. This event opened up a new era in yachting, for it may justly be claimed that the result of this contest lent a lustre to, and gained a prominence for, yachting before unequalled. The year 1851 is celebrated in sporting annals for the first International Regatta—and for the largest number of starters ever known for the Derby.

The 22nd of August dawned with a clear sky and favouring breeze. Thousands of spectators lined the shore, watching with enthusiastic interest the preparations for the "start." Abreast of Cowes the sight presented was one of surpassing beauty. More than a hundred yachts were in sight, sailing "off and on," their white canvass looking like huge wings sweeping over the surface of the sea—restless and yet graceful—their owners apparently anxious for the race to commence. Fifteen yachts started—the finest and fleetest in the United Kingdom—among which were the *Volante*, *Constance*, *Alarm*, *Beatrice* and *Gipsy Queen*. The *America* was the last to get under way, but she gradually gained upon her antagonists, and was the first to pass the winning buoy —beating the fleet nearly eight miles.

On her return there were innumerable yachts off Cowes, and on every side was heard the hail, "Is the *America* first?"—The answer, "Yes." "What's second?"—The reply, "Nothing." The Queen was an interested spectator during the race, and after it was ended she went on board of the *America*, and expressed herself delighted with the appearance of the yacht. The English yachtsmen gracefully acknowledged their defeat, and gave their fortunate rivals a grand banquet in honour of the victory. Mr. R. Stephenson, a leading English yachtsman, was not fully satisfied with the test of the 22nd of August and therefore backed his iron yacht *Titania*, of 100 tons, to sail against the *America* for £100. The contest came off on the 28th, when the *Titania* was as signally defeated as the rest. The *America* beat her opponent 52 minutes out of six hours and a half —leaving her eight miles astern. This victory settled the question of the superiority of the *America* over all foreign yachts, and she returned to the United States, taking with her the coveted Queen's Cup. She made a record there which will stand as a monument to the genius of her builder as long as yachts are built to plough the ocean's bosom.

It is both instructive and amusing to read the criticisms on this first International Regatta in the current news of that day. The easy victory of the *America* utterly bewildered foreign yachtsmen. Their boasted prestige, as victorious yacht-builders and yacht-owners, had been lost in the first great contest, and the best and poorest of excuses were equally unsatisfactory.

A few beaten rivals consoled themselves with the sneering remark that the *America* was only a "racing machine!" But this excuse found little sanction among the best of England's yachtsmen. Capt. Watson, of the Royal Navy, in the *Times*, thus commented on this class of criticisms:—"A writer in your journal lately wished to make it appear that such a vessel as the *America*, a mere 'racing craft,' must be useless for all practical purposes; and he, facetiously, remarks that you might as well compare a Derby three-year-old to a comfortable hackney as the *America* to an English yacht. But, Sir, we must allow that a little 'breeding' is no bad thing—either in a pack-horse or a weight-carrying hunter. So, also, may our clumsy hulls be modified by modern ingenuity and improvements, when our ship-owners and ship-builders become less prone to adhere to their old forms and fashions."

The facts are, however, that this victory of the *America* completely changed the system of yacht-modelling; and although the change grew by slow degrees, yet it was nevertheless true that the greatest breadth of beam was gradually extended aft, until it very nearl

approximated to the model of the *America* in this respect. Yacht builders before the *America's* day believed that it was necessary to make a yacht full forward, *i. e.* to have the greatest breadth of beam abreast the foremast, so as to make her buoyant in a head sea. The sharp bow and hollow water lines of the *America* were in striking contrast with the full bows and straight water lines of her competitors; and not a few sage "old salts" predicted that the *America* would be swept "fore-and-aft" in a sharp head sea. The result of the trial of the two systems is thus described by a *Times'* reporter:—"While the cutters were thrashing through the water, sending the spray over their bows, and the schooners were wet up to the foot of the foremast, the *America* was as 'dry as a bone.'" We have commented rather fully on this Regatta, for it was from this contest that modern yachting received its greatest impulse; and, moreover, the model of the *America* has been proved to be *one* of the best ever produced, as we shall have occasion to show hereafter. The second memorable event in the history of Yachting, beyond the yearly regattas of established Yacht Clubs, was the Great Ocean Yacht Race between the *Henrietta*, *Fleetwing* and *Vesta*, of the N. Y. Yacht Club. These yachts left Sandy Hook Light Ship on the 11th Dec. 1866, and the *Henrietta* arrived off the Needles, Isle of Wight, England, at 5.45 p.m., 26th Dec. 1866, winning the race and making the run in 13 days, 22 hours mean time. The *Fleetwing* arrived 8 hours afterwards, and the *Vesta* 1½ hours after the *Fleetwing*. The remarkable sailing time made by these splendid yachts, and the slight difference in the time of their arrival, was the subject of much comment; and it was pretty generally conceded in England that yachting in the United States had attained a high standard of excellence. The pluck, enterprise and enthusiasm shown in contests like those already mentioned, excited the popular interest to the highest pitch—and won for yachting the first place in the estimation of the people as a great national amusement.

The ocean race between the *Cambria* and *Dauntless*, during the summer of 1870, is still fresh in the minds of yachtsmen—and, indeed, all classes were intensely interested at the time in the result. Day after day passed while "asking eyes" eagerly scanned the horizon off the Narrows in anxious search for the on-coming yachts. At last the *Cambria* hove in sight, and passed the light ship ahead, the winner of the race —while the *Dauntless* followed in less than *two hours* afterwards.

The challenge race of the *Cambria* over the N. Y. Y. Club course, for the Queen's Cup, was witnessed by more spectators than any regatta ever held before or since, for it was conceded that more than a million of people watched the progress of the race. Indeed, the sight presented was one never to be forgotten by any beholder of the magnificent spectacle. The harbour was literally covered with sailing craft of every size and description: steamers crowded to their utmost capacity; ferry boats fairly alive with passengers; grim "men-of-war" and deeply laden jolly-boats—all packed with interested spectators. The fleet of yachts moored, ready for the start, was beyond question the finest and most complete afloat. Many of them had already become famous in yachting annals. Conspicuous among them was the old *America* —she that so gallantly won the Cup a score of years before, appearing fresh in her new sails and new coat of paint, while her raking spars and saucy look betokened that she had not lost the vigour of her youth. The *Dauntless*, too, was in line—snug and trim in her outfit—ready to "try again" the fleet *Cambria*, and to prove, if possible, that "luck" had been against her in the ocean race.

The *Fleetwing*, *Magic*, *Henrietta* and many others were moored "in line, but the *Cambria* bore off the palm in general interest. Her plucky commander had crossed the ocean avowedly to redeem the Cup, and

many hoped that his true British daring would be rewarded with success.

At last the signal is given, and away speed the 18 yachts, amid the cheers of the multitude! Another scene, and this ends the grand aquatic drama. It is the return. The *Magic* is first, the *Dauntless* second, the *Palmer* third and the *America* fourth, while the *Cambria* was badly distanced.

There is something deeply interesting in the performances of the yacht *America*. With all the combined skill of builders of crack yachts, both in England and America, but little real progress has been made in the past 20 years, for it is believed by competent judges, that had the *America* been properly manned and fitted out, she would have won this race. This fact is worthy the study of yachtsmen.

During the past year the excitement in yachting circles in New York was at fever heat, over the challenge races with Commodore Ashbury's new yacht *Livonia*. Believing that the *Cambria* could not win the Queen's Cup, the persevering Mr. Ashbury built a new one for this purpose. The result is familiar to all. She came, she worthily contested, but she was beaten. Sincerely as we regret the *Livonia's* failure, we yet believe that yachting has had no more zealous promoter than Commodore Ashbury. He failed, it is true, in his cherished hopes, but his courageous *endeavours* to possess the Cup have imparted new life into yachting circles the world over. As the record stands now the American yachtsmen are masters of the situation. Why are they almost invariably victorious in contests with English yachts? The answer is, because English yachtsmen fail in the *fitting out* of yachts. They over-load them with heavy spars and rigging, and thus deaden them with superfluous weight. The lines of the *Livonia* were beautiful, her hull was admirably constructed, but her spars rigging and sails were altogether too heavy. It was quite generally conceded, in well informed circles in New York, that had the *Livonia* been *fitted out* as well as were her antagonists in the late contests for the "Queen's Cup," her record would have been far more brilliant.

Equally as much depends on the proper rig and trim as on the model of a yacht. The great point to be attained is to secure a *maximum of speed* with a *minimum of weight*. Each unnecessary pound of rigging is as detrimental to a fast yacht, as is extra "dead weight" to a race-horse. It is true that great skill and experience are indispensably necessary to enable one to determine, with reasonable certainty, what the proper outfit of a yacht should be. If too light, a break-down is the penalty; if too heavy, a defeat is the consequence. Foreign yachtsmen claim that the Americans fit out their yachts too lightly, and point to the frequent "carrying away" of some part of the rigging or spars as proof of the assertion. The answer to this should be that it is better *occasionally* to "break down" than to be *invariably* beaten. The rigging of the *Livonia* (and of the *Cambria* as well) was strong enough for a "fore-and-after," and the extra weight above deck acted as a constant purchase to press her into the water, and to cant her over to leeward when under sail. This weight was a comparatively trifling burden, it may justly be claimed—but it should also be remembered that she crossed the winning line only a trifle behind the winner. When Michael Angelo was accused of spending too much time over a statue which he was rounding into marvellous perfection, and of paying needless attention to "mere trifles," he thoughtfully replied—"It is true that these touches are but trifles, but trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." What Angelo's trifles were to the statue, the trifles in rigging and fitting are to the victorious yacht. In fact, yacht-building is an art, and one of the most abstruse of the arts. It is neither guess-work nor chance, but intelligent appreciation and application of the laws of cause and effect.

The old prejudices are gradually giving way to newer and better forms; and the graceful yachts of to-day are in striking contrast with the clumsy hulls of thirty years ago. National competition has been one great cause of this marked development; and this spirit of commendable rivalry is constantly inspiring yachtsmen to perfect themselves in the subtle subject of yacht-building. A wide-spread interest is taken in yachting,—for the "Yacht List" of 1861—the latest data we have on hand—gives the number of yachts owned in England, Scotland, and Wales, alone, as 1173; and the nine organized clubs in the United States, show an aggregate number of 213 yachts. This paper has been hastily prepared, in the hope of creating a more general interest in yachting in Canada.

An Amateur, for one, would like to see an effort—A CANADIAN EFFORT—made to win the Cup which, for twenty years, has remained as a standing challenge to all the world. Surely a cup, which was the gift of our beloved Queen, should stir us to make, at least, an attempt to possess the coveted trophy! If—"and there's the rub"—this could be done, what an inviting field would be opened up for our American friends, as a summer cruising ground! Along our magnificent water course, there are points of interest far surpassing any that the sultry tropics afford. The pure sweet water, the broad open lakes, the populous cities on their borders, the beauties of the St. Lawrence, the grandeur of the scenery of Lake Superior, with the infinite intermediate attractions, are all yet in store for American yachtsmen, should they ever find it necessary to visit our lakes, to win back their lost Cup! This may seem visionary to the timid, but earnest effort *may* make the idea a reality.

To the zealous and persistent all things are possible. It is true that we are but a comparatively little people,—but little folks sometimes do historical things—as the story of little David with his sling,—and little George Washington with his hatchet, abundantly prove! If we try and fail, we shall do well nevertheless. If we long for the prize, but fail to make an effort to win it, we shall continue to sit in the "shadow," while American yachtsmen bask in the "sunshine" of well-earned victory.

Aside from this consideration,—the greatest one of all—is that which will occur to every spirited Canadian yachtsman,—*the desirability of fostering yachting among ourselves.* The opportunities for yachting along our lakes and rivers are absolutely unsurpassed. From the head waters of Lake Superior to the outlet of the St. Lawrence,—over three thousand miles,—there is one continuous succession of beautiful scenery, thriving cities and convenient harbours. New resources are being constantly developed, and the attractions for yachtsmen are yearly becoming more and more delightful. There is every reason why Canadians should foster and commend a national yachting spirit. Second to no people in the development of the useful arts of peace, we should strive to compete successfully for the honours which fall to victorious yachtsmen in great international regattas. It is a little surprising that thus far, notwithstanding the unsurpassed facilities for yachting and yacht-building, not a single representative Canadian yacht has yet been a contestant in any great international contest. A splendid chance is now open for our yachtsmen to win a worthy fame in foreign fields.

It yet remains for some future yacht club in Canada to enter upon its list of yachts a single one, the victories of which are famous beyond our own borders. How long must this charge hold good? Let the spirited yachtsmen of our Dominion—embracing half a continent within its boundaries—answer the inquiry! The noble sport of yachting is fostered among us by many whose energy, enterprise, and zeal, warrant

us in the prediction that in the near future, —when capital is more largely developed, and the attention of our public-spirited citizens is called to this subject,—we shall look with admiring pride upon Canadian yachts, equal in all their appointments to any in England or the United States.

ELOÏSE.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

ELOÏSE! Eloïse!
It is morn on the seas,
And the waters are curling and flashing;
And our rock-sheltered seat,
Where the waves ever beat
With a cadenced and rhythmical dashing,
Is here—just here:
But I miss thee, dear!
And the sunbeams around me are flashing.
O seat, by the lonely sea,
O seat, that she shared with me,
Thou art all unfilled to-day!
And the plaintive, grieving main
Hath a moan of hopeless pain
That it had not yesterday.

Eloïse! Eloïse!
It is noon; and the breeze
Through the shadowy woodland is straying;
And our green, mossy seat,
Where the flowers kissed thy feet,
While the zephyrs around thee were playing,
Is here—just here:
But I miss thee, dear!
And the breezes around me are straying.
O seat, by the greenwood tree,
O seat, that she shared with me,
Thou art all unfilled to-day!
And the sighing, shivering leaves
Have a voice like one that grieves,
That they had not yesterday.

Eloïse! Eloïse!
It is eve; and the trees
With the gold of the sunset are glowing;
And our low, grassy seat,
With the brook at its feet
Ever singing, and rippling, and flowing,
Is here—just here:
But I miss thee, dear!
And the sunset is over me glowing.
O seat, by the brooklet free,
O seat, that she shared with me,
Thou art all unfilled to-day!
And the brook, to me alone,
Hath a tender, grieving tone,
That it had not yesterday.

Eloïse! Eloïse!
It is night on the seas,
And the winds and the waters are sleeping;
And the seat where we prayed,
'Neath our home's blessed shade,
With the soft shadows over us creeping,
Is here—just here:
But I miss thee, dear!
And the drear night around me is sleeping.
O seat, where she prayed of yore,
O seat, where she prays no more,
I am kneeling alone to-night!
And the stern, unyielding grave
Will restore not the gift I gave
To its bosom yesternight.

TORONTO.

CONCERNING OLD AGE.

BY C. T. CAMPBELL, M. D.

IT has never yet been satisfactorily decided whether "length of days" is a thing to be desired or not. If "the first commandment with blessing" would seem to indicate an affirmative answer to the question, the inconveniences and discomforts so often attendant on old age would as clearly point to a negative. Differences of opinion, however, will depend on the varying circumstances and conditions of the individual. In times of mental depression, bodily illness, or personal poverty, desire may fail and life become a burden. But with favourable surroundings few people will discuss, even theoretically, the advisability of praying for shortness of life. Not many are like the quaint old physician, Sir Thomas Browne, who seemed scarcely to approve of any one who should desire "to surpass the days of our Saviour, or wish to outlive that age wherein He thought fittest to die;" and for this reason, among others, that "if (as divinity affirms) there shall be no grey hairs in heaven, but all shall rise in the perfect state of men, we do but outlive these perfections in this world to be recalled to them by a greater miracle in the next, and run on here but to retrograde hereafter." Yet we never heard that Sir Thomas lamented greatly the prolongation of his own life to the age of seventy-seven.

Despite any theorising, life certainly seems to the general mind something worthy to be clung to with a most tenacious grasp. He was no unwise observer of men and things who gave it as his opinion that though in philosophic moments Hamlet might gravely soliloquize "To be or not to be!" yet should some one suddenly point a pistol at his head he would shout "be!" without a moment's hesitation. Even the strongest religious faith, though it may have a confident assurance of a happier home "over the river," will often hesitate on the bank, loath to say farewell to life. The evidence of things not seen may be strong, but it cannot altogether destroy the influence of the things that are seen.

Just how long a man might live or ought to live is another of the disputed questions involved in the consideration of old age. Moses (was it not he?) set down the limit at three score and ten; yet he himself, regardless of consistency, lived out full six score, and even then "his eye was not dim, nor his natural strength abated." Hufeland, who wrote pleasantly on "The Art of Prolonging Life," thought people might reach 200 years, if they only took care of themselves. But he died at 74; presumably, he did not take care of himself. Buffon, calculating from the ratio which the life of an animal bears to the years of its growth, held "that the man who did not die of accidental causes, reached everywhere the age of ninety or one hundred." Others who have written and talked on this subject adopt various opinions as to the duration of life. Individually, they have generally tried to live as long as possible.

That people do at times reach an age far beyond the ordinary limit is evidenced by the records of history. It is often difficult, though, to decide how far romance enters into the composition of some of the marvellous stories of longevity we hear. In the case of a sheik of Smyrna still living at the advanced age of 600, or in that of one Astephius, who claimed for himself not less

than 1,025 years, there need be no question. But in the multitude of cases credited with varying ages from 100 to 200, there is more room for doubt. Yet the evidence is sometimes very clear. Take the Countess of Desmond for an example, among those generally accepted as true. Born in 1465 she is said to have danced with Richard the Third while yet Duke of Gloucester, and to have outlived all the English sovereigns of the Houses of York and Tudor, dying during the reign of James I., at the age of 140. A lively old lady she must have been, if the tradition be true, which attributes her death to a fall from a cherry tree! Then there is Henry Jenkins, of whom it was said, that in his youth he was present at the battle of Flodden. He died in 1670, and could not, therefore, have been less than 170. But the evidence is not so satisfactory in his case as in that of Thomas Parr, who was born in 1483. We are told that he married his first wife at the age of 80, and his second at 120. Gay young bridegroom! worse than the perhaps mythical John Weeks who married his tenth wife when he was 106, she being then only "sweet sixteen." Parr survived his second and last matrimonial effort 32 years, dying at the age of 152. There are several other cases on record of whose truthfulness we can have little doubt, where persons have passed the century mile-post of life's journey, and got some distance beyond; but we shall not occupy space with their names.

The best evidence that people think it desirable to live long, is to be found in the exertions that have been made in all ages to accomplish this end. The Egyptians supposed life could be lengthened by the free use of sudorifics and emetics. They tried to "keep the pores open," as the old women—professional and non-professional—say. Two emetics per month were considered the proper thing in Egypt. If classic poets are to be credited, Medea, a philosophic young lady, much given to chemical experiments, rejuvenated her father-in-law, Æson, and, we presume, prolonged his life by a very free venesection, followed by the injection of certain vegetable juices into his veins. Very probably this was the origin of the regimen favoured by some medical men—not yet dead—who used to recommend a bleeding every spring, followed by a course of bitters to purify the system.

The alchemists were all earnest seekers after some *elixir vitæ*—some magic potion which should preserve youth and vigour for ever. None succeeded, judging from the fact that they all died themselves; but some of them imagined they had discovered what would prolong if not perpetuate life. Friar Bacon compounded a nostrum of gold, coral, vipers, rosemary, aloes, the bone of a stag's heart, and certain other mysterious ingredients. Arnoldus de Villâ, a French physician, proposed to feed the seeker after long life on pullets fattened on vipers, which, after being whipped to death, were to have their heads and tails cut off, and be stewed in a mixture of rosemary and fennel. This formed the *pièce de resistance* of the feast; the *entremets* were composed of emeralds, rubies and other precious stones dissolved. There would not be much objection to the latter articles; but most people would prefer them raw rather than cooked.

Commend us, however, to the prescription of Claudius Hermippus, who taught a school of girls in Rome, and died at the age of 115, having thus prolonged his life, in his own opinion, by "exposing himself, daily, to the breath of innocent young maids." The remedy might not be unpleasant, even if it should not succeed as well in this nineteenth century as in the days of the Roman dominie. If, however, a deeper meaning is to be placed upon it than appears on the surface, it will not be so ridiculous as it looks. Read the prescription in the words of old Marshal de Schomberg, who was

killed at the Battle of the Boyne, hale and vigorous, though 83, who used to say that "when he was young he conversed with old men to gain experience, and when old delighted in the company of the young to keep up his spirits."

Hippocrates, the leading physician of his day, long ago—died at 109, tradition says—advised pure air, cleanliness, moderation in all things, exercise, and a daily friction of the *clay*. It does not appear that modern doctors are able to improve on his prescription, and they generally content themselves with following the divine old man of Cos. Cases are found, however, which show long life to be quite compatible with the absence of these conditions. There was the Rev. W. Davis, an English clergyman, who lived to the age of 105; for the last 35 years of his life he took no out-door exercise; daily had his hot buttered rolls for breakfast, and roast beef for supper, with abundance of wine to wash it down. In the year 1806, there died in London a noted character of her day, Mrs. Lewson, aged 106; she never washed herself, very seldom as much as swept her rooms; her labours at the toilet were confined to smearing her face and neck with hog's lard, with an occasional touch of rouge. We can quite believe the report that her chief companions were cats and dogs.

While these cases and many others show that old age is possible in defiance of all commonly-received rules of hygiene, so also the evidences are clear that neither climate, occupation nor condition of life can be specially depended upon; more particularly in regard to extreme longevity. According to Finlaison's Tables, "Rural districts have the advantage of about one in two hundred deaths above city districts, and one in five hundred above the town districts." Country, therefore, is not so much better than city; and hot climates differ but little from cold.

The female sex seems to have somewhat the advantage of the male in the average duration of life; though there are more instances of extreme longevity among the latter than the former. It is said, but we really are not sure about it, that matrimony is conducive to long life. Hufeland gives a solemn warning to bachelors. He says: "There is not one instance of a bachelor having attained a great age." Now, while it may be that, by a wise dispensation of Providence, these comparatively useless members of the social world die off sooner than their brethren who have conjugated, yet the assertion of the Prussian authority is altogether too sweeping. Kant lived to 80, Swedenborg to 84, Alexander von Humboldt to 90, Hobbes to 91; besides many other single gentlemen who reached a most venerable age. But Hufeland was evidently prejudiced in favour of matrimony; for he says further: "All people who have been very old were married more than once;" and he instances the case of one De Longueville, who attained the age of 110, and had ten wives, the last in his 99th year! Poor man! to be thus untimely cut off in the midst of a career of usefulness! But perhaps if he had not been so matrimonially inclined he might have lived much longer.

Even though we take into consideration the occupation and surrounding circumstances of the individual, we do not arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to what is most conducive to longevity. Among clergymen, we find cases like those of Cardinal de Solis, who live to be 110; Dr. Totty, an English rector, of Hastings, 101; Bishop Morton of Litchfield, 95. Lawyers have generally been long-lived, as witness Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, Mansfield, Stowell and Eldon, all of whom died in the neighbourhood of 90. Physicians shew few examples of longevity; more are to be found among literary men, like Samuel Rogers, living to 93, and Fontenelle who completed his century. In the arts, we read of Michael Angelo, who wore the four crowns of archi-

tecture, sculpture, painting and poetry to the age of 90; Sir Christopher Wren finding rest after a life of 91 years; Titian dying of the plague at 99. Kings and princes who have lived active lives, provide us with few cases of extreme age. So, too, with soldiers, though one case comes up before us—one who was both soldier and king—blind old Dandolo, chosen Doge of Venice at 84, storming Constantinople at the head of his troops when 94, refusing to accept the offered throne of the Eastern Empire, to which he was elected, at 96, and dying Doge at 97.

If, then, extreme old age be possible under so many and so varying conditions, we may well ask the question, upon what does longevity depend? "Chiefly," replies Sir John Sinclair (*Code of Health and Longevity*), "upon a certain bodily and mental predisposition to longevity." An indefinite answer, amounting in effect to little more than this, that certain people live long because they do not die sooner. And yet it may be as good as we can give. For as some people are born with a predisposition to grow tall, while others for no better reason remain short, so this unexplainable "predisposition" may increase or diminish by many years the length of a man's life.

Another element of longevity is also to a great extent beyond the control of the individual; and that is a complacent, self-satisfied disposition, an even temper, not easily ruffled by the excitement of life, a calm indifference to adverse circumstances; in other words, that peculiar temperament possessed by some people which leads them to "take things easy." A marked example of this is found in the history of Lodowick Cornaro, a Venetian gentleman, whose "Treatise on Temperance" was translated into English as far back as 1678. Signor Cornaro had no public cares, for his family had a taint of treason which shut them out from public life; he had no domestic cares; he possessed an ample competence which preserved him from all personal cares; he had an abundant supply of self-conceit, which his friends doubtless pampered till he began to look on himself as "monarch of all he surveyed;" he had nothing to do, and he did nothing, except to exercise on himself his favourite hygienic hobby—the only marked feature of his life. From the age of thirty-six till his death, at over one hundred, he kept steadily to a diet of twelve ounces of solid food and fourteen of liquid daily. But what had more effect in prolonging his life than his regular diet was the complete control under which he had brought his emotions, so that, to use his own confession, "the death of relatives and friends could make no impression on him but for a moment or two, and then it was over."

Judging from Cornaro's case, as well as from others, we may safely conclude that while temperate and regular habits are conducive to long life, the most important elements of all are easy circumstances, a philosophic self-complacency, and that very moderate exercise of bodily and mental powers which is oftener found connected with mediocrity than with genius of a higher order. All experience teaches that there is a close relationship between the intensity and extensity of life. By intensity we mean the rate of living; by extensity, its duration. The faster we live the sooner we die. All over-work, whether mental or physical, whether valuable labour or reckless dissipation, is a draft on the future; and the draft will have to be paid with heavy interest. In this very rapid age the mass of mankind is over-worked, rather than under-worked. And instead of trying to ease the strain on the the machinery, most of us are doing our utmost to crowd on more steam. Theoretically we may acknowledge the risk we run but it makes little difference in our practices. Life is short, we say, let us work while we can.

And, after all the grave lectures of health

reformers, there is some sense in this idea. In itself old age is not a desirable thing. There are accessory circumstances which may render it enviable; but these do not always exist. The tendency is to esteem and honour those over whose heads many years have passed, because we suppose that with the passing of years wisdom has come. "Intellect is the essence of age," says Emerson. The superficial observer sees the snowy locks and wrinkled brow, and takes these as the evidences of that ripened intellect which he is prepared to venerate. But the age of the wise man is to be computed from his studies, not from his wrinkles. The intensity of a life of two-score years may have had richer results than the even tenor of four-score. This is the idea of the old Veda: "He that can discriminate is the father of his father." And is not the man who has worked with every nerve and muscle till fifty, of as much value to society as he who has dawdled out a century? Has he not done more? Does he not know more? And can he not then step aside from a busy life to a deserved rest, leaving his memory enshrined in the affection and esteem of the circle where he moved—leaving a name more honourable far than he whose chief notoriety is from his many years—years which we begin to count, as some one has said, when there is nothing else to count?

The legend of Tithonus does not exaggerate the evils of a physical immortality; and when statistics assure us positively that more than half the people over eighty years are totally infirm in mind and body, we scarcely feel tempted to desire a longevity that shall take us into the regions of disability. When the prophets of hygiene point us to our blunders, and lay down rules for our guidance like those of Cornaro, or perhaps more cast-iron still, we are apt to say with the old satirist, "*Longa dies igitur quid contulit?*" What pleasure even in anticipating a comparatively vigorous senility, if we outlive our generation and outlive our usefulness? The grand-children become the men and women who govern the world; and they seldom work harmoniously with the grand-fathers. "Old age for counsel!" But the busy workers have little time to consult old age, and little inclination to follow its advice when adverse. Will the mere fact of having lived many years console Old Age for his physical inconveniences, for his failing powers, for the neglect of his juniors, for the loss of all his friends and companions? Where will the happiness be for the lonely centenarian—

> "When the mossy marbles rest
> On the lips that he has pressed,
> In their bloom;
> And the names he loved to hear,
> Have been carved for many a year
> On the tomb?"

As he looks on life's busy whirl, so changeless in its activity, its energy, and its vigour, yet ever changing in its forms and modes, so different from what it was when he was young, will he not cry with him of old:

> "Yet hold me not forever in thine East;
> How can my nature longer mix with thine?
> Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
> Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
> Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
> Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
> Of happy men that have the power to die,
> And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
> Release me, and restore me to the ground."

Better far to work while there is strength to work and when strength fails to cease from labour, and enter into rest there,

> "Where beyond these voices there is peace."

GREAT BRITAIN, CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

EDITORIAL.

WHEN our last number went to press the question between Great Britain and the United States was still in a somewhat undeveloped condition. We now propose, as the most useful contribution which it is in our power to make to the discussion, to re-state a few facts which have been buried under ever-increasing piles of fiction, and the knowledge of which is necessary to enable us to do justice to the mother country; and in some measure also to Canada, whose Southern sympathies real or supposed, were included among the causes of offence. In the dispute which has arisen about the Treaty between the two parties at Ottawa, we have no inclination to take part. An occasion for reviewing their respective policy may present itself hereafter.

Slavery had divided the Union politically and socially into two distinct and antagonistic communities. All the world expected that between these two communities a rupture would some day come. It came at last, when, by the triumph of the Republican party in the Presidential Election of 1860, the Southerners lost their political control over the Union, and with it security for the maintenance of their own institutions. The Union then split into two groups of States, and the Southern group formed itself into a new confederation, having African slavery as its distinctive basis.

For this event no one was responsible but the people of the United States themselves, who had recognized slavery in their constitution, and who continued to recognize it till a military necessity enforced its abolition. Least of all could any blame be said to rest on Great Britain, who had abolished by a great national sacrifice slavery in her own colonies; who, at the Congress of Vienna, while other powers demanded territory, demanded nothing but treaties for the suppression of the slave trade; and who for nearly half a century had maintained a constant crusade against the trade, in which she had met with discouragement and even with obstruction from the Government of the United States.

Secession was facilitated, and the conduct of its authors was more or less justified in the eyes of many Americans and in those of the world at large by the idea prevalent at the South, and extensively entertained even at the North, as to the individual sovereignty of the States, an idea somewhat loosely expressed by the phrase State Right. Many even of those who did not admit the doctrine of State Right, regarded the Union as a voluntary association, in which the States could never be held by force. Dr. Channing, in enforcing the necessity of political virtue as a bond of cohesion, had said "our Union is not like that of other nations, confirmed by the habits of ages and riveted by force. It is a recent and still more a voluntary union. It is idle to talk of force as binding us together. Nothing can retain a member of this confederacy when resolved on separation. The only bonds that can permanently unite us are moral ones."* The Declaration of Independence laid it down as a universal principle that governments derive their authority from the consent of

*"Discourse on Spiritual Freedom," Channing's works, People's edition, vol. II, pages 96, 97. We are informed by the correspondent to whom we owe the extract, that in an edition of Channing's works published at Boston, during the civil war, this passage is suppressed, If so, its significance is increased.

the governed, and to that avowal ex-President Adams had appealed as his justification for presenting a petition from some citizens of Massachusetts for the dissolution of the Union.* President Lincoln, himself had used language in the early part of his career which reads almost like a vindication of the Southern Revolution. The idea of secession was not unfamiliar even in New England, when New England was groaning under the ascendancy of the Democratic party. These things are mentioned not to prove that secession was right; but to prove that those who thought coercion wrong were not necessarily enemies of mankind or even of the American people.

The new confederation had from the first *de facto* the characteristics of a nation. It had a regular government deriving its power from popular suffrage and completely commanding the obedience of the people throughout the whole of a vast and compact territory. It was perfectly organized for all the purposes of legislation, administration and public justice. It had on foot armaments sufficient to defend its territory, and enforce the respect of foreign powers.

After a vain attempt to effect a reconciliation by offering fresh guarantees to slavery,† the Northern Confederation proceeded to subjugate the Southern by force of arms. Its object in doing so was to restore the Union, in other words to recover lost territory and power. With the same object George III had attempted to subjugate the seceding colonies; but George III had not recognized the dependence of government on the will of the governed. With a small minority the desire to destroy slavery was from the first the ruling motive. But on behalf of the Government such a motive was distinctly disclaimed by Mr. Seward, who instructed his representative in England to state that slavery was in no way threatened, and to reject any sympathy tendered on anti-slavery grounds. The recovery of lost territory and power was a natural object, and perhaps as the world goes not immoral; but it was not one which could be expected to excite the unanimous and enthusiastic sympathy of the human race, or in favour of which other nations could be called upon to suspend all ordinary rules of action. Great Britain especially might be excused for regarding it with comparative coolness, as she was warned from the first, with the usual violence of vituperation, by leading organs of American opinion that as soon as the South had been crushed, the victorious arms of the re-united republic would be turned against her American possessions.

The war was waged from the beginning to the end as a regular war between nations. In no single instance did the North venture to treat the Southerners or any of them as rebels. General Butler was lauded for having "hanged a rebel" at New Orleans; but the man in question was hanged, not for rebellion, but under the laws of war, for rising against the garrison after the surrender of the city. That the Southerners were mere rebels was a fiction which derived some colour from the circumstance of Secession and which was very naturally cherished at the North; but the conduct of foreign powers was necessarily regulated, and must in reason be judged, by facts and not by fictions. The trophies of which the North is full are not trophies of a victory over an insurrection; they are trophies of a conquest.

On the continent of Europe the war excited comparatively little interest. But Great Britain was so intimately connected by origin, language and commercial ties with the United States that the conflict may be said to have morally extended to her shores. The first feeling among the British was that of alarm at the impending ruin of the cotton trade, and with it of the industry which supported millions of the peo-

*Congressional Globe, vol. II: p. 168.

†See the resolutions of Congress and those of the House of Representatives. Feb. 1861.

ple. This feeling rose almost to the point of anguish, though already, as those who were in the United States at the time testify, the Americans were ascribing the war to the machinations of Great Britain. The feeling against slavery and its partisans was also strong, and general. England was pledged to the Anti-slavery cause by her avowed principles, by her most cherished memories, by a great expenditure not only of treasure but of blood. If the aristocratic party at heart viewed the disruption of the great democratic power with not unnatural complacency, it did not venture openly to defy the traditional sentiment of the nation; and even the *Times* wrote against the slave-owners. But the avowal of the Northern Government that the war was not directed against slavery, the language of the American press, the publication by the American Government of the offensive despatch of Mr. Cassius Clay, the heroic energy and valour displayed by the South, the apparent want during the early part of the struggle of similar qualities on the side of the North, the Trent affair, the wearisome protraction of the conflict, and a growing impatience of the ruinous suspension of British industry—these circumstances, combined with the skilful propagandism of the South, wrought in course of time a partial change. The aristocratic party no longer feared to avow their political sympathy with the Southern aristocracy, and they were joined by a large commercial party which had its centre in the great cotton port.

On the other hand the popular party continued to manifest its unwavering and ardent sympathy with the North. It held public meetings in all the great cities; it waged an incessant war of opinion through the press; and in spite of a limited franchise, and an unreformed representation, it was strong enough, not only to prevent Great Britain from lending aid to the Confederates, but to prevent any motion for the recognition of the Confederacy from being even put to the vote in the House of Commons. Nor were there any adherents of the Northern cause more staunch than the mechanics, whose bread was taken from their mouths and whose prospects were involved in the deepest gloom by the prolongation of the war. That these things are not forgotten by the people of the United States, appears from the use which they now make of the speeches of their old English friends and allies in framing their indictments against England.

Between the two parties whose sympathies were pronounced, there was a great mass which could scarcely be said to sympathize with either; but which, so far as it was swayed at all, was swayed partly by a vague feeling in favour of the weaker side, partly by the desire that the war might come to an end, and that the cotton trade might be restored. The feeling of aversion to a bloody, ruinous and apparently hopeless conflict largely prevailed, apart from any other sentiment, and was perfectly distinguishable from sympathy with slavery or with the South, though visited by the Americans with the same reprobation.

What the personal feelings of the several members of the British Government were, is not really known. It is confidently asserted that Lord Palmerston was friendly to the slave-owners; yet he had more than once embroiled England with foreign powers by his almost fanatical hostility to the slave trade. The Duke of Argyll and Mr. Milner Gibson were, it may safely be said, friendly to the North; and the Duke of Newcastle, a man singularly steady in love and hatred, retained a very warm recollection of the hospitable reception which he had met with in the States when he visited them in company with the Prince of Wales. Collectively, however, the Government took up and maintained to the end a position of neutrality. It refused to recognize the South. It refused to receive the Southern envoys. Even social courtesy was withheld from them by the Prime Minister, lest it should seem

to imply official recognition. When intervention was proposed by the Emperor of the French, in the interest of his Mexican satrapy, the British Government at once rejected the proposal, though by acceptance it would have broken the power of an inveterate enemy, secured a powerful ally on this continent, strengthened its cherished connexion with France, and saved England from what appeared a yawning gulf of commercial ruin.

To say that the British Government was neutral, is in fact saying too little. The Southern Confederacy, as has already been remarked, however objectionable its origin, however evil its institutions, presented the ordinary features of nationality. And in steadily refusing to recognize it as a nation, the British Government, it may safely be averred, was in some measure swayed by moral hostility to a slave-power. Had Great Britain recognized after Chancellorsville, there can be little doubt that the other powers would have followed her example. It is evident from the language of the American ambassador to his Government, that he felt great misgivings, as well he might, with regard to his position and the prospect of his being received by Great Britain as the *de jure* representative of all the States, when in fact he no more represented the Southern half of them than he represented France; and he clearly was much relieved when his misgivings were set at rest. It ought not to be forgotten that in all this the British Government was braving the resentment of the then victorious South, and that to a British Government, British interests may not unreasonably be to some extent a care.

That the Americans made great sacrifices in this war for the restoration of their Union is undoubted: but if the question is which made the greater sacrifices for the abolition of slavery, America or Great Britain, the answer must be, Great Britain.

The presence of a British squadron on the scene of maritime war, and the intimacy of our commercial connection with the South, rendered it incumbent on the Crown, at an early date, to issue a proclamation of neutrality for the guidance of our officers and for the purpose of restraining British subjects from taking part in the war. With a view to the latter object, the prompt adoption of the measure was strongly advocated by the leading friends of the North. France issued a similar proclamation almost at the same moment, and the other powers speedily followed, Spain receiving a letter of thanks from the American Ambassador on the occasion. The proclamation of neutrality recognized the existence of a state of war, which was tantamount to recognizing the sun at noon.

It has been since asserted that the existence of a war ought to have been recognized on land only; and that while the Federals were treating General Lee and his soldiers as regular belligerents on land, we ought to have treated them as pirates on the seas. The Creator, we are told, in the beginning divided the dry land from the waters. This argument is at least as rational as any other that can be advanced in defence of the position.

It happened that the proclamation was issued when Mr. Adams, the new American Ambassador, had just landed, and before he had been communicated with. He could have brought no instructions which would have relieved the Government from the necessity of taking the step upon which it had determined; but the circumstance was unfortunate and might well have formed the subject of a courteous explanation. Unluckily Lord Russell, then Foreign Minister, was not much in the habit of making courteous explanations, and his example may serve as a signal warning to other Ministers of the mischief sometimes done by the omission of a gracious word. Mr. Adams, however, objected to the action of the British Government in declaring its neutrality only as "a little more rapid than the

occasion actually required." So far from taking it as a demonstration of hostility, he told his Government that it was not to be regarded in that light. Such was the original molehill which, under the influence of vindictive rhetoric, now towers up into a mountain of massive wrong.

Mr. Adams at the same period informed his Government that he had found British sentiment, even at Liverpool, still fluctuating. He might yet have fixed it in his own favour, had he been instructed to declare that the abolition of slavery was the object of the war. But he was instructed to declare that it was not.

The Proclamation was followed by orders interdicting the belligerents from bringing prizes into British ports, of which the Confederates complained bitterly, and which Mr. Seward regarded as "a death blow to Southern privateering."

The conduct of the British Government in thus recognizing the existence of a state of war, and applying to it the rules dictated by humanity and by the policy of nations, was endorsed by all the other maritime powers, and is approved by all sane men. But it did not satisfy Mr. Sumner. Mr. Sumner, in a speech on foreign relations, made during the war, insisted that Her Britannic Majesty should not only refuse to recognize the Southern government, but "spew it forth," and "blast" it by proclamation, and thus put the South on the footing of a Cain among the nations. Every moment of hesitation to issue such a proclamation, was according to him a moment of apostasy. "Not to blast was to bless." The Confederacy was a "Magnum Latrocinium, whose fellowship could have nothing but the filthiness of evil," "a mighty house of ill-fame," "an Ishmael," "a brood of harpies defiling all which it could not steal;" "a one-eyed Cyclops of nations;" "a soulless monster of Frankenstein;" "a wretched creation of mental science without God." "Who," proceeded the orator, "can welcome such a creation? who can consort with it? There is something loathsome in the idea. There is contamination even in the thought. If you live with the lame, says the ancient proverb, you will learn to limp; if you keep in the kitchen you will smell of smoke; if you touch pitch you will be defiled. But what lameness so pitiful as that of this pretended power? What smoke so foul as its breath! What pitch so defiling as its touch! It is an Oriental saying, that a cistern of rose water will become impure if a dog is dropped into it; but a continent of rose water with rebel slave-mongers could be changed into a vulgar puddle. Imagine if you please whatever is most disgusting, and this pretended power is more disgusting still. Naturalists report that the pike will swallow anything except the toad, but this it cannot do. The experiment has been tried, and though this fish in its voracity always gulps whatever is thrown to it, yet invariably it spews the nuisance from its throat. But our slave-monger pretension is worse than the toad, and yet there are foreign nations which instead of spewing it forth are already turning it like a precious morsel on the tongue." "Œdipus," so went on Mr. Sumner, "in the saddest tale of antiquity, weds his own mother without knowing it, but England will wed the slave power with full knowledge that the relation, if not incestuous, is vile." And then "the foul attorneys of the slave-monger power, reeking with slavery, will have their letters of license as the ambassadors of slavery, to rove from court to court, over foreign carpets, talking, drinking, spitting slavery and poisoning that air which has been nobly pronounced too pure for a slave to breathe." All reasonable men must see that to follow the suggestions of this orator, would have been to follow the suggestions of fanaticism aggravated by the bitter memory of personal injury. Yet, Mr. Sumner has been practically allowed to guide the people of the United States in this matter, and it is on the faith of his rep-

resentations that they bring forward charges and prefer demands, which, if insisted on, must lead to war. We can compare his influence only to that of the witch-seers in reliance on whose supernatural perceptions his New England forefathers sent a multitude of innocent persons to the gallows.

The Southerners when their own ports were closed, tried, in violation of our neutrality, to build ships of war in British docks and take them to sea from British ports, thus making our shores the basis of their naval war. The machinations which they employed for this purpose, were, in one instance, successful in evading what Captain Semmes calls "the anxiously guarded neutrality of England." The *Alabama*, against which evidence had been submitted by the American ambassador, and which was under surveillance, escaped from port when the order for her detention was on its way. She sailed without a clearance on a pretended trial trip, masking her real purpose by taking a pleasure party on board. She was pursued to Nassau, her supposed destination. But she had gone to Terceira, in the Azores, out of British jurisdiction, where she took on board her armament. Notwithstanding the haze of mendacious rhetoric with which the transaction has been surrounded, the fact is that the *Alabama* left England unarmed and without a single enlisted man.

The case has never been properly investigated, as it is to be hoped it will be if the British taxpayer is called upon to pay the damages. But it appears that there was neglect or treachery, or both, on the part of some of the British officials. A fatal delay was caused at the critical moment by the mental malady (which has since proved incurable) of the law officer before whom the papers were; but it was the business of the Under-Secretary of State for the Foreign Department to make inquiry when he found that the papers were not returned. Somebody must also have betrayed, by telegram to Captain Semmes at Liverpool, the resolution of the Cabinet at London. The Confederate emissaries were active and provided with the means of corruption. Any Government may be betrayed by a corrupt subordinate, as the Government of the United States has good reason to know.

The South gained nothing by this criminal and calamitous violation of British neutrality. The barbarous warfare carried on by the *Alabama* and her consorts against merchantmen could not influence the result of the main struggle. The party favourable to the South or opposed to the war in the Northern States, which it ought to have been the first aim of the Southerners to foster and support, was discredited and estranged. Many Englishmen who, though hostile to slavery, had taken no part against the South before, came forward when attempts were made, by violating British neutrality, to drag Great Britain into the war; and thus recognition was rendered more hopeless than ever. Of the wealthy shipbuilder who imperilled the honour and interests of his country for his private gain, it is needless to speak; his name will be infamous for ever.

Many thought that the *Alabama*, having violated our neutrality, ought to be hunted down as a malefactor, or at least excluded from our ports. But the Government was advised that, having gone into the foreign port of Terceira, she must be thenceforth treated as an ordinary ship of war; and though we believe the advice to have been over-technical and wrong, there can be no doubt that it was honest. Sir Roundell Palmer, the Attorney-General, was a man of the very highest character, and friendly to the North. Neutrals are bound by the existing rules of international law; they cannot alter those rules *pendente bello*, without committing an act of hostility against one of the belligerents.

Before the escape of the *Alabama*, the *Oreto*, afterwards called the *Florida*, secretly built for the Confederates, had left a British

port. But no tangible evidence had been produced of her ownership or destination; and it must be remembered that the building of men of war, as well as merchantmen, for foreign nations, was a regular trade which could not be stopped because the United States were at war. The *Florida* took on board her armament at Green Key, an islet near the Bahamas, and went into the Confederate port of Mobile; whence, not from a British port, she commenced her cruise. The *Georgia* and *Shenandoah* were merchantmen, not built for war, nor in any way adapted for warlike purposes within the British Dominions. The *Alexandra* was detained, though, as appeared on the trial, the evidence against her was defective. The steam-rams *El Monassir* and *El Toussoon* were seized, and the evidence being insufficient, the Government cut the knot by purchasing the rams. The ordinary sale of vessels out of the navy was suspended, lest they should fall into Confederate hands; and when the fleet of gun-boats procured by Captain Sherard Osborn for the Emperor of China was sold off, the British Government undertook the sale, guaranteeing the Chinese Government against loss, an operation which cost Great Britain more than half a million of dollars. Inquiry was instituted in numerous cases at the instance of Mr. Adams, and there were five prosecutions under the Foreign Enlistment Act.

Great Britain is charged with the depredations of the *Sumter* and *Nashville*, vessels fitted out from Confederate ports and manned by Confederate seamen, with which she had no more to do than with any German or French cruiser in the late war.

No privilege was ever granted to a Confederate cruiser in any British port, which was not equally granted to Federal cruisers. Nor did Great Britain stand alone in receiving these vessels, though she is singled out by American hatred as though she had. They were received in the ports of all nations alike. The first port into which the *Alabama* went, after commencing her cruise, was the French port of Martinique, where she was welcomed with as much enthusiasm by her partisans, as in any British dependency. From a French port she came forth to her last fight. The *Florida* repaired and coaled at Brest, having been refused permission to coal at Bermuda. The *Sumter* having been allowed to put into a Dutch port, Mr. Seward addressed a threatening letter to the Dutch Government. The Dutch Government answered with spirit and found the benefit of that course.

It was a subject of deep regret to many Englishmen at the time that some of the Confederate cruisers were manned, in part, by British seamen. But the armies of the North swarmed with foreigners, many of them British subjects, and recruited in virtual, if not in technical, violation of neutrality along the Canadian border. All nations, maritime nations especially, and not least the nation of Walker and his filibusters, have among their people roving adventurers who can scarcely be deemed citizens. British sailors serving in Confederate cruisers were struck off the list of the naval reserve.

It was equally a source of sorrow to the same section of Englishmen, that British subjects were the principal blockade-runners. But where there are blockades, there will be blockade-running; the trade was in no way sheltered or facilitated by the British Government; and Great Britain was not bound to assist the Federals in maintaining the blockade—she was bound to abstain from doing so. An order was issued prohibiting officers in the British navy from taking part in blockade-running. The Goverment could do no more.

Both belligerents freely purchased arms in British markets. The Northern troops in the early part of the war were to a great extent armed with British rifles. That the British Government has ever been guilty of selling arms to a belligerent is an utter cal-

umny, whatever any other government may have done.

The British Government did not gag its press or manacle private sympathy. Some British citizens made a bad use of their liberty. The London *Times* poured upon the North in its hour of depression a stream of contumely and slander which more than any act of the Government led to the present bitterness; and some members of Parliament so far forgot themselves as to cheer the *Alabama* in the House of Commons—an offence only inferior in gravity to that committed by the American House of Representatives, when by a majority of 172 to 71, it voted, in the name of the people of the United States, an address of welcome to the Fenian patriots (30 Jan., 1871). No language, however held by any British journalist or speaker against the war and its authors, could possibly exceed in violence the language held by a large party among the people of the United States themselves. The most offensive things perhaps that appeared in the British press, were the letters of "Manhattan," published in the *Standard*, but written in New York.

An eminent Italian jurist, the professor of International Law in the University of Pavia, has pronounced the neutrality of Great Britain blameless in respect of both the contending parties, setting aside the case of the *Alabama*, which, misled by persistent and accumulated falsehood, he believes to have been armed and manned in England under the eye of the British Government, and to have brought her prizes into British ports. But what the North really demanded of Great Britain was not neutrality but participation in the war on the Federal side.

Good sense and regard for British honour required that in the case of the *Alabama* all doubt should at once be cleared up, and, if reparation appeared to be due, that it should be promptly made. But diplomacy chose first to repudiate all responsibility, then to slide into concession, and finally into the imbroglio which we now see.

After much wrangling, the two Governments framed a convention for the mutual settlement of claims. This treaty, though signed in London, was virtually drawn up at Washington, for the British Government acceded to all the proposals of Mr. Seward, and when he wished to amend his original terms, acceded to his amendment also. The American ambassador dined too much in public and made too many friendly speeches, probably with a view to facilitate his negotiation. But this was not the fault of the British Government, nor could the British Government go behind his credentials and inquire whether he really represented the nation. His appointment had been unanimously confirmed by the Senate, including Mr. Sumner, who, it has been positively and repeatedly stated, specially commended Mr. Reverdy Johnson to Mr. Bright, and afterwards wrote to the same statesmen a letter which was equivalent to one of congratulation on the conclusion of the treaty.

Under these circumstances Great Britain was entitled at least to courtesy. But the treaty was flung out by the Senate with every mark of contumely. The rule of secrecy was suspended that the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations might publish an inflammatory libel against the British Government and nation. A torrent of unprovoked abuse and menace was poured forth against Great Britain by all the organs of American opinion, which, however, somewhat changed their tone when the effect of their language was perceived, and began to rally the British on their baseless fears, having no idea that a nation assailed with the most odious calumnies could feel wounded in its honour. The fact, indeed, is that some deduction ought probably to be made from the offensiveness of American charges on the ground of the habitual use of injurious imputations as ordinary weapons of debate among American politicians.

The mover of the rejection of the treaty, and the author of the libellous speech published with the sanction of the Senate, was Mr. Sumner, a statesman of whose good sense we have already seen a specimen, and whose philanthropic eloquence was one of the immediate causes of the civil war, and is now likely to lead to a standing quarrel, and perhaps ultimately to a war, between two nations. From the lapse of time the real facts of the case had been so far forgotten that Mr. Sumner was enabled to substitute for them in the minds of his countrymen a portentous fiction of his own imagination. The action of the British Government in regard to the Proclamation of Neutrality, which, to the sufficiently critical mind of Mr. Adams, at the time, had appeared only "a little more rapid than the occasion required" now became a colossal wrong and the inception of a dark conspiracy, the consummation of which was the launching of a swarm of British corsairs to prey upon American commerce. The fact that other nations had issued an exactly similar proclamation and had received the cruisers in their ports as duly commissioned men-of-war was of course suppressed. Great Britain was charged with the hopes founded by the Confederation on her supposed subserviency to the cotton interest, hopes which she had nobly disappointed. It was asserted that the Southerners though they were fighting not only for national independence but for social position, property and all that made life dear, and though they were encouraged by the most brilliant victories gained against great odds, had been sustained during the last two years of the war only by the depredations of the *Alabama* and her consorts, and by the expectation of aid from a nation which constantly refused even to receive their envoys. The offending nation was declared liable to be charged with the cost of two years of the war, and, in addition, to the losses caused by the decay of the mercantile marine of the United States, which American economists distinctly trace to the exclusion of materials for shipbuilding under the protective system. Every artifice of rhetoric was employed to inflame American feeling against Great Britain, and the speaker concluded with professions of his ardent desire to promote peace and good will among nations.

It is not necessary again to analyse this angry figment, the character of which was happily depicted by its author, when he said, in the terms which would have been used by a mythologist in describing the growth of a fable, that the mountain of wrong looked bigger as you went further from its base. The American Government has abandoned the position in reference to the declaration of neutrality, which formed the foundation of Mr. Sumner's superstructure of charges and claims, though it retains the superstructure without the foundation. Mr. Sumner's guilt is enhanced by the fact that he had spent some time as a guest in England and was well acquainted with the statesmen against whose characters he levelled these groundless imputations.

Mr. Thornton has stated in a despatch that at this time he received hints from more than one quarter that Great Britain might compound for her breaches of transcendental morality by the cession of her North American possessions. A notable editorial to the same effect appeared about the same time in the New York *Tribune*, and there were literary traces of a connection between the editorial and Mr. Sumner's speech.

If consequential damages are to be assessed for the havoc wrought by the war the assessor may, perhaps, have to resort to a quarter where no citizen of the United States ever believes that the slightest responsibility can rest. The American people themselves by recognizing and maintaining for their political and commercial purposes the institution of slavery, which they now declare to have been flagrantly immoral, were responsible for the inevitable rupture which ensued,

and for all the calamities which followed to themselves and to mankind.

The prolongation of the war, which is the ground on which General Grant claims his consequential damages, and which he now imputes wholly to the attitude and conduct of Great Britain, was once imputed by the same authority to a very different agency. In a letter to Mr. Washburne, dated Aug. 16, 1864, and published for the purpose of influencing the then approaching Presidential Election, General Grant said, "I state to all citizens who visit me that all we want now to ensure an early restoration of the Union is a determined unity of sentiment North. * * * * With this drain upon them (the rebels), the end is not far distant if we will only be true to ourselves. Their only hope, now, is in a divided North. * * * * I have no doubt but the enemy are exceedingly anxious to hold out until after the Presidential Election. They have many hopes from its effects. They hope a counter-revolution. They hope the election of a peace candidate. In fact, like Micawber, they hope for something to turn up." The letter, which may be seen in the *Rebellion Record*, contains not the faintest allusion to any Southern hopes fed by Great Britain, or by any allies or sympathizers other than the Democratic party at the the North. It would seem, therefore, that when damages for the prolongation of the war are levied, the Democratic party at the North should, at least, be called upon to contribute its share.

Mr. Sumner's charges were embodied by Mr. Fish in a despatch which Mr. Motley was directed to read to Lord Clarendon. Lord Clarendon did not meet this attack on the honour of the country, nor have his successors met similar attacks with the dignity which sound policy as well as self-respect and regard for the national character required. But he sent an exhaustive and conclusive reply to Mr. Fish's statement. This reply was published in England, but in America it was suppressed by Mr. Fish. One great difficulty in dealing with the people of the United States is that the facts do not reach them. They are fenced by their politicians and journalists against unwelcome truth, and thus they are led blindfold into the designs of men for whom they themselves profess no respect.

After another period of moral war, aggravated by ill-timed and humiliating demonstrations of cordiality on the part of Great Britain, negotiations were resumed and ended in the Treaty of Washington, which was not only to settle all differences and restore halcyon days between the two nations, but to open a new era for humanity by introducing the great principle of international arbitration.

When the terms of the treaty were made known it became at once evident that the British negotiators by consenting to a retrospective modification of international law had compromised the rights and impaired the security of neutrals, whose interests are at least as deserving of protection as those of powers which involve the world in war. Still the apology tendered on the part of Great Britain for the escape of the *Alabama* was well received; the feeling of the people in the United States appeared good; and there was a general tendency among Englishmen to accept the treaty as the best practicable termination of the state of moral war.

Soon, however, it transpired that the British Commissioners had submitted to a peremptory refusal of the Americans to consider the Fenian claims. It may safely be said that the failure to detain a single vessel, furtively built by a foreign power, in time of war, and under all the difficulties incident to the maintenance of neutrality between passionate and unscrupulous belligerents, will bear no comparison in point of criminality with the deliberate permission and encouragement, through a series of years and in time of peace, of an organi-

zation openly levying war against a neighbouring and friendly nation. If the material damage done by the Fenians in Canada was not great—though it included the killing of several Canadians and the wounding of more—the Americans, as they professed, were seeking, not so much the payment of material damages, as the vindication of moral principles. In peremptorily refusing to consider the Fenian claims, they in effect declared that other nations should be answerable for their actions, but the American Republic should not. Here was an end at once of all the moral advantages which were to accrue to humanity from the treaty. Instead of being a signal example of the submission of great powers to the moral law, it became an almost unparallelled assertion, on the part of the United States, of immunity from moral obligations.

At length the "American case" was produced. Its character is best described in the words of the great organ of German opinion, the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. "The tribute," says that Journal, "which Germany draws from France, after a complete victory, is insignificant compared with the compensation that the American government demands, in virtue of a treaty which enthusiasts describe as the inauguration of a new era of peace and friendship. The most hostile and contemptuous despatches of Prince Bismarck to the French government are courteous and friendly in comparison with the indictment for which the President and his Cabinet are responsible. An idle attempt has been made to shift this responsibility by attributing the unexampled coarseness and malignity of the attack to the lawyers who drew it up. It may be true that the American negotiators have discredited themselves; but they have also discredited the character of their country." An auspicious opening of the new moral era of international arbitration!

On the vexed question of legal interpretation, we have given a paper drawn up by a legal hand. On the moral point and the point of honour, there can scarcely be room for doubt. The British Commissioners were known to have entered into the negotiations with the special object of excluding the indirect claims, and reducing the case to such a claim for specific damages as England might with safety and honour consent to submit to arbitration. The word "amicable," applied in the treaty to the settlement, would seem itself to shut out demands, which, it is obvious, could only be enforced by war. It was manifestly on this understanding that the British Commissioners had consented to retrospective modifications of international law, and had tendered an apology, the acceptance of which alone would be decisive against the resumption of a hostile attitude in the court of honour. In that belief they had been suffered to go through the negotiations. In that belief they had been suffered to depart. One of their number and Lord Granville had afterwards been allowed publicly to give this version of the treaty without being corrected. Then, Great Britain being, as it seemed, finally committed to the arbitration, the indirect claims were sprung.

It is suggested that these indirect claims were merely foisted in by the lawyers who drew the case, and who, in a great international cause, used this pettifogging artifice of their trade to impose on the arbitrators and swell the damages. Those who walk in beaten paths, are not likely to be very successful in divining the motives of American politicians.

It is possible that it may have been thought desirable for political purposes to re-open a profitable quarrel. But the only thing which can be safely asserted, is that whatever was done, the paramount object was to influence the result of the approaching Presidential Election.

What is certain is, that if the British Ministers allow the indirect claims to be submitted in any form or under any disguise,

they will be guilty of treason, not only against the interests and honour of their own country, but against all nations. All nations are now, in place of the promised millennium, threatened with the establishment of a rule under which any overbearing power, after filling the world with all the evils of war, will be enabled to assess the cost of the war upon its weaker neighbours, under pretence of levying consequential damages for those breaches of neutrality, which, when belligerents are transported with lawless passions, it is hardly possible altogether to prevent. A small power like Canada might be sold up by the United States, under pretence of levying indirect damages for the escape of a single privateer, or for such an occurrence as the St. Albans' raid. A Belgian publicist, M. de Lavergne, has justly observed that neutrals, if they had the slightest reason to fear that they had laid themselves open to indirect claims, would deem it their best policy at once to enter into the war, and thus war, instead of being extinguished, would become universal.

The tribunal is novel, the procedure is unsettled, the judges are untried, nor can anyone tell to what influences they may be subject. And to this tribunal Great Britain is to submit the question whether she shall be visited with ruin and dishonour; the other party to the proceeding, on whose moderation and scrupulousness something so unprecedented and so delicate a process must depend, being her inveterate foe whose hatred has singled her out from among all the nations of Europe for the present attack, and whose President would at once secure his own re-election and the triumph of his party, if by any means whatever he could inflict heavy disgrace and loss upon the British nation! Would the American Government consent to set its character and fortunes on such a die?

The British negotiators behaved like men of honour, and brought no stain in that respect upon the character of the Empire; but it would be difficult to award them any other praise. The indirect claims had never, it is true, been formally preferred by the American Government; but they had been preferred in the speech of Mr. Sumner, which was published with the sanction of the American Senate, and the general line of which was followed in the despatch of Mr. Fish. Prudence therefore would seem to have obviously required that these claims should be expressly barred by the British negotiators, expecially considering the well-known and often experienced habits of American diplomacy. It was weakness to take mere silence, amicable professions and the acceptance of an apology as sufficient securities without an explicit renunciation. The premature and somewhat ignominious exultation of the British Government at the conclusion of the Treaty, its hasty bestowal of extravagant rewards on the commissioners, and the foolish self-gratulations of some of the commissioners themselves, notably of Sir Stafford Northcote, could not fail to produce a bad effect, and probably had no small share in encouraging the adversary to resume his hostile tone and attempt further extortions.

With regard to the question between Great Britain and Canada, it is not our intention to raise any discussion as to the construction put by the Canadian Premier and his colleagues upon the instrument investing him with his powers and prescribing his duties as a member of the High Joint Commission. This much, however, is certain, that the British Government and nation did sincerely desire to give to Canada full security for the due consideration of her special interests, and at the same time a proof that she is cordially associated with the Mother Country in the power and dignity, as well as in the interests and responsibilities of the Empire. The Prime Minister of this country was included in the Commission avowedly with these objects, and whatever may have been the formal nature of his authority and functions,

there can be no doubt that he had practically in the last resort a veto on the Canadian portion of the Treaty, since his declared dissent would have rendered it impossible for the British Ministry to obtain the acquiescence even of their own followers in the British Parliament. Not only so, but, whereas the Treaty is not submitted for ratification to the Parliament of Great Britain, it is, by a special provision, submitted for ratification to the Parliament of Canada, which is thus, in this instance, treated with more consideration than the Supreme Legislature itself. That, in deciding on the acceptance or refusal of the Treaty, the Canadian Parliament is morally bound to have regard to Imperial as well as to Colonial interests is perfectly true ; but that the Canadian Parliament was not intended to have a real voice in the matter is a statement which can hardly be made in good faith, and which, at all events, is totally unfounded.

There is more reason in the allegation, that it would have been better to keep the case of the Alabama claims and that of the Fisheries distinct, and to make them the subject of separate negotiations. But the case of the Alabama claims cannot be treated as one in which Canada has no concern. So long as we are a part of the Empire, all Imperial questions are Canadian and all Canadian questions are Imperial. If we say that we have nothing to do with the *Alabama*, the people of Great Britain will say that they have nothing to do with the Fisheries, and the unity of the Empire will be dissolved. The awkwardness of the double diplomacy is manifest ; but a double diplomacy is inevitable where two communities, each having national interests and questions of its own, are combined under one Crown. Compensation must be looked for in the other consequences of the connection.

Without discussing again the merits of the Canadian portion of the Treaty, we may safely say that any charge against the Mother Country of a deliberate sacrifice of the interests of the Colony is sufficiently rebutted by the favourable reception of the Treaty among a considerable section of our own people. We have already referred to the fact, which cannot be doubted, that Great Britain might have purchased immunity for herself by abandoning her North American Colonies. But not only was the proposal never entertained by her,—the most distant allusion to it was always met on her part with scornful indignation.

The conduct of our Mother Country towards her Colonies may not have been faultless, but for a generation, at all events, it has been free from serious blame, and at the worst of times it was better than that of any other mother country in history, unless we think fit to except those parent states, which, like the States of Ancient Greece, left their colonies independent from the beginning, and thus escaped all the difficult and angry questions, which the connection with a distant and adult colony cannot fail to breed. Of this the condition of the British Colonies, trained as they are to self-government, and ripe with all the elements of a powerful nationality, is at once the most decisive and the noblest proof. The colonial expenditure of Great Britain may not have been up to the standard of ideal self-sacrifice, but it has been tenfold greater than that of any other country, and it has been sustained under a load of debt and taxation, which constitutes not only a fiscal burden, but a grave political danger, as the popular outbreak caused the other day by the match-tax proved. The little island has done great things, in proportion to her size, for herself and for her children; she has secured to her children the amplest, fairest, and most hopeful heritage in the world, and held it for them, during their minority, against the world's arms. But there is a limit to her power. To say that she has become a cypher in the council of nations is absurd : prostrate France

implored her mediation, and imperilled Belgium eagerly accepted her guarantee. Her strength, so far from having declined, is at this moment greater than ever. But the strength of her rivals has increased, and she is no longer, as at the close of the Napoleonic war, sole mistress of the seas. She is threatened by the jealousy of European powers, by Russian aggression, by American rancour, and burdened with the exigencies and anxieties of that vast and multifarious empire, of which, after all, the North American Colonies are but a part. This is a state of things calling on her side for frankness, and on our side for deliberation. But let us not degrade Canada in the eyes of the world by joining with the enemies of the empire in calumnious disparagement of a mother country, of which, on the whole, we have good reason to be proud, and our kindly relations with which will always be valuable to us, even in a material point of view, and as the source of our best immigration, whatever our political destiny may be. It is possible that the hour of Canadian nationality may be drawing near. If so, let us prepare to found the nation, not in ingratitude, but in truth and honour.

TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

THE SWORD POINT.

(*Translated for* THE CANADIAN MONTHLY, *from the German of Liebetreu.*)

YOU need not be surprised, old friend; with all your Greek and Latin, you will never captivate a lady's heart. If you do not wish to be overlooked in society and kept constantly in dread of throwing down, with your elbow, the tea-service from the sideboard; or if you do not choose to remain in danger of repeating again all the little blunders you have lately perpetrated in company, you must have recourse to the only way of escape, that is, you must learn fencing and dancing.

This moral lecture I received from one of my friends many years ago, after I had confessed the awkwardness of which I had been guilty—to the delight of some ladies on a previous evening, at the party of Professor R——h. But my friend did more for me than this. He gave me the address of a certain French refugee, who called himself Monsieur Fernand; and certainly there appeared to be nothing better for me than to pay a visit to this Doctor of Politeness. I soon found his lodgings. His servant showed me into his apartments, announced me, and Monsieur Fernand soon made his appearance: a military figure, with white hair, and a kind smile on his face.

"Good day, Sir,—Do you speak French?"

"*Un peu, Monsieur.*"

"*Eh bien,*" and now we continued the conversation in his language. "How can I serve you, Sir?"

"My friend, M. B——g, was so kind as to give me your address, assuring me that you would be able to add to my education the accomplishments of dancing and fencing."

"Well, very well. When do you wish to begin?"

"Immediately, if it is convenient to you."

"Very well, I am at your service."

"But," said I, delaying, "we must arrange about the conditions."

"Conditions?"

"Yes, I mean the terms."

"Yes,—well,—I did not think of that. It is not agreeable to speak about that." I could see it was disagreeable.—"Twelve lessons, two Fréderics d'or? Is that ——?"

"Very well, Sir,"—much easier—"Let us now commence, if you please."

He now walked before me into a large room, having many windows, and furnished with a piano. On nails between the windows hung fencing gloves and wire masks, and in one corner stood about a half dozen foils.

"Now, Sir, please stand over here. That's right. The arm easy, hanging down. *Comme ça!*"

The old gentleman's manners told of a different position and calling from that in which he was now occupied and I could see, notwithstanding his noble bearing, a slight limping of the right foot, which seemed to come from a stiff knee-joint. A strange thing, thought I, to learn fencing and dancing from an old lame gentleman, but I soon found that he was complete master of his weapon.

"That will suffice for to-day," said he, after half an hour's exercise.

"Now for the dancing, if *Monsieur* is not already too tired."

"Not in the least, Sir."

He took from the piano a small violin, and struck a few chords.

"Please place yourself—*comme ça.*—You see! One—two—three—*voilà tout.* First, second, third position. No, no! You are wrong. Please, try once more. Peste! My leg is miserable to-day! I cannot dance."

"Let us leave off to-day, I'll come again."

"Not at all, Sir,—a minute!" He went to the door, opened it, and called, "Julie! get your dancing shoes on. Be quick, and come into the hall."

Julie came. A strange girl! She was tall, had large black eyes, a small mouth, with full lips, but her cheeks were yellow, and the whole figure lean and emaciated. She wore a dress which she had outgrown long ago. The expression of her face was, in spite of the hardness of the lines, childlike. In short, she was like a child of ten years who, when we look through a telescope, appears to be eighteen.

"Mademoiselle Julie Fernand, my daughter, Monsieur Forster," said the old gentleman. She bowed according to the rules of etiquette, and I tried to return the salutation with as much grace as possible. "Julie," continued the old gentleman, "my leg troubles me very much to-day; you will have the honour to instruct the gentleman in dancing."

"*Oui, mon père!*"

"If you please, then, one, two, three. Please notice Mademoiselle's feet carefully, and then make the same movements!" *One, two, three;* and so it went on with the monotonous *one, two, three* for nearly an hour. Julie, with the greatest patience, instructed me in the movements, her father gliding sometimes with his fingers, sometimes with his bow, over his little violin. "Very well," he said, at last, "you have life, you have blood, hot blood; I mean to say, you have a good ear. You keep step. I shall gain credit by you."

"Julie, pay your compliments."

"*Bonjour, Monsieur,*" said Julie, and left the room.

"When shall I have the honour again?" asked Monsieur Fernand.

"I shall have the pleasure the day after to-morrow," I answered.

"Very well, Sir, I hope my leg will not disappoint us. *Bonjour, Monsieur.*"

The old gentleman arose. I could see his leg pained him; but it did not prevent him from accompanying me to the door, and taking his leave of me with a gentle bow.

On the appointed day I again returned. "*Ah, Monsieur!*" said the old gentlemen, when he had received me, "You are very unlucky. I cannot use my leg at all to-day. Your German climate does not suit the wounds of an old soldier. The sun of France is warmer," he added, with a light sigh.

"I can come another day with the greatest pleasure, I answered.

"O, no! Certainly not. That is not necessary, Julie will teach you. Will you be kind enough to open the door? It is impossible for me to rise." I did as he requested and he called, "Julie! Julie! come quick; get your shoes and your shield." Julie came in with a little leather breastplate in her hand.

"Good day, *Monsieur.*"

"Good day, *Mademoiselle.*"

"Well, Monsieur Forster, *Mademoiselle* will

instruct you," said Monsieur Fernand while he buckled her shield, and tied the mask before her face. "Now in position! Julie, in position! So!" Julie acted with great ease and gracefulness. She seemed to have inherited this from her father. "Now, will you please, look at *Mademoiselle's* hand, not at her eyes. That you may do, when you are more proficient. Now, on your guard. Well done! *Quarte*, so, *tierce!* Not so high. That is too high. That is too high. Now, thrust!" I did so as skilfully as possible, while Julie, the foil in her left hand, let the fingers of her right glide along on my sword to support the crossing of the blades, just like an old fencer. "*Ah bah! Monsieur!*" said the old gentleman, "you are not so expert yet as to be dangerous to *Mademoiselle*. Once more now! More force with the upper part of the body. Mademoiselle will save herself. So! Now *quarte!* Thrust! Parry! That's better. Once more!"

It was very disagreeable for me to strike forcibly against the breast of a girl, but she was my instructor, and I could do nothing else.

We went through all the *passades*, Julie always in the right position, always parrying with grace and skill, so that I soon discovered Julie could fence just as well as her father, Monsieur Fernand.

The old gentleman's leg had not improved during the next week, and Julie gave me my lessons. My eyes soon began to seek hers behind the wire mask. I had improved under her instructions so far as to be able to cross blades in a regular attack. And I noticed, in these encounters, the childlike, careless expression of her face vanished, and that an expression of womanhood came over her countenance. The eye had not the staring inquisitiveness of the child, or the steady glance of the trained fencer, but that strange restlessness sometimes seen in a deep, glittering, dark eye.

One day the old gentleman himself instructed me. It chanced that I had brought with me a little box of chocolate, which I gave to Monsieur Fernand. He ate a few pieces and handed the box to his daughter, while he gave me my fencing lesson. Julie remained in the room to be in readiness for the dancing lesson. When the fencing was over, "Now for my chocolate," said my instructor. At these words Julie started as if she had been in a deep dream. "But, child," said her father, laughing, and looking into the box, "you have eaten all the chocolate! *Coquine!* What a little epicure you are."

She blushed; the tears came into her eyes; but she uttered not a word.

"There! I have broken a string," said the old man, tuning his violin. "Julie, go and fetch me a string. No—I will go myself. You would not find them. I beg your pardon a minute, Sir, Mademoiselle will play a piece on the piano till I return."

The old gentleman left us, and Julie sat down at the piano. When I opened it, she said to me with tears in her eyes, "You must think me very fond of dainties."

I answered laughing: "Did you finish the whole box?"

"It is true," said she, hesitating; "but I have not eaten anything else since Sunday, but a small piece of bread; and yesterday I ate nothing at all."

"For Heaven's sake, child, what do you say? Nothing to eat since Sunday! You'll destroy yourself! at your age!"

"At my age? We had nothing to eat; for after the servant had done, nothing was left!"

"Poor, poor child! and I, the wretch, have not paid your father yet. Why did your father not tell me he was————!"

"Monsieur Fernand would sooner die of hunger," she replied, with the air of a princess.

"I will pay your father immediately, fool that I am! I might have read it in your face."

"Do I look so starved?" she said, with a sad look.

"Poor child!" said I embarrassed. "Poor child!"

"Child? I am seventeen, Monsieur."

"Really? How sorry I am. But I'll speak to you——."

"For heaven's sake, not now," she cried. "I never would have said a word, but I could not bear your regarding me as a greedy child.—Promise never to say a word about this to my father. He would never forgive me."

"You may rely upon me, Mademoiselle," I answered.

Monsieur Fernand returned. A new string had been supplied, and he played with the usual kindly expression on his face. Julie and I danced.

"*One, two, three!* Julie! *plus machinale-*

ment! The gentleman is here to learn dancing, not to dance for pleasure. *Plus machinalement*, more quietly, more quietly, *comme ça!*"

So we danced to the tune of the violin. But as soon as we danced with more animation than was necessary for the object of instruction, we were restored to propriety by the old gentleman's *plus machinalement.*

At the end of the lesson I told Monsieur Fernand that I should very likely leave town for a few days, and begged him to accept the fee for the lessons.

"But Monsieur forgets," was the reply.—"The courses are not yet finished, therefore there is no need to pay now."

"But you would oblige me very much if you would allow me to do so; for it is unpleasant for me to leave the town without paying my debts."

"*Bien*," answered my instructor; and put the gold pieces, with the greatest *nonchalance*, into his vest pocket. His manner was so dignified, that I could have laughed to myself, if I had not heard Julie's sad story. I left, and watched for a little at the street corner. After a short time the servant left the house of Monsieur Fernand, with a basket, and returned, bringing what I had expected—a basket-full of victuals. I returned home with a light heart, and promised to myself to protect Julie, at least, from hunger.

After about eight days I returned to continue my lessons. The change was remarkable: Julie was a virgin, a blooming virgin. Almost magical was the change which the food had effected. Her dress, too, had been changed, and rendered more suitable to her age. Monsieur Fernand did not show the least change. He was dignified, but affable as ever. When his leg permitted, he instructed, and I fenced with him, while Julie played. Afterwards I danced with Julie, and her father played; but very often we were interrupted by the old gentleman's "*plus machinalement*, Julie!"

In this way a few months passed, till one day Monsieur Fernand said to me: "Sir, you may now discontinue your lessons; for you are an excellent fencer, only you must continue to practise a little for some time; but I cannot take your money any longer; for you can learn nothing more from me." I urged him strongly to give me another course, as I wished to learn how to disarm an adversary. "Very well, Sir, one course more; but my arm is now as stiff as my leg; Mademoiselle must therefore teach you. Julie's hand is as firm as steel. If you are able to disarm Mademoiselle you are a complete fencer."

I came to my lessons as formerly, but without the old interest. I was entirely changed, How had it happened? Well, the reason was this: one evening while visiting some relations, I had met a young lady, looked too deeply into her brown eyes, and had been caught in her net. I thought of her, and dreamed about her night and day. Fencing and dancing, as well as everything else, lost interest for me. Before the last lesson, I met Monsieur Fernand and his daughter on the street. I bowed in recognition. "Who was that?" said my betrothed, whom I had taken out in that capacity, for the first time.

"My fencing master and his child," I answered.

"His child!" was the somewhat lengthened reply.

"Well then, his daughter. I take my last lesson to-morrow."

"Ah!" said my betrothed, and was unusually quiet during the remainder of the day.

The next day I went to Monsieur Fernand's and met Julie alone. The old gentleman had a visitor. He came in only for a moment, and politely excused himself. Julie had no mask over her face, and stood opposite me, with the rapier in her right hand.

"Well, Julie," said I—we lately had called each other by our Christian names—this is the last lesson."

"My name is Mademoiselle Fernand. Who was that fair haired lady in your company yesterday?"

"Well, a lady," said I, somewhat bewildered, but attempting to laugh, "who in two months will become my wife. But what is the matter, Julie? Are you ill?"

"O, no! Nothing is amiss."

"But why without masks to-day?"

"We do not always fight like children, Monsieur," she answered, with a hard voice.

I threw away my mask. We commenced; I was perfectly collected, but she seemed to be very excited. Her attacks were violent. With eagerness she rushed upon me. In parrying

my blade glided along hers, and I perceived that the iron button was broken off from the point of her foil. "You must have made a mistake, *Mademoiselle*," I said, "your foil has no button."

"Well observed, Sir," she replied, with flashing eyes. "I pointed the blade myself! In four weeks a wedding! Your bride loves your false face. She shall not have it. I'll cut it in pieces, as you have done my heart! *En garde, Monsieur.*"

"But, Julie"——

"*En garde, Monsieur!*" and her eyes glittered like those of a lioness. "Save yourself if you wish to have a wedding at all." She struck out again with violence. I had to parry with all my skill, but without success. Her sharp *fleuret* cut the flesh of my arm, from the hand to the shoulder.

As soon as she saw my blood flowing, she threw her foil into a corner, and raised me up in her arms. I had sense enough left to tell her to break the point off the foil, before I fainted. When I recovered my senses I found my arm bandaged. Though I could not move, I heard her moaning, and calling out, "Ernest, dear Ernest, I have killed you. I would gladly have died for you a thousand times, and now I have killed you. Oh, Ernest, dear Ernest, don't die," she cried, in deep agony.

I was soon able to speak. "Be quiet, child; but first give me the sword point." When it was brought to me, I examined it and found the point sharp as a needle.

Monsieur Fernand came in. "What has happened?" he cried, in the greatest excitement. "How was this possible?"

"Very simply," I replied. "The button of the foil broke off, and Julie has wounded me accidentally."

"How careless, child; but where is the point? It must be somewhere. I'll speak to the sword-maker for sending me such a blade as this. I am very, very sorry."

After a while the old gentleman begged to excuse himself. He must go to his guest. He left us, telling Julie she must keep me company. Julie came to me deeply affected, and begged me to forgive her.

"With all my heart I forgive you," I answered, looking into her deep dark, but now tearful eyes. "You shall love me, my dear Julie, not as a bride but as a sister; confide in me in everything, and I'll watch over you as a brother." Sighing, she bent over my wounded arm, and burning tears fell upon it. She looked up into my eyes, so grieved, so afflicted; she seemed to think it useless to speak of refusing my request. The heart only could hear the "*No!*" she uttered. While she tried to master her feelings, she said sorrowfully, "I will love you as a brother."

Monsieur Fernand again entered. I soon found myself strong enough to drive home; and with a hearty salute from the old gentleman, and a long hot glance from Julie, I bade adieu to my generous instructor and his warm-hearted daughter. * * * *

* * Ten years have passed away since then. I sit by a writing-table. The children are terribly noisy to-day. "Silence!" All quiet at once, but soon the noise begins again.

"Pa, pa, look what I have found," says my eldest girl."

"Come, child, I have no time now."

"But is'nt it sharp?" said the child.—"Sharp." I became interested. "What is sharp?"

"Here, pa."

"Dinner ready," calls my wife, from the din ing room.

"Come here, darling," I reply.

"What is it, Ernest?"

"Look here, Julie, do you know this sword point?" My wife blushes. Her eyes look into mine as they did ten years ago. She had improved from a small tiny bud, and had grown up into a beautiful rose, smiling; she puts her arms around my neck and kisses me again and again, till I say playfully: "*Plus machinalement*, Julie!

The wound had made my arm stiff; my betrothed rejected me. She did not wish to marry a cripple. Julie became my wife. She gave up fencing, for she has now enough to keep her employed with the care of our children.

HOW I WAS RUSTICATED FROM CAMBRIDGE.

From TEMPLE BAR *for April.*

I ALWAYS thought it a very hard case, but I could never bring my irate father and my weeping mother to view the matter in that light. I appeal to an impartial public. This was how it happened :—

My name was put on the boards of St. Blasius in October, 185—, and after a most tender parting from my household gods in Warwickshire, I commenced residence in all the glory of a promising freshman. I do not know that I ever had very sanguine hopes of academic distinction, so I received the full blessing of expecting nothing, inasmuch as, in this respect, I met no disappointment. I had a hard battle with my revered father, and afterwards with the tutor of the college, to be allowed to rent an extra room in which I might carry on my favourite relaxation. This was the unusual pursuit of amateur organ-building. My father said that the idea was preposterous and expensive. The tutor affirmed that such things ruined a young man's prospects, and made him idle. But, nevertheless, I carried the day through the intercession of my mother ; and my carpenter's bench, with the appurtenances thereof, were duly accommodated in a small room opening out of my gyp-room, on staircase letter C. I was not long in maturing my plans for erecting a small chamber-organ of two manuals, with all kinds of ingenious mechanical appliances in the way of stops and couplers. I was naturally both of a mechanical and musical turn of mind ; so, by my favourite pursuit, I gratified both sides of my disposition. I often tried to convince my father that it was a most economical step thus to kill two birds with one stone, but he could not see it. I explained how I might develop my mechanical talent by building an expensive steam-engine, and indulge my musical propensities by insisting on running up to London every week to enjoy the Opera or Philharmonic concerts. I proved on paper that this method would consume more time and money than a little quiet organ-building could ever absorb. But it was all no use. My father had not a logical mind, and he drove away conviction in a manner most irritating to a sound reasoner like myself. However, I had my own way at Cambridge, but under protest.

Now the organ in the Chapel of St. Blasius was an old organ, which had been renovated and added to by several builders, till the inside of the instrument was crowded beyond all reason. For the most ordinary processes of tuning and regulating, the unfortunate operator had to perform the feat of an acrobat before he could get at either pipes or key-action. The bellows had to be emptied and the swell closed before he could get in at all. And after he was in, it was only by getting over sundry massive beams, under cross-beams not more than two feet from the ground, and through apertures scarcely big enough for a rabbit, that any of the important working-parts of the instrument could be reached. To tie oneself into a knot, as tumblers do, was nothing to this. Unless a man could double himself up into the space of a cubic foot or so, unless he could wriggle along yards upon his back, and stand for many miserable minutes in the most apoplectic postures, he could not hope to do anything to the interior of the St. Blasius organ. It was from this untoward instrument that I obtained all my patterns and measurements for my own chamber-organ. I formed the acquaintance of the organist, and, after a vast amount of strategy, won his consent to my venturing into the hidden depths of his hideous old machine. Week after week did I attempt new feats with the view of getting hints for my own amateur work. I lived in a chronic state of broken head and contused shins. Every now and then I appeared with one or more black eyes ; and on two occasions I was most suspiciously

cross-examined by the Dean as to presumed pugilistic propensities.

But in the midst of all these difficulties I progressed most satisfactorily with my work, and was proud to think that all my evolutions in the St. Blasius organ, however detrimental to my own bodily comfort and personal appearance, brought after all no damage whatever to the venerable and sacred instrument itself. So long as this state of things continued, perfect amity prevailed between the organist and myself. He did not object to any amount of punishment wherewith I punished my own cranium or limbs, but he swore a deep oath that the moment I injured a hair in his precious organ, that moment I should be to him as a heathen man and a publican.

Four terms passed by without any accident. My studies were in a most backward state, but, oh joy! my chamber-organ was on the high-road to completion. The tutor complained of my idleness. My father upbraided me for neglecting my reading, but I hugged myself with the thought that once the organ was finished, I would buckle to and make my running with the college subjects. In the midst of my good resolutions, a most lamentable accident took place. I was, one day, standing inside the chapel organ, resting on my left knee, with one foot wedged in between two pipes, the other suspended delicately in the air, my head tucked out of the way under my right arm, while I held a long screw-driver in my left hand. In this pleasant position I had stood for nearly ten minutes, examining a portion of the wind-chest work, when by an overpowering impulse I was compelled to sneeze, and in the act I dropped the screw-driver. Down it fell heavily on the swell-trackers, and forthwith snap went the trackers, and my implement travelled on to further mischief below. At this juncture I heard a familiar voice.

"Hallo!—what's that?"

"Oh, nothing!" I replied.

"You get out of that, sir, and let me see what you have been at."

Like a guilty hound, I extracted myself from the organ. The organist pulled out a few of the swell-stops, and ran lightly over the keys. In two seconds my fatal delinquency came to light. I knew it was all over. I put down the key of the organ on the stool, and, without a word, silently and mournfully left the chapel. The organist, on asking for the services of an organ-builder, had to give an account of the accident, and consequently got soundly wigged by the Dean for "dreaming of allowing a wild young undergraduate to meddle with and injure so noble and valuable an instrument."

From that hour I knew there was no more help to be obtained by me from "that noble and valuable," etc. I was thrown on my own resources. My organ progressed but slowly; my work, from being imitative, became tentative; and often times I fitted twenty different pieces of wood in a given place before I got it right. Week after week I toiled away laboriously, with a patience worthy of a better cause. I chafed a good deal at my constant obstacles, and twice did I attempt to make it up with the organist. But it was no use.

"No, sir," he said, peremptorily; "there will be no more damage done to the organ by you again, if I can help it."

By this time I had finished the key-action, bellows, sound-board, and wind-chest. The pipe-work, so far as it was metal, I did not attempt. This portion of my organ was supplied by an organ-builder in London. The stop-work was also finished, and I was now engaged in putting on some composition-pedals. In this there were one or two intricacies which I could not solve, and I at last determined that I would attempt furtively to get into the chapel organ and examine the composition-pedals there. But at this I was staggered by the difficulty of the project. To get the keys of the organ was impossible. To force an entrance was, of course, out of the question. My only chance was to watch an opportunity when the organ should be left open, and the organist absent. For this combination of circumstances I watched and waited in vain for nearly three weeks. At last, one Sunday morning, I was late for chapel, and passing up the ante-chapel I found the choir-gates closed, and the service well advanced. I had nothing particular to do, so I thought I would sit down in the ante-chapel to hear the anthem. So I made myself comfortable near the screen, looking up every now and then to the "noble and valuable" old instrument above me. Towards the end of the Psalms a frightful ciphering took place, or (in untechnical language) several notes

struck down inside the organ, and sounded various and discordant pipes whether the organist liked it or no. This "ciphering" I at once perceived was on the swell. In a second I heard a handful of swell-stops pushed hastily in, and the Psalms were finished on the Great and Choir. When the Anthem began, the first few chords told me, plainly enough, that the swell was now all right—the ciphering had been cured.

Now I knew, that in all probability, the organist must have got at the key action to effect this, and I also knew that, in that clumsily-arranged instrument, he could not do this without going inside. At once it struck me—had he left the little side door open? If he had, now was my opportunity. I slipped up the winding stair-case, and crept cautiously along the top of the screen till I hid myself behind the organ. Unfortunately for me, the side door was near the bellows-handle, and so long as the man who blew sat near I could do nothing. However, as this was a sermon Sunday, I had plenty of time; so I kept still in my hiding place, and bided my time. The bellows-blower might go to sleep, or he might leave the organ-loft for a few minutes during the sermon. The Dean gave out his text, and commenced one of his dreary and lengthy compositions. I cannot say I was very attentive. I was too fully occupied in watching my man. Slowly and ponderously the learned Dean got through his introduction and the first of his three heads. Just as he proceeded with "Secondly," the bellows-blower, to my great joy, softly left the organ loft, while the organist was all right in front, listening hard, it is to be hoped, to the Dean's sermon. In a moment I slipped round, when I found the coast was clear, and came upon the little side door open! I doubled myself up and got in. I went cautiously on hands and knees across the top of the bellows, and after several hairbreadth escapes reached the rods of the great organ tops, with the composition rollers working above and below. I softly got off the bellows at the side farthest from the side door, and here I had to place myself into the most uncomfortable position it is possible to conceive. I had just room for my two legs, but none for the upper part of my body. A large beam projected just into the very spot where my shoulders ought to have been; so I had to bend my head forward over the top of the reservoir-bellows, with a row of sharp wire screw-ends above, lying across the nape of the neck. The composition pedal-work was now in front of me nearly, and, pulling out a small rule, I immediately commenced my investigation and measurement. Meanwhile, I could hear the heavy theological Dean droning out his interminable sermon. For the first time in my life I admired his prolixity, for every additional subdivision of his subject gave me so much more time for my work. I knew full well that, when the sermon came to an end, my little excursion must also terminate, for the organist would then commence his concluding voluntary. I heard a faint sound at the back of the organ, of which, however, I did not take much notice. I supposed (and rightly) that it was the blower returning to his post, and I naturally calculated the small gratuity which would suffice to buy his silence when I made my exit through the dark little door opposite. How far the Dean had advanced in his sermon I could not tell exactly, but I knew he was deep in "Thirdly," and I thought to myself it was nearly time for me to get out. I had just resolved upon this, and was folding up my two-foot rule and my paper of memoranda, when my attention was attracted by a subdued, creaking sound. I looked round; and by the dusty twilight which prevailed inside the organ, I just saw enough to suspect that the bellows-blower had begun to put in the wind. In the greatest consternation I put my hand upon the top of the reservoir-bellows just before me. Yes, it was too true; the wind was put in, ready for the concluding voluntary. It must be remembered that my head was of necessity bent forward, that my face was looking down upon the top of the bellows, and that I was so securely wedged into this position that it was only by scrambling across the top of the bellows I could possibly get out; and this was only possible when the wind was out and the bellows at its lowest level. Immediately when I saw the difficulty I endeavoured to get one leg upon the bellows, in the hope I might be able to scramble over it to the other side before it rose much higher. But it had already risen too high for this. Every movement of the handle, worked by the man outside, raised the large moving surface an ad-

ditional inch or so. It was now breast high, within two inches of my face. To raise my head was impossible, for, as I before remarked, a row of sharp screw ends (technically called "tapped wires") was directly over the nape of my neck. All this time, though it was but a few seconds, I was acutely conscious of the steady progress of the sermon. I can even now remember every word of the enormous Dean's peroration. A sudden thought flashed across my mind: "What a fool I am!—why not open the escape valve?" Now the escape valve, which is an arrangement for preventing the bellows from bursting, was as usual, in the middle of the wide expanse of the bellows' top. If I could only press this down, the air would escape, the bellows would sink and I might yet get free. I strained and reached, but in vain; my longest finger could not be got within six inches of the valve. I thought of my two foot rule; but, alas! in my consternation I had let it drop. On went the sermon; "beat, beat," went my heart. The bellows top was now touching my nose, and the sharp points were being gradually driven into the back of my neck. I struggled, but in vain. It was no use. I was wedged in like some poor victim in a torture machine of the Inquisition. "Pump, pump," went the bellows-handle; down came the blood from innumerable punctures in the back of my neck. My agony was intense. My face was literally jammed between the ever-rising bellows below and those hideous spikes above. I dare not cry out; for was not the Dean in the finest passage of his peroration?

In the midst of my agony I heard a sound, and felt a movement in the mechanism near me. It was the organist pulling out the great organ-stops. At the same instant my eyes caught sight of the "pull-downs" leading from the great organ wind-chest. Some little demon whispered in my ear; and in a moment I saw my only hope of release from the intense and increasing agony I was suffering. I must open the nearest pipes, and thus release the accumulating wind. I knew, of course, the uproar I should cause, and I still heard the interminable Dean at his interminable sermon. But I could not help it. With one hand I grasped about eight of the brass "pull-downs," and with the other I laid hold of the nearest pedal-trackers. A roar of the most awful character ensued: it was as though fifty healthy bulls and five active volcanoes had burst into the chapel. The Dean's sermon was effectually quenched. One of his finest periods was brought to an unexpected full stop. The unfortunate organist bounded off his stool, and swore audibly. The bellows-blower rushed off, thinking, no doubt, the devil was inside the organ. But, oh joy! the bellows sank, and in a fainting state I clambered over the top, stumbled out through the little side-door, and fell into the arms of two Senior Fellows who had hastened up to the scene of disaster. The commotion among the gowns-men in the chapel, I was afterwards told, beggared description. Laughter, horror, exclamations of surprise and indignation, were all to the front by turns. The Blessing was pronounced amidst the greatest confusion; and altogether the scene was such as those sacred walls had never witnessed before.

I was politely conducted to my rooms. The next morning I appeared before the Master and Seniors, and though I pleaded loud and long, I was rusticated for two terms. I never went back to Cambridge. I always considered that I had been very badly treated.

BOOK REVIEWS.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS AND HER LATEST ENGLISH HISTORIAN. A Narrative of the Principal Events in the Life of Mary Stuart; with some remarks on Mr. Froude's History of England. By James F. Meline. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

It is the duty of those who have surrendered their judgments to Mr. Froude and who have formed their opinions of historical characters under the influence of his seductive rhetoric, to read this book. We only wish there were reason to hope that the duty would be fulfilled. It is so much more pleasant to float through pages of picturesque narrative, sweetened with mellifluous sentiment, than to inquire whether the narrative is true. There could not be a stronger proof of the general ignorance of history and the general carelessness as to historical fact than the reception given to the writings of Mr. Froude.

Unfortunately the reproach cannot be confined to the mass of readers, who have no access to original authorities and no time for critical investigation. Professed critics, writing in literary journals, have disgraced themselves as much as the most gullible girl. Worse than that, Mr. Burton, in his recent history of Scotland, not only joins in the general adulation of Mr. Froude, but follows him almost blindfold. Our own estimate of Mr. Burton's trustworthiness was never very high, but in common repute he holds a respectable and even an eminent position.

The secret of Mary Stuart's character is buried in her grave and in the graves which hold so many of the secrets of those dark and tragic times. No one trained to historical investigation and sensible of the duty of measuring his judgment by the evidence will commit himself to a decisive verdict. We confess, however, that Mr. Meline has made a strong impression on our mind in Mary's favour. Above all he has, we think, completely turned the balance of evidence against the authenticity of the famous Casket Letters which form the most important element of the case against her. We may almost say that he has proved them to be forgeries. And if he has proved them to be forgeries, he has not merely relieved Mary of the weight of their testimony against her, but created a general presumption of her innocence; since, if her enemies deemed it necessary to resort to forgery, they must have been conscious that there was no genuine evidence sufficient to support their accusations. Not only so, but their villainous conduct towards her in this instance renders it highly probable that in all other matters between her and them, respecting which historical controversy has arisen, the villainy was on their side.

But whatever may be the result of the inquiry as to the character of Mary, Queen of Scots, one thing is certain. Unless Mr. Meline can be answered, he has convicted Mr. Froude not only of inaccuracy, not only of carelessness, not only of prejudice, but of tampering with documents, perverting evidence, practising disingenuous artifices and habitually disregarding truth—of offences, in short, which if committed in the ordinary affairs of life would entail a loss of honour, and which can hardly be regarded as mere literary blemishes when committed by a writer of history.

It would be impossible for us to lay before our readers, in the form of extracts, adequate specimens of the investigation and its results. Such artists as Mr. Froude do not in general lay themselves open to palpable and overwhelming exposure by broad mis-statements and gross fabrications. They weave a pervading web of artifice and misrepresentation, the unravelling of which is a minute and intricate process, and can be appreciated only by following it throughout. Even the garbling of documents is usually managed so as to be distinctly appreciable only by those who are thoroughly aware of its bearing upon the case which it is intended to affect. One or two instances, however, may perhaps be selected. Mr. Froude, well understanding how essential are the Casket Letters to the case against Mary, labours with all the artifices of which he has a sinister command to prepossess the mind of his readers in favour of their authenticity. But not contented with this he attempts to involve Mary herself in an admission of the existence of the letters prior to the date at which they were produced, and at which, if they were forgeries, the forgery in all probability took place. He gives an elaborate account of the interview between Murray and his sister at Lochleven, founded on a letter of the English envoy, Throckmorton, who had the details from Murray himself. Throckmorton is represented by Mr. Froude as writing—"He (Murray) had forced her to see both her ignominy and her danger,

but he would not leave her without some words of consolation. He told her that he would assure her life, and if possible would *shield her reputation and prevent the publication of her letters.*" The effect of the words in italics is obvious : they import at least a tacit admission on the part of Mary of the existence of letters compromising to her reputation : in other words, of the Casket Letters. Now, Mr. Meline declares that Throckmorton's letter, which he cites in due form (Keith, vol. 2, p. 734) contains nothing of the kind. He asserts that what Throckmorton really says is merely : "They began where they left over night, and after those his reprehensions he used some words of consolation unto her tending to this, that he would assure her of her life and as much as lay in him the preservation of her honour." Mary's damaging admission, therefore, appears to be pure invention on the part of Mr. Froude : anything less culpable than invention it cannot be called. Again, in the scene of Rizzio's murder, Mr. Froude introduces a colloquy pregnant with deadly significance between the Queen and Darnley. "Catching sight of the empty scabbard at his side she asked him where his dagger was. He said he did not know. 'It will be known hereafter ; *it shall be dear blood to some of you if David's be spilt.*'" "This," remarks Mr. Meline, "is a specimen of able workmanship. According to Keith, Mary's answer was, 'It will be known hereafter.' According to Ellis, Mary had *previously* said to Ruthven, 'Well, sayeth she,' speaking to Ruthven, 'it shall be dear blood to some of you.' (Ellis, vol. II. p. 212.) Now, let the reader observe that Mr. Froude takes these two phrases, found in two different authorities, addressed separately to two different persons, reverses the order in which they are spoken, and puts them into one sentence, which he makes Mary address to Darnley. Do you see why so much industry and ingenuity should be exerted? *Because in this form the phrase is a threat of murder ;* and thus the foundation is laid broad and deep in the reader's mind for the belief that from that moment Mary had a design upon Darnley's life." In another place Mr. Froude gives what he pretends is a version of a letter from Mary to Elizabeth : "In an autograph letter of passionate gratitude Mary Stuart placed herself, as it were, under her sister's protection ; she told her that in tracing the history of the late conspiracy she had found that the lords had intended to imprison her for life, and if England or France came to her assistance they had meant to kill her. She implored Elizabeth *to shut her ears to the calumnies which they would spread against her*, and with engaging frankness *she begged that the past might be forgotten ;* she had experienced too deeply the ingratitude of those by whom she was surrounded *to allow herself to be tempted any more into dangerous enterprises ;* for her own part, she was *resolved never to give offence to her good sister again ; nothing should be wanting* to restore the happy relations which had once existed between them ; and should she recover safely from her confinement, she hoped that in the summer Elizabeth would make a progress to the north, and that at last she might have the opportunity of thanking her in person for her kindness and *forbearance.*" Mr. Meline prints the real letter by the side of this pretended version, and it appears that the passages in italics are mere interpolations made with the view of influencing the moral position of Mary and the questions between her and Elizabeth in a sense which can scarcely be missed by any reader, and which is glaringly obvious to any one who has the details of the history in his mind.

Compared with the garbling of documents or the perversion of facts for the purposes of historical calumny, exaggerations and misrepresentations for the purpose of the romantic and the picturesque are venial evils. Mary Stuart, according to Mr. Meline, says, in a letter, that she has ridden twenty miles in five hours ; but Mr. Froude turns five into two, and does the ride, as Mr. Meline says, *tempo agitato*—"away, away—past Restalrig, past Arthur's Seat, across the bridge and across the field of Musselburgh, past Seton, past Prestonpans, fast as their horses could speed." Most interesting traces of character are found by the historian in the handwriting of a fierce, dauntless, and haughty letter from Mary to Elizabeth—"the strokes thick and slightly uneven from excitement, but strong, firm and without sign of trembling." The prosaic fact, according to Mr. Meline, is that the letter was written by an amanuensis, only the salutation and signature being in Mary's hand.

A passage in one of the early chapters of Mr. Meline's book (which originally appeared as a series of articles in the *Catholic World*) drew forth a reply in the shape of an editorial in the *New York Tribune*, so characteristic of Mr. Froude, that we should almost be safe in assuming that it was inspired by him. It sought to create sympathy, by representing as a charge of "forgery" what in fact was not a charge at all, but simply a statement that a letter, which Mr. Froude had cited as existing in the Record Office, was found not to exist there ; and it appealed to Protestant prejudice against Mr. Stevenson, of the Record Office, who, it seems, is a Catholic. It also attempted to cast the blame on that universal scapegoat the "compositor," who must have a singular method in his misprinting, if he substitutes the name of Randolph, at the head of a despatch, for that of the Earl of Bedford.

Mr. Froude's hatred of Mary Stuart, which, though always at work, is generally concealed with a good deal of art, breaks out with what most people have felt to be unworthy and almost unmanly virulence in the death-scene. Here, also, if Mr. Meline's citation is accurate, Mr. Froude grossly falsifies a quotation, to make an eye-witness represent Mary's bearing as theatrical, whereas, the sense of the passage, when fairly cited, is quite the reverse. The falsification is effected by substituting a period for a comma, and suppressing the latter half of the passage. He concludes with a venomous allusion to her false hair, as though it had been peculiar to her, and typical of her falsehood of character, whereas, it was the regular fashion of the ladies of that time in general, and of Queen Elizabeth in particular.

It was natural that Mr. Meline's indignation at the artful calumnies which he was exposing, should sometimes disturb the calmness of his critical style, which, however, he had better have preserved. In one instance, he allows his emotion to disturb not only his style but his moral judgment. The Regent Murray may have been, and probably was, a scoundrel; but this does not palliate the crime of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, who killed Murray, not because he was a scoundrel, but because he was the great enemy of the Hamiltons. These, however, are but slight deductions from the debt due to one who, by a laborious investigation, for which no meed of popularity can be hoped, sweeps history clear of a mass of slanderous falsehoods. To us the exposure of Mr. Froude's character is no new revelation, for we have long regarded him as one of the most unconscientious and untrustworthy writers who ever tampered with the calling of an historian. We propose, in an early number, to give some of the reasons for our opinion.

THREE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.—By Charles Duke Yonge, Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If the reader of this volume looks for a connected and organic history of English literature during three centuries he will be disappointed. The work is merely a course of short biographies, critiques and extracts. The biographies, however, are compact; the critiques, if not profound, are sensible and in good taste; and the extracts are not ill chosen, though we might have proposed some changes—*e. g.* the insertion of Collins' Ode to Evening, and the substitution for the extracts from the Lady of the Lake of the battle in Marmion, in which Scott is at his best, and which is almost the only thing in modern literature really like Homer. A place among great writers is hardly due either to Marryat or to Cooper, neither of whom was a master of style, or in any high sense an artist. Chalmers also must owe his admission rather to Professor Yonge's reverence for his character and opinions than to his literary superiority to many writers of the same class who are excluded. Among the notable omissions are Bolingbroke and Adam Smith. Pym's speeches are superior to any which Professor Yonge has given, and those of Walpole are better models of Parliamentary oratory—though not of philosophic eloquence—than those of Burke. The introduction of Alison among the representatives of English literature is ridiculous: there is not a worse writer in the English language. He owes his position, such as it is, solely to his subject, the tremendous interest of which not even the pomp of his ungrammatical commonplaces could destroy. But the weakest thing in the book is the suppression of Shelley's history, on the ground of religious heterodoxy, while an extract—and a pretty heterodox one—is given from his poems. *Spectabitur quia non visitur.* Professor Yonge's readers will run at once to a life of Shelley. But surely there is a weak point in the morality, we may say even in the theology, which turns with pious horror from poor, misguided Shelley, and gazes without scruple upon Swift.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE; an Autobiographical Story. By George Macdonald. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

POOR MISS FINCH; a Domestic Story. By Wilkie Collins. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

It would be difficult to name two contemporary works of fiction which present stronger or more clearly defined points of contrast than these—the latest productions of Dr. George Macdonald and Mr. Wilkie Collins, respectively. It is not merely that the authors are dissimilar in style, in diction, or in the choice and treatment of their subjects. Every writer, whose talents are respectable enough to elevate him above the servile herd of imitators, is sure to infuse a good deal of his individuality into his work. Peculiarities of mental constitution, differences of temperament, the bias of nationality and education, the prejudices of class, profession and religious or philosophical belief, will inevitably reveal themselves, whether the subjects of them are conscious or unconscious of their influence, or even of their existence. Of course, we do not mean to assert that, in comparing the products of any two independent minds, we can indicate the presence of all these causes of diversity. Individual character is the result of a combination, in proportions infinitely variable, of many elements—physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual—moulded by such a multiplicity of in-

fluences that no two minds are precisely alike ; and yet, they often approach each other so closely as to be indistinguishable by our rude methods of mental analysis. With George Macdonald and Wilkie Collins we encounter no such difficulty. The contrast is so plainly marked that their novels scarcely present a single feature of similarity. The authors differ *toto cælo* ; their minds have nothing whatever in common ; they move in parallel grooves, and, therefore, present no point of coincidence. In their views of the world, of human nature, of moral and religious duty, and even of the aim and manipulation of the art they both employ, they are hopelessly apart. Both delight in mystery, it is true; but even here the resemblance, which is only apparent, serves to measure the gulf fixed between them. The one puzzles his readers and perhaps himself with spiritual fancies ; the other keeps us in suspense, and heightens the interest by a series of difficult situations. The one has all the haziness of the mystic ; the other claims only to be a skilful weaver of plots.

Dr. Macdonald is, in many respects, an attractive writer. He possesses a subtle and delicate fancy, high and pure aims, sensitiveness of the most ethereal order, and a graceful and nervous style. His works, although strongly impregnated with the religious spirit are not of the species known as "goody." He can be dogmatic enough at times, but his theology seems to sit loosely upon him. An author, who appears to believe, with Schleiermacher, in a Christian consciousness revealing all truth to its possessor, cannot hold to a very strict theory of biblical inspiration. Some keen scenter after heterodoxy is even said to have discovered in *Wilfrid Cumbermede* the germs of Universalism. It is hardly fair to the author to bring him to logical tests. He appears to look upon fiction as the play-ground of emotion where that peculiar description of fancy, which he would probably call "spiritual insight," may have full and free exercise. We doubt not that, if examined, we shall not say before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council because that body is notoriously latitudinarian, but say before the Consistory Court, or one of the General Assemblies at Edinburgh, he would acquit himself to the satisfaction of the indubitably orthodox. As a novelist, however, the author of *Wilfrid Cumbermede* has a theory, in which we presume, he believes more or less, and to which the exigencies of art require that he should be faithful.

He approaches humanity from the emotional side. Intellect has nothing to do with the immortal destiny of our race. Belief is the condition precedent of knowledge ; knowledge is the fruit of belief. As St. Anselm tells us, we ought not to seek knowledge as the basis of belief, but rather to believe in order that we may know*. The author's views, even of external nature are rigidly subjective. He gives us fresh and vigorous descriptions of scenery, but they are only introduced upon the canvass as the background to psychological effects. His *dramatis personæ* have no vitality ; they lack the first essential of humanity—as we alone know it—corporeal existence. They resemble rather those beings encountered by Æneas on the banks of the Styx—thin, airy sprites, without body, flitting to and fro under the hollow semblance of a human form. Take Wilfrid Cumbermede himself, Charley Osborne, Geoffrey Brotherton, Mary and Clara and throw old "grannie" and the rest in as additional raw material, and you will not find the makings of one solid, flesh-and-blood man or woman in the mass. The account of *Wilfrid Cumbermede's* childhood and youth is interesting enough, but so utterly unreal as to be valueless for psychological purposes. The opening chapters of *David Copperfield* give some reminiscences of infancy which, though fanciful in appearance, have an air of verisimilitude about them ; but what shall we say of a hero whose earliest wish, as a child, was that "he had watched while God was making him, so that he might have remembered how he did it?" And so Wilfrid goes on, in maundering and moping introspection, as if life were indeed a feverish sleep, whose highest enjoyment is to be found in the misty splendour of spiritual dreams.

Let us give one instance of the manner in which Dr. Macdonald deals with a question of taste. Many reasons could undoubtedly be given for breaking through the traditional practice of winding up a story to the music of wedding bells. Our author's reason (given in *Robert Falconer*) is that "not woman but God is the centre of the universe" which, though an undoubted truth, has not the slightest bearing upon the question. The peculiarly spiritual air in which the author seeks to involve his subject, permeates the whole book. We are constantly treated to such sententious remarks as this,—"Death never comes near us ; it lies behind the back of God,"—which may be a profound truth, for aught we know ; if it is, it might be expressed in a clearer and, perhaps, in a more reverent manner. So again—"When it comes, death will be as natural as birth." If Dr. Macdonald merely means that both are in the ordinary course of nature, he is putting himself to unnecessary trouble in stating a truism ; if more than that, he is transcending the limits of human knowledge, since regarding birth and death alike we are completely in the dark—"our little life is rounded by a sleep." We have thought it necessary to object to the semi-inspired tone in which *Wilfrid*

* "Neque enim quæro intelligere ut credam, sed credo ut intelligam."

Cumbermede is written because the example of Dr. Macdonald is seductive, and therefore dangerous. He is possessed of abilities of no mean order; he is sure of ardent admirers, and, in consequence, of a motley crowd of imitators. His own motives are unquestionably high and pure, and we have very little doubt that he will be of service in his day and generation. It does not follow, however, that because some protest seems necessary against the prevailing tendencies of the age, we ought to swing violently round to the opposite pole of thought. It may be well to avoid the Scylla of Materialism, but it is not so clear that, in the effort to do so, we need fall into the Charybdis of Mysticism. Dr. Macdonald's views of man and nature, if carried to their logical results, would place feeling upon the throne of reason, replace fact by morbid fancy, render religion the servant of mere intuition or caprice; and substitute the ravings of hysteria for the soberness of Christian devotion.

In Wilfrid Cumbermede the incipient tendencies only may be traced, not the ultimate extravagances. With the qualifications we have made, the work may be safely commended, as at once elevated in design, graceful in style, and earnest and impressive in tone.

Mr. Wilkie Collins is a being of another order. He does not trouble himself about psychology, subjective analysis, or the how and the why of individual character. To his view "the main element in the attraction of all stories is the interest of curiosity and the excitement of surprise." Life is a sort of chess-board, in which the pieces have indeed a different value; but this arises not from anything in the material of which they are made, but from the particular moves to which, by the laws of the game, they are restricted. The on-looker must, of course, be mystified as to the progress of the game, but he must make no mistake about the value of the pieces. By one or two strong daubs of colouring, Mr. Wilkie Collins marks his men beyond the possibility of mistake. In "Poor Miss Finch," the author begins by enumerating his human stock-in-trade—"a blind girl, two (twin) brothers, a skilful surgeon and a curious foreign woman." To which needs only be added a little nitrate of silver, administered to one of the brothers to give him a blue face, for the purpose not of distinction, but of confusion—and you have all the materials of Mr. Wilkie Collins' legerdemain. Madame Pratolungo is a very companionable governess, and the story of the blind girl, though rather too finely drawn out, is touchingly told. Herr Grosse is a sort of reformed Count Fosco; he is skilful in his profession, fond of Mayonnaise, and addicted to an unearthly style of swearing, perfectly incomprehensible to us, unless a residence in New York may account for it. We shall not attempt any sketch of the plot, because that would be high treason in the author's eyes. "Poor Miss Finch" is perhaps, scarcely equal to some of Mr. Collins' former works, but it is sure to be read with interest from cover to cover, by any one who once takes it up.

We have only to add that these stories are admirably printed and profusely illustrated. They are issued by arrangement with the authors, and form the latest issues of the Canadian Copyright series in course of publication, by Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. On this account, apart altogether from their intrinsic value, they deserve the favourable consideration of the Canadian public.

RED RIVER. By Joseph James Hargrave, F.R.G.S. Montreal: Printed for the Author by John Lovell, 1871.

Voltaire, in his Charles XII, makes a remark to the effect that, under the operation of some law of mental perspective, men are apt to imagine that the events of their own time and country, passing, as such events do, under their own immediate observation, are the most momentous that have befallen the human race since the creation of the world. It is only upon some principle of this kind, that such a phenomenon as the publication of a work like the present can be accounted for. The author is a native of Great Britain, who, in 1861, emigrated to the scene of his labours, where he has resided ever since. A residence of ten years, among a scattered population of less than 12,000 souls, all told, in a remote region, isolated from the rest of the world, seems to have had the effect which one would naturally expect. Events which happen out of the ordinary dull and monotonous routine of life in such a place, no matter how trivial in themselves, or how unimportant to the outside world, have acquired in the mind of the author, solely by reason of their rarity, a historic dignity.

The first four chapters, containing a description of the author's journey by sea and land from Liverpool to St. Paul's are quite out of place in a semi-historical work. The trip was more than usually uneventful, and the story of it is not told in a manner to redeem any deficiency in the matter. Besides, it has been told over and over again, and by such men as Lyell, Dickens, Peto, Dilke, Hepworth Dixon, W. F. Rae, Dr. Russell, Anthony Trollope, and others, most of them accomplished writers capable of imparting interest to the dullest theme. But what possible interest is there to a person wishing to study the history of Manitoba, in ordinary commonplace remarks upon the usual stock subjects of travellers to America: the sea voyage, sea-sickness, custom-house troubles, the value of American silver, the railways,

railway carriages and sleeping cars, the Victoria Bridge, the city of Montreal and the theatre there, with the performances of the "Wizard of the North," the Canadian elections of 1861 and the party spirit displayed, the Mississippi steamers, wayside prairie inns, stage-coaches and their passengers, American whiskey and brandy, Wilkie Collins' "Woman in White," and its appreciation by Mr. Morgan, a fellow traveller, &c., &c.

Chapter 5 will pass, containing, as it does, an interesting account of a trip across the prairies and down the Red River, from St. Paul's to Fort Garry —a truly primitive method of transport, in carts made altogether of wood and without springs; and in a steamer, from the bow of which a long "sweep" had to be used as an additional rudder, to round the sharp corners of the river, soon to be a thing of the past, if it is not so already; but the description has some permanent value as shewing what the mode of travel was in that region, so late as 1861.

Chapters 6, 7, and 8 are among the few contained in the book which have any real worth. They detail the history, so far as there is a history, and mode of government of the North West Territory from the earliest visits of Europeans till shortly before the author's arrival. From them we learn that in 1640 the French trappers, or "*coureurs des bois*," first extended their explorations to the height of land west of Lake Superior, which however was not crossed till 1731, when the passage was effected by a party under the direction of Varennes de la Verendrye, not by De la Verendrye himself as the author supposes. That enthusiastic pioneer did not join the party till two years later, when however the exploration of the country was vigorously proceeded with, and in the course of the following ten years, opened up along the Saskatchewan as far as the Rocky Mountains. The extension in 1774 of the trade of the Hudson Bay Co. from the vicinity of the Bay into the interior is referred to, though no mention is made of Mr. Hearn's discoveries of the Coppermine River and Arctic Ocean in 1769 and 1771 which led to the extension of trade. The organization in 1783 of the North West Company, and shortly afterwards of the X. Y. Company and their rivalry and bloody feuds with the Hudson's Bay Company until amalgamated with it by Mr. Ellice in 1821; the colonization of Red River by Lord Selkirk in 1811 and the acquisition of the Indian title to the lands occupied by settlers, in return for an annual subsidy of 200 lbs. of tobacco; the hardships of the early settlers, and other matters are also detailed. Though most of the facts have been related before by Garneau and others, we cheerfully give the author credit for considerable industry in the collection of the materials for this portion of his work.

Chapters 9 and 10 contain what the author calls a history of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches. They contain little more than lists of the names of the ministers and priests who have lived in the settlement, with the dates of their entrances and exits, and of the names of the churches with dates of erection.

In Chapters 11, 12 and 13, we have, in as copious detail as the rest of the book, the occurrences of the period just previous to the author's arrival and a description of the annual routine of life in the settlement. The trivial character of most of the incidents recorded, may be judged from the fact that "the starting of the Northern Packet" is called "one of the great annual events." (p. 155.)

The rest of the book, comprising about two-thirds, may be very briefly dismissed. It is a chronicle of events, great and small, from 1861 to 1868. On the title page are found the figures—1871, but the narrative does not come within three years of that date, so that the recent troubles are not touched upon, nor indeed do we find anything tending to throw light upon the causes of those troubles, or to indicate a forecast of them by the author.

As a whole, the work, though containing some valuable facts, is prolix. The amount of valuable matter bears almost as small a ratio to that which is of no importance to any one except the author, as Falstaff's bread did to his "intolerable quantity of sack." A master of the art of writing could easily compress all that is of any permanent value in its five hundred and odd pages within the limits of 100 or 150.

LITERARY NOTES.

The death of Joseph Mazzini has taken a great writer as well as a conspicuous actor from the world's stage; for he was a master of the words which grave themselves on men's hearts, and he owed in part to this gift his vast influence over the minds of Italian youth. Nor was his eloquence unsustained by a corresponding force and dignity of thought. Whatever we may think of his political principles, or of his mode of propagating them, he was a memorable enthusiast, and his name will live in his Italy for ever. Often confounded in common estimation with the French revolutionists, he in reality looked down with the disdain of a superior nature on terrorism, petroleum, and all the doings of the "Red Fool-fury

of the Seine." Though an unbeliever in Revelation and the mortal enemy of what he deemed the degenerate Papacy, he was in his way deeply religious; and his conception of nationality as a divinely appointed organ for the service of humanity at large, soared far above the narrow patriotism of the countrymen of Napoleon, and indeed above the patriotism of even the most liberal minds in most nations. Contact with him could not fail to leave an impression on any man, however opposed to him in sentiment, who had an eye for greatness of character. He remained, even in exile, the heart of the Italian movement, though he lacked some qualities necessary to make him its head.

By the death of the Rev. F. D. Maurice, we lose one to whom, considering the number and eminence of his disciples, it is impossible to deny the title of a great teacher, though to many, perhaps to most, utterances appeared merely dark, which to disciples appeared "dark with excess of light." Mr. Maurice had himself deeply imbibed the religious philosophy of Coleridge, whose pre-eminent virtue was not clearness. The essence of his teaching, and the source of his power as a teacher, seem to us to have been his conviction of the truth of Christianity as the one key to human nature and to man's relations with God, independently of any questions of ecclesiastical dogma or even of history. This, in fact, is the essence of Broad Churchmanship, of which Mr. Maurice was perhaps the best known type. So decidedly "Broad Church" was he, that he was forced to retire from his Professorship in King's College; but Lincoln's Inn, of which he was chaplain, refused to receive his resignation; and the University of Cambridge did not scruple to elect him to her chair of Moral Philosophy. The best of his theological works, as well as the least obscure seems to us to be still his "Kingdom of Christ." On more practical questions of personal and social morality, he was clear as well as impressive. Of the value of his efforts as a social reformer, an educator of the working classes, and a mediator between them and the wealthier classes, there can be no doubt. As little doubt can there be of the nobleness, beauty and truly Christian excellence of the character which attached to him in no ordinary degree a circle of no ordinary friends.

Another name, not so well known to the general reader, must be added to the obituary of the month —Mr. William Henry Smith, of the Middle Temple. A quiet, retiring student, whose nature shrank from the elbowing struggle for success necessary in the profession he had chosen, he early retired to Keswick to pursue his reading and his meditations in the quiet atmosphere of the Lake District. His "Discourse on Ethics" has been of service to many, and even his talents as a dramatist so far attracted Macready that he produced "Athelwold" on the boards of Drury Lane. The work by which he is best known is "Thorndale or the Conflict of Opinions"—a book well and favourably known to many Canadian readers. He was a warmly attached friend of Prof. Maurice, whose death preceded his own but by a few days.

The number of works on Religious and Philosophical subjects constantly issuing from the press is so great as to be almost bewildering. We can only notice a few of the more prominent books in this department. Principal Tulloch announces an elaborate work, in two volumes, on Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England, in the 17th Century, which will doubtless prove a valuable contribution to church history, from the author's point of view. Dr. Dollinger, the Alt-Catholic leader, is at present, delivering a course of lectures at Munich on the re-union of the Christian churches, of which an English translation is promised. Judging from a report of the lecture on the English Church taken from the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, Dollinger's views are not dissimilar to those of Dr. Pusey in his celebrated Eirenicon. Another noble author, Lord Ormathwaite, better known as Sir John Walsh, has taken the field as a controversialist. "Astronomy and Geology Compared," (New York: Appleton) is the name of the little work; it is, however, only the title of the first part of the essay. The second and third parts are written with no small ability; the objections to Darwin and Buckle, and the author's theory of civilization are, to a large extent, original and are stated in terse and forcible language. The book will, no doubt, be very generally read. The Rev. Stopford Brooke, one of the Queen's Chaplains, has published a series of discourses under the title of "Christ in Modern Life." (New York: Appleton.) The style is rather florid, but we have no doubt they were well received by the aristocratic congregation of St. James' Chapel. Mr. Brooke rejects the doctrine of endless punishment in strong and vehement terms, but generally speaking his gospel is the orthodox one, flavoured to suit patrician ears. "Man and his Dwelling-Place," by James Hinton (New York: Appleton) is a work of considerable interest from the Unitarian side. His views of eternal death do not differ materially from those of Mr. Brooke. The style of the work is eminently earnest and devout, and we cordially sympathize with the author's tone, even where we cannot agree with his theory. President Porter, of Yale, like Dr. Paine, of New York, has published an elaborate work on "The Human Intellect, with an introduction on Psychology and the Soul," and Professor Hickok, of Amherst College, a learned treatise on "The Creator and Creation," in which he tries to give an *a priori* demonstration of theism and of the ideas of space, time, cause and effect. "Paul of Tarsus; an Inquiry into the Times and the Gospel of the Apostle to Gentiles," by a Graduate, (Boston: Roberts) handles the history of St. Paul in a similar style to that adopted by the author of "Ecce Homo" in treating of the life of our Saviour. The work has not yet reached us, but it has already attracted general attention in England. The Rev. W. Sanday, a Fellow of Trinity, Oxon., is the author of a critical essay on the "Authorship and Historical Character of the Fourth Gospel," with special reference to the contents of the Gospel itself. A series of lectures by the Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt on the interesting subject of Christian Art and Symbolism will shortly appear. The Rev. Dr. Bartle re-opens the *quæstio vexata* of the intermediate state of the dead, in a work of considerable learning and judgment—"The Scriptural Doctrine of Hades." It contains a critical examination of man's nature, the state of the dead, the redemption of the world and "a refutation of the unscriptural creed of professing Christendom in reference to the Atonement." Dr. Bartle, we may mention, is the Principal of Freshfield College, Liverpool. We conclude with the odd title of a book not yet published:—"The Martyrdom of Man and his Apotheosis," by Win-

wood Reade. It would appear to be a faithful application or rather extension of Mr. Darwin's theory to the entire universe and to the history of nations. It begins not with the Animalcules of the Primeval Sea, but far before that era with the formation of the Solar System (by natural selection, we presume) out of a gas, and after discoursing on all conceivable subjects, ends with the "invention of immortality" and our migration into space. By way of an addendum, there are "some remarks on the duties and responsibilities of Creators," with II. Esdras VII. 46 as a motto.

In Biography, this month we note three works of merit by female authors:—Miss Strickland's Lives of the last four Stuart Princesses, Mrs. Oliphant's long-promised Life of Count Montalembert, and Mrs. Hookham's Life of Margaret of Anjou, one of the best and most complete views of England during the 15th century yet written. Baron Hübner's Memoir of Pope Sixtus the Fifth is shortly to appear in an English dress, translated by Mr. Herbert Jerningham. "Yesterdays with Authors," by Mr. J. T. Fields (J. R. Osgood & Co.), is a capital book, gossipy and fresh in style, and introducing us into the inner life of Dickens, Thackeray and Hawthorne, as they appeared behind the scenes of public literary life. Though there is nothing very profound in the work, it is exceedingly fresh and interesting. We are glad to hear that Canon Kingsley will shortly contribute a Life of Frederick Denison Maurice to the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine;* Mr. Kingsley is perhaps better able to give an appreciative estimate of his departed friend than any man with whom he came in contact. Mr. Ward, well-known as H. M. Minister to the Hanse Towns announces a book which ought to be worth something: "Experiences of a Diplomatist; Recollections of Germany from 1840 to 1870." Of historical works, the principal are those relating to the Franco-Germanic war which continue to issue from either side in great profusion. Mr. E. A. Freeman, the author of the History of the Norman Conquest, is about to re-produce his lectures on "The Growth of English Constitution from the Earliest Times." It will be published at a reasonable price, and will unquestionably serve as a valuable compendium of information on an important subject.

The subject of British colonization is intimately connected with British commerce; we may therefore note here the announcement by Messrs. Longman, of "A Colonist on the Colonial Question." The author, Mr. Mathews, of Toronto, has been connected with the daily press of this city for some years. In this work his object is to show the advantages of a more intimate connection between England and the out-lying members of the Empire, and to suggest means of strengthening the tie. Without committing ourselves entirely to Mr. Mathews' schemes or opinions, we take pleasure in commending the work to the attention of our readers.

In Geography and Travels, perhaps, the most noteworthy is Colonel Yule's new translation, with maps and illustrations, of the travels of "Ser Marco Polo," in which advantage is taken of recent research to elucidate the book of the great explorer. "Unexplored Syria" is a new work, by Capt. R. F. Burton, assisted by Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake, to appear early this month. One of the most attractive books of mountain-climbing we have seen since the publication of Tyndall and Whymper's Alpine experience, is Mr. Clarence King's "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.). The descriptive portions are of the raciest—the adventures quite as thrilling as any the Alpine Club can boast, and odd stories of the wild life in the West are told with appreciative skill, and yet without a trace of coarseness or vulgarity. "Sorties from Gib, (*i. e.* Gibraltar,) in quest of sensation and sentiment, by Mr. Fenton, late a Captain of the 86th, is a capital summer book, full of that youthful fun for fun's sake often found amongst the young officers of a garrison. "The Great Lone Land," is a work on Manitoba and the Saskatchewan, by Capt. Butler, an officer attached to the Red River Expedition of 1869–70. The title is not very happily chosen; of the book itself we shall be better able to speak hereafter. "Saunterings," by Chas. Dudley Warner, is a book of travel-sketches, giving glimpses of Paris, the Rhine-country, Bavaria and Italy. It has not yet reached us, but if it is as well written as the author's previous work, "My Summer in a Garden," it cannot fail to take.

In Science, our list must be brief. The most prominent work in the publishers' lists is the new edition of Lyell's Principles of Geology, in which Sir Charles takes note of the latest discoveries; as, for example, the recent deep sea soundings in the Mediterranean. An admirable series of Science Primers is in course of publication in England and New York (Messrs. Appleton) simultaneously. The introductory treatise is by Prof. Huxley, and it is followed by others on Chemistry, by Prof. Roscoe, and on Physics, by Prof. Balfour Stewart.

In Poetry and Fiction, we may mention Mr. Bayard Taylor's latest work—"The Masque of the Gods." The author has appeared in many aspects as a poet, a lecturer, a translator and a traveller; this new poem is an additional proof of his versatility. It is well conceived and skilfully executed, though, we fear, the position occupied by Elohim with Jove, Baal and Odin will hardly satisfy the orthodox. Mr. Geo. Macdonald's "Within and Without," a story in verse, and "The Days of Jezebel," a drama, by Peter Bayne, the well-known essayist, are noteworthy. Mr. Browning's new poem on the Woman Question is to be entitled "Fifine at the Fair." In Fiction, the appearance of Middlemarch, Part III., "Waiting for Death," deserves special mention. "The story of the Plébiscite, by one of the 7,500,000 who voted Yes," by MM. Erckmann-Chatrian appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* originally, and is well worth reading. "She was Young and He was Old," "Hornby Mills," &c., by Henry Kingsley, and Mr. Shand's "Shooting the Rapids," are all readable enough as novels go. Of the announcements in this department we remark "Robert Ainsleigh," by the indefatigable Miss Braddon, "An Open Question," the scene of which is laid in Europe, by Prof. De Mille, and "Country Stories, New and Old," by Holme Lee. In conclusion, we commend to our readers, as especially worth having at hand, a little work entitled, "Sayings, Wise, Witty and Tender," from the writings of George Elliot, in prose and verse. The quotations are made with taste and discrimination, and the little work is provided with an excellent index. It is published by Blackwood, of Edinburgh, and the Harpers of New York, simultaneously.

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THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO.

BY THE REV. JAMES PORTER.

A FEW words of explanation are necessary to prevent a misapprehension of the title of this paper. The expression Public Schools as here used does not signify all public schools in the Province, but only those which are especially so denominated by the school law. In England the words Public Schools have long suggested Eton, Winchester, Harrow, and other schools of the same class. In Ontario they designate the schools which are established by law for the elementary education of the people, and are distinguished from those which until recently were entitled Grammar Schools, and were intended to afford instruction in the elements of the classical languages as well as in the mother tongue. It is not unworthy of remark, that the term Grammar Schools, as used in the New England States and elsewhere in America, denotes a school in which an ordinary English education is imparted; while a more advanced school, in which classics and mathematics are taught, is entitled a High School. In Massachusetts and many of the United States these two grades of schools are parts of the same system, and pupils are promoted from the lower to the higher as their improvement may merit and the convenience of their parents or guardians may allow. Such a system is called very properly a Common School System. That of the State of Massachusettes, says the Hon. George S. Boutwell, "dates from 1647." By this system "the power to decree was in the State, the duty to act was in the towns." (The word towns, thus used, is equivalent in meaning to townships in Ontario.) "A public duty was admitted in the education of the whole people at the public expense, without regard to any of the distinctions that are found in social life. An individual right was recognised—the right to intellectual and moral training at the public expense. The power of the State was exercised in the indiscriminate taxation of property for the enlightenment of the masses."

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year 1872, by Adam, Stevenson & Co., in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

The elementary provincial schools of Ontario, until the year 1871, were called Common Schools. This name, however, appears to have excited a prejudice against them, which, it might have been hoped, time would abate and even extinguish. The word common, used in this connection, was somewhat fastidiously regarded by many as synonymous with vulgar or low, and not a few whose pretensions to superiority and refinement partook of the ludicrous, breathed the spirit towards these schools if they did not indulge in the language of the exquisite Roman poet who wrote—"*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*" Gray has happily reminded us, in the case of a man recovering from sickness, that

> "The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
> The humblest note that swells the gale,
> The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To him are ope'ning paradise—"

and the offering of our "common prayer and supplication" to that common Father, whose word teaches us to "honour all men," should enkindle within us a kindly and equitable feeling towards all the partakers of our common nature. Perhaps in time such sentiments as these would spontaneously have appeared and flourished in Ontario. It has seemed good, however, to our legislators to remove from before the eyes of our more assuming fellow-subjects the temptation to arrogance which existed in the epithet "common" as applied to our elementary schools; and now, while common as ever in the Massachusetts sense of the term, they are styled by law the Public Schools of Ontario. By the same authority, the former Grammar Schools are now the High Schools of the province. They are not, indeed, strictly, as in the United States, a higher step or platform of that educational pyramid, of which the Public Schools are the base and the University is the apex; but a distinct structure to which a few choice materials may be supplied from the Public Schools, while the larger portion is obtained from other quarries.

The Public School System of Ontario had its origin in 1844. It is for the most part an eclectic system, in which the characteristics of the Massachusetts, New York, and Irish systems can be distinctly discerned. Its framer, who has also been from the first its principal administrator, received the title of "Superintendent of Schools," which has expanded into his very comprehensive title of "Chief Superintendent of Education." In 1846, a Board of Education was created which is now styled the "Council of Public Instruction," the members of which are of various religious denominations, and are appointed, it seems, partly on that ground. The powers of this Council and of the Chief Superintendent, although not legislative, are very extensive—administrative and, in some degree, judicial — suggestive indeed of the "giant's strength," and pre-supposing much of equity, discretion, and good-will in those in whom they are vested, lest they should be tempted to "use them like a giant." The subordinate administration of our Public School affairs is committed to local boards of school trustees, who are elected by the rate-payers, and to county, city, or town inspectors, who are appointed by county councils, or city or town public school boards, and whose qualifications are prescribed by law and certified by the Council of Public Instruction. Connected with the Provincial Education Office, which has become in style and title "the Department of Education," is a large establishment for the purchase and sale of school-books, prize-books, maps, educational apparatus, and books for school and public libraries. The propriety of the existence of this establishment has long been a matter of earnest public controversy. On one side it has been represented as a great and unmingled public benefit, on the other as an interference on the part of the Government with the freedom and healthful competition of trade. By

some it is described as a blessed reservoir for the irrigation of the Province with a wholesome, useful, entertaining literature; by others the question is asked whether teachers and parents, including farmers, mechanics, business and professional men, are to have their choice of literature limited or suggested by a few individuals, who certainly are in no appreciable respect wiser or better than themselves. So far as this continent is concerned "the idea of a common school library" (says Horace Mann) "originated in the State of New York. In the year 1835 a law was passed by the legislature of that State authorizing its respective school districts to raise by tax the sum of twenty dollars the first year, and ten dollars in any subsequent year, for the purchase of a common school library. In the year 1837 the Legislature of Massachusetts also authorized each school district in that State to raise by tax a sum not exceeding thirty dollars for the first year, and ten dollars for every subsequent year, for the purchase of a library and apparatus for the schools." Such were the American precedents for common school libraries. That such libraries may be a great benefit, especially in rural districts, seems beyond a doubt; but the best method of procuring them is a question about which men may very innocently differ. So also with respect to the mode of obtaining school apparatus of whatever kind. Practical educators may be glad to inspect all sorts of plans and models which have relation to their business, but may still desire, without incurring heinous guilt for entertaining or expressing the wish, to be free to purchase such things as they require in an open market, unaffected either by bounties or restrictions. It is well known that Dr. Fraser, (now Bishop of Manchester), when he visited this Province a few years ago, both privately and publicly argued against the perpetuation in Canada of a provincial book and apparatus depository, which he uniformly represented as unsound in principle and injurious in practice. Dr. Fraser candidly admitted that a precedent for such institutions had been set by the English Committee of Privy Council on Education, which, however, he affirmed had seen and acknowledged its error, and had freed itself from the encumbrance and the opprobrium it involved.

The Normal and Model Schools of Ontario constitute, in general opinion, an important part of our Public School system. It is true that a teacher, like a poet, is, in the highest sense of the word, born, not made. But it is also true, that for any particular employment or profession, special preparation is a very desirable addition to natural aptitude. A knowledge of materials and of methods is not innate, and can only be acquired; and such acquisition may be the result of long continued and toilsome personal effort and experiment, or may be greatly promoted by the instruction of those who have gathered and stored the results of numerous observations and varied experience, and have so arranged those results and so practised their application that others may share, at a greatly diminished cost of time and mental and physical exertion, the advantages which they have attained. From the recognition of such principles, all normal or training schools and model schools have originated. The Normal School of Ontario has undoubtedly sent forth many able and efficient teachers, some of purely native growth, and others who, having been well instructed and trained in Great Britain or Ireland, have found it to their advantage to obtain at our provincial institution a provincial certificate of qualification, which, until the year 1871, could not be procured but as the result of passing through its course. Other teachers from the old country, equally well instructed and trained, and probably even more experienced, have not been willing to lower themselves, as they have considered it, by again passing through a state of apparent pupilage, and although legally authorized by a County Board of Instruction

to teach in some one of the several counties of the Province, have felt that they were placed at an unpleasant disadvantage. Instances have occurred in which teachers of highly respectable requirements, thoroughly trained, and of no little experience both at home and here, have been thus restricted if not degraded; whose children, having passed through the Normal School, and having had such practice as teaching in their turn in the Model School can afford, have received a first-class provincial certificate, while their father or mother, still vigorous and active, to whom they are obviously unequal in general ability, literary attainments, special aptitude, and, of course, professional experience, hold a position which is legally inferior to their own.

The school law of 1871 provides a remedy in part for this state of things, but the fact remains that any old country teacher, however certified as to character, attainments and experience, must submit to the same examination as any comparatively inexperienced stripling is required to undergo. Mr. Hope, in his delightful book about dominies, has admirably said:—"I deny that we could get good dominies by examination. Such examinations are generally tests of nothing but cramming. And the skill of a good dominie is just such as cannot be crammed into or questioned out of a man. I can quite understand that any one ought to be examined as to his knowledge of anatomy before he be allowed to tamper with the human body, but I do not believe that any examination, oral or written, can show whether he be fit or unfit to deal with the minds of boys." Again he says: "To know and to teach are different matters, and unfortunately those who have the most knowledge are too often the least able to impart it." And again: "You can by examination make sure of learned, or at least of crammed, teachers, but not of clever or conscientious teachers."

As a medium of communication between the centre and the various concentric circles of the Ontario School System, there is issued from the Provincial Department of Education a monthly publication, entitled the *Journal of Education*. Some means of communication between the higher school authorities and trustees, inspectors, teachers and candidates for the teacher's office is evidently expedient and even necessary. Whether a distinct periodical is required for this purpose, or whether a portion of the Provincial *Gazette* would suffice, is a matter for the executive government to decide.

All the Public Schools of Ontario have now one important and noble characteristic. They are free schools, declared by the School Act of 1871 to be free to all children of school age. They are not, however, pauper or charity schools, for they are supported by rates levied on the property of all and by appropriations from provincial school funds, in which all have an interest. The question of the payment of school fees, so far as regards these schools, is now out of date. The universal right to education is conceded, although the duty of all to avail themselves of that right is not yet universally acknowledged and discharged. Parental indifference and cupidity, and juvenile idleness, truancy and vagrancy, require to be more decidedly dealt with. Compulsory attendance at school—which has long been provided for in Boston and other American cities, and is now being insisted on in London and other cities in England—is equally necessary in the cities and towns of Ontario. Such attendance further supposes the establishment of industrial schools for such children as are habitually erratic, and who, although not irreclaimable, are perpetually exposed to vicious associations and influences, which almost inevitably incline and lead to criminal courses. They must either be isolated now, in order to their restraint, instruction and improvement, or they will have to be isolated before long that they may be punished for their offences, and pre-

vented for a time from their repetition. All who are compelled to contribute towards police, magisterial, judicial and penal expenditure, have a right to complain that such expenditure, often fruitless of good, should be needlessly increased, when, by a preventive system of compulsory juvenile restraint and education, it might be diminished and great benefit secured both to its immediate subjects and to society at large. Such results have followed the establishment of industrial schools in Great Britain and in the United States: why should they not be desired and obtained in Ontario? The Public School Board of the City of Toronto has already taken some steps in this direction, and it is to be earnestly hoped that its efforts will meet with that public and parliamentary countenance and aid which their large probable utility demands.

The education provided in our Public Schools is, of course, only elementary, and is more or less thorough and useful, according to the views and the aspirations of school boards and teachers. The shortness of the time during which children continue at school, in consequence of the urgent demand for juvenile labour, their own precocious desire to earn something for themselves, and the sometimes urgent and sometimes supposed necessities of parents, which render them more willing to allow their children prematurely to leave school for active occupations, are considerations which, in cities and towns especially, tend to show the great importance of not attempting too much in our Public Schools, and of doing earnestly and well all that we undertake. A disposition is too often observed in school authorities, who have not been practically engaged in popular education, and in some more ambitious than thorough teachers, who certainly should know better, to lay out a too extensive and therefore impracticable course; to teach a little of too many subjects; and, as a necessary consequence, so to cram the pupil with a portion of each that he becomes laden with an indigestible commixture, and his faculties, instead of being strengthened and exercised, are enfeebled and almost paralyzed. Absolutely necessary subjects, such as reading, spelling, imitation on the slate, whether of lines or of letters, and counting—all dealt with on the principle of Bishop Huntingford, that "in repetition and explanation consists the whole art of teaching"—are quite sufficient for the earlier years of childhood, especially if the teaching of these subjects be interspersed, as it should be, with manual exercise, vocal music, and interesting object lessons. Further instruction in the subjects already mentioned, with the addition of book-keeping and the elements of natural science, as essential to a correct knowledge of common things, together with geography, the outlines of the history of our own country and people, and a rudimentary acquaintance with the grammar of our mother tongue, promoted and rendered permanent by the practice of simple and unambitious composition, will probably be found to be all that the majority of children will be allowed to receive in our Public Schools, owing to the growing demand for their active services, their parents' real or supposed necessities, and their own impatience and desire for change. The small minority who require mathematics, elementary classics, a knowledge of some modern foreign language and a further acquaintance with their own, together with more extended scientific teaching, should be able to obtain them in the provincial High Schools; while the very few who are both inclined and of adequate capacity can pass upward to the provincial University or to some other kindred institution.

On the importance of instruction in elementary science for pupils in such schools as our provincial High Schools, no testimony can be more valuable than that of the late Dr. Mortimer, Head Master of the City of London School, in his evidence before the Schools' Inquiry Commission, as quoted by

Dr. Richard Quain, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, in the Notes to his Hunterian Oration for 1869:—"Our system is not precisely the system of the (English) public schools. It takes in natural science, it takes in chemistry. Most of the boys who leave us, after having been there two or three years, will have such a knowledge of chemistry as is perfectly applicable to the arts and manufactures. They have a thorough knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping. And I consider that all those things are equally necessary for those who go to the universities; for I believe that in part our success in mathematical examinations depends on the fact that our boys can perform the experiments. They have a general knowledge of practical science, so that, if the education were more limited, I think it would be a bad thing." Some first steps towards this degree of attainment in natural science may be taken even in our Public Schools, but the danger of attempting too much, for the sake of mere display, should be carefully avoided.

In the course of the oration above referred to, President Quain observes:—"In order to gain the full advantage of natural knowledge as a branch of education, it is essential that the instruction in some branches should begin at a very early age. In my juvenile lectures (says Faraday before the Royal Commissioners, in support of that view) I have never found children too young to understand intelligently what I told them. They came to me afterwards with questions which proved their capability." President Quain, however, very properly insists that "to whatever extent elementary knowledge or learning may go, it must be real, thorough as far as it goes, giving a complete acquaintance with things and their properties, not with words only. Words should come after, and should strictly represent facts." "By such study," says Dr. Whewell, "of one or more departments of inductive knowledge, the mind may escape from the thraldom and illusion which reigns in the world of mere words."

The subject of religious instruction, in Public Schools like those of Ontario, which are without exception day schools, and which comprise pupils whose parents are of any or of no particular religious persuasion need not, one would think, require much discussion. Yet few subjects connected with the general question of popular education have been more variously regarded or more warmly treated. It is provided in the school law of Ontario, that "No person shall require any pupil in any such school to read or study in or from any religious book, or join in any exercise of devotion or religion objected to by his parents or guardians; but, within this limitation, pupils shall be allowed to receive such religious instruction as their parents and guardians desire, according to any general regulations provided for the government of the schools." And the Council of Public Instruction has prescribed regulations which empower the clergy of any persuasion, or their authorized representatives to give religious instruction to pupils of their own church, in each Public School, at least once a week after school hours. Thus, in a country in which the semblance of the establishment of religion by the state is disavowed by the express terms of law, facilities are afforded for the operation of the principle of concurrent denominational teaching, to any supposable extent. Theoretically regarded, this arrangement is obviously inconsistent with one of our fundamental political principles: it is, however, seldom reduced to practice, nor has any instance of the abuse of such practice for the purpose of making proselytes to particular religious opinions been known to occur. Some persons in Ontario, as in Britain, are still alarmed by the cry of "godless" when raised against schools and universities. Others who learned its unmeaning or rather its ill-meaning character some forty years ago when the London University was found-

ed on the principle of "Education without subscription to religious creeds and articles," are naturally surprised that, in a country so free from ecclesiastical monopoly and ascendancy as this, there should be a disposition to palter and compromise, however slightly, where the complete freedom of religion from state or municipal support or patronage is concerned. But the world moves; and now the kith and kin of those who, although eager for knowledge and culture, could not enter the ancient universities of England without violating their consciences and selling their souls, can partake at these venerable seats of learning the rights and privileges which no free-born Englishman should ever have been denied. At the same time, it ought not to be forgotten that the process of disentanglement is slow, and that there are many who still cling to the old views in regard to the connection of Church and State, whose opinions are natural and therefore entitled to respect.

Among the school boards of England the battle for complete religious freedom is going bravely on; and, probably, we shall learn, ere long, that elementary education in that country, so far as sustained directly or indirectly by the state, is entirely and forever emancipated from ecclesiastical control. Then, as supported and propagated by its inherent and divinely communicated power, we may expect its prosperity and extension, according to the earnestness and diligence of those who already possess it, and as furthered by the blessing of Him who is both its author and its end. In framing the Irish system Mr. Stanley (Lord Derby) suggested that it should afford, if possible, "a combined literary and a separate religious education." Subsequently the Commissioners appointed to carry out this view objected to commit themselves to this system, on the ground that it excluded religion altogether from the combined instruction. In deference to their opinion the first draft of Mr. Stanley's letter was altered with the consent of the Government, and the Commissioners described the system as to be established for "combined moral and literary, and separate religious instruction." The concession thus mildly made to the principle of connexion between Church and State has not, in the long run, brought about that harmony and mutual good will which the noble and liberal men who instituted and first directed the Irish system so earnestly desired. Why, it may be asked, should not local rates and public grants, which are exclusively based on the authority of national, provincial, or municipal law, and to which persons of every religious creed, or of no religious creed, are compelled directly or indirectly to contribute, be exclusively applied for the promotion of that secular education which all require, and without a measure of which neither man nor woman can efficiently discharge the duties which the members of the body politic owe to each other and to the government which protects the persons and the property of all? Do those among us who profess the Christian faith think so meanly of its worth and power that they cannot trust its extension to those who hold and exemplify it? Have we no religious parents, no Christian ministers, no Christian churches or associations, no Sunday schools—no means whatever for the propagation of the faith? Let then the state attend to its own affairs and interests, and let churches and religious teachers and organizations of every kind attend to theirs. In actual Public School teaching what we need is not instruction in church principles or theological dogmas, but the illustration on the part of the teacher, in all his teaching and influence, of that truthfulness, righteousness, good will, propriety and courtesy which religion inculcates, and which are as useful among men as we believe they are acceptable to God. Teachers in Public Schools may teach religiously, if they do not undertake to teach religion. Their motives and their spirit may be unostentatiously religious and then their influence

cannot but be beneficial. Without parading either their denominational preferences or their piety, they will show, as George Herbert expresses it, that—

> "Who sweeps a room as for thy laws,
> Makes that and th' action fine."

The following announcement was recently met with in an English paper: "'Ethics for Undenominational Schools.' One of the oldest and most eminent of German educationists, a pupil of the great educational philosopher, Herbart, has just published 'Ethics for Undenominational Schools.' The work will no doubt attract the attention of both legislators and educationists in England, as it has already done on the continent. The editor of the *School Board Chronicle* and a German scholar are engaged upon an English adaptation of the book." There can scarcely be any well-grounded objection in principle to the teaching of ethics in public schools, provided the distinction be properly observed between ethics and dogmatics. When the grounds of moral obligation are dealt with, the *odium theologicum* will be very apt to make its appearance. The Germans are expert in solving gordian knots; whether the German philosopher Herbart will succeed in this instance time will show.

The teachers in our Public Schools next deserve our attention. Referring to the report of the Royal Commissioners, President Quain remarks that much complaint was made before the Commissioners of the want of efficient teachers in schools. Here the public are not without fault. The social position conceded to the schoolmaster is not proportioned to the importance of his office. His rank is so low that he feels himself in a measure compelled to take orders as a clergyman. With them he acquires the position in society allowed to a profession the duties of which he does not perform. What is thus said with regard to the teachers of the higher and middle class schools in Britain, will in some degree apply to the teachers of our Public Schools. Not that they often take orders, or study law, or medicine so that, having raised their social position, they may remain teachers; but that, however they may really like teaching, they find that a teacher is too often treated with contempt by the shopkeeper, the clerk, the mechanic, the farmer, and sometimes by the day labourer, while the lawyer, the doctor and the minister are looked on with comparative respect. Mr. Hope says on this subject: "I am not very bitter over this grievance of our social position. I complain because my profession complains, but, personally, I have no great sympathy with those thin-skinned dominies who invoke Mrs. Grundy with alternate upbraidings and entreaties, demanding and beseeching her to make them gentlemen in the most select sense of the word. I have no very good will towards this divinity of the genteel world, and object to recognizing the principle that she can issue letters patent to this effect. The fact is that among dominies, as among men of all other professions, there are some who never could be made gentlemen by any ordinance of Mrs. Grundy, and some who never could be, or could be thought to be, except by fools and vulgar persons, anything else." "While I am on this topic" he further observes, "I wish to say a word upon a notable scheme which certain philosophers have propounded for improving the social position of our profession. To this end all dominies are to band themselves together into a sort of union, and to stamp themselves with a hall mark of their own approbation, which, by a law luckily not yet obtained, it will be penal to counterfeit. If I understand the scheme aright, all present dominies of influence are to be bribed into concert by being stamped *gratis*, while all young dominies of the present and unfledged dominies of the future are to earn this stamp by undergoing an examination into their acquirements. I doubt much if this plan will exalt us more highly

in the public esteem; but I doubt more if it will fulfil the other end of its advocates, in shutting for the future the gates of the profession against all but good and fit men." Mr. Hope then points out, what, in his judgment, is "the real cause of the low estimation in which dominies are held." "We are apt," he says, "to value a thing not by the cost of its production so much as by the price we pay for it. If people were to pay their dominies better, I am certain they would think more highly of them." It may also be considered if not as certain, yet as highly probable, that if the people in Ontario were to pay their dominies better, a much larger proportion than at present of the most capable male teachers would remain in the profession to the great benefit of the public and not to their own disadvantage. The highest salary paid to a male teacher in a city in the year 1870, was $1,000 (in Toronto the highest was $750), and in a county $600. The average salary of male teachers was in a city $597; in a county, $260. And yet a young man of good faculties and a fair education, who is willing and even desires to consider teaching as his business or profession for life, is sometimes censured as making it a mere temporary convenience or stepping-stone, because, with the choice of a career yet before him, he does not prefer six or seven hundred dollars a year, with the contempt of his equals and inferiors, to the possibility of emancipation from such a condition and the prospect of equitable remuneration for his labour and skill. There are able and worthy men in the teaching groove who cannot get out of it, whose wisdom and duty it is to make the best of it for others and for themselves, and who deserve for their work's sake no little respect and consideration. But not until the rewards of teaching are more commensurate with its labours and responsibilities can it be expected that many teachers worthy of the name will expend in it their youth, their manhood and their wiser if less vigorous age. To be expected to live in the self-denying spirit of missionaries and martyrs, and yet to be treated as objects of vulgar pity mixed with vulgar scorn, is a little too much for average human nature to contemplate with complacency, and desire with intensity of longing. Hence the few intelligent, well educated, able young men who long continue public school teachers in Ontario. Female teachers, on the whole, seem to occupy a rather better position than their male fellow labourers. Their average salary in cities, in 1870, was $231, while some received (in Toronto) $425, and in counties, $187. But while there are among them some wives and mothers, they are for the most part single persons who are not yet deaf to the flattering tale of hope especially on one interesting subject. A large number of them consequently leave the teaching profession, year after year, to enter on the more congenial sphere of married life. It may be presumed that whatever little pecuniary expenditure their special instruction and training may in any instances have cost, the province is amply repaid by the superior intelligence with which they enter on the discharge of their various domestic duties.

In the year 1854 the legislature provided for a Teachers' Superannuation Fund—contributions to which were optional until after the passing of the School Act of 1871, and still remain so, so far as female teachers are concerned. But the new school law renders it imperative on every male teacher to contribute four dollars annually to this fund, and requires that one-half of that sum be deducted semi-annually from his salary by his city or county inspector. It seems to have been thought that trustees would increase the salaries of teachers to the extent of this subscription and in order to its payment. If they have done so it has hitherto been on the principle of not letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth. A teacher's salary should always be

sufficient to allow of his insuring his life for the benefit of his family, if not to enable him to purchase an annuity for himself in his declining years, or to make other equally beneficial investments; but probably there are very few public school teachers in Ontario, who, although they may have early entered on their profession and have conducted themselves prudently and economically for many years, have been able to accomplish these objects. The more minute pros and cons of the Provincial Teachers' Superannuation Fund are for teachers themselves to consider and discuss. The compulsory character, however, of their contributions to it appears particularly repugnant to many of them who feel that the demand to "stand and deliver," as they deem it, is scarcely rendered palatable by the assurance that this inevitable depletion is all for their good. They like, they say, to have a voice in the disposition of their little surplus, and to exercise thought, discretion and will on such a subject. They do not appreciate the precedent, to which they are sometimes referred, of eccesiastical organizations which require their clerical members to contribute with a view to their own superannuation or the support of their surviving relatives. Such organizations, they argue, are more or less directly of a representative character; and what they do of this nature is done by them in their representative capacity. The precedents set in the civil service of Britain and of the Dominion are somewhat more in point, and, if wisely and kindly followed, may prove not a little beneficial. Provision has been made for the return of one-half of the amount of his payments to any teacher on his leaving the profession; and, on the decease of a teacher, his wife or other legal representative is entitled to receive back the full amount he has paid in, with interest at the rate of seven per cent. With regard to this whole matter, we may perhaps conclude with Sir Roger de Coverley, "that much may be said on both sides," provided too much red tape and humiliating detail be not brought into exercise in the management and administration of the fund. One other consideration may be suggested regarding the claim to respect of which teachers are conscious, and the deficient acknowledgment of that claim, of which they often complain. Teachers, as well as persons of every profession, rank and condition of society should remember that respectability is, after all, a personal attribute—a truth which, in our day, is receiving abundant illustration among the most elevated official personages, such as sovereigns and presidents, and, through all classes and conditions, down to the humblest constable and the lowliest chimney-sweep. A degree of respect pertains to every office: but its occupant can either magnify that office by his becoming demeanour, or subject it to contempt by the impropriety of his conduct. No office, however exalted or however humble, can change a fool into a wise man, a rogue into an honest man, or an ill-mannered bear, however crammed with knowledge, into a truly respectable teacher.

Something, perhaps, should be said about the discipline of our Public Schools. On the general subject of school discipline, so much has been spoken and written in modern days from Cowper's "Tirocinium" down to Horace Mann's rhetorical lecture on punishments, and Mr. Hope's excellent chapter on "Lion," that every one seems to know all about it, except, perhaps, those who are charged with its administration. As the faultless management of bachelors' wives and the equally judicious treatment of old maids' children is unquestionable, so the school discipline of every age and of every variety of character and home training is considered by many parents, and especially by those who cannot rule their own households, as a matter in which excess and failure are alike inexcusable. Before such par-

ents are too eloquent in their denunciation of the inefficiency of school discipline, they might be advantageously reminded of the Chinese method of promoting discipline at home. An English resident at a Chinese port was often grievously annoyed by the boisterous conduct of the younger members of a native family whose dwelling was adjacent to his own. Repeated remonstrances with the head of the household having proved ineffectual, he, at length, applied for redress to the mandarin of the district. The father of the young hopefuls was sent for by the mandarin, and personally received in his presence a very instructive illustration of the utility of physical punishment in certain difficult cases. He returned to his home; a protracted season of juvenile weeping and wailing immediately followed in that house; the dropped reins of domestic government were gathered up by paterfamilias, and the English resident underwent no more annoyance from his neighbour's offspring. Among the pupils in our schools there are not a few who come from homes which are almost as disorderly as was that of the Englishman's Chinese neighbour, but which, fortunately, or unfortunately, cannot be rectified after the same method. The parents of such children seem to expect that the teacher is to accomplish a task which they have never begun, that of subduing, regulating, educating in morals and manners their untamed and uninstructed progeny. And, as if it is not enough to devolve on teachers the responsible care of their children during school hours, they sometimes wish them to become the dispensers of parental wrath on account of home offences. No teacher who respects himself will submit, by compliance with such a desire, to degrade himself and to render school attendance needlessly odious to his pupils. Slaves have been sent by their owners, on this continent and elsewhere, to some special place in order to their flagellation; but no teacher should become a whipping machine at the caprice of a lazy or unfaithful parent. When children are at school, order and discipline must be maintained. Without proper respect to "heaven's first law," where many children are gathered together, there can be neither teaching nor learning, and utter confusion will speedily prevail. By whom then and how can school order be properly instituted and discipline ensured? Only by a teacher who himself is orderly in character and habits, and whose self-discipline fits him to administer discipline to those who are placed under his charge. No unworthy words will proceed from his lips, no unbecoming acts or habits will deprive him of the respect of his scholars. He will be severe with himself, considerate and impartial in his school administration, kind and obliging as he can be consistently with justice to all. But how shall his discipline be maintained? Remembering that he is not a despot but a limited monarch, a constitutional ruler, he will govern according to law, not forgetting that judgment should be tempered by mercy. Yet, as a righteous ruler bears not the sword in vain, neither should a wise teacher be without the means of awakening salutary fear in the minds of his subjects. Every civilized country concedes the right of administering physical punishment to those who stand to children "in loco parentis."—The degree of corporal punishment which even a parent may inflict is controlled by law. The father who flogged his little child to death a year or two ago in the United States, because he would not say his prayers, was justly dealt with for his monstrous offence. A teacher, too, is liable to a legal penalty, if he administer corporal punishment with undue severity. The general regulation respecting discipline promulgated by the school authorities of Ontario is to the effect that "the teacher shall practise such discipline as would be exercised by a kind and judicious parent," the teacher, of course, being held responsible for the due exercise of his discretionary power. It may be said

that, on the whole, corporal punishment, as a means of school discipline, is rather discountenanced than encouraged in Ontario. The limits of this paper will not admit of a discussion on the cane, the taws, and the birch, as apt instruments for the correction of juvenile offences, and even, as they have been used, for the promotion of juvenile learning. The practice of the grave and learned George Buchanan on the person of James the 6th of Scotland and 1st of England; the well-known method of the famous Dr. Busby for stimulating in his Westminster scholars the acquisition, if not the love, of knowledge; the dictum of Dr. Samuel Johnson concerning the boy who, neglecting his task to-day is therefore flogged, and will, perform the task to-morrow; the admirable chapter of the book about Dominies already referred to, in which Mr. Hope expresses his suspicion that the boasted relinquishment of corporal punishment sometimes means the adoption of other pains and penalties more cruel and humiliating; with many other such facts and considerations, at once occur as suggestive of the wisdom of thinking twice before we speak once in utter condemnation of corporal punishment judiciously administered.

We may well surrender to the contempt and detestation of mankind, and of womankind too, much of what was written a few years ago in successive numbers of the "Englishwoman's Magazine" in favour of the "Birch in the Boudoir," so ably and deservedly satirized in the "Saturday Review." But never let us succumb to the stupid doctrine of the sacredness of the person as applied to those who are still in the earlier stages of pupilage; lest we even seem to sanction such atrocious murders as have been committed on faithful teachers in the United States by their vindictive pupils or their pupils' relatives, not on account of alleged severity so much as because of the fact that personal chastisement had been administered. It is not always well to drag into the arena of controversy the well-known language of the Bible, so often quoted on this subject; but it may not be inappropriate to refer to the instance in which the late Prince Consort taught not only by word of mouth, but also by wholesome pain and penalty, the heir of the crown of Great Britain, who when, placed in his childhood under tutors and governors, defied his teacher and was whipped as he deserved to be, by his "truly kind and judicious parent."

Perhaps temporary suspension from school privileges, in cases of marked and repeated insubordination, is among the best means of punishment resorted to in the Public Schools of Ontario, as it is especially adapted to call the attention of parents to the misconduct of their children, and to induce them to co-operate with teachers in reducing them to order and obedience.

In closing this paper, while not forgetting that comparisons are sometimes invidious, it may not be amiss to remark that if any comparison of the Public Schools of Ontario with any other similar system of schools can be considered proper, it will be as between our schools and the Common Schools of the United States. On this subject Dr. Fraser (Bishop of Manchester), who was in 1865 one of the Assistant Commissioners appointed by the Queen to enquire into the Schools of England, Scotland, the United States and Canada, reported as follows:

"The Schools that I saw at work were the City Schools of Toronto, those of Ottawa, and one or two Village Schools. They were characterized by a remarkable similarity of system, and the differences observable between them were differences of degree rather than of kind; and as I had abundant opportunities of ascertaining the opinions of persons thoroughly conversant with the system, both theoretically and practically, and have besides carefully read the extracts from the reports of Local Superintendents, published in the report of the Chief Superintendent, I doubt whether a larger induction

of particulars, the fruit of my own observation, would, in any material point, have disturbed the conclusions at which I have arrived.

"The chief specialities of the Canadian methods were long lessons, generally a continuous hour to each subject; in reading, the requirement that the pupils should possess themselves of the *matter* of the lesson; in teaching grammar, the stress laid on the distinction between prefixes, roots, and affixes, and on etymology generally; and, generally, the discouragement given to rapid answering and the time allowed for reflection and thought. Entering a Canadian School, with American impressions fresh upon the mind, the first feeling is one of disappointment. One misses the life, the motion, the vivacity, the precision—in a word, the brilliancy. But as you stay, and pass both teacher and pupils in review, the feeling of disappointment gives way to a feeling of surprise. You find that this plain, unpretending teacher has the power, and has successfully used the power, of communicating real solid knowledge and good sense to those youthful minds, which, if they do not move rapidly, at least grasp, when they do take hold, firmly. If there is an appearance of what the Americans call 'loose ends' in the School, it is only an appearance. The knowledge is stowed away compactly enough in its proper compartments, and is at hand, not perhaps very promptly, but pretty surely, when wanted. To set off against their quickness, I heard many random answers in American Schools; while *per contra* to the slowness of the Canadian scholar, I seldom got a reply very wide of the mark. The whole teaching was homely, but it was sound. I chanced to meet a Schoolmaster at Toronto who had kept School in Canada, and was then keeping school at Haarlem, New York, and he gave Canadian education the preference for thoroughness and solid results.

"Each system, or rather I should say the result of each system, seems to harmonize best with the character of the respective peoples. The Canadian chooses his type of School as the Vicar of Wakefield's wife chose her wedding-gown, and as the Vicar of Wakefield chose his wife, 'not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as will wear well.' I cannot say, judging from the Schools which I have seen—which I take to be types of their best Schools—that they have any reason to be disappointed with the results. I speak of the general character of education to which they evidently lean.—That the actual results should be unequal, often in the widest possible degree, is true of education under all systems, everywhere."

This comparison, as a statement of apparent results, is probably as fair an one as can be made; but any general comparison of the systems may be modified by the consideration that, while the Common Schools of the United States are attended by the children of all classes of the population, there are still in Ontario, especially in the cities and towns, many parents who have not yet surmounted their prejudice against Common Schools, and who prefer to send their children to private adventure schools, chiefly because they are of a more exclusive character, and, as is supposed, of a higher social tone. A preference of this kind cannot be affected by abstract reasoning, and only as our Public Schools advance in efficiency and reputation will our people become less willing to pay both a school tax for the benefit of the children of others, and school fees in addition, for the probably not better education of their own.

It appears from the Report of the Chief Superintendent of Education for 1870, that the number of boys who attended the Public Schools of Ontario in that year was 233,381, and of girls 209,137; the total of both being 442,518. The expenditure for these schools was—from Legislative grant $179,252; from Municipal School assessment, $385,284; from Trustees' School assessment $951,099;

from Trustees' Rate-bills, $44,905 (the schools were not made free by law until 1871); from Clergy Reserve balances and other sources, $369,416; the amount apportioned for the purchase of maps, apparatus, prize and library books, $14,406; the total amount being $1,994,362.

MY LISETTE.

BY M. E. MUCHALL.

CORAL lips and laughing eyes,
Blue as heaven's bluest skies;
Forehead white, and curls of jet,
Has my fairy wife Lisette.

Jewelled fingers, soft and white;
Rounded waist so lithe and slight;
Pearly teeth all closely set,
Has my fairy wife Lisette.

Sloping shoulders, soft and fair,
Kissed by curls of silky hair;
Head so small and proudly set,
Has my fairy wife Lisette.

Ankles small, and tinier feet
Never tripped along the street:
See her once and who'd forget
All the charms of my Lisette!

But the sweetest charm of all
Lies within that form so small:
Large and warm, a heart is set
In the breast of my Lisette.

And though strange it seems to be,
That dear heart throbs but for me—
Blessed day when first I met
With my fairy wife Lisette!

PETERBOROUGH.

DINAH BLAKE'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

CHAPTER XIII.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

DEEPLY interested in her book, Josephine Dormer sat quietly reading undisturbed by the rush and roar of the rising tide. A huge billow rolling up loud and angry against the extremity of the point, sending a shower of spray over it, at length roused her to some sense of her imminent peril. She started to her feet in surprise, and gazed out upon the vast expanse of foaming water.

"The tide is coming in, but it will not rise to where I am," she said, to assure herself. "The woman surely would not have told me to come out here if there was any danger of the promontory being covered." Again she sat down upon the rock, but did not resume the perusal of her book. Keeping her eye fixed anxiously on a tall, crested wave rolling majestically towards her. Nearer and nearer it came, rearing its white crest, and now it thunders upon the rocky point, breaking almost at her feet, and sending her shrieking with terror from the spot. That wild cry reached the boat, and thrilled the heart of Sir Gerard Trevor.

"Bedad! that wave near done for her," exclaimed Dinah. "She sees her danger now, and is flying for her life; but, blessed Mary, save her! The sae is now almost level with the pint and will soon be dashing over it. Row, Sir Gerard, for the bare life," she continued, excitedly straining every nerve to propel the heavy craft faster; "Bad 'cess to ye for a baste of a boat," she added impatiently, "sure you never was meant to be rowed at all. It's almost as hard to move ye as the Rock of Cashel!"

Sir Gerard did not require any urging to increase the superhuman efforts he was making to reach the promontory; his face, white with excitement, was covered with large beads of perspiration, while his compressed lips and dilated eye expressed a fixed determination to rescue Josephine or perish with her. The danger threatening her became every moment more imminent. The volume of water continually increasing as the tide rolled on, was now level with the promontory, ready to dash over it and cut off her rapid retreat. In her first alarm she had fled onwards looking neither to the right nor left, her one thought to outstrip the rushing waves, so that the boat approaching slowly to the rescue was unnoticed. At length an encouraging shout coming across the surging waters thrilled her with sudden joy—human aid was at hand! She would not perish! She recognized the occupants of the boat. Sir Gerard Trevor was coming to the rescue—he would save her, thank God! How fervently that ejaculation was uttered by the terror-stricken girl! The sudden revulsion of feeling gave her new strength and courage, and she needed it now for the water was pouring upon the promontory, and she was wading through it ankle deep. She must in a few moments be swept off by the force of the waves; but fortunately she had now reached a part of the point which rose higher than the rest, and where some small rocks were piled one above another. This afforded her a temporary refuge from the force of the tide. She climbed to the highest part and there sat down, trembling yet hopeful, to await the approach of the boat. Would it never come? How slowly it moved, and the cruel tide rising higher and

higher! The sun was shining brightly in the blue heavens and its garish beams glistened on the ocean and gleamed upon the white face of Josephine, as she sat there in her perilously-picturesque situation. What a study for a painter was that scene! The watery expanse around, and those few rocks rising yet unsubmerged with the frail, beautiful girl sitting on their summit, keeping her eyes fixed wildly on that craft struggling for her rescue, with the pitiless waves hungering for their prey. A life time of suffering seemed to be gathered into that short period of awful suspense, the memory of which never ceased to haunt not only Josephine but Sir Gerard Trevor.

"The saints be praised we have got to her at last!" was Dinah Blake's exclamation, with a sigh of intense relief, as the boat reached the rocks, and Josephine sprang into it with a cry of joy, relieving her intensely excited feelings by a burst of tears.

"It is just in time; thank God! you are saved," said Sir Gerard in the choked voice of strong emotion; then in almost incoherent words he tried to soothe Josephine, but nearly broke down himself in the deep agitation of the moment.

"Let her cry, it'll do her good!" said Dinah, eyeing her compassionately. "It's a way women have of soothering themselves; but it never was my way," she added, contemptuously. "Well, we have had a tough row for it," she continued, wiping the perspiration from her brown, rugged face, "it's the hardest job I've done for many a day."

"It will not go unrewarded," remarked Sir Gerard, gratefully. "Without your help I never could have saved her; you have made me indebted to you for life, and be assured I shall not forget it."

"I didn't do for gain," she answered, testily, "and I want none of your pay for it aither."

"How very kind of you to take so much trouble for me," was Josephine's grateful observation, as she took the horny, brown hand of Dinah, and pressed it tenderly.

She drew it hastily away, as if the small, white hands of the girl burned her.

"How could I help stretching out a hand to save you, when it was my fault that you were in such danger?" she asked, gruffly. "It's harm enough I've done you already," she muttered, as she took up her oar again, to assist Sir Gerard in rowing the boat to shore.

"How did you harm me?" asked Josephine, with a look of surprise, her quick ear having caught the murmured words.

"Who said I did?" was the evasive reply, in tones meant to stop further enquiry.

"How fortunate it was that I came down to the beach in pursuit of you," said Sir Gerard, his voice still tremulous from recent excitement. "You must not venture on that promontory again."

"Why not?" interrupted Dinah, in her abrupt way; "Sure there's no danger at all most of the year, unless just when the tide is at the highest. You might go out there every other day withont wetting the sole of your shoe."

"I shall never go out there again, never!" said Josephine, with a shudder, "I do not know enough about the tides to understand when I may venture without risk. Oh, what an escape I have had! What a debt of gratitude I owe you both!" and she looked from Dinah Blake to Sir Gerard, with an expression of the deepest gratitude in her tearful eyes.

"Do not speak to me of gratitude," said the baronet, in the deep, low tones of passionate emotion, bending his eyes upon her with a look that made hers quickly drop beneath that ardent gaze, which flashed on her so thrilling a revelation. "If you had perished, I would have died with you."

The low, fond words of Sir Gerard did not escape the watchful ear of Dinah; her suspicions that the young man loved the girl

were confirmed, and an angry expression grew into her dark, stern face.

"A purty fellow you are, indeed, to be making love to her, and you engaged to another woman," broke from her with an indignant flash in her restless, black eye. Sir Gerard stared at her with angry surprise.

"Oh! you need not purtend not to know what I mean," Dinah rejoined sharply, "but you're like all the rest of the men running afther every new face you see. Sorra depindence to be placed on any of ye," she added with a contemptuous curl of her thin lip.

"You speak in riddles, woman!" said the Baronet with subdued anger, "I am not engaged to any lady."

"I thought you was to marry the young lady at the Big House. Bedad that's what is expicted of you any how and sure it would be the making of you by rason of the fortune she has and your own estate gone to the bad entirely, bekase of the life your ould father led." Dinah spoke with cool insolence. The idea that Sir Gerard Trevor would marry Josephine instead of Miss Barrington seemed to cause her much annoyance. Her remarks sent the deep flush of rage to the face of Sir Gerard, but he controlled his temper; the woman had lately rendered him an incalculable benefit, he could not show resentment towards one who had aided him in saving the precious life of Josephine; without Dinah's help he never could have reached the promontory in time to rescue her from the pitiless waters. He contented himself by asserting again that there was no engagement between him and Eva Barrington, speaking in tones of forced calmness, fixing his eyes as he spoke on Josephine, who read in their clear depths the truthfulness of what he affirmed. During the rest of the time which it took them to reach the land, Dinah Blake maintained a sullen silence, doing her part of the rowing, however, with good will. When they landed, after helping to moor the boat, she turned abruptly away, refusing with a gesture of angry scorn the money which Sir Gerard offered her.

"I tould you I did not do it for goold," she said fiercely. "It's ill luck I was in it at all to help ye," she muttered as she strode hastily along the narrow strip of shore as yet unflooded at the base of the tall cliffs. Quickly along this dry path Sir Gerard now hurried Josephine, for he knew that in a few minutes more even that would be flooded by the encroaching tide. At length they reached the cove, near which Max. Butler's residence was situated and turned up the pebbly way leading to it from the shore. At home again and safe! What an agony of dread and terror had Josephine experienced since she left it not two hours before, and what deep thankfulness welled up in her heart towards that merciful Providence which had preserved her from a watery grave! That evening was spent by Sir Gerard Trevor at the cottage, and before he left it he made Josephine an offer of his hand, contrary to his previous intention of waiting till he got a deeper insight into her character. But the events of that day had shown him how inexpressibly dear the girl was to him and the wild anguish he had experienced at the thought of losing her had convinced him that the happiness of his life depended on winning her. This declaration of love filled Josephine with indescribable happiness, for she had already given her first pure affections to the handsome young Baronet; but the course of true love in this case did not run smooth. Lady Trevor objected to the marriage and Mrs. Dormer and Max. declined the honour of Sir Gerard's alliance until her ladyship's consent was obtained. But Sir Gerard did not despair for he hoped in time to remove this only obstacle to his happiness: for youth is ever sanguine, it needs the crushing disappointments of life to dim the star of hope or sink it entirely beneath our clouded horizon.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE FRIARY OF ST. BRIDE.

Eva Barrington was a graceful horsewoman, and extremely fond of riding. Part of every day she spent on horseback accompanied by Sir Gerard, or attended by a groom whenever the baronet's visits to Josephine interfered with his attendance on her. One of her favourite rides was the rugged road following the line of coast. She delighted to feel the salt sea-breeze fanning her face, as she rode quickly along, imparting exhilaration to her spirits and the glow of health to her cheeks. She never looked better than on horseback, her fine figure appeared to such advantage in her closely-fitting riding-habit, sitting gracefully on her spirited chesnut mare, one small gauntleted hand grasping the reins, while with the other she caressed the proudly-arched neck of the beautiful animal, or lightly touched its flanks with her small riding-whip, the gold handle of which gleamed in the sunlight. A stylish looking hat surmounted the silken masses of her black hair, its crimson plume contrasting well with their raven hue.

One bright, pleasant day, in the month of September, as Eva Barrington was slowly ascending the steep road leading to the Friary of St. Bride, her mare was startled by the appearance of an old woman, whose tall weird figure, rising suddenly from behind a hedge, stood right in the way before her. The animal reared, but the woman caught the reins fearlessly, listening with contemptuous indifference to the abuse the groom poured upon her.

"What did you do that for, woman, frightening the mare so? Are you mad?" he broke forth indignantly. "I have a mind to horsewhip you," and he raised his whip threateningly.

The old woman glared upon him. "Lay it on if you dare!" she hissed forth, her voice trembling with passion. "It'll be the worst blow you ever gave. Dinah Blake is not the woman to let an injury go unavinged." Then becoming suddenly calm, she murmured, "Blessed Mary, forgive me, this timper will be the ruin of me sowl afther all!"

"Did you want to speak to me? Can I do anything for you?" asked Eva Barrington kindly. Notwithstanding her haughtiness she was charitable to the poor, and never turned a deaf ear to the appeal of want.

"I do want to spake to you. I have something to tell which is only for yourself to hear." The voice was low and earnest, —the dark eyes gleaming with an excitement she tried in vain to subdue.

"Maurice, ride on, and wait for me at the foot of the hill," said the young heiress, addressing her groom.

"Maurice need'nt stir a step!" broke in Dinah, with decision, "he can wait here while you come with me into the Friary of St. Bride."

Eva's countenance expressed the astonishment she felt at this arrangement—at the tone of command in the woman's voice.

"Why should I go into the Friary?" she demanded, in haughty accents, her curiosity somewhat aroused.

"Bekase there's one spot there I want you to see. It is only there I can spake what's on me mind."

"The woman is mad," said Maurice, impetuously. "Don't heed her, Miss Barrington, she's out of her mind!"

A doubt of her sanity did flash through Eva's mind, and she was about to pass on, when Dinah, who read her thoughts, laid a detaining grasp on the reins:—"I am not mad!" she observed, vehemently, "though I have had throuble enough to dhrive me out of me sinses. You needn't fear me, I'll do you no harm, only come with me for a while and listen to what I have to say," she added with earnest entreaty.

The expression of her face re-assured Eva. She dismounted and accompanied her into the ruins. The weather was unu-

sually fine for the time of the year, the meridian sun was glittering on the quiet ocean, and gleaming on the white sailed craft flitting across its blue expanse. From the elevated situation of St. Bride's Friary the sweep of horizon which it commanded was most magnificent—the grey rugged line of coast, the numerous headlands, some blue and misty in the distance, the straggling town of Carraghmore, and the noble mansion on Barrington Height—all were clearly seen, with the barren gigantic mountains in the background. With the bright sunshine around, and the sun-light of happiness in her own heart, Eva Barrington followed her strange companion over grass-grown graves and sculptured fragments of crosses and columns, little dreaming of the terrible disclosure about to be made, which was to cast a dark cloud over her future life, and withdraw the light of joy from her path. She entered those ivied ruins a gay, proud, light-hearted girl, she left them not long after crushed to the earth with sorrow and bitter humiliation—her life blighted by the sins of others.

Stopping beside a small green mound, headed by a wooden cross, Dinah Blake pointed to the name roughly carved upon it. It was situated in a remote corner of the ruins, the lonely spot where Norah Blake had been long since laid to rest till the resurrection morning. Eva Barrington stooped and read the simple inscription.

"Your daughter lies buried here?" she said, by way of interrogation.

"Yes, she was my daughther, about your own age too when death took her, and as purty as yourself," said Dinah, gloomily, wiping the tears from her eyes, which started unbidden at the sight of that humble grave.

Eva eyed the distressed mother pityingly, wondering, however, what the tidings were she had brought her there to hear. She was not left long in suspense. With her usual abruptness Dinah continued—"The young woman buried here more nor eighteen years ago was your mother."

A feeling of alarm thrilled the young lady at this strange announcement. The woman must be mad, she thought. Not for a moment did she believe her startling assertion.

"You don't believe me, but I tell you the thruth; I swear it on this blessed cross," said Dinah, with emphatic solemnity kissing the sacred symbol.

Still Eva stared at her, incredulous. "How could that be possible?" broke from her with lofty scorn. "If you are not mad, woman, you are telling me a wicked lie to extort money!" she added, with vehement indignation.

"No," said Dinah, with grave earnestness, "I want none of your money. All I want is to do justice to her I wronged before I die."

"Her you wronged?" repeated Eva, a terrible thought creeping towards her—her eyes dilating with horror as she regarded the woman, and her breath coming in gasps from her heaving bosom.

"Yes, the girl I cruelly wronged when I stole her years ago from Barrington House, and left you, me own daughther's child, in her place!"

A wild cry of anguish escaped from Eva's white lips, and she sank upon the ground stunned by the crushing shock. Dinah supported her in her arms till she revived a little—her wan, withered face expressing commiseration for the stricken girl. As soon as consciousness returned, Eva, with a shudder and a gesture of abhorrence, withdrew from her support.

"You my grandmother!" she fiercely exclaimed, with a look of mingled scorn and disgust. "I will not believe it. It cannot, *must* not be! How dare you fabricate such a story!" she continued, hissing the words through her set teeth, her face colourless with passionate emotion.

"There isn't a word of lie in it," maintained Dinah stoutly, her feelings of com-

passion giving way to the irritation she felt at Eva's scorn.

"There is; it is all a made-up story to extort money!" retorted the maddened girl furiously. "I will have you punished, put in jail for daring to say such a thing!" and gathering up the long train of her riding-habit she was about to rush from the spot, scarcely knowing what she did in her wild excitement.

"You may as well take it aisy," remonstrated Dinah. "You can't put me in prison for spaking the thruth. Sure I'll swear it afore a magistrate."

Steps were now heard rapidly approaching, crunching the dry grass. "And, bedad, here's one coming just in the nick of time," she added, as the tall commanding figure of Mr. Crofton was seen issuing from the ruined cloister. His coming there at this moment was not merely accidental. He had been riding along the road, and seeing Maurice waiting for his mistress, had enquired where she was. The groom related what had occurred, and Mr. Crofton, sharing the fears of the servant with regard to Dinah's insanity, followed Miss Barrington into the ruins. The passionate ring of her voice, and the fury gleaming in her pallid countenance, excited his surprise. "What is the matter? What has this woman said to annoy you, Miss Barrington?" he asked, in tones of respectful kindness.

There was no answer; the words seemed to choke Eva, as she tried to communicate the strange, horrible disclosure of Dinah Blake. Good heavens, what a trial this was for the proud girl; that any one should hear that maddening assertion. "Your mother lies buried here,—here in this humble, dishonoured grave!" How the words seemed to stamp themselves on her brain in characters of fire. Determined to have some explanation of the scene, Mr. Crofton turned to Dinah Blake, and sternly demanded what she had said or done to vex the young lady.

"I only tould her that she isn't the rightful heiress of Barrington Height," was the startling answer, spoken with a sullen, offended air.

"Good Heavens, what an assertion!" burst from Mr. Crofton, in amazement; the woman who made it could not be in her right mind, he thought; and yet it might be true. Strange things do happen in life; he would inquire further into this mysterious affair.

"If Miss Barrington is not the rightful owner of Barrington Height, who is?" he asked, eagerly.

"You see the blue smoke curling up among the threes far beyant there," and Dinah's bony hand pointed in the direction of the Rev. Max. Butler's residence. "There's where you'll find her."

"Do you mean Miss Dormer?" asked Mr. Crofton, with eagerness, a new light dawning upon his mind, as he remembered the singular resemblance between Josephine and Miss Barrington.

"Herself, and no other," was the curt rejoinder.

Eva groaned at this revelation. It was so intensely painful and humiliating to think that the girl she had treated with such haughty condescension was the rightful owner of those broad acres she had looked upon as her own.

"This cannot be true, woman," observed Mr. Crofton, sharply. "You are an impostor, and I'll have you taken up and sent to prison."

"No, you won't," remarked Dinah, coolly, "and where would be the use of that? You couldn't stop me tongue there, and people would be found to believe me, though you don't."

"What proof have you to bring forward, to support your strange assertion?"

"The servant Lynch, who nursed the girl you call Miss Barrington knows she was changed at her birth. Put her on her oath about it. She'll not dare perjure herself, although she held her tongue at the time,

bekase she didn't want to lose her good place."

"Did she aid you in making the exchange of infants?" asked Mr. Crofton, who was beginning to fear that Dinah's story was indeed true.

"No, she didn't; she wasn't to blame at all, at all; she knew nothing of me or my consarns."

"And who was the mother of the child you left at Barrington House?" asked Mr. Crofton, very eagerly.

"Me own daughter Norah."

"And her father was Major Barrington, I suppose?"

"You have guessed right, he was that same, I'm sorry to say," Dinah rejoined, moodily.

"Now I understand your motive in the exchange of children," resumed Mr. Crofton, thoughtfully. "If indeed your word can be relied on," he added hastily; "your story seems hardly probable."

"It's thrue, any way, you may depind on that."

"But I will not depend on the truth of what you say," observed Mr. Crofton, sternly. "Is it at all probable that one like you could secretly enter Barrington House, and carry off the infant heiress?"

"It was done, I tell you!" maintained Dinah, vehemently. "Where is the use of talking any more about it? If you won't believe me, others will!"

"No, they will not credit such an improbable story," retorted Mr. Crofton, quickly, "and you have not sufficient proof to bring forward."

"Och! never fear about that; there'll be proof enough when it's wanted; more nor you think, 'cute as you are!"

There was an angry disdain in the tones of Dinah's voice, which irritated the agent exceedingly; he could not brook anything like contempt from an inferior, but he checked his rising temper, it would not be wise to exasperate Dinah. What she had disclosed troubled him as well as Eva, because it deeply affected his interests as well as her's. If it could be proved that she was not the heiress of Barrington Height, and if the estate passed to its rightful owner, then he would be obliged to give an account of his stewardship during the years it had been under his management, a proceeding that would embarrass him considerably. The truth was, Mr. Crofton had used part of Miss Barrington's money in speculating lately, and it would require time to refund this, and make his accounts square, if the property passed to other hands. Something must be done to ward off the threatened evil for the present, and Dinah Blake must be prevented from making public the disclosure she had made. Addressing her in a conciliating tone, he enquired what her motive was in now revealing the evil she had done.

"Repintance has come to me at last, and I want to make aminds for it afore I die," she answered shortly, and turning away as she spoke, she walked slowly through the ruins toward the high road.

Mr. Crofton hastily followed her. "Come to my house to-night," he said, in a low voice, as he joined her.

"What for?" she demanded, curiously.

"I want to speak to you privately about this affair; you must tell me more about it, and we'll think what is best to be done."

"I'll come," she answered quietly, and again moved slowly forward, almost staggering as she walked. Dinah was not well. She had recently risen from a sick bed, and this painful scene beside Norah's grave had affected her deeply.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HEIRESS AND THE AGENT.

"SHE looks as if she had not long to live," was the pleasing thought that suggested itself to Mr. Crofton's mind, as he

walked back to the spot where he had left Eva.

She had thrown herself on Norah's grave, in the abandonment of her grief, and was giving way to a tempest of sobs and tears. How overwhelming was the blow that had fallen upon her, crushing out the joy and happiness of her young life. "What was she now?" she asked herself wildly,—"the child of sin and shame! That odious woman her grandmother!" Oh, it was intensely bitter, this degradation. She could not endure the dreadful humiliation—the exposure would kill her. The convulsions of grief that shook her frame, touched with pity even the hard heart of the agent. He had known her from a child, and she had confided the management of her affairs to him with implicit trust, winning thereby his gratitude, for he had consequently been enabled, more than once, to use her money as a capital to enable him to make money. If the estate passed out of her hands he would probably lose the management of it, and the advantages he at present enjoyed. The more he thought upon the subject, the more he was determined to prevent by any means the exposure Miss Barrington dreaded, as much for his own interest as her's. Dinah Blake must not be permitted to make public the shameful disclosure she had that day made.

"Rouse yourself from this grief and take comfort," he said, in kind, encouraging accents, "this unpleasant matter shall give you no more annoyance; trust to me."

Eva raised her pallid face inquiringly: "Do you doubt the woman's story; do you think she is mad?" she asked, with a wistful look.

"No," he replied deliberately. "I do not think *that* now, I did at first; but her story, though it seemed improbable, is I believe true. However I shall take care she communicates it to no one else. You and I can keep the secret, he added with a significant smile, and with an unusual familiarity of manner. The young girl was in his power—he knew that.

There was a pause for a few moments; there was a strife of mingled emotions in Eva Barrington's heart, a conflict between pride and principle. Should she yield to the suggestions of the former and retain possession of Barrington Height, at the expense of conscience: she had no right to it now, it was Josephine Dormer's. Mr. Crofton said he could prevent Dinah Blake from revealing her terrible secret. Should she place herself in his power by giving her consent to the concealment of those shameful facts she had that day heard? Principle stood up boldly confronting pride, but only for a little while; the dominant feeling of the girl's heart conquered, the passionate desire to retain the wealth and station that had hitherto been her's could not be denied —must be gratified at any cost. That maddening exposure of her shameful birth, the sinful disgraceful story of her dead parents must be hidden from the world. Every better feeling and consideration went down before that proud resolve, and Eva Barrington shut the door on conscience.

"What do you propose to do in this dreadful affair?" she asked at length, turning her pale agitated face towards Mr. Crofton. "How can you secure Dinah Blake's silence? If money is necessary you need not spare it."

"Nor shall I," he answered quickly. "Of course money will be needed, but you won't mind the loss of that!"

"No, if it were even to the half of my fortune!" she said passionately. "I would rather lose even all I possess, than have this story made public. Good heavens! can it indeed be true?" she added with another wild burst of weeping.

"Don't give way so Miss Barrington, control this passionate grief. There is really no need to fret so. This threatening evil can be crushed in the bud. How fortunate that I should have been here in time to advise and aid you. Now let me beg of you

to return to your home and try to think no more of it. Trust to me I will manage the affair for you. A word of what has occurred here to-day must not escape your lips. Mind, Lady Trevor and Sir Gerard must know nothing of it. They might be more scrupulous than we are, you know," he added with a hard short laugh.

The words and the ring of that laugh thrilled the haughty girl with indignation. Mr. Crofton saw the gleam of anger in her averted eye and it warned him to be more guarded. He must humour her pride, he thought, which he saw would brook no familiarity; the habits of years could not be conquered so soon even in her bitter humiliation. She looked upon herself still as the mistress of Barrington House and demanded all the respectful deference she had hitherto received from him. The time would come when feeling herself entirely in his power she might be a little humbler.

Eva now gathered herself up from the grassy mound where she had been sitting and prepared to leave the ruins. Mr. Crofton walking respectfully at her side. The aspect of nature was still bright and joyous, but in her crushed heart was no answering response. A gloom had fallen upon her spirits. How painfully did she realize the truth of that saying, "we know not what a day will bring forth." She left her home that morning gay and happy without a care she returned to it stricken, humbled beneath the terrible discovey she had made, the recollection of which must darken her days even if this fatal secret could be concealed. She pleaded illness to Lady Trevor to account for her pallid gloomy face, and thoughtful depressed manner; for in spite of all her efforts she could not help showing something of the fearful effects her late passionate excitement had caused her. The groom, Maurice, declared that the half-mad woman Dinah Blake had frightened his young mistress almost to death with her odd ways—an assertion which gave his mother, Nurse Lynch, something to think about. She alone suspected the cause of Miss Barrington's altered looks or guessed the subject of that conversation in the ruins of St. Bride.

Very anxiously did Eva await the promised visit from Mr. Crofton the following day. He came ostensibly on business, but secretly by appointment, to let her know the result of his expected interview with Dinah at Elm Lodge.

"You have nothing to fear from her!" he said, with an encouraging smile, "the woman is very ill and her death will soon relieve you from all anxiety."

A cruel joy flashed across Eva's pale face at the prospect of this woman's death who called herself *her* grandmother; but then came the recollection that the secret would not die with her, and the sudden gleam of happiness vanished.

"Where is she?" she asked eagerly.

"In my house. She came to it last night more dead than alive, so anxious was she to keep her appointment and have the matter settled before she died. She made a deposition before me, as a magistrate, and believes that I will see Miss Dormer restored to her rightful inheritance."

There was a grim smile playing over Mr. Crofton's hard, deeply-lined face, as he spoke. Eva looked up at him with a wistful gleam in her grey eyes; he understood that questioning, anxious gaze, and answered hastily:

"Of course I mean to do nothing of the kind. Your interests are dearer to me than those of a stranger. I think it would be a cruel thing to deprive you of what you have so long possessed, just because you do not happen to have a legitimate right to it. You are the oldest, by a few hours, of Major Barrington's daughters, although that claim would never hold good in a court of law in consequence of your illegitimacy. But no one need know anything of that;

your half-sister will not miss what she never possessed."

"Who has the charge of Dinah Blake? Is there any danger of her talking about this painful affair to any one who might circulate the story?"

"Not the least!" was the prompt answer of Mr. Crofton. "Last night when she was too ill to leave my house I committed her to the care of my sister, a sensible, elderly woman who manages my domestic affairs. She will take care that no person has access to her, but herself."

"But the secret will be known to her also," was Eva's hasty observation, with a troubled look.

"That is unavoidable, but there is no cause for alarm on that account, she can be induced to keep it," said Mr. Crofton, with a significant smile.

"I understand her silence must be bought?" said Eva, with some of her usual *hauteur*.

"Exactly so!" was the cool rejoinder, "my sister is poor and dependent on me, and would not care to lend herself to an act of villainy without a consideration."

"An act of villainy!" How the words, revealing the naked truth, grated in the girl's ears. The deep flush of shame crimsoned her brow, and an angry light flashed from her eyes, but she said not a word. She was completely in the power of this man and his sister, and pride forbade her to free herself from the bondage they were about to impose upon her. Anything was preferable to having the finger of scorn pointed at her—to seeing herself dragged down from the high position she had hitherto occupied and humbled in the dust. Any suffering—any unprincipled act—almost any crime before *that!* Eva Barrington inherited much of her despised grandmother's strength of character. She had also her proud, passionate determined nature.

"Is the woman really near death?" she asked, after a short silence, as Mr. Crofton rose to take his leave.

"I am sure of it. She has had a low nervous fever, and is reduced to a very weak state. You have nothing more to fear from her."

"She has done me all the injury she could in revealing the shameful secret," said Eva, bitterly; "I wish to Heaven she had died first!" she added, with fierce vehemence.

"Remember that it is only known to those who will keep it," remarked Mr. Crofton sympathetically.

"But can I rely on their silence?" was her gloomy rejoinder.

"Undoubtedly! As long as you make it their interest to keep the secret," he answered, emphatically.

"I understand," she said, quietly, but with an angry, disdainful smile.

And thus the interview terminated. By degrees Eva recovered something of her former cheerfulness, as the dreaded evil was for the present swept from her path. She waited daily in expectation of the death of Dinah, but the old woman still lingered. Mr. Crofton said, "If she were only out of the way, Eva would feel less anxiety, for she feared that she could not be bribed to silence, like the mercenary agent and his sister. She had told her grand-daughter in that interview in the ruins, that she wanted none of her money; that she only wished to do justice to the girl she had wronged. Unless Dinah Blake died, therefore, the *exposé* Eva would have done anything to avoid, might still be made, and the threatened storm burst upon her devoted head. It was a fearful trial for the proud girl to bear alone—this secret agony of dread—and to have to maintain an outward composure, so as not to excite remarks. Her life was blighted; never again could she be the gay, light-hearted being she had once been. In her anguish she often wished for death, for when happiness is withdrawn from our life, it does not seem worth possessing. Life,

especially to the young, without happiness, is a living death. Poor Eva! she was suffering for the sins of others; one act alone, the restoring to Josephine her lawful inheritance—could have given her back some peace of mind; but that her indomitable pride forbade her to do.

(To be continued.)

CANADA, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY F. A. DIXON.

LAND of the Maple, Cedar and Pine;
Land of the forest, dark and tall;
Mountain and prairie, all are thine!
Rushing river and waterfall;
And the pine-girt lake with silent breast:
From the rosy east to the crimson west.

Never was human foot-fall heard;
Never was human figure seen;
Nothing but sound of beast and bird,
And the winds that moved the pine tops green
All through thy woods, since the world began—
Nature alone, and nought of man.

Save that, pushing the boughs apart,
Now and again there came a face,
And a silent figure with bow and dart:
A red skin coming home from the chase
To his dusky squaw, and his red skinned child,
In a birch-built hut on some island wild;

Or, from some deep-set, silent bay,
Painted warriors with bated breath,
Mohawk grim, or Ojibbeway,
Came with thoughts of bloody death;
Strong-armed, urging their birch canoe
Swiftly the quiet waters through.

What were the voices the still lakes heard?
What were the scenes that the forest saw?
What was the life that the green leaves stirred?
Who were the subjects to nature's law?
They were the voices of nature's own—
Birds and beasts, and herself alone.

The rapid chatter of chipmunk small,
Springing ever amongst the leaves;
The blue-winged jay with its constant call;
And creaking of boughs as they felt the breeze;
Woodpeckers tapping with iron beak
Dead pine trunks, for the worm they seek.

The human cry of the mocking loon
Ever rose from the lake's dark wave;
The partridge drummed, and the ringed racoon
Sought his prey like a crafty knave.
Wolf, and fox, and muskrat grey,
Lived their lives and passed away.

The forest deer, with russet hide,
Hart, and hind, and tender fawn,
Beat their tracks to the bright lake-side,
Drinking there in the early dawn,
And the tawny lynx, in the tall, rank grass,
Quiet crouched till the herd should pass.

The green snake slipt through the moss-bound fern,
The black snake reared his fearless head,
As the wild cat crept to the quiet burn,
Or the dark, brown bear with his heavy tread;
Whilst on some steep rock's savage crest
The eagle made her cruel nest.

The speckled trout, and the white-fish leapt,
Where bull-frogs croak, and the wild ducks fly;
The monster sturgeon quiet slept
Beneath the glow of a mirrored sky;
And the ceaseless hum of mosquitos' wings
Rose below all other things.

Now, sound of axes fills the wood,
The blue smoke curls above the leaves,
The grass now grows where the hemlock stood,
And the golden corn lies bound in sheaves;
And where the beavers built their dams
Come the low of cattle, and bleat of lambs.

And stately halls and temples stand
And homes are raised, and cities filled;
The Red-skin fades from off the land,
And nature's myriad voice is stilled:
The Pale-face rears resistless head.
The Present lives, the Past is dead.

TORONTO.

MY FIRST CARIBOO.

BY HUBERT HUMBER.

LOOKING northward from Quebec one sees a range of low mountains extending all along the north shore of the St. Lawrence away to Anticosti, and behind this range of hills for hundreds of miles lies a wild land of mountain, lake and river—the home of the moose and cariboo deer. The cariboo, unlike the moose, is a great runner, seldom staying long in one place; and, being very wary, and of prodigious powers of endurance, even after receiving a mortal wound, its pursuit is justly considered the most exciting of all our Canadian sports. When the cold of early winter has driven the deer from their far northern haunts into the mountains in the immediate vicinity of Quebec, there are always to be found those who are willing to encounter the privations and dangers of that inhospitable region for the chance of a successful stalk after such noble game.

"Cariboo not like moose, no for sure."

These words were spoken to me by my Indian hunter, Michel, as I sat looking very ruefully at the carcass of a huge bull moose which lay before me half buried in the snow; and when Michel added, "no get cariboo easy like dat," I resolved that my last shot had been fired at moose, and that the next season—it was too late that year—I would try my hand at cariboo: so a few days after, when parting with Michel at the village, I made a compact with him that when the time came we should hunt cariboo together.

The summer had come and passed; the fall snipe shooting was over; the long arrow-shaped flocks of wild geese had passed with noisy flight to the southward, and the long Canadian winter was setting in with great severity when I sent word to Michel to come in and see me. We met, and the result was an engagement to start on the 15th of December, and a specific estimate of our wants

in the shape of powder, shot, biscuits, pork, &c.

As the weather continued very favourable, that is to say, intensely cold with not too much snow, I went early to bed on the fourteenth fully assured that the next morning would bring Michel. The thickly frosted windows told me, when I awoke, that the thermometer was very low even in my room, and it required some consideration before I could take a leap into my bath, the water in which was almost ice. How comfortable the coal-fire looks when I get down stairs and I am all right, when my old housekeeper, looking severely over her spectacles, says, " your savage has been down stairs speerin' aboot this hour." "All right, send him up, Mrs. Bruce."

A light, almost noiseless, step comes along the passage and Michel glides quietly into the room—a man about forty years of age, of middle height, broad shoulders and deep chest, with rather bow legs, clad in a dark blanket coat, his thick waist girt by a crimson sash from which hangs a heavy hilted hunting knife in a sheath of deer skin, gaily worked with beads and porcupine quills. His feet and hands are small, and his swarthy face has the haggard look which I have noticed in many of these men, the result, I fancy, of the great privations and hardships which they sometimes have to endure. His keen eyes are small and black, and over the collar of his coat, a plentiful supply of jet black hair falls down, coarse as a horse's mane. In manner, the man is quiet, easy and self-possessed.

While we are at breakfast, Michel quietly unfolds his budget of news. The chances for a successful *chasse* are good—his brother-in-law, Antoine, has been out looking after some traps and shooting grouse and hares for the market, and reports many cariboo tracks—the lakes and rivers were all frozen two weeks ago—the snow is not too deep and the cold is on the increase—Antoine would have finished marketing and all his small purchases made by eleven o'clock and then we would start—we should reach Madame Lachance's at about 3 o'clock, sleep there that night and take to the forest on our snow-shoes early the next morning—a long day's march, a night in the snow, and then another tramp for half a day would bring us to the grounds we intended to hunt. A morning pipe is scarcely smoked when Antoine drives up to the door; the dark coat of his famous mare is covered with frost; and as he flings a buffalo robe over her, she puts back her ears and paws the snow impatiently eager to get home.

How unlike the two men are: Antoine, a little dark French Canadian, has all the vivacity and small talk of his race, and when I succeed in getting him to sit by the fire and take a cup of hot coffee and a bit of steak, dear me, how he does talk and how he laughs; what a contrast to the quiet sombre man who is going about my room superintending the final preparations for our departure! The men are very courteous to each other; but I notice that Antoine always defers at once to Michel. At last all is ready and Antoine having stowed away the provisions in his comfortable box sleigh, the guns, snow-shoes and Indian sleighs are also packed, and then we all jump in. We descend the narrow steep hills leading out from the old town, and are soon on the Lorette road then we begin to know how cold it really is—the wind cuts like a knife, and our frozen breath curls up into the air like smoke and covers our coat collars, caps and hair with a white frost.

Now we have crossed the valley of the St. Charles and passed through the village of Lorette. The road becomes much narrower and the fir trees growing thick and close on each side give a welcome shelter from the wind. Passing over a succession of steep hills we dive down into the primeval forest along a very narrow road on which the snow lies soft and deep. The bush on each side is very thick, and I notice the

dotted track of the Alpine hare in every direction.

"*Arrive,*" shouts Antoine, and the mare trotting very fast for about half a mile stops suddenly at Madame Lachance's, which is our terminus for that day and our point of departure for the next.

The house or rather cabin is nothing more than a backwoods shanty formed of hewn logs—the roof is of bark and the smoke finds exit through the pipe of the stove which is carried out through the gable. Madame comes out to welcome us. She is a tall, bony, gray-haired woman with a sun-tanned face, and the bare arm she holds up to shade her eyes is as dark and muscular as a blacksmith's; but the good soul is very hospitable and keeps repeating her welcome, until we all crowd into the one room which is all her house; a huge double stove is burning fiercely almost in the middle of the room, and a large bed curtained with a very gay patterned print takes up a large portion of what small space remains—a deal table and a few home-made chairs with basswood seats comprise the rest of the furniture, while an open cupboard in one corner exhibits the family crockery of a splendid yellow, bright and clean, of which the old lady is not a little proud. Coming from "*la ville,*" of course, I am expected to tell Madame all the news, which she receives with oft uplifted hands and a running comment of never more than one word—thus I tell of the last large fire, "*misère,*" the new railway, "*bonté,*" the price of wood, "*tiens*"—while the frequent pinch of snuff she indulges in is constantly stayed midway to its destination, while she listens intently to a glowing description of the last fashionable marriage. The mare having been made comfortable for the night, Antoine comes in.

Madame's two sons, stout lads of 19 and 17 come home from chopping in the bush, and after supper we all draw round the stove and spend a couple of hours in talking. Antoine is now in his glory and tells his stories with a mimicry that convulses the two boys and even draws a grim smile from Michel who sits next me smoking silently.

I had, during the evening, made arrangements that Madame's eldest son should come with us in the capacity of cook and wood-cutter, as it is no joke to get home to camp after a hard day's work and find no fire and no dinner. So in the morning having breakfasted we at once commenced to pack our traps on the two toboggins, or Indian sleighs, which we brought with us from Quebec.

I have with me a double Westley-Richards shot gun and a double Purdy rifle.

We slip on our snow-shoes and start—each Indian drawing a toboggin by stout deer-skin thongs passed over the shoulder and under the arm-pits. The party now consists of four—the two Indians, Lachance and myself, and passing down a few yards from the cabin the road ends and we strike into the woods—the primeval forest, which is to be our home for the next two weeks. Michel has decided to make for Lac Rond, a favourite hunting ground of his; and, after a couple of hours' walk, we reach the river leading to the lake, now, of course, frozen, and covered with about six inches of snow. The walking is good and we calculate to reach the lake in a day and a half; the scenery is wild but rather monotonous; the mountains, not of any great height, are very much alike; and the white highway on which we are travelling winds about, offering to view snow scenes—the one you are looking at being the counterpart of the one you have just left behind. But the air is splendid—cold and bracing, and although I had taken an excellent breakfast at Madame Lachance's I am not sorry when Michel calls a halt for dinner. Cold pork, biscuit and a cup of tea—a pipe and an hour's rest and off we go again until four o'clock, when Michel turns off the river into the forest and selects a place to camp for the night. We have done a good twenty miles, and I am

hungry again, so we all set to work to form a camp, and this is how we do it. The snow for about 10 feet by 6 is cleared away—all of us at work, using our snow-shoes as shovels—and thrown up on each side forms a trench about 1½ feet deep. One of the men then goes off for fuel, and soon a roaring fire is blazing up in the middle of the trench, over which a forked stick suspends the cooking pot, while a thick layer of spruce boughs, on each side of the fire, makes a very comfortable seat and bed for the night; stout stakes planted in the snow at each end of the trench, and sloping towards the fire, are covered with pine or spruce branches, affording a good shelter. We are soon very snug; the fire leaps and crackles, sending up showers of sparks into the frosty air, and tinging the forest trees near by with a red light; but the Indians have done a hard day's work and we are all ready for sleep as soon as supper is over, so rolling myself up in my blanket, with my feet to the blaze, I am soon sound asleep on one side of the fire and the three men on the other are snoring heavily. The men replenishing the fire during the night wake me up once or twice, but I sleep well, and in the morning rise fresh, and, I am almost ashamed to write it, hungry again; but this wolfish appetite is a leading feature in camp life, and one seems at all times ready to eat.

Breakfast over we are off at half-past seven, and by two o'clock, hurrah! turning a sharp bend in the river we come suddenly on the famous Lac Rond. Following Michel we skirt the lake for about half a mile, then turn into the bush for a few yards, and halt before a small log-hut half buried in snow, which the men commence to clear away, and entering the cabin I find a good sized chamber, rather low in the roof, with a wide chimney, the lower part of which is built of round stones from the lake, while the upper portion is of thick bark. The small quantity of snow which has drifted in is swept out, and the dry spruce boughs which formed the beds of last year are bundled into the chimney—a match is applied, and instantly a ruddy flame leaps up and makes the old hut look quite cheerful. Leaving the men to get the cabin in order I light my pipe and stroll back to look at the lake, which I take to be about two miles in width, and apparently round in shape, from whence it takes its simple name. Frozen to a depth of six or eight inches, and covered with about the same quantity of snow, the even surface lies before me looking cold and dreary in the intense stillness of that calm winter evening. The round mountains, clothed with forest trees of small growth and snow-covered summits, surround it on all sides, and seem in some places to come sheer down to the water's edge; but if you were to make the circuit of the lake, you would find that all round it there lies, between the water-mark and mountains, a thick belt of dark spruce, varying in width from one hundred yards to half a mile, while large patches of cranberry bushes—the favourite resort of the grouse—rear their sturdy stems by the lake side under the shelter of the spruce. Nothing can exceed the sombre appearance or dreary solitude of a cariboo-swamp at about the evening hour—the dark formal trees, almost black in colour, throw a deep gloom around, which the near mountains serve to deepen, while long festoons of grey moss depending from their stems sway to and fro in the moaning wind, and give a weird and ghastly appearance to the scene. But it is this strange looking moss which I have seen hanging yards in length that forms the favourite food of the cariboo deer, and makes Michel consider this lake in particular one of his best hunting grounds. When I return to camp I find the men have put everything in order, the snow round the cabin is all cleared away, a goodly pile of dry wood is collected for the night, and through the open door I see a large cheerful fire burning brightly.

Next morning Pierre goes off at dawn, and, as soon as breakfast is over, Michel

who is in high spirits, takes his departure, leaving me alone with Lachance, and explaining before he goes that I am to remain in camp, for that on finding the fresh tracks of cariboo he will come at once for me, and we are then to stalk the deer together. Even at this remote period my ears will tingle when I think of the terrible error, as a sportsman, which I committed on that glorious winter day. Michel had been away about an hour, and, seated on a log near the cabin, I was smoking my pipe, and trying not to feel impatient, when Lachance passed on his way to the lake for water. Very soon afterwards I hear the beat of his snow-shoes, and see him coming back at a trot without his bucket. I see at once that there is something up, so knocking the ashes out of my pipe, I advance to meet him. Turning his head, he points back at the lake, and whispers excitedly: "*Une belle bande de perdrix!*" "By Jove," thinks I, "the very thing: I can knock over a few brace; it will pass the time, and the birds will be a valuable addition to our larder." So I return to the cabin, throw off my blanket coat, and taking my Westley-Richards in hand I place a stout ash stick in Lachance's eager fingers, and we both make for the cranberries. The *perdrix de savane*, or swamp partridge, as the Canadians call this bird, is properly speaking a grouse—a splendid bird, very strong on the wing and delicious eating, but in these wilds extremely stupid—so much so, that I have seen a cock bird stand four shots from a very short-sighted man who was trying his hand with a pea-rifle. On reaching the bushes I see the fresh tracks of a large pack of grouse which have come out of the swamp to have a cranberry breakfast, and telling Lachance to move slowly on my right, I keep twenty yards behind him, knowing that the birds will lay like stones, and when flushed will fly across me to the cover, which is on my left. The boy understands his work well; moving slowly, and keeping his right distance from me he thrashes away at the cranberry bushes with the ash stick, and soon, almost at his feet, a grouse rises with a loud whirr, and flying across me on balanced pinions, makes for the spruce wood at a tremendous pace. I shoot well in front of him, and the bird pitching forward falls dead in the snow. Lachance waits quietly until he sees I have re-loaded, and on we go again. This time a brace of splendid cock birds rising together cross me at about thirty yards; the opportunity for a right and left shot is not to be lost, aud I take advantage of it, both birds are down, and the mountain echo roars back—bang! bang! The boy is delighted, and so on we go, until I bag five brace of splendid birds. Towards the end of this impromptu *battue* the grouse had got somewhat wild, and a few birds rising while I loaded got away without being shot at, and as we return I see one of them sitting on the dead branch of a spruce, and with outstretched neck intently watching us. I point the bird out to Lachance, and placing my gun in his hand tell him to shoot—he takes a good half-minute aim, and then knocks the grouse over—the boy bags his game, and coming towards me looks out at the lake and exclaims: "Here comes Michel."

The Indian hunter nears us rapidly, coming with a long, swinging stride, and handing me my gun, Lachance trots off to meet him; but there is something about Michel's look and gait that makes me think all is not well, and when the lad reaches him he stops a moment and I can hear the volley of abuse which he pours out on the head of that ingenuous youth. Poor Lachance with many shrugs of his shoulders seems to be trying to excuse himself, but apparently it won't do, and, calling him a *tête de veau*, Michel brushes past and goes straight to camp. Lachance then comes to me and in a few words makes me acquainted with the cause of the Indian's wrath. In order that you may fully appreciate the sad sporting

blunder which I committed that morning, we will follow Michel in his search for fresh deer tracks. On leaving the camp that morning he turned along the margin of the lake and entering the spruce woods, which I have already described, he hunts it carefully backwards and forwards, beating his ground as close and careful as a well-trained pointer; but though he sees many tracks of deer, none are fresh, and he has nearly made half the circuit of the lake without success when he comes quite suddenly on the deep track of two deer. There is no need to stoop and examine the tracks; his practised eye tells him at once that not more than two hours have elapsed since the deer have passed. They had come over the mountain facing the cabin, and he knows well are now feeding in the spruce swamp by the lake and very likely not more than a mile off. Swift as a hound, he runs along the track until fresh signs warn him that the dull beat of his snowshoes on the soft snow must cease. He stops and listens intently for some time and taking careful note of the wind again advances, but now only at a walk, with head slightly bent and ear turned in the direction to which the deer tracks leads he moves quietly and carefully without the slightest noise, well aware that a false step—the snapping of a dry bough or an unlucky fall may alarm the cariboo, which he knows are now close at hand; he has just paused to listen when a familiar sound reaches his ear—clack! clack! a low indistinct rattle. If you or I heard it we would not pay much attention, but it is music to this keen, sagacious hunter and, faint as the sound is, he knows it to be the noise made by the antlers of a buck as he rubs his head against the branches of a forest tree. Michel now takes off his snowshoes, and laying his gun on them he creeps forward on hands and knees, frequently stopping to listen; then on again, stealthy and silent, as a cat. The bleating call of a buck rises on the frosty air, and gives Michel the exact position of the deer; rising on his knees he takes a rapid survey of the ground, and then gently steals forward to an excellent shelter formed by the trunks of two forest trees which have fallen across each other. For a minute or two the Indian lies buried deep in the snow, and then carefully raising his head he peers keenly over the barricade—and this is what he sees—a small, open space in the middle of which an old and blasted spruce, leaning over many feet from the perpendicular, spreads forth its withered branches, beneath which stands a magnificent buck cariboo, with upturned head, nibbling at the long festoon of moss which hangs from the tree, pausing now and again to rub his antlers against the dry boughs. Almost at the feet of the buck lies a splendid doe. Her ladyship has evidently breakfasted, and is lazily licking her nut-brown, glossy side. Michel gazes with all the admiration of a true-born hunter and, being satisfied that the deer will remain in the swamp for that day, at least, he is about to retrace his steps and return for me, when boom across the lake comes that unlucky shot of mine, and the mountains' echo answers hoarsely back. Suppressing an oath of surprise, Michel is swiftly down behind his ambush and buried in the snow, listens intently. "*Que diable,*" he thinks, "what can it mean? Doubtless some accidental discharge of a rifle; 'tis well the cariboo are not off." Thus thinking, he raises his head again and peers over the logs in front of him, but he looks on another picture now. Both deer are on their feet, and slightly thrown back on their haunches with outspread legs and heads erect are gazing fixedly in the direction from which the sound has come. The Indian is just beginning to hope that the deer may possibly calm down, when again bang! bang! my unfortunate gun awakes that dreadful echo. Well, the deer can't stand *that* you know, and wheeling round with a velocity that sends a fountain of snow high into the

air they vanish instantly into the forest; their flying forms glance for a moment from tree to tree and they are gone—gone, as the Indian said afterwards to me, "*au diable.*" Michel listens for a moment to the rush of the two deer through the woods; then, jumping to his feet with a fierce oath, walks back to the place where he had left his gun and snow-shoes and with many a bitter imprecation walks savagely back to camp.

"Oh it was horrible, most horrible."

It takes the best part of my choice tobacco to soothe the outraged feelings of the keen old hunter; but he is firm in the belief that it will be of no use trying the Lac Rond ground for deer during the next two days.

Pierre returns to camp soon after dark, to my great joy, speaks well of the ground he has been examining and, after a consultation with Michel, it is decided that we shall try it. The marching orders are short and simple: each man beside his firearms and short-handled axe is to take two ship biscuits, a small piece of pork and a supply of matches; in addition to this simple fare I slip into the pocket of my blanket coat a small flask of brandy.

The early dawn sees us leave the camp, moving ghost-like over the soft snow, all of us clad in white blanket coats and leggings, our gun covers being of the same material. Michel leading, in Indian file, we move quickly across the lake and make for the big mountain opposite. No word is spoken by the men and yesterday's mishap makes me quiet enough. What a breather it was getting up that steep mountain side, but we *are* on the top at last and halt for a few minutes' rest.

As the summit is covered only by stunted hard-wood, I get a good view of the surrounding country and can make out nothing but lakes and round-shouldered mountains which roll away from the dark fir-clad hills close by into the far off distance grey and indistinct; but Indians have not much love for scenery and we soon commence the descent. Down we go leaning well back on our snow-shoes and keeping our toes well up; we half-trot, half-slide and, in a very short time, are once more on level ground; a couple of hours' walk brings us to the edge of another large lake and, here happens to me one of the most exciting day's sport I have ever enjoyed. It was about eleven o'clock and the lovely calm of the early morning yet continued although the sky was overcast with grey clouds and it was evident that the two previous fine days were weather breeders, and that a severe storm was not far off. We had advanced about two hundred yards on the surface of the lake, when bringing up the rear, I suddenly saw Michel fall flat on his face; Pierre followed suit, and not knowing the reason why, I cast myself headlong in the snow at his heels, and there we all lay, not a word being spoken to explain the cause of this very sudden movement. I feel very much inclined to laugh, but knowing that something is up, I manage to keep quiet and presently Michel whispers "Look," and raising my head very slightly, I peer along the smooth white surface of the lake and a sight meets my eye that sets my heart beating high with intense excitement. At first I see only some dark forms about a mile off, but showing plainly on the snow. These dark forms on the lake are a herd of seven cariboo deer coming straight for us. Michel now gently calls me and I wriggle along through the snow and lie down beside him. The deer are coming rapidly toward us and are now plainly discernible—three splendid bucks and four does, quite unsuspicious of danger for they are trotting briskly, they gambol as they come. I am shaking with suppressed excitement, and the two men stolid as wooden images lie by me keenly watching the deer, when, to my great disgust, the whole herd suddenly halt about two hundred yards off, surely they have winded us; but no! see that noble buck leads off and then begins the prettiest game of romps I ever looked at—they charge

each other with lowered antlers, but deftly the thrust is avoided, they leap into the frosty air with a grace and elegance that is charming to behold, and then race round and round, turning and leaping as gracefully as kittens. And now their romp is over, and bending his knees under him, a large buck quietly sinks down in the snow, and in a moment the rest of the herd follow his example; so there we are left on our faces in the snow watching the cariboo who are about two hundred yards off. The deer have unconsciously checkmated us for a time, for the Indians armed only with very wretched smooth-bores could not pretend to shoot at that distance, and though I carried an excellent Purdy rifle I felt so much excited that I was glad the men did not ask me to fire, in fact, they would have prevented me had I wished to shoot, as these men do not know the power and accuracy of a first-rate English rifle, and will always stalk their deer within fifty or sixty yards before they attempt a shot. Then Michel whispers his instructions in my ear. A belt of spruce wood ran out into the lake for a short distance and was about one hundred yards behind us and a little to our right, I was to make my way to this cover on my stomach and when he saw I was in position, he and Pierre would try and get within shot of the herd approaching the deer in such a way that if alarmed, some, if not the whole herd, would pass near enough to give me a shot. After listening very carefully to some hurried instructions as to what I should do if forced to camp out alone, I slip my feet out of my snow-shoes and turning, slowly commence to creep through the snow towards the cover. The process is decidedly cooling and the snow gets up my sleeves and down my throat, but I am determined to do my best to-day, and at last I reach the spruce wood and am soon under cover and watching the further advance of the two Indians—slowly, slowly, they seem to glide through the snow like snakes, and I mentally contrast their really scientific approach to my own unwieldy waddle. They have got about half the distance to the herd when the large buck which is nearest to them quickly turns his head in their direction and then I hear that whistling snort which proclaims that the cariboo is sensible of danger, and turning his head he butts the doe lying next to him, when both deer spring to their feet, the other five immediately follow their example and gaze anxiously about. They know there is danger but cannot tell where to look for it for the wind is favourable for the hunters and they cannot scent their foe, and as the two men lie quiet in the snow they cannot see them; but the big buck has taken a slight alarm, and as luck will have it, comes quietly trotting in my direction, the doe accompanying him, the other deer remain standing and gazing about. Now is the time for me to wipe out yesterday's disgrace—the two deer are coming at a slow trot with rather a loose and shambling gait, I can distinctly hear the clatter of their large, broad hoofs, and make pretty sure of the doe who will pass at about 75 yards, the buck will be a more difficult shot for he is further off, and the first shot will send him away like the wind; but now the doe is just opposite me, and dropping on my knee I bring the sight of my double Purdy to bear on her, low behind the shoulder, and at the report of the rifle she springs up into the air and comes down dead with a ball through her heart: to my great surprise the buck immediately trots up and stands sniffing the dead carcass.

This sudden and to me, very strange movement, rather upsets me, and before I can recover he is off, but he offers a fine side shot, and when I fire he stumbles forward and comes down heavily on his knees, but it is only for a second—he is up again and away at a tremendous pace. I load as quickly as possible, and as I run back for my snow-shoes I see a dark form on the snow, which shows the Indians have killed another of the deer, and are now in full chase

of the others, but going in the opposite direction to that taken by the deer I had just shot at. Confident that I had hit the buck very hard, I go forward and examine the spot where he came down, but to my surprise I find no blood, and I make up my mind for a long chase and the prospect of a camp out alone. So tightening the belt which supports my axe, I start off at a sharp trot on the track of the cariboo, which leads straight through the bush to the foot of a mountain—the steep sides of which rise before me. I thought so! the buck has gone straight up, but there is no help for it; up I go after him, soon I come to where the deer has laid down to rest, and a small patch of blood on the snow shows that my shot has told. Quickening my pace, I am soon on the summit: the cariboo is still going strong, and as I half slide down on the other side I am amazed at the tremendous strides with which he has descended. Again on level ground the track leads me out by a small river, down which the deer has taken, apparently going as strong as ever; down this river I follow for at least an hour, and am beginning to feel very much fagged, for it is now late in the day and I have worked very hard since dawn. I should be much relieved if I could throw off my coat, but I dare not do so yet, as beyond doubt I must sleep in the bush alone that night. But now the track of the wounded deer turns off the river, and I feel rather disheartened when I see another mountain before me, far up that hill the buck will go, and I doubt if I have the strength left to follow. But see! he has lain down again, and this time a large, deep-red patch on the snow shows that the wound is severe. Now is the time to push him and, throwing off my coat, I start off at a rapid pace, and, running hard for about ten minutes, suddenly come on the gallant buck lying with outstretched neck on the snow stone dead. Fairly done up I place my rifle against the antlers of the buck and, seated on the carcase, take note of the situation. Michel and Pierre are probably thirty miles away, for I calculate that I have come fifteen, and they no doubt have gone quite as far in an opposite direction—it is now, by my watch, four o'clock, and, if I felt equal to walking home to camp, there would not be light to follow my tracks back, so as it is quite clear that I must camp out alone, the sooner I commence making preparations the better. The first thing to be done is to go back for my coat. This is soon recovered, and I return to the deer, and selecting a good spot, take off my snow-shoes, and using one as a shovel clear a space large enough to build my fire and make my bed. It takes some time to collect sufficient fuel for the night, and, by the time all is ready, darkness has fallen on the forest, and the red glare from the fire throws flitting shadows on the trees near by, while the solemn stillness is only broken by the crackling of the dry logs and branches with which I keep feeding the flames. It is an awfully cold night, and I soon find out that sleep is impossible, so I take a little brandy, and cutting a steak from the deer, impale portions of the meat on hardwood skewers and roast them before the fire, the meat tastes delicious to me, and the cooking serves to pass the time. Again I try to sleep, but it is too horribly cold, and I jump up and once more build the fire—and thus I spend that long winter night wishing for morning. Squatted on a log before the fire, I think I must have dozed occasionally, for I know that on looking at my watch for about the hundredth time I am surprised to find that the long, long night has passed, and the hands are pointing to seven o'clock.

The cold pale green of the eastern sky is beginning to change to yellow, and it is already light enough to commence preparations for my return to camp, and I am thinking what portion of the buck I shall take beside his head and antlers, when to my great joy I hear a welcome shout, and Michel soon after dashes in, and, giving a ring-

ing whoop at the sight of the dead deer, shakes me vigorously by the hand. The good fellow had wounded one of the cariboo, and followed for many miles; then, thinking he had better look after me, had left Pierre to continue the chase, and returning on my track had camped within five miles of me. We take the skin and antlered head of the cariboo, and after eating some more steak and biscuit we tramp homewards, and arrive at the cabin at about four o'clock —the last two hours of our walk being made through a driving storm of snow, for the threatening weather of yesterday has broken, and a fierce gale of wind is roaring through the forest.

Lachance has been very lonely, he says, and is *bien content* to see us. The good lad is soon preparing supper, the fire is blazing brightly, and we are just sitting down to a good hot meal, when the wind lulls for a moment, and we hear a faint shout coming from the lake, and Michel, throwing open the door to allow the light to be seen, answers back—the long quavering whoop rises high over the storm, and the mocking demon-like shout is a fit accompanyment to the howling wind—but the signal is answered again, and soon Pierre comes in with the heads of two cariboo, making four killed out of the herd of seven. His arrival is all we require to make us perfectly comfortable, and we fall to on our supper, winding up with a glass or rather tin of hot brandy and water all round; after which, rolled up in my blanket and thoroughly tired out, I am soon sound asleep.

I spend another week at the famous lake, and stalk five different deer. three of which I kill, and then we pack up for return home, and on the second day of our departure from the lake we reach Madame Lachance's. The good old soul is delighted to see us, and Pierre, who is bent on getting home that night, promises to send Antoine over for me in the morning. Early the next day, while taking a smoke at the door, I hear the sound of sleigh-bells and a clear voice chanting one of the simple hymns of the Church, rises on the frosty air, and Antoine comes driving quietly up the narrow road—the good fellow is as light hearted as ever, and profuse in his congratulations at the successful termination of my *chasse*. Carefully he stows away the antlered heads of five cariboo, and, taking leave of Madame and Michel, I return to Quebec, and once more enjoy the undeniable comforts of civilized life.

OBSCURED.

BY CHARLOTTE GRANT.

I'VE wandered out from the happy day—
I cry for the light!
My feet are bleeding—I've lost my way
In the grewsome night!

For, wise men lit their lamps of lore—
But the smoke! the smoke!
Oh, where is the sun that shone before,
When my soul awoke?

And is this knowledge that I have found
When I wisdom sought?
But tents in the ashes all around
For the home of thought!

Woe! woe! To grope thro' this strange *to-be*,
Faint 'mid the feast!
Oh, let me perish, or let me see
The Star in the East!

Hush! a voice comes hushing the cry of mine
In the grewsome night—
"When the smoke must vanish, the lamps will shine,
As God-sent light."

LONDON.

MARGUERITE KNELLER, ARTIST AND WOMAN.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

CHAPTER XIX.

KARL RUDORFF IN PARIS.

EARLY one morning, a young man, who seemed a stranger in Paris, was admitted into the studio of the celebrated painter, Maurice Valazé. No artist's rooms in Paris were fitted up more expensively, or arranged with more perfect artistic taste, than these; and every afternoon they were crowded with visitors—artists and amateurs, beautiful women of rank, idle young men of fashion, all assembled there. But the hour was yet too early for Maurice's distinguished visitors, and it so happened that he was just then alone, and at work finishing the portrait of one of the reigning beauties of Paris, who had chosen to be painted as the gipsy heroine of Victor Hugo's great novel, with her little pet goat at her feet.

Maurice looked handsomer than ever. He had acquired all the ease and polish of a man of the world, added to the natural grace and refinement which had always been his, but there was a change in the expression of his face since the stranger had last seen it; there was a look of unrest in the eyes, a mocking and scornful smile on the lips which spoke of a weary and disappointed spirit. Looking round at the entrance of his visitor, he recognized at once in the tall, dark young man before him, the German artist, Karl Rudorff, whom he had known at Rome. Starting up, he welcomed his old companion heartily, and they were soon deep in pleasant reminiscences of the delightful days they had spent together in beautiful Italy.

"But what happy chance brings you to Paris, Karl?" asked Maurice. "I thought you were so hard at work at Munich that you could not have spared a moment from your labours, to gain a kingdom. I heard that King Ludwig had engaged you to

paint an innumerable number of pictures for his new gallery?"

"Not quite so many," said Karl; "but enough to keep me busy these last four years. Now I feel as if I needed a holiday and some change of scene, and so I have come straight to this bewitching Paris of yours. But I hear wonderful things of you as a portrait painter. Your portraits are said to be the most marvellous combination of poetry and matter-of-fact—of the real and ideal ever beheld. Every pretty girl who wishes to be exalted into an angel, every good-looking youth who aspires to be represented as a hero, every ugly man or woman who imagines that he or she possesses spiritual or intellectual beauties which the dull matter in which Dame Nature works has distorted, comes to you, I am told, and finds every defect elevated into a beauty on canvas. Wonderful to tell, you appear to give satisfaction to all, and, if I may judge from appearances, report has not exaggerated the large income you are making. This splendid apartment is somewhat different from the bare, old studio at Rome."

"Ah! that dear old studio!" said Maurice, with a sigh, "where I dreamed such glorious dreams of divine perfection, of immortal fame—all to sink into the art of flattering ignoble vanity, and winning the applause of fools. Karl! I have won wealth and what Paris calls fame, but it is by a life and labours that I despise and hate!"

"Then why not give it up?" said Karl.

"I cannot. I am entangled in a net from which I have no power to escape. Pride, vanity, the love of ease and pleasure, the dread of poverty, contempt and obscurity, all hold me in their meshes, and even if I could summon courage and strength to break through these, there are other obstacles. I have no right to darken the destiny of those whose fate is linked with mine, that I may follow that ideal which nearly all who have ever sought it have found to be nothing but a shadow or a dream."

"If you mean by the ideal, a belief in a higher truth, a nobler perfection in art and in life than the common standard, I agree with you that faithfulness to it is not likely to give riches and reputation, but in the old days, Maurice, that conviction would not have had much effect on you."

"No, I was an enthusiast then. You, I suppose, are so still; but you are not married. If you were you would understand, perhaps, how a man might be tempted to give up the effort to realize an impossible ideal, for the sake of a beautiful and beloved wife."

"Then," said Karl, quickly, "you have not married that dark girl to whom you told me you were engaged when we were in Rome?"

"No," said Maurice, "I have not married her," and taking up his brush he gave a few touches to the portrait on his easel.

Karl praised the beauty of the face, which was a very lovely one.

"I can show you one a thousand times more beautiful," said Maurice, and he led Karl to a painting in which Claire was depicted as the Scandinavian Goddess, Freya, wrapped in furs and seated in a sledge drawn by a troop rein-deer. Very lovely the Goddess looked, her blue eyes and golden locks peeping out from the dark robes which enveloped her like glimpses of sunshine and blue sky breaking through clouds, and Karl expressed as much admiration as even Maurice could have desired.

"And who may this fair enchantress be?" asked Karl Rudorff.

"She is my wife," said Maurice; "was I not right in saying she was too lovely a creature to be exposed to the hard and toilsome life of an artist who aspires to attain greatness in high art?"

"Yes," said Karl, "she looks as if she had always lived among roses and never felt a thorn. It seems to me that I have seen some one like her before, though not so beautiful. I doubt if I have ever seen so faultlessly beautiful a face."

"You must come and dine with her to-night," said Maurice, and forgetting all the disgust he had expressed a few minutes before for the mode of life into which he had fallen, he chatted gaily with Karl about Parisian art and artists, and the exhibition of paintings now open in Paris, which Karl had not yet seen.

"By-the-by, Maurice, have you anything there?" asked Karl.

"Oh, yes, two portraits; but they would not interest you: though they are well enough in their way."

"I should like to see them at all events. Cannot you come with me this morning? It would be so delightful to have you for my guide."

"Say you so, old fellow? It would be just as delightful to me, to go with you and hear your unprejudiced criticisms. One knows before hand all the critics here will say just according to the cliques they belong to. Well, I shall be ready in a couple of minutes."

While Karl waited for Maurice, he returned to Claire's portrait, and puzzled himself in another attempt to fix and combine the floating glimpses of recognition which seemed at times to make the face perfectly familiar to him, but which vanished before he could seize them. Maurice was ready before he succeeded in clearing up the mystery, and the two young men then set out for the Louvre.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ARTIST'S TRIUMPH.

As Maurice and Karl entered the gallery in which the paintings were exhibited loud and enthusiastic expressions of admiration reached their ears from a crowd collected round a large painting and two small drawings which were hung close together. Not being near enough to see the painting distinctly, Maurice asked an acquaintance if he knew what was so wonderful about it, and learned that it was the work of an obscure artist, known to Eugène Delacroix, who had obtained it a favourable place in the exhibition, and pointed it out to the artist-princess, Marie, as worthy of her special attention. The princess charmed with its beauty, showed it to the King, who had purchased it for a very large sum, and also bought the two drawings from the Jocelyn of Lamartine done by the same artist. The best critics and *connoisseurs* had confirmed the judgment of the King and the Princess, without one dissenting voice; and the Academy had awarded a gold medal to the artist, who had thus suddenly risen from absolute obscurity to the highest step on the ladder of Parisian fame.

The name of the great painter Delacroix in connection with this unknown artist struck Maurice. "And what is the artist's name?" he asked.

"No one knows except Delacroix and those to whom he has confided it. The catalogue only gives initials and the place of abode;—some out-of-the-way antediluvian street; but no doubt it will soon be in every one's mouth."

After a while Maurice and Karl contrived to get near enough to see this new wonder of art, and a suspicion which had strangely forced itself on Maurice from the first seemed now confirmed. The subject was Genius offering Psyche consolation for the loss of Love. Beautiful as any Psyche ever-imaged was the Psyche of the picture. Draped in a dusky flowing robe, her long golden brown hair falling on her shoulders, she stood at the foot of a steep precipitous mountain, and Genius, standing a step or two above her, seemed urging her to attempt the difficult ascent while he pointed to a glittering radiance like that of a newly risen sun which wrapped the summit of the mountain in glory and half illumined, half shrouded with "excess of light" a crystalline fane, of which far away glimpses filled the mind with

visions of ineffable beauty. Her right hand was yielded to her glorious guide, and her feet, her small bare feet, which looked far too white, too soft and delicate to encounter the sharp rocks which beset the way, seemed attempting to follow him, but her eyes were turned away from him, and she was gazing with a deep and mournful longing into the lovely valley she was about to leave forever: —the valley where cottage homes and fertile fields and fair gardens were peacefully resting,—where quiet days,and happy hearts, and all those soft and gentle delights she was never to know again had their home. Maurice believed he could not mistake the hand which had painted that picture, though its power and skill were now far greater than when he had watched and aided its labours.

"This is very beautiful," said Karl after the young men had looked at it for some time in profound silence. "It seems strange that any one who could produce such a picture should not have been known before. We must find out the artist, Maurice."

But Maurice could not answer. A thousand remembrances agitated him painfully and choked his voice. Karl saw his emotion with surprise, and then, turning to the picture, seemed again absorbed in its contemplation.

"Stay here one minute," said Maurice at last; "I will go and look at a catalogue. Perhaps we shall learn something from it."

The catalogue confirmed what indeed had needed no confirmation to Maurice. It is true, only the initials M. K. were there, but the name of the street would alone have been sufficient proof, if any had been needed, where a thousand familiar touches had revealed the painter to him as clearly as the well-known hand writing of a letter reveals the writer's name. Marguerite was the painter, and Maurice had known it from the first.

"Well, have you learned anything?" asked Karl when Maurice returned, "do you know the artist?"

"Karl, you remember that dark-haired girl whose likeness you admired so much in Rome—that girl you spoke of this morning —she is the artist."

Karl's eyes flashed, and that smile, which when it came gave such beauty to his grave face, brightened it now.

"I always knew she was a grand creature," he said. "And this glorious woman might have been yours, Maurice, and you gave her up for a fair face!"

"Not a fair face only," said Maurice, "but a face that you yourself have called the most beautiful in the world, and a sweet nature and loving heart along with it."

"She, too, would have brought you a sweet and loving heart, and with it a soul whose companionship would have driven all low and trivial aims and objects away from you, and strengthened into firm purpose and resolute action the noble aspirations that once were yours. Do you think that the woman who painted yonder picture could not love—and that with a passionate depth and intensity which feeble and shallow natures never know? Look at yonder Psyche as she gazes after her lost happiness with a wild regret, a yearning tenderness in her eyes which move us like mournful music. Look at the girl Laurence in that drawing from Lamartine's Jocelyn as she watches the words falling from her teacher's lips with such admiring and trusting devotion. The woman who could thus paint love, must have felt it. Her pictures have a power which nothing but the symbols of reality ever possess. "Surely in her you threw away a gem richer than all her tribe!"

"Suppose you try to obtain the gem for yourself," said Maurice bitterly. "I will give you an introduction if you like."

"No, I would not accept an introduction from you. I should deem it a bad omen. If fate has destined us to be friends we shall meet in some other way. As for her love, she threw it away on the sands, and there is none left for me. Such women do not love twice."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WOMAN'S SORROW.

THOUGH Karl Rudorff had given himself a holiday, he did not intend to spend it all in idleness. Among his other artistic studies, Gothic architecture had been included, and his visit to France had been chiefly caused by his desire to see and examine its grand mediæval cathedrals, and its beautiful old churches. He intended after he had seen all that Paris contained worth seeing, to proceed to Normandy, where he expected to find rare feasts for his eye and imagination, and valuable studies for his pencil.

He was engaged to spend the rest of the day with a friend and countryman living in Paris, who had promised to accompany him that afternoon to the place which of all others in Paris he most wished to see—the Church of Notre Dame. Notre Dame, round which Victor Hugo's genius has thrown such passion and such power that we can no longer think of it, except as a living, sentient being, with the fearful secrets and mysterious crimes of the dark ages of Christendom locked up in its conscious stones.

As soon as the young men left the Louvre they separated accordingly, and Maurice then turned hastily in a direction he had not taken for years, and after a long and rapid walk, found himself at the door of Marguerite's dwelling. It was opened for him by Mère Monica, who not at first recognizing him, looked at him with surprise when he coolly passed her by and entered the hall.

"I see you have forgotten me, Mère Monica," he said, smiling at her indignant air.

"*Mon Dieu!* Monsieur Maurice, is it you?" she exclaimed. "Forgotten you? Yes indeed. There is no room in my little memory for so great a man as you are now."

Maurice laughed, but Mère Monica thought not so pleasantly as he used to laugh in the old days. "Tell Mademoiselle Marguerite that I am here," he said, walking into the little sitting room once so familiar and so dear.

He had not expected to find Marguerite there, and he started when he saw her. She was sitting on a low chair at the open glass door—a book was lying near her, but she was not reading; her clasped hands rested on her knee, and she was looking out on the garden, bright with spring blossoms and balmy with their living perfumes, listening to the soft west wind rustling the green silken leaves of the trees, and watching the fleecy clouds as they floated over the blue sky. Maurice could almost have believed that the years which had passed since they met were a dream. He had seen her sitting in that spot and in that attitude a hundred times, and with just such a look, half thoughtful, half dreamy, on her face. The very colour of her grey dress, the very folds of her rich black hair seemed the same.

She had not heard him enter the house, and when he suddenly opened the parlour door and stood before her, she started from her seat—as if a ghost from the dead had come to visit her.

"You are surprised to see me, Marguerite," said Maurice; "but I could not help coming to congratulate you on the great triumph you have obtained, and to tell you how exquisitely beautiful I think your picture. My praise will not count for much after that of Royalty and Royal Academicians; but it is, at least, as sincere as theirs, Marguerite."

"Indeed, Maurice, it is much more valuable to me; you know I never cared much for the world's praise."

"But you care for having conquered the difficulties and penetrated the mysteries of art; for having developed your powers and given adequate expression to your genius. You care for the faculty of seeing and revealing the inner truth and beauty of life

and nature to those who would never discover them for themselves."

"Yes"—she answered—"to strive after these things is the aim of my life."

"You have not striven in vain! But even if you had never known success the very effort would have brought a satisfaction with it, which those who have suffered the babble of the world to silence the divine voice within can never know. Marguerite, I have often of late despised myself, but never so much as to-day. The contrast between your life of thoughtful and noble labour, and the feverish pleasures and ignoble tasks which fill up my existence, seemed to-day too painful to be borne."

Marguerite smiled a faint, sad smile. "There are not many who would think the contrast you speak of in my favour," she said. "You have won all those prizes the world esteems most highly; you have gained wealth; you have made your name one of the most distinguished in Europe; all Paris delights to do you honour; your home is bright with love and beauty."

"And the curse of an unfulfilled destiny, of thwarted aims, of crushed aspirations, of degraded powers, of a wasted life, hang over my head!" interrupted Maurice, bitterly.

"But surely that must be your own fault, Maurice," said Marguerite, gently.

"Perhaps—but what then?"

"You are still young; you can yet make your life all that you would have it to be."

"No, I cannot change," he said gloomily, "I have now neither the power nor the will. My life has been a mistake, but it is too late to alter it. And you, Marguerite? Do your solitary labours satisfy all your desires? Are you happy?"

"I am contented, Maurice, I have learned to do without happiness."

A sudden impulse, he could not resist, seized Maurice, and he said,—"Marguerite, we have sought happiness separately, and missed it; do you think we should have found it had we sought it together?"

"I do not think that I could ever have made you happy, Maurice!" said Marguerite, a faint flush rising on her cheek; "we were not suited to each other."

"It is no wonder you should say so, but—I think we might have been, if I had been true to myself, and true to you. But this is idle talk now. I must tell you some of the praises I have heard bestowed on your genius to-day, not forgetting those of a certain German friend of mine who is more enthusiastic about you and your works than I thought he could be about anything in the world. Should you like to know him? I am sure he would please you. May I bring him to see you?"

"No, indeed, I do not care to have visits from strangers."

"Oh, but he thinks he has known you in some other phase of being," said Maurice, with some lurking sarcasm in his look and tone. "I should not wonder if he thought you and he were born for each other; the separated halves necessary to make up one rounded and full-orbed soul. Suppose you let him come, if only to shew him that he is mistaken?"

"No, not even for that," said Marguerite, smiling.

"But he is a German," persisted Maurice. "You know you like Germans, Marguerite; I think you are more than half a German yourself."

"Why, of course," said Marguerite; "am I not my father's daughter?"

"Well, then, let me introduce Karl Rudorff to you. He is an admirable painter, brim-full of poetry and philosophy, and an excellent fellow besides."

"For all that, you must excuse my seeing him, Maurice. I have neither time nor inclination to make new acquaintances."

"Are you really so determined? I am quite sure Karl believes that he is fated to see you some time or other,—perhaps in some strange and wonderful way, so I shall leave the matter to destiny. But, Marguerite,

you need not think that you will be suffered to shut yourself up in this old house and live the life of a nun any longer. You have suddenly become famous, and you may expect to find the world knocking at your door."

"It will soon tire of that, if it ever tries it," said Marguerite. "The world never troubles itself long about those who will not court its favours."

"I wish I could be as indifferent to that same world as you, Marguerite. How is it that you are so—if not happy, at least, so contented in your lonely home? Can your colours and canvas create a world altogether sufficient?"

Marguerite looked up at him, and again a faint flush tinged her pale cheek. "No, Maurice, not altogether. I live in another world also. It is a very real world, too, though quite different from the world of which we were speaking just now. It is a world in which there is much sorrow, much suffering, and sometimes I am able to make that sorrow and suffering a little less. Then I am more than contented—then I feel that life is sweet, and that I have not lived in vain!"

"Oh, Marguerite, you were always good and unselfish like the angels. Long ago I used to call you Reine Marguerite, but I think I must call you Sainte Marguerite now. But tell me, did you not feel proud when the Academy's Gold Medal was awarded to you? Did you not feel some pleasure and satisfaction at seeing your name and your praise in all the journals, and in knowing that your fame would soon be spread over half the world?"

"Not so much, not half so much, Maurice, as when I saw you here to-day, and found that you rejoiced in my success. I was pleased when I had completed my picture and felt that I had in some degree realized my conceptions. I was pleased when Monsieur Delacroix told me I had more than fulfilled his expectations, but for the rest. I care nothing for stupid starers, or for loud huzzas from the crowd and I don't think I estimate myself or my work a bit more highly because the King has bought my picture, and the Academy awarded me a gold medal."

"It is true they have only placed you in your rightful position, the position you have nobly earned, but I wish you cared more about it—Sainte Marguerite!"

"Claire will care, and you care, that is enough. And do not call me Sainte Marguerite, Maurice, even in jest. I am no more a saint now than I was a queen in the days of old."

She was very far from wishing to wound Maurice, but her words made him wince, and she turned hastily away.

"It does not matter what I call you," he said, "you were always far above and beyond any praise from me."

"You are very much mistaken, Maurice, and to show you how wrong you are, I will ask you to come and look at all my pictures and sketches, and to praise or blame them just as you like. I should like to show you all that I am doing."

That evening Marguerite sat alone in her garden, and watched the new moon faintly gleaming through the amber light in the western sky, from which the sun had just disappeared. And as she sat there she thought of Maurice, and her thoughts soon shaped themselves into voiceless words.

"He said that if I continued my labours I might soon stand on the very summit of my profession, and my name would be enrolled among those glorious ones who are the immortals of earth. It may be so—I know not—I only know that a thought which would once have filled me with rapture fails now to give me one thrill of pleasure. Fame, glory, or never-dying name—if they were laid at my feet this moment, I would give them all to feel as I felt long years ago when I sat on this bench beside Maurice, and he told me he loved me. That was

happiness so full it left no room for any wish beyond. It was *his* fame I longed for then, *his* glory, and all I desired for myself was to share his life, and possess his love. And now, when his love is gone, when his life is separated from mine, he little knows what a cruel mockery the glory he promises me, seems. If I live I must paint. It is my life's voice, the only mode of expression in which I can embody such glimpses of the divine as are vouchsafed to me. But I need not always paint here, pent up amidst these crowds of people, these masses of stone and mortar, shut in by yonder narrow and bounded horizon. Some day soon I will go with Mère Monica to her beloved Normandy. I shall like to rest in those grey old farm-houses, half hidden in apple orchards, and to know the kind and simple people who live in them. Perhaps I shall learn to love them so well that I shall never leave them; perhaps I shall come back before I die, and end my days here. Here, where the sweetest cup earth can give was offered to my lips, and suddenly snatched away, leaving in its stead a draught as bitter as that other was sweet."

All this Marguerite said to herself as she sat on the old stone bench where now no roses were blooming. Gradually thought melted into reverie, and dreamy memories of the past rose before her. The amber light in the west grew grey, the new moon sank below the horizon, the few stars that had peeped out disappeared, the night grew chill, and the wind moaned drearily round the alcove, where she sat, breathing in fancy the perfume of the roses long ago withered and dead. The bells of the neighbouring church striking the hour roused her, and she started up half wildly. "I thought I heard my father calling me," she exclaimed. "'Wake up, Marguerite,' he was saying, 'wilt thou never have done seeing visions and dreaming dreams?' Alas! my dreams are very prosaic now compared with those from which his beloved voice used to awaken me. Dreams like those I shall never dream again!" Then she got up and went into the house.

That same evening Karl Rudorff sat alone revolving the plan of an architectural tour through Normandy.

Perhaps, reader, you expect me to finish my story by telling you that he there met Marguerite, that they loved each other, were married, and were happy. It may have been so, but I have told my story as far as it was told to me, and have no such happy ending to relate. I own, too, that to me it seems more in accordance with the usual course of events in this unsatisfying world that these two should never meet, or if they met should not recognize each other; but if you, dear reader, are inclined to hold a pleasanter belief, so much the better, and I sincerely hope you may never have any reason to change it.

THE END.

THE ORPHAN.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

'TWAS winter when my mother died,
And fast came down the snow:
With thundering shocks the ocean tide,
Struck on the rocks below.
But what to me was shrieking wind,
Dark sea and lurid cloud;
A sadder sight possessed my mind—
My mother in her shroud.

Ah me! the hot and rushing tears,
Childhood alone can shed,
Came struggling through my heart's vague fears,
To mourn my newly dead.
Oh, lost to me for evermore,
That form so still and mild:
I never knew her worth before,
Till left an orphan child!

BELLEVILLE.

OUR CANADIAN FORESTS.

BY N. W. BECKWITH.

WE are wasting our forests, habitually, wickedly, insanely; and at a rate which must soon bankrupt us in all that element of wealth! I am speaking cautiously, advisedly, and after long reflection.

This will sound strange to the ears of those who have always been accustomed, as in this Dominion, to look upon their timber supply as something actually inexhaustible. Let us examine it, however, and see how far it may prove applicable. The forest area of India is greater than that of Canada, its product beyond comparison more durable—at least so it is claimed; and its reproductive forces stronger and more rapid—and yet it has failed; almost so utterly as to verify the prediction. Herein is a lesson: profitable or otherwise, remains to be seen.

In Nova Scotia, with her enormous proportion of shipping, and limited extent of timber lands, the danger is no longer remote. True, it may, as yet, be scarcely called imminent; but, unless timely measures are devised, it soon will be. And the difference between her and her sister provinces is only what a few years will equalize; and, it may be added, the rate of equalization must be the more accelerated when, her own resources being exhausted, she comes to seek supplies for her relatively heavy demand outside of her own boundaries.

This records a warning. Let it be disregarded, and, ere many years, the Dominion Government will find itself like that of India—which is even now wringing its hands in a sudden accession of remorse over past negligence, and striving to remedy the evil by the adoption of harsh and stringent legislation—a pitiful "lock the stable after the horse has been stolen" sort of policy; which may result in much rebellious discord, but will hardly restore those matchless forests, so wantonly and absurdly destroyed.

But the immense disparity in population, it will here be urged, must be taken into account. To which the reply is, that considered from the present point of view, which regards the *tree-destroying influence* (to coin a phrase) of the two races, there is no real disparity existing; unless closer investigation should prove a proportion telling against our own.

It is British occupation of India that has produced the enormous devastation of her famous belts of teak and sâl. Not the Indians, but the Anglo-Saxons are the *dendrokopti*—just as they have proved on this continent, or wherever found. The implements of woodcraft peculiar to the two peoples are fairly typical of the comparative forest-subduing abilities of their wielders. As the toy weapon of the jungle-clearer is to the all-levelling axe of the American forester, so is the destructiveness of the former to that of the latter; as well in all other particulars, as in that under consideration.

Much faith is professed by many in the restoration consequent upon the natural growth. That this would be sufficient—and for ages to come—if intelligently guided and cultivated, on the one hand, care being taken to put a stop to the present recklessness of waste, on the other, by the farmers and woodsmen, there cannot be a shadow of doubt. But as the matter stands, it counts for almost nothing. Those who will take the pains to investigate, will find, as the writer has done, that in almost every case where heavy timber has been removed, the energies of the succeeding growth diffuse into thick, self-choking clumps of saplings; fit, possibly, for hoop-poles or pea-sticks—or, after a long time has elapsed, for very indifferent cordwood; provided its place is not altogether usurped by some inferior variety, which itself, being subject to the same conditions, seldom attains anything beyond "bush" size; but never replaces the old heavy trees. The very reproductive vigour of the forest in this way defeats its own end. Cultivation, of the simplest kind, mere pruning and culling, would remedy this effectually; could the people only be induced to give such very slight attention; but the work of destruction goes on without a thought of attempting to direct, much less to assist the recuperative efforts of nature. Where such a condition of things will land us before many years, will be sufficiently obvious if we will consider a moment the destructive agencies at work and their accumulating and *cumulative* energy, everywhere amidst and about us.

Treating the subject exhaustively, these would be more than our space would admit an enumeration of. We may, however, indicate some of the principal, and if the reader will devote a little thought in tracing out their subordinate influences, the complicated pervasiveness which distinguishes these latter, and the tangle in which their effects are con-

tinually re-acting causes—all tending to the same general result — he will agree that the evil rapidly grows threatening. The author of that most unfairly abused and ridiculed book ever written on this continent, "What I know of Farming," quaintly observes: "It seems to me that destroying a forest because we want timber, is like smothering a hive of bees because we want honey." This expresses precisely what we are doing; and indicates the (certainly unlooked for,) end and sum of the great bulk of our industries. Unconscious of the future in the competitive scramble for present wealth, we are imitating Esau, faint from the field, and selling his birth-right for a mess of pottage. Elsewhere, the same work contains another, and a most significant assertion, to wit: "Vermont sold white pine abundantly to England, through Canada, within my day; she is now supplying her own wants from Canada, at a cost of not less than five times the price she sold for, and she will be paying still higher rates before the close of this century." He concludes a chapter on trees and timber-growing with this excellent piece of advice: "I entreat our farmers—not to preserve every tree, good, bad and indifferent, that they may happen to have growing on their lands—but, outside of the limited districts wherein the primitive forest must still be cut away, in order that land may be obtained for cultivation, *to plant and rear at least two better trees for every one they may be impelled to cut down.*"

In Nova Scotia, the ship-builders inaugurated the system of wastefulness, and they are now beginning to feel its first effects. In many quarters, the cry that the supply of ship-timber is about exhausted begins to be heard. This, indeed, is far from being true, but since the alarm will undoubtedly lead to an economization, to at least some extent, of the remaining resources, it may be well not to quarrel with it absolutely. When men were few, and trees were so plenty as to be "in each other's way," an indiscriminate levelling—a free use of fire and axe, were matters of course inseparable from the conditions and therefore justifiable. But those conditions long ago disappeared,—the method, the habit then formed, continues still. Herein lies the evil. It is the same which attends all human progress—that of persisting in a custom or policy belonging to a dead time. There should have been a reform in the methods pursued for obtaining timber a generation ago. It seems incomprehensible that no one could draw the simple inference from the plain fact, which certainly was not unperceived, that the timber was being cut away faster than the natural growth could replace it. As a class, the ship-builders, had they been actuated by the positive intention of leaving for their successors as little material as possible, could scarcely have done more mischief. Yet more incomprehensible is it, that notwithstanding the growing apprehensions of a failure in the supply, no one seems to perceive it yet; but persistently follows the same old system, or rather *no*-system, which entails so much wastefulness. This pernicious example is followed by the pursuers of other industries, equally without any reference to the inevitable result—everybody "goes into the woods" bent on unlimited slaughter; and the potent axe is becoming now more the weapon of a race bent on retrogression, than the implement of pioneer civilization.

Surely something can be done to stop this waste and confusion. Just now there is a slackening in the work of destruction; owing chiefly to the sparseness of timber near the ship-building and other industrial centres; and its consequent enhancement of cost—which is also the true cause of the apprehensions previously spoken of—and a term, to which there are now indications of a close, of unusual dullness in maritime matters, on this side of the globe in particular. Whatever be decided upon should be done

quickly, for the present is the critical time. For as yet, the real difficulty is not any very serious inroad upon the forest as a whole, seeing that above one-third of the total area of the province is still richly wooded; but only the denudation of those districts which are well provided with easy facilities for communication. But when we reflect that this breathing-spell will be utilized—indeed, to some extent *has been*—in improving or creating, the means of transportation to and from those remoter sections which, for lack of them yet remain practically untouched; the question assumes a grave aspect at once—a seriousness which, after all, is perhaps latent in this vague popular uneasiness on our topic. This feeling is, in that case, assuredly germane to that instinctive sense of the coming event always distinguishable among the masses on the eve of all broad and radical changes, be they commercial, social, or political.

For then the war of extermination will be renewed and waged with redoubled vigour. It is only the outworks that are now levelled; but in this finishing campaign our *dendrokopti* will attack the citadel. Then we shall enter upon a period of "unprecedented activity." We shall treble our tonnage, quadruple our lumber exports, quintuple our manufacture of "essence" of hemlock-bark—and then, collapse! Nor is the time probably so remote that many can enjoy the selfish consolation of saying "After us the deluge." Some good measures looking to an immediate establishment of forest conservance ought to be adopted forthwith. The condition of Nova Scotia, as described, is also, *in posse*, that of her sister provinces.

There is the question of wood fuel. Under the most economic management it destroys fine young trees which should be allowed to grow into heavy timber; here, however, it destroys the latter as well. Who does not see everywhere, and every day, piles of cord-wood, much of which, it is evident at a glance, has been split from trunks of respectable size; and is it not equally patent that the very varieties which are most sought for fuel, also produce the best timber? In a land where coal is so cheap and so good, this is a condition of things which is simply intolerable.

More than any other single particular, the new rage for "extract of hemlock-bark" needs regulating. This species of fir is most ignorantly and mischievously set down in the popular mind as worthless. "Hemlock is no good," is the universal persuasion, —"it is a mere cumberer of the ground,—it is an unlooked-for good fortune that even the *bark* is fit for something;" and to it they go, felling right and left, taking *only* the bark and leaving the timber to rot! It is not even utilized for fuel, to any noteworthy extent. This precious economy the writer has but once seen paralleled. In certain districts of the largest of the Phillipine Islands where wild cattle are abundant, the natives slaughter the "*cariboo*" for the hides only—leaving the beef to perish. It is not advisable to place any restrictions upon the supply of hemlock-bark indeed; but something should be done that would lead to a utilization of the wood. What increases the absurdity, is the fact that ever since 1863, British Lloyds', proverbially cautious in conceding the merits of British North American material, as that society has ever been—has been extending a "character,'—'A 1,' for four years, to ships built of this much despised wood. And the Cape Colonies, (to which Nature has denied forests, and even trees of respectable size, and durability when wrought,—their sparse clusters of *witteboom* and *spekeboom* attaining an average growth of less than thirty feet, yielding a timber almost valueless from its softness and inability to retain "fastening,") positively suffer from the want of just such lumber—at once cheap and highly durable—as the wasted hemlock logs might be sawed into; and for which they would pay with

their fine wool, skins, *pure* wines, raisins, and other dried fruits, etc., etc.

The question of questions, however, is that of railways. Perhaps all other agencies combined do not more rapidly dissipate the forest resources of a nation than they do. Until railways were introduced into India, all other demands upon her forests were borne unconsciously. Yet these included at once the domestic supply of her dense population, ship-building upon a large scale and steady, heavy exportation. That was in 1854. Railway extension, held in check by the mutiny, did not begin until 1861; and in '62 we saw the government *partially* awake to the necessity of establishing a conservation. Prompt measures then would have obviated the necessity of stringent and unpopular enactments in '65, and subsequently; and, it may be, by this time, have removed the difficulty.

In Nova Scotia, where coal is so abundant and accessible, the locomotives still consume much wood. How, then, will it be along the more extended lines of Canadian railway? Judging from the rate of movement of the Intercolonial, it *will* probably be some time before that, and others projected, reach their maximum of consumption of fuel; but whenever they do, the question of what proportion of it must be of wood, will become vitally important—particularly when we keep in mind that the experience of American roads proves that an average of about thirty-five acres of woodland are necessary to supply one mile of railway. Besides, fuel is not the only feature of the question. The mode of supplying the needful timber is, if possible, more absurd and thriftless than in the cases already specified. The people who undertake this work observe but one rule of conduct: namely—to deliver at as little expense as possible, the beams, sleepers, bridge-stringers, or other material engaged for, in order to clear the widest practicable margin of *present* profit. Consequently our railroads have gone through the land, devastating the timber right and left in the vicinage of the track. There was no more regard to the future, than if there was no future. The proprietors of the intersected lands were lamentably deficient in the intelligence needed for the proper appreciation and care for this species of property. Hitherto it had been looked upon as an encumbrance—no second railway, it was argued, could ever be constructed near that already in hand; consequently the most was to be made of an opportunity never to be repeated. No regular Department of Woods and Forests existing, the timber question was the concern of nobody in particular, and the owners themselves would undoubtedly have looked upon any effort to rescue their own property from their own destroying axes, as an interference of the most unwarrantable kind. Down went the trees, all "along the whole line"—wherever they stood most convenient—wherever they stood in the way of others more particularly wanted—in any and every stage of growth—at seasons when felling is equivalent to extirpation, or otherwise, as occasion might decide, and with no regard whatever to the chances of renewal. It is certainly sufficiently perceptible that if this stolid and unthinking recklessness prevails a few years longer, we shall be unable to build either ships, railroads, or dwellings without deriving every splinter of material from foreign sources. On the other hand, it is equally obvious, that, with the needful care, there will be abundance for all, as long as an abundance will be required.

To attempt to show how forest conservation should be established, would carry this paper far beyond its limits. But it may not be amiss to summarize the principal difficulties with which such legislation must grapple:

1st.—The proprietors of the woodlands, (as a class,) have no adequate conception of the *prospective* value of this species of property: nor the wish to take care of it. 2nd.—

All the broad tracts that have been stripped (referring only to those not intended for tillage, which are the great majority,) are left without any effort to encourage a second growth. 3rd.—There is a general use of insufficiently seasoned materials—especially in house building. In an extreme climate like ours, we may remark, this is a particularly mischievous practice, since such stuff does not last half the time it should, and, therefore calls for correspondingly frequent renewal. Perhaps, the exportation of green, and partly-seasoned timber, and deals might be worth some consideration also; though possibly this objection is in a large measure neutralized by the more careful management and economization of the consumers. 4th.—Fires, free axes, and the incursions of our wasteful devastators upon the public lands, fuel, etc., etc. 5th.—Influence of railways. There are also certain reforms in ship-building, which—if carried out would lessen materially the demand of that branch of industry. The class of vessels known as "composite" could be most advantageously substituted for the present wooden product of our ship-yards—in every respect being cheaper, considered with reference to their superior classification, as well as better, and forming the natural and easy stage of transition to the production of iron tonnage. Such a substitution would at once cut down the shipwrights' demand on our rapidly diminishing woodlands, by at least four-sevenths.

A LAMENT FOR MAY-DAY.

BY MRS. C. P. TRAILL.

WEEP, weep, thou virgin queen of May!
Sit down and weep with me!
Forgotten is thy festal day,
And lost thy name shall be!

Fling down—fling down that flowery crown!
Thy sceptre cast away!
For ne'er again, in vale or plain,
They'll hail thee Queen of May.

No maiden now, with glowing brow,
Shall rise at early morn,
To bind her hair, with chaplets fair,
Torn from the blossom'd thorn.

No lark shall spring, on dewy wing,
Thy matin hymn to pour:
No cuckoo's voice shall shout "Rejoice!"
For thou art Queen no more.

Beneath thy flower-encircled wand
No peasant trains advance;
No more they lead with sportive tread,
The merry, merry dance.

The violet blooms with modest grace
Beneath her crest of leaves;
The primrose shows her pale, pale face;
Her wreaths, the woodbine weaves.

The cowslip bends her golden head,
And daisies deck the lea:
But, ah! no more, in grove or bower,
The Queen of May we'll see.

Weep, weep, then virgin Queen of May,
Thy ancient reign is o'er:
Thy votaries now are lowly laid,
And thou art Queen no more.

LAKEFIELD.

MY TIGER-CLAW BRACELET.

BY W. H. F.

WHEN John and I were married—of course we had a quite a number of presents from our various friends, and equally, of course, those of the least value were made the most fuss about.

Old Mrs. Stingyton, for instance, who gave us a set of *doyleys*, which she said she had knitted herself; although I am quite sure she bought them at some cheap sale; made quite a speech when she presented them, and really made me feel as if I had received a silver tea-service at the very least; while dear old Mr. Harty sent a lovely little *epergne*, with just a few lines of congratulation.

But of all our presents that which Uncle Robert sent was by far the most beautiful. It was a bracelet made of tiger claws,

polished till they looked like clear amber, and joined together by such tiny delicate gold chains—which looked more like cobwebs than goldsmiths' work, and could only have been produced by the supple fingers of an eastern jeweller.

Uncle Robert has lived many years in India, and has made heaps of money; but he isn't a bit like the old Indian one reads about in novels. *They* are always yellow and cross, and seem to live upon nothing but curry and hot pickles, and have a native servant whom they ill-treat dreadfully; but Uncle is quite rosy and stout, and has such a hearty jolly laugh, and says he would rather be waited upon by our little table-maid, Jessy, than by all the *kitmaghars* in the East Indies. Indeed I confess that Jessy *is* very brisk and attentive at table; although I must say she is much too pretty for a servant, and rather too fond of ribands, and I *think* I should rather have a plainer table-maid; but then the plain ones are generally cross and disobliging; and, indeed, to tell the truth, Uncle Robert has so often complimented me on being above the weakness of most young wives, who, he says, always pick out ugly servants, that I am rather afraid to change.

John, who is looking over my shoulder, says I am getting "discursive," as most ladies do who attempt to tell a story—but that is all nonsense—and I am sure it is necessary to have the full particulars in order to understand a thing properly. Well, as I was saying, Uncle Robert's bracelet was as lovely a thing as ever was seen, and as I knew that he had been a great sportsman in the East, of course I was very anxious to learn all about his fight with the tiger to whom the claws originally belonged; so I said to him one evening after dinner: "Now, Uncle, it will give additional value to your lovely bracelet if you will tell me the full particulars of how you killed the tiger—in fact I am determined to know all about it." "Well, my dear," replied Uncle, "if you have made up your mind to that—the best thing I can do, for the sake of my own peace and quietness, is to tell you at once."—And this is what he told me:—

* * * * *

Some eight or nine years ago I joined a large sporting party in the North-West Provinces of India. Our principal object was, of course, "big game," by which an Indian sportsman understands tigers, elephants, and such like; but we were not at all particular and shot anything that came in our way with laudable impartiality.

We had made a pretty fair bag of small game, but had been singularly unfortunate as regards the larger animals, and although we had news of several tigers in the neighbourhood we had not succeeded in even getting a shot at one. We were encamped on the skirts of the jungle, at the foot of the lower range of the Himalayas; having received information that a famous man-eating tiger had carried off several villagers during the past week, and had been tracked to his lair not far from where we had pitched our tents. Our *shikarees*, or native hunters, had started off to procure exact information as to the whereabouts of the animal, and we were awaiting their return before proceeding to surround him.

I was sitting under the verandah of my tent smoking a last cheroot, and listening to the subdued chatter and laughter of our native servants, as they squatted round their fire some little distance off, and passed their *hubble-bubbles*—as their rude pipes are called—from hand to hand. The moon was at her full—shining as she only shines in the tropics—and pouring down a flood of radiance by which I could with ease have read the smallest print of a newspaper. The croak of the frogs and the chirp of the innumerable crickets was incessant, while from the distant jungle came at intervals the long unearthly howl of the jackal.

I was just about retiring for the night when I observed the tall figure of a man

bearing a long matchlock on his shoulder, emerge from the shadow of a clump of bamboos just opposite my tent, and, as he was crossing towards the servants' quarters, I recognized old *Rustum Singh*, who had been sent off in charge of the *shikarees* on the previous evening.

Rustum was a splendid specimen of an old Punjaubee hunter. Nearly six feet in height, broad shouldered, thin flanked, and as straight as a dart, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body. He moved about among our crowd of coolies like a stately deer-hound in the midst of a pack of village curs. His breast was almost covered with medals given him by the East India Company as rewards for the destruction of ferocious animals, and the old man wore them with as much pride as a famous general carries the trophies of his hard-won battles.

Anxious to get the earliest intelligence, I called to Rustum as he passed my tent, and enquired if he had brought any news of the tiger. Placing the palms of his hands together, and bowing almost to the ground, he replied, "*Oh hokee, waukee cumfooselah shallabelah*," that is "My Lord, a ferocious tiger which has long been the terror of the surrounding villages, has been tracked to the neighbouring jungle where he awaits the death-dealing bullets of your Highness." You see, my dear, Hindostanee is a very expressive language, and you can say a great deal in a very few words.

At this moment a brilliant idea flashed across my mind. What if I should take Rustum at once and kill the tiger, single-handed? The old *shikaree* and I were great friends, and I knew I could depend upon him to stand by me to the death; and, although I was quite conscious that it was no child's play to encounter a tiger alone and on foot, I thought of the triumph of returning successful in the morning, and became excited beyond the bounds of discretion. I therefore proposed to Rustum that we should start at once, without saying anything to the others, and attack the tiger in his lair before he could become alarmed and move out of the neighbourhood. The old man looked doubtful; but it is a point of honour with these hunters not to hold back when a European leads, and he merely replied:—"Where the *Sahib* goes Rustum will follow." So I turned into the tent to get my trusty double-barrelled "Purdy," and putting my spirit-flask in my pocket, I joined Rustum without giving my enthusiasm time to cool.

From further questioning, I learned that the tiger lay in an old lair in a dense patch of jungle about five miles from the camp. He had carried off a native child on the preceding evening, and would not probably change his quarters for a day or two, unless alarmed. Rustum had tracked him into a thick clump of bushes in which he had no doubt his den was situated; but had retired quietly to avoid disturbing the beast. I should tell you that these "man-eaters" seldom remain more than a few days in the same place, but travel great distances, chiefly by night, so that the first intimation the unfortunate villagers have of the presence of these animals, is the disappearance of one or more of their friends or relatives.

Following the *shikaree*, who led the way with smooth, rapid strides, we made our way through the long grass which fringed the jungle to the eastward, and reached nearly to our knees. Every now and again as we passed through the rank herbage, an ominous rustle, accompanied by an angry hiss, denoted the passage of some prowling snake which we had disturbed, and certainly did not tend to re-animate my fast cooling courage. I now sincerely regretted the unpleasant position into which my foolish impetuosity had led me: but my pride would not allow me to draw back, and I followed my guide with sullen determination. After proceeding in this way for fully an hour, Rustum turned suddenly to the left, and

moved, with cautious steps, along a blind path which led directly into the thickest part of the jungle. I now felt that we were getting to close quarters. So taking a sup from my flask, I placed fresh caps on the nipples of my rifle, and braced myself up for the encounter.

Suddenly pausing at a turn in the path, where an opening in the bushes denoted the frequent passage of some heavy animal, the *shikaree* whispered that we had reached the lair of the tiger. Sinking on my hands and knees and grasping my rifle firmly, I crawled into the low opening, closely followed by Rustum. My nerves have often been severely tried and I believe are as good as those of most sportsmen; but, I confess, as I made my way cautiously along the low dark passage, I could feel my heart beating with very unusual rapidity and force and I expected every moment to feel the rush of the infuriated animal upon me. The sudden transition from the bright moonlight without—to the darkness within—prevented me from seeing more than a few feet before me, and I crawled slowly on with a sort of blind desperation.

We had groped on, as nearly as I can judge, some twenty yards, when I felt Rustum's hand upon my shoulder and heard him whisper in my ear: "Look! look! Sahib, to the left." Gazing intently in the direction he had indicated, I could just see, about ten yards in advance, what appeared to be two dull balls of fire—which I at once concluded to be the eyes of the tiger. A restless movement of the animal and a low growl warned me that no time was to be lost. Rising gently to my knees—I slowly raised my rifle till the white patch I had taken the precaution to affix to the end of the weapon, bore exactly between the two fiery balls, and pulled the trigger! A loud roar! a crash! and then I was thrown violently on my back by the rush of some large animal which went crashing away through the jungle till the sound of its impetuous career was lost in the distance.

* * * * * *

"Well but, uncle," I said, "didn't you kill the tiger after all?"

"Why, the fact is, my dear," replied uncle, "it wasn't a tiger at all; and all I killed was a remarkably fine porker whose mamma, the sow, had chosen that snug retreat to bring up her young family. As to the *claws*—if you *must* know—I bought them in the bazaar in Calcutta, and had them made into a bracelet for my very inquisitive little niece."

"Oh!" I said, and John, bursting into a loud laugh, cried "What a sell!"

TO A PHOTOGRAPH.

BY E. W. THOMSON.

OH, Dick, after all that we've gone through
And suffered together, it does seem hard
That all remaining to me of you,
Is this little bit of pictured card,
And a few dear letters yellow with years,
And some books that were pencil-marked by you
I cannot read them through falling tears,
For you were *tender*, and I am true.

I cannot forget the fearful day,
You charged by my side through raging shell!
Our knees together—our sabres' play,
Or your maddened face when you saw I fell
With my sword-arm broken; there I lay,
In a little pool from my wounded side,
Till you bore me in your arms away—
But, that you nursed me, I had died.

And ever and always after then,
We clung together in march or fight,
And seldom quarrelled like other men,
Your heart was pure as your sword was bright.
We prayed with Stonewall, and fought again;
We followed Stuart, and both are not;
Ourselves and swords were with Early, when
The men in the White House heard his shot.

Always ragged and often starved,
With jingling spurs on our naked feet,
We helped our hero while he carved
His cumbered way on the last retreat!
When all was over, and Lee had bowed,
Then parted forever the shattered band.
We left that land of weeping loud—
Peace offered the olive, sword in hand.

And together we came to our people dear,
The welcome we had right dearly cost;
Some of the loved ones were not here—
And they all had prayed for us as lost.
She whom you loved had passed away—
Grieving for you, to the spirit land;
My mother looked on the brighter day,
And, Dick—your going was near at hand!

And now you have gone—but I must stay,
With nothing of you but this pictured card—
Some books, your letters, your coat of grey;
The heart it covered is still. Oh! hard,
I wait for the hour with little fear,
When my name shall be placed on the muster roll,
To the beautiful gates of pearl draw near,
And meet my spirit—oh! brother soul!

ALMONTE.

FROM THE GREAT LAKES TO THE SEA.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

NO fact illustrates more clearly the enterprise and energy of the leading men of the Dominion than the large number of railways and other public undertakings, that are either in progress or in contemplation, at the present time, in every province of Canada. A considerable portion of the Intercolonial Railway will be completed in the course of the present summer, and the tourist will be able, in the autumn, to travel by rail from St. John to Halifax. The "North Shore," the "River du Loup and Fredericton," and the "St. Francis and Megantic" Railways are works which must give a great stimulus to the commerce and industry of the province of Quebec. In Ontario there are numerous lines engaging public attention and about to receive valuable assistance from the well-filled treasury of that province. The Canadian Pacific Railway will probably be undertaken by a company of Canadian capitalists, in the course of the present year, which must always be memorable as dating the commencement of a new era in the history of commercial enterprise and railway construction throughout the Dominion.

But, among the public works necessary to the expansion of the commerce of Canada, none occupy a higher or more important place than the canals which have been constructed for the improvement of inland navigation. These canals have already cost the people over twenty millions of dollars; but every one admits that never was public money more wisely expended, and is prepared to vote as much more to develop works so essential to the commercial prosperity of the Confederation. It is only necessary to consider the topographical features of the Dominion to see the importance of these works in an intercolonial and national point of view. The eastern provinces are flanked by the Atlantic, while British Columbia rests on the Pacific, and between those two oceans lies a vast territory of which the St. Lawrence and Mackenzie rivers are the principal arteries. The Mackenzie runs through an unknown wilderness and empties itself into the lonely waters of the Arctic regions. Perhaps, in the far future, it may have an important part to play in the development of the commerce of that now unknown North-west, but, at present, it is of no value to the people of Canada. The St. Lawrence river, on the other hand, is exercising and must always exercise an important influence upon the political, as well as commercial destinies of the communities of the Confederation. It is already the natural avenue of communication for many millions of people, and one of the principal auxiliaries of the commercial enterprise of America. It runs through a territory where the climate is bracing and healthy, and nature produces in great abundance. It bears to the ocean, after running a course of over 2,000 miles, the tribute of the Great Lakes, which have been calculated to contain almost half the fresh water of the world, and not far from twelve thousand cubic miles of fluid. Along the course of its navigation there are communities not surpassed by any in energy, and all those qualities which make peoples great and prosperous. Its natural beauties have long been the theme of the admiration of European travellers, from the days that Cartier and Champlain first sailed on its waters, and gave France the right to claim the owner-

ship of more than half the continent. It is where nature has been most capricious, where falls and rapids awe the spectator by their tumultuous rush, that we now see the evidences of modern enterprise; where the Indian in old times carried his canoe, we now find splendid structures of masonry, illustrating the progress of engineering skill, and the demands of commercial enterprise in a country whose total population in the begining of the century was hardly above a hundred thousand souls.

It is not necessary that a person should fall under the category of "the oldest inhabitant," to whom reference is so frequently made in newspaper paragraphs, in order to remember the different steps in the progress of canal development in this country. The oldest canal—the Lachine, only dates back as far as 1821, and between then and 1840, were the Rideau, Ottawa and St. Lawrence canals, constructed and put into operation. It was not, indeed, until some time after the union between Quebec and Ontario that measures were taken to enlarge the St. Lawrence and Welland canals to their present capacity. The idea that first originated works like the Rideau and Lachine was the necessity of giving additional facilities for the transport of troops and supplies in the case of the outbreak of hostilities between England and the United States. In the case of the Welland, however, commercial views predominated: for sagacious men, of whom the late Mr. Merritt was the leader, foresaw the rapid development of the magnificent country, of which the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes are the natural outlet. The Welland canal is an admirable illustration of the difficulties which the promoters of great projects have to contend against in the inception of such enterprises. The company which undertook its construction commenced on a very humble scale, and were a long while engaged, with very little success, in endeavouring to enlist the support and sympathy of the capitalists of Canada. Constantly in difficulties, they were always before Parliament soliciting provincial assistance; and at last wearied out by their importunities, and conscious of the importance of the project, the government decided that it was desirable for the public interests to purchase all the property and make the canal a public work. The whole expenditure by the government on the canal, at the time they assumed control, was nearly two millions of dollars. It is interesting to notice that nearly all our canals were constructed in the first instance in accordance with plans and reports made by eminent engineers of the British service. The Rideau canal was commenced and carried out under the direction of Colonel By, who arrived in this country in 1826, and whose name was for many years given to the present political capital of the Dominion. The St. Lawrence canals were enlarged in pursuance of the recommendations of Colonel Philpotts who was instructed by the Earl of Dunham, to make up a report on the whole question of the canal system of Canada.

It would not be very interesting to follow, step by step, the different stages in the improvement of the canals, and it will be sufficient for our present purpose to give a few details exhibiting their dimensions. The canal which connects Lake Superior with Lake Huron is a work of large size, but it is owned by the people of the United States; and consequently it has long been among the aspirations of the inhabitants of Ontario to have internal communication of their own in that part of the Dominion. The Canal Commissioners in their report recommend the construction of a canal on the Canada side, where every condition seems favourable, and there is no doubt that, before many years pass by, the work will be in operation. At present, however, the first canal to which we have to refer is a work which has been of great benefit to Ontario —in fact, the only work which has returned

anything like a per-centage on the public money invested by the old Province of Canada. The Welland Canal connects Lake Ontario with Lake Erie, and thereby avoids the Falls of Niagara. The main line from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie has a length of 27 miles and 1,099 feet; 3 pairs of guard gates, and 27 lift locks, 2 of 200 x 45, 24 of 150 x 26½, 1 of 230 x 45; with a depth of water on sills of 10¼. Then we have the Welland River branches, which have one lock at the Aqueduct, and one at Port Robinson, each being 150 x 26½; with a depth of water of 9 feet 10 in. Next comes the Grand River Feeder, 21 miles in length, with 2 locks—1 of 150 x 26½ and the other 200 x 45, having 10¼ feet of water. The Port Maitland Branch is only 1¾ miles in length, with one lock 185 x 45, giving 11 feet of water. From these figures it will be seen that there is nothing like uniformity in the size of the locks on the main line, whilst its depth of water is not equal to that on the Port Maitland Branch.

Passing down Lake Ontario, we come to the Williamsburg series of Canals, which have been constructed to avoid the Galops, Iroquois and other rapids which obstruct navigation on the St. Lawrence River. These Canals are known as the Farran's Point, the Rapide Plat, and the Galops; they have a total length of 12⅜ miles, six locks of 200 x 45 feet, with 9 feet depth of water on sills. Then we come to the Cornwall Canal, which extends from Dickenson's Landing on the north side of the river, to the town of Cornwall, with the object of surmounting the obstructions known as the Long Sault Rapids, and has a length of 11½ miles, 7 locks of 200 x 55, with 9 feet of water. Further on, our progress is arrested by the very tumultuous rapids called the Cascades, Cedars, and Coteau, which are overcome by the Beauharnois Canal, which is 11½ miles long, with 9 locks of 200 x 45, and 9 feet of water. Passing into Lake St. Louis we find navigation is impeded by the rapids best known as Lachine, and here again public enterprize has met the requirements of commerce by the construction of a canal, which was first suggested in 1791 by the military authorities, but actually opened in 1821. This work is 8½ miles long, and has 5 locks of 200 x 45, three of which have 9 feet of water on sills, while the other two have been deepened to 16 feet so as to admit sea-going vessels into the basin of the Canal at Montreal.

Besides the great works intended to facilitate the navigation of the St. Lawrence, we have others of commercial importance on the Ottawa, the Richelieu, and the Rideau. The works on the Ottawa were constructed, as well as those on the Rideau River, chiefly for military reasons under the auspices of the British Government, and are known as the Carillon, Chute à Blondeau, and the Grenville, all necessary to overcome the natural obstacles of the river. Altogether they have a length of 8⅝ miles, including the St. Anne lock, situated at the junction of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, where still stands that quaint little village, with its church rising out of the surrounding white-washed cottages, which the poet Moore has immortalized in his musical verses. The locks of these canals vary in size, and depth of water, the greatest being 6½; but these works are now being enlarged so as to have, eventually, locks with a capacity of 200 feet in length of chamber between the gates, 45 feet in width, and 9 feet draught of water over the mitre sills. Then, there is the Richelieu and Lake Champlain route of navigation which extends from the mouth of the Richelieu, forty-six miles below Montreal, to the outlet of Lake Champlain on the frontier line of Canada and the United States, or a distance of eighty-one miles within Canadian territory. The canals on this route, by which the greater portion of Canadian sawn lumber reaches Albany and New York, are the St. Ours' lock and dams and the Chambly Canal, the former one-eighth of a mile, and the latter 12 miles in

length. The lock on St. Ours, is 200 x 45, with 7 feet of water, whilst those on the Chambly are 122 x 23 to 23 7/12, with a depth of water of 7 feet. This work is intended to avoid the rapids which fall into that beautiful expansion of the Richelieu, known as the basin of Chambly, in the vicinity of which is the picturesque height of Belœil, and the site of the old fort which so long represented the days of the French *régime*.

In the Maritime Provinces there are no canals of any great extent or importance. The Shubenacadie, intended to give water communication across the province of Nova Scotia by connecting the harbour of Halifax with the river just named, which falls into Cumberland Basin, has never been turned to account, although large sums of money have been expended in opening it up. The only canal which is actually in operation is that which connects the picturesque Bras d'Or Lake in Cape Breton with St. Peter's Bay, and consequently with the Atlantic Ocean. The whole length of this work is some 2,400 feet, with one tidal lock, 26 x 122, with 13 feet at lowest water.

No country in the world can show a more elaborate system of inland navigation than Canada, young as she is, can exhibit. It is in itself a forcible illustration of the public spirit which has animated our public men during the past thirty years. These works were commenced at a very early period in the history of the commercial progress of this country, and were completed, on their present extensive scale, at a time when the expenditures required to accomplish the object, seemed altogether excessive when compared with the actual revenues. Soon after, the Canadas were united into a Legislative Union—the Legislature voted the sum of two millions of dollars for canal enlargement, and yet the whole population of the Province was only a little above a million of souls, whilst the total revenue was below a million and a half of dollars. The public men of those days, however, like the statesmen of the present, fully recognized the necessity of such improvements, and believed that the returns which the exchequer would eventually receive from the development of industry and commerce would soon reimburse the country for any outlay, however large it might seem at the outset: and the issue has more than proved the wisdom of their enterprize and liberality.

By a reference to the statistics of the Canals we have given in the foregoing paragraphs, it will be seen that there is nothing like uniformity in the size of the locks or the depth of water, and consequently a vessel that passes through the Welland cannot find an outlet by the St. Lawrence Canals. It is in many respects to be regretted that these works of the St. Lawrence navigation were not constructed at the outset on a uniform principle—since the requirements of commerce would have been decidedly subserved; but the history of our public works shows that they were undertaken at different times and under various circumstances. When they were first undertaken and brought to their present dimensions, few persons contemplated the possibility of their being unequal to the demands of commerce for half a century at least—but the development of the country has made such remarkable progress, that these canals, extensive as they are, have, for some time, proved unequal to the task imposed upon them. Along the route of the St. Lawrence navigation, from Quebec to the head of the Great Lakes, there is an immense population, full of activity and enterprize, building up towns and cities, with unparalleled industry, and ever seeking greater facilities to increase their wealth. The history of Montreal, Toronto, Chicago, Milwaukie, and other western cities, aptly illustrates the energy of the Anglo-Saxon or Teuton on this continent. "Muddy little York" has been metamorphosed, in some thirty years, into a city of colleges, commercial palaces, and splendid

mansions, and a never-ceasing tide of traffic keeps pouring into its spacious warehouses. Chicago which, above all other places, illustrates western progress, was unknown to the commercial world thirty years ago, but now it has a population of at least 300,000, and even the fearful march of the Fire-king does not seem to have paralysed the enterprize of the men who have made it what it is, and must long remain the greatest mart of the West. The total value of the trade of the lakes was not much more than $60,000,000, thirty years ago, but now it is estimated at $800,000,000 : while the tonnage that floats on these waters must be at least 600,000 tons, representing probably $18,000,000 in value. Ontario raises some 30,000,000 bushels of wheat annually, besides large quantities of barley, and has now a population of 1,620,823, against 77,000 in 1821. The total population of the grain-growing States of the North-west, viz: Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Kansas, is about 12,000,000, against 3,000,000 thirty years ago; whilst they raise, in the aggregate, some 160,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 600,000,000 bushels of corn. The progress of this splendid territory is ever onward, and the wilderness of to-day is a scene of industry to-morrow—while the question that is ever on the lips of the merchants and farmers of this grain-growing region is this: How and where to find the best and cheapest outlet for our surplus produce?

This question has been perplexing to commercial men of the West for some years. They have long since recognized the fact that the Erie Canal—we may leave the Mississippi altogether out of the calculation, when the transport of grain is concerned—and the splendid railway system which American enterprize has constructed to assist the West to reach the sea-board, are altogether inadequate to meet the commercial wants of a territory, which produces in such remarkable abundance. The records of the Board of Trade, the speeches of the most sagacious and energetic public men, the columns of the public press of the West, all forcibly testify to the accuracy of the assertion. More than that, the public opinion of the West has long since pointed to the St. Lawrence as the natural outlet of their trade, with which no artificial means of communication can compete—in respect to cheapness and despatch. Even under existing circumstances, a bushel of wheat can be carried from Chicago to Montreal some ten days sooner, and some fifty per cent. cheaper, than from Chicago to New York, *via* the Erie Canal. The number of American vessels that already avail themselves of the Welland Canal for the purpose of reaching Oswego, and thereby the Erie, is very considerable—as the following returns plainly show :—

	1868.	1869.	1870.	1871.	Tolls in 1871.
American vessels.....	No. 2,932	2,791	2,884	3,459	$22,942.84
	Ton. 692,169	719,432	765,543	928,330	
Canadian vessels.....	No. 3,225	3,278	3,856	4,270	$12,779.53
	Ton. 548,197	548,019	591,574	625,788	

Grand total of vessels and property, up and down Welland Canal, in 1871 ..... 2,993,178 or 500,000 above 1868

Grand total of vessels and property, up and down St. Lawrence Canal, in 1871 ..... 2,251,268 or 140,000 " 1868

The American vessels that ply on the Upper Lakes have been steadily increasing in size for some years past; for experience has proved that the larger class, especially the propeller, is the cheapest for the transport of grain and other heavy freight which seek water communications. The Welland Canal will only admit the smaller vessels, unless, indeed, those of greater tonnage are prepared to unload a considerable part of their cargo at Port Colborne, for transport by the Welland Railway, and then go through with the remaining portion. This trans-shipment at Port Colborne has, in fact, become an important feature of the trade in that section of the country. We learn from the latest report of the Minister of Inland Revenue that during the three months ending on the 30th of June, 1871, 133 vessels, carrying 78,425 tons of grain, transhipped the whole or a part of their cargo. Of these fifty transhipped the entire cargo—amounting to 24,037 tons. The remaining ninety-three transhipped so much as would enable them to pass the Canal with the remainder. These vessels drew from eleven feet six inches to twelve feet of water, whilst the Canal only admitted the passage of vessels drawing ten feet or less. When laden to twelve feet, their cargoes would vary from 19,000 to 24,000, and when drawing only ten feet from 14,000 to 18,500 bushels of wheat. To enable such as could otherwise pass the Canal to do so, they have transhipped from 300 to as much as 7,500 bushels. The vessels that transhipped their entire cargoes were too large for the locks, irrespective of the draught of water. The Canal Commissioners, in their report, dwell particularly on the inadequacy of the Welland to meet the necessities of Western traffic, and refer to the class of vessels that it should benefit. "The tendency in ship-building," say the Commissioners, "for the last quarter of a century on the Upper Lakes, has been to construct larger vessels every-way, whether propelled by steam or sail; while the screw is superseding the paddle everywhere on the lakes as well as on the ocean—the relative number and tonnage of screw steamers is gradually increasing upon the sailing craft." The Lake St. Clair Flats were in former years the accepted gauge of the navigation: but by the combined action of the Canadian and United States' Governments the obstacles in the lake have been so far removed that vessels can now pass through, drawing 14 feet. Then, again, as the line of navigation is extended, so the long voyage demands larger tonnage. As an approximate rule for the size of a vessel for any particular route, it has been observed that any vessel, to be properly adapted to its business, should have one ton of measurement for every mile of her voyage; and as an example, in illustration of the rule, it may be remarked that the vessels plying between Chicago and Buffalo, 916 miles, now range between 600 and 1,500 tons; while many persons of considerable experience in the trade are of opinion that a medium size of about 1,000 tons is best suited for this route."

It has been the universal sentiment of the country for some years past that the canal system should be improved at the earliest opportunity when the condition of the finances warranted the outlay that such improvements would necessarily entail. The Quebec Convention in 1865 passed a resolution to this effect—and the Government of the Dominion in 1870 appointed a Commission composed of practical business men of high standing in the country, to examine into the whole question of canal enlargement. Their Report has been for a twelve-month before the people of the Dominion, and has been generally considered as doing complete justice to the great interests involved. The government, in fact, have adopted the report as the basis of improvements which are to commence forthwith, and which comprise the enlargement of the St. Lawrence and Welland canals, so that the large propellers and other craft which are now confined to

the upper lakes will be able to proceed from the western ports to Montreal and the Atlantic ports without trans-shipment at Kingston and other places. These canals will be enlarged on a uniform system, so that all the locks will have 270 feet length of chamber between the gates, 45 feet in width, and 12 feet of clear draught over the mitre sills. Measures are also in progress to improve the navigation of the St. Lawrence river between Montreal and Quebec, with the view of allowing the largest ships to come up directly to the former city and, in order to attain this result it will be necessary to deepen Lake St. Peter to 24 feet, and otherwise make it equal to the passage of the sea-going crafts in question.

A work of great magnitude is also to be constructed in the Maritime Provinces. If our readers will take up a map of Nova Scotia, they will notice how narrow is the Isthmus of Chignecto, that separates that province from New Brunswick, and will at once be struck with the fact that a canal across that neck of land must afford immense facilities to commerce. The total distance across the Isthmus is only fifteen miles, and the country is level and easily excavated; but, nevertheless, there have been some engineering difficulties suggested on account of the difference in the range of tides. Few spectacles of nature are more calculated to awaken awe in the mind of the spectator than the irresistible march of the tides of the Bay of Fundy into its various estuaries. "At low tide"—we quote from Dawson's geology—"wide flats of brown mud are seen to extend for miles, as if the sea had altogether retired from its bed, 'and the distant channel appears a mere 'strip of muddy water. At the commence-'ment of flood, a slight ripple is seen to "break over the edge of the flats. It "rushes swiftly forward, and covering the "lower flats almost instantaneously, gains "rapidly on the higher swells of mud, "which appear as if they were being dis-"solved in the turbid waters. At the same "time the torrent of red water enters all "the channels, creeks, and estuaries—surg-"ing, whirling, and foaming, and often hav-"ing in its front a white, breaking wave, or "'bore' which runs steadily forward, meet-"ing and swallowing up the remains of the "ebb still trickling down the channels. The "mud flats are soon covered, and then, as "the stranger sees the water gaining with "noiseless and steady rapidity on the steep "sides of banks and cliffs, a sense of inse-"curity creeps over him, as if no limit could "be put to the advancing deluge. In a little "time, however, he sees that the fiat, "hither-"to shalt thou come and no farther," has "been issued to the great bay tide. Its re-"treat commences, and the waters rush back "as rapidly as they had entered." The extreme range of tides in Bay Verte does not reach beyond eight feet, while high water in Cumberland Bay rises about 23 feet above the level of medium tides. These and other obstacles, however, can be surmounted; and it is proposed to go on with a work which must give a remarkable stimulus to the commerce of the Maritime Provinces. The canal will render more accessible a vast amount of mineral wealth which now wants a market. By affording a shorter and cheaper route than that round the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, freights will be lessened and the transport of heavy merchandise to Canadian ports on the St. Lawrence stimulated. With the completion of this work, the inland navigation of the Dominion may be considered perfect: for the large propellers of the west will be able to make a rapid and secure voyage without breaking bulk from Chicago to Boston or Portland.

Not only will Canada control the transport of the surplus produce of the Great West, but she must develope a large Intercolonial trade, the moment her canal system is enlarged and perfected from Erie to the Bay of Fundy. Commercial men have long

urged that we cannot see any extensive trade between Ontario and the Maritime Provinces until there are facilities for the passage of craft drawing, at least, twelve feet of water. Ontario wants Nova Scotia coal and minerals; but she cannot have them until a vessel can go direct from Pictou or Sydney to Hamilton or Toronto, and there unload and take in a return-cargo of flour or barley. The development of Intercolonial trade and the control of the commerce of the North-Western States are the objects which Canadians expect immediately to attain by the improvement of these splendid works; but, looking into the future, we see the time, when they will be equally invaluable to that Great West which Canada claims as her own. The day is not far distant when Manitoba will be the home of a large population; and energetic and prosperous communities will be settled from the head of Lake Superior, along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway—as far as the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Already words of the poet are in course of realization:—

"Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe,
The steamer smokes and raves,
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.

"I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea."

Two decades hence, there will be a steady stream of traffic from those fertile regions which are now a wilderness, to give employment to our shipping and our railways. Then, no doubt—if indeed it is not done very soon—the demands of commerce will will require the construction of the Ottawa Canal, which will afford a shorter route between the Lakes and Montreal, and considerably relieve the St. Lawrence canals of the superabundant traffic which will be waiting its turn to pass through the locks. Then the riches of the countries washed by the China sea will pass through our country on their way to Europe, in Canadian ships. If the Maritime Provinces continue to exhibit the same enterprise they have hitherto—an enterprise which has placed Canada in the proud position of ranking only below France as a maritime power—they may expect to be the carriers of that immense trade which must necessarily follow the St. Lawrence route and the Pacific Railway. All this is no fancy picture. The shrewdest business men amongst us have pressed the enlargement of our canal system and the construction of the Canadian Pacific, as certain to increase the wealth and population of the Confederation to an incalculable degree. All that Canada requires now is peace and security from all disturbing influences, to work out a career of prosperity unexampled in the history of the commercial communities of the world.

TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

IN MEMORIAM.—FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

By the REV. CANON KINGSLEY, *from "Macmillan" for May.*

ON Friday, the fifth of April, a note-worthy assemblage gathered round an open vault in a corner of Highgate Cemetery. Some hundreds of persons, closely packed up the steep banks among the trees and shrubs, had found in that grave a common bond of brotherhood. I say in that grave. They were no sect, clique, or school of disciples, held together by community of opinions. They were simple men and women, held together, for the moment at least, by love of a man, and that man, as they had believed a man of God. All shades of opinion, almost of creed, were represented there; though the majority were members of the Church of England—many probably reconciled to that Church by him who lay below. All sorts and conditions of men, and indeed of women were there; for he had had a word for all sorts and conditions of men. Most of them had never seen each other before—would never see each other again. But each felt that the man, however unknown to him, who stood next him was indeed a brother, in loyalty to that beautiful soul, beautiful face, beautiful smile, beautiful voice, from which, in public or in secret, each had received noble impulses, tender consolation, loving correction, and clearer and juster conceptions of God, of duty, of the meaning of themselves and of the universe. And when they turned and left his body there, the world—as one said who served him gallantly and long—seemed darker now he had left it; but he had stayed here long enough to do the work for which he was fitted. He had wasted no time, but died, like a valiant man, at his work, and of his work.

He might have been buried in Westminster Abbey. There was no lack of men of mark who held that such a public recognition of his worth was due, not only to the man himself, but to the honour of the Church of England. His life had been one of rare sanctity; he was a philosopher of learning and acuteness, unsurpassed by any man of his generation; he had done more than any man of that generation to defend the Church's doctrines; to recommend her to highly cultivated men and women; to bring within her pale those who had been born outside it, or had wandered from it; to reconcile the revolutionary party among the workmen of the great cities with Christianity, order, law; to make all ranks understand that if Christianity meant anything, it meant that a man should not merely strive to save his own soul after death, but that he should live here the life of a true citizen, virtuous, earnest, helpful to his human brethren. He had been the originator of, or at least the chief mover in, working men's colleges, schemes for the higher education of women, for the protection of the weak and the oppressed. He had been the champion, the organizer, the helper with his own money and time, of that co-operative movement—the very germ of the economy of the future—which seems now destined to spread, and with right good results, to far other classes, and in far other forms, than those of which Mr. Maurice was thinking five-and-twenty years ago. His whole life had been one of unceasing labour for that which he believed to be truth and right, and for the practical amelioration of his fellow-creatures. He had not an enemy, unless it were here and there a bigot or a dishonest man—two classes who could not abide him, because they knew well that he could not abide them. But for the rest, those from whom he had differed most, with whom he had engaged, ere now, in the sharpest controversy, had learned to admire his sanctity, charity, cour-

tesy—for he was the most perfect of gentlemen—as well as to respect his genius and learning. He had been welcomed to Cambridge, by all the finer spirits of the University, as Professor of Moral Philosophy; and as such, and as the parish priest of St. Edward's, he had done his work—as far as failing health allowed—as none but he could do it. Nothing save his own too-scrupulous sense of honour had prevented him from accepting some higher ecclesiastical preferment—which he would have used, alas! not for literary leisure, nor for the physical rest which he absolutely required, but merely as an excuse for greater and more arduous toil. If such a man was not the man whom the Church of England would delight to honour, who was the man? But he was gone, and a grave among England's worthies was all that could be offered him now; and it was offered. But those whose will on such a point was law, judged it to be more in keeping with the exquisite modesty and humility of Frederick Denison Maurice, that he should be laid out of sight, though not out of mind, by the side of his father and his mother. Well: be it so. At least that green nook at Highgate will be a sacred spot to hundreds—it may be to thousands—who owe him more than they will care to tell to any created being.

It was, after all, in this—in his personal influence—that Mr. Maurice was greatest. True, he was a great and rare thinker. Those who wish to satisfy themselves of this should measure the capaciousness of his intellect by studying—not by merely reading—his Boyle Lectures on the religions of the world; and that Kingdom of Christ, the ablest "Apology" for the Catholic Faith which England has seen for more than two hundred years. The ablest, and perhaps practically the most successful; for it has made the Catholic Faith look living, rational, practical, and practicable, to hundreds who could rest neither in modified Puritanism or modified Romanism, and still less in scepticism, however earnest. The fact that it is written from a Realist point of view, as all Mr. Maurice's books are, will make it obscure to many readers. Nominalism is just now so utterly in the ascendant, that most persons seem to have lost the power of thinking, as well as of talking, by any other method. But when the tide of thought shall turn, this, and the rest of Mr. Maurice's works, will become not only precious but luminous, to a generation which will have recollected that substance does not mean matter, that a person is not the net result of his circumstances, and that the Real is not the visible Actual, but the invisible Ideal.

If anyone, again, would test Mr. Maurice's faculty as an interpreter of Scripture, let him study the two volumes on the Gospel and the Epistles of St. John; and study, too, the two volumes on the Old Testament, which have been (as a fact) the means of delivering more than one or two from both the Rationalist and the Mythicist theories of interpretation. I mention these only as peculiar examples of Mr. Maurice's power. To those who have read nothing of his, I would say, "Take up what book you will, you will be sure to find in it something new to you, something noble, something which, if you can act on it, will make you a better man." And if anyone, on making the trial, should say, "But I do not understand the book. It is to me a new world:" then it must be answered, "If you wish to read only books which you can understand at first sight, confine yourself to periodical literature. As for finding yourself in a new world, is it not good sometimes to do that?—to discover how vast the magnitude of mind, as well as of matter, is; that it contains many worlds; and that wise and beautiful souls may and do live in more worlds than your own?" Much has been said of the obscurity of Mr. Maurice's style. It is a question whether any great thinker will be anything but obscure at times; simply because he is possessed by conceptions beyonds his powers of expression. But the conceptions may be clear enough; and it may be worth the wise man's while to search for them under the imperfect words. Only thus—to take an illustrious instance—has St. Paul, often the most obscure of writers, become luminous to students; and there are those who will hold that St. Paul is by no means understood yet; and that the Calvinistic system which has been built up upon his Epistles, has been built up upon a total ignoring of the greater part of them, and a total misunderstanding of the remainder: yet, for all that, no Christian man will lightly shut up St. Paul as too obscure for use. Really, when one considers what worthless verbiage

which men have ere now, and do still, take infinite pains to make themselves fancy that they understand, one is tempted to impatience when men confess that they will not take the trouble of trying to understand Mr. Maurice.

Yet, after all, I know no work which gives a fairer measure of Mr. Maurice's intellect, both political and exegetic, and a fairer measure, likewise, of the plain downright common sense which he brought to bear on each of so many subjects, than his Commentary on the very book which is supposed to have least connection with common sense, and on which common sense has, as yet, been seldom employed; namely, the Apocalypse of St. John. That his method of interpretation is the right one can hardly be doubted by those who perceive that it is the one and only method on which any fair exegesis is possible—namely, to ask,—What must these words have meant to those to whom they were actually spoken? That Mr. Maurice is more reverent, by being more accurate, more spiritual, by being more practical in his interpretation than commentators on this book have usually been, will be seen the more the book is studied, and found to be, what any and every commentary on the Revelation ought to be—a mine of political wisdom. Sayings will be found, which will escape the grasp of most readers, as indeed they do mine, so pregnant are they, and swift revealing, like the lightning-flash at night, a whole vision; but only for a moment's space. The reader may find also details of interpretation which are open to doubt; if so he will remember that no man would have shrunk with more horror than Mr. Maurice from the assumption of infallibility. Meanwhile, that the author's manly confidence in the reasonableness of his method will be justified hereafter, I must hope, if the Book of Revelation is to remain, as God grant it may, the political text-book of the Christian Church.

On one matter, however, Mr. Maurice is never obscure—on questions of right and wrong. As with St. Paul, his theology, however seemingly abstruse, always results in some lesson of plain practical morality. To do the right and eschew the wrong, and that not from hope of reward or fear of punishment—in which case the right ceases to be right—but because a man loves the right and hates the wrong, about this there is no hesitation or evasion in Mr. Maurice's writings. If any man is in search of a mere philosphy, like the Neo-Platonists of old, or of a mere system of dogmas, by assenting to which he will gain a right to look down on the un-orthodox, while he is absolved from the duty of becoming a better man than he is, and as good a man as he can be—then let him beware of Mr. Maurice's books, lest, while searching merely for "thoughts that breathe," he should stumble upon "words that burn," and were meant to burn. His books, like himself, are full of that θυμός, that capacity of indignation, which Plato says is the root of all virtues. "There was something," it has been well said, "so awful, and yet so Christ-like in its awful sternness, in the expression which came over that beautiful face when he heard of anything base or cruel or wicked, that it brought home to the bystander our Lord's judgment of sin."

And here, perhaps, lay the secret of that extraordinary personal influence which he exercised; namely, in that truly formidable element which underlaid a character which (as one said of him) "combined all that was noblest in man and woman; all the tenderness and all the strength, all the sensitiveness and all the fire, of both; and with that a humility which made men feel the utter baseness, meanness, of all pretension." For can there be true love without wholesome fear? And does not the old Elizabethan "My dear dread" express the noblest voluntary relation in which two human souls can stand to each other? Perfect love casteth out fear. Yes; but where is love perfect among imperfect beings, save a mother's for her child? For all the rest, it is through fear that love is made perfect; fear, which bridles and guides the lover with awe—even though misplaced—of the beloved one's perfections; with dread—never misplaced—of the beloved one's contempt. And therefore it is that souls who have the germ of nobleness within, are drawn to souls more noble than themselves, just because, needing guidance, they cling to one before whom they dare not say or do, or even think, an ignoble thing. And if these higher souls are—as they usually are—not merely formidable, but tender likewise, and true, then the influence which they may gain is unbounded, for good—or, alas! for evil—both

to themselves and to those that worship them. Woe to the man who, finding that God has given him influence over human beings for their good, begins to use it after a while, first only to carry out through them his own little system of the Universe, and found a school or sect; and at last, by steady and necessary degradation, mainly to feed his own vanity and his own animal sense of power.

But, Mr. Maurice, above all men whom I have ever met, conquered both these temptations. For, first, he had no system of the Universe. To have founded a sect, or even a school would be, he once said, a sure sign that he was wrong and was leading others wrong. He was a Catholic and a Theologian, and he wished all men to be such likewise. To be so, he held, they must know God in Christ. If they knew God, then with them, as with himself, they would have the key which would unlock all knowledge, ecclesiastical, eschatological (religious, as it is commonly called), historic, political, social. Nay, even, so he hoped, that knowledge of God would prove at last to be the key to the right understanding of that physical science of which he, unfortunately for the world, knew but too little, but which he accepted with a loyal trust in God, and in fact as the voice of God, which won him respect and love from men of science to whom his theology was a foreign world. If he could make men know God, and therefore if he could make men know that God was teaching them; that no man could see a thing unless God first showed it to him—then all would go well, and they might follow the Logos, with old Socrates, whithersoever he led. Therefore he tried not so much to alter men's convictions, as, like Socrates, to make them respect their own convictions, to be true to their own deepest instincts, true to the very words which they used so carelessly, ignorant alike of their meaning and their wealth. He wished all men, all churches, all nations, to be true to the light which they had already, to whatsoever was Godlike. and therefore God-given, in their own thoughts; and so to rise from their partial apprehensions, their scattered gleams of light, toward that full knowledge and light which was contained—so he said, even with his dying lips—in the orthodox Catholic Faith. This was the ideal of the man and his work; and it left him neither courage nor time to found a school or promulgate a system. God had His own system: a system vaster than Augustine's—vaster than Dante's—vaster than all the thoughts of all thinkers—orthodox and heterodox—put together: for God was His own system, and by him all things consisted, and in Him they lived and moved and had their being: and He was here, living and working, and we were living and working in Him, and had, instead of building systems of our own, to find out His eternal laws for men, for nations, for churches; for only in obedience to them is Life. Yes, a man who held this could found no system. "Other foundation," he used to say, "can no man lay, save that which is laid even Jesus Christ." And as he said it, his voice and eye told those who heard him that it was to him the most potent, the most inevitable, the most terrible, and yet the most hopeful, of all facts.

As for temptations to vanity, and love of power—he may have had to fight with them in the heyday of youth, and genius, and perhaps ambition. But the stories of his childhood are stories of the same generosity, courtesy, unselfishness, which graced his later years. At least, if he had been tempted, he had conquered. In more than five-and-twenty years, I have known no being so utterly unselfish, so utterly humble, so utterly careless of power or influence, for the mere enjoyment—and a terrible enjoyment it is—of using them. Staunch to his own opinion only when it seemed to involve some moral principle, he was almost too ready to yield it, in all practical matters, to anyone whom he supposed to possess more practical knowledge than he. To distrust himself, to accuse himself, to confess his proneness to hard judgments, while, to the eye of those who knew him and the facts, he was exercising a splendid charity and magnanimity; to hold himself up as a warning of "wasted time," while he was, but too literally, working himself to death—this was the childlike temper which made some lower spirits now and then glad to escape from their consciousness of his superiority by patronizing and pitying him; causing in him—for he was, as all such great men are like to be, instinct with genial humour—a certain quiet good-natured amusement, but nothing more.

But it was that very humility, that very self-distrust, combined so strangely with manful strength and sternness, which drew to him humble souls, self-distrustful souls, who, like him, were full of the "Divine discontent;" who lived—as perhaps all men should live—angry with themselves, ashamed of themselves, and more and more angry and ashamed as their own ideal grew, and with it their consciousnes of defection from that ideal. To him as to David, in the wilderness, gathered those who were spiritually discontented and spiritually in debt; and he was a captain over them, because, like David, he talked to them, not of his own genius or his own doctrines, but of the Living God, who had helped their forefathers, and would help them likewise. How great his influence was; what an amount of teaching, consolation, reproof, instruction in righteousness, that man found time to pour into heart after heart, with a fit word for man and for woman; how wide his sympathies—how deep his understanding of the human heart; how many sorrows he has lightened; how many wandering feet set right, will never be known till the day when the secrets of all hearts are disclosed. His forthcoming biography, if, as is hoped, it contains a selection from his vast correspondence, will tell something of all this: but how little! The most valuable of his letters will be those which were meant for no eye but the recipient's, and which no recipient would give to the world—hardly to an ideal Church; and what he has done will have to be estimated by wise men hereafter, when (as in the case of most great geniuses) a hundred indirect influences, subtle, various, often seemingly contradictory, will be found to have had their origin with Frederick Maurice.

And thus I end what little I have dared to say. There is much behind, even more worth saying, which must not be said. Perhaps some far wiser men than I will think that I have said too much already, and be inclined to answer me as Elisha of old answered the over-meddling sons of the prophets:—

"Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day?

"Yea, I know it: hold ye your peace."

FROM HIGH LATITUDES.

BY EARL DUFFERIN, K. P.

Our new Governor General, Lord Dufferin, is distinguished in many ways. As a public man he has earned a reputation for intelligence, industry and liberality of sentiment. He is a graceful speaker. He shines in society. By his "Letters from High Latitudes" he won no mean position in the literary world. We have chosen one of the letters as a fair specimen of the author's style and an index of the mind of our new ruler, who is a true descendant of Sheridan in eloquence, wit, brightness and facility as a writer.

BACK in Europe again—within reach of posts! The glad sun shining, the soft wind blowing, and roses on the cabin table,—as if the region of fog and ice we have just fled forth from were indeed the dream-land these summer sights would make it seem. I cannot tell you how gay and joyous it all appears to us, fresh from a climate that would not have been unworthy of Dante's Inferno. And yet—had it been twice as bad—what we have seen would have more than repaid us, though it has been no child's play to get to see it.

But I must begin where I left off in my last letter,—just, I think, as we were getting under way, to be towed by *La Reine Hortense* out of Reykjavik Harbour. Having been up all night, as soon as we were clear of the land, and it was evident the towing business was doing well, I turned in for a few hours. When I came on deck again we had crossed the Faxe

Fiord on our way north, and were sweeping round the base of Snaefell—an extinct volcano which rises from the sea in an icy cone to the height of 5,000 feet, and grimly looks across to Greenland. The day was beautiful; the mountain's summit beamed down upon us in unclouded splendour, and everything seemed to promise an uninterrupted view of the west coast of Iceland, along whose rugged cliffs few mariners have ever sailed. Indeed, until within these last few years, the passage, I believe, was altogether impracticable, in consequence of the continuous fields of ice which used to drift down the narrow channel between the frozen continent and the northern extremity of the island. Lately, some great change seems to have taken place in the lie of the Greenland ice; and during the summer-time you can pass through, though later in the year a solid belt binds the two shores together.

Both in a historical and scientific point of view, the whole country lying about the basanite roots of Snaefell is most interesting. At the feet of its southern slopes are to be seen wonderful ranges of columnar basalt, prismatic caverns, ancient craters, and specimens of almost every formation that can result from the agency of subterranean fires; while each glen, and bay, and headland, in the neighbourhood, teems with traditionary lore. On the north-western side of the mountain stretches the famous Eyrbiggja district, the most classical ground in Iceland, with the towns, or rather farmsteads, of Froda, Helgafell, and Biarnarhaf.

This last place was the scene of one of the most curious and characteristic Sagas to be found in the whole catalogue of Icelandic chronicles.

In the days when the same Jarl Hakon I have already mentioned lorded it over Norway, an Icelander of the name of Vermund, who had come to pay his court to the lord of Lade, took a violent wish to engage in his own service a couple of gigantic Berserks,* named Halli and Leikner, whom the Jarl had retained about his person—fancying that two champions of such great strength and prowess would much add to his consequence on returning home. In vain the Jarl warned him that personages of that description were wont to give trouble and become unruly,—nothing would serve but he must needs carry them away with him; nay, if they would but come, they might ask as wages any boon which might be in his power to grant The bargain accordingly was made; but, on arriving in Iceland, the first thing Halli took it into his head to require was a wife, who should be rich, nobly born and beautiful. As such a request was difficult to comply with—Vermund, who was noted for being a man of gentle disposition, determined to turn his troublesome retainers over to his brother, Arngrim Styr, *i. e.* the Stirring or Tumultuous One, as being a likelier man than himself to know how to keep them in order.

Arngrim happened to have a beautiful daughter, named Asdisa, with whom the inflammable Berserk of course fell in love. Not daring openly to refuse him, Arngrim told his would-be son-in-law, that before complying with his suit, he must consult his friends, and posted off to Helgafell, where dwelt the pagan Pontiff Snorre. The result of this conference was an agreement on the part of Styr to give his daughter to the Berserk, provided he and his brother would *cut* a road through the lava rocks of Biarnarhaf. Halli and Leikner immediately set about executing this prodigious task; while the scornful Asdisa, arrayed in her most splendid attire, came sweeping past in silence, as if to mock their toil. The poetical reproaches addressed to the young lady on this occasion by her sturdy admirer and his mate are still extant. In the mean time, the other servants of the crafty Arngrim had constructed a subterranean bath, so contrived that at a moment's notice it could be flooded with boiling water. Their task at last concluded, the two Berserks returned home to claim their reward: but Arngrim Styr, as if in the exuberance of his affections, proposed that they should first refresh themselves in the new bath. No sooner had they descended into it, than Arngrim shut down the trap-door, and having ordered a newly-stripped bullock's hide to be stretched before the entrance, gave the signal

* Berserk, *i. e.* bare sark. The berserks seem to have been a description of athletes, who were in the habit of stimulating their nervous energies by the use of some intoxicating drug, which rendered them capable of feats of extraordinary strength and daring. The Berserker gang must have been something very like the Malay custom of running a muck. Their moments of excitement were followed by periods of great exhaustion.

for the boiling water to be turned on. Fearful were the struggles of the scalded giants : Halli, indeed, succeeded in bursting up the door ; but his foot slipped on the bloody bull's hide, and Arngrim stabbed him to the heart. His brother was then easily forced back into the seething water.

The effusion composed by the Tumultuous One on the occasion of this exploit is also extant, and does not yield in poetical merit to those which I have already mentioned as having emanated from his victims.

As soon as the Pontiff Snorre heard of the result of Arngrim Styr's stratagem, he came over and married the Lady Asdisa. Traces of the road made by the unhappy champions can yet be detected at Biarnarhaf, and tradition still identifies the grave of the Berserks.

Connected with this same Pontiff Snorre is another of those mysterious notices of a great land in the western ocean which we find in the ancient chronicles, so interwoven with narrative we know to be true, as to make it impossible not to attach a certain amount of credit to them. This particular story is the more interesting as its *dénouement*, abruptly left in the blankest mystery by one Saga, is incidentally revealed to us in the course of another, relating to events with which the first had no connection.*

It seems that Snorre had a beautiful sister, named Thured of Froda, with whom a certain gallant gentleman—called Bjorn, the son of Astrand—fell head and ears in love. Unfortunately, a richer rival appears in the field ; and though she had given her heart to Bjorn, Snorre—who we have already seen, was a prudent man—insisted upon her giving her hand to his rival. Disgusted by such treatment, Bjorn sails away to the coasts of the Baltic, and joins a famous company of sea-rovers, called the Jomsburg Viking. In this worthy society he so distinguishes himself by his valour and daring that he obtains the title of the Champion of Breidavik. After many doughty deeds, done by sea and land, he at last returns, loaded with wealth and honours, to his native country.

* From the internal evidence it is certain that the chronicle which contains these Sagas must have been written about the beginning of the thirteenth century.

In the summer-time of the year 999, soon after his arrival, was held a great fair at Froda, whither all the merchants, "clad in coloured garments," congregated from the adjacent country. Thither also came Bjorn's old love, the Lady of Froda : "and Bjorn went up and spoke to her, and it was thought likely their talk would last long, since they for such a length of time had not seen each other." But to this renewal of old acquaintance both the lady's husband and her brother very much objected ; and "it seemed to Snorre that it would be a good plan to kill Bjorn." So, about the time of hay-making, off he rides, with some retainers, to his victim's home, having carefully instructed one of them how to deal the first blow. Bjorn was in the home-field (tun), mending his sledge, when the cavalcade appeared in sight ; and guessing what motive had inspired the visit, went straight up to Snorre, who rode in front "in a blue cloak," and held the knife with which he had been working in such a position as to be able to stab the Pontiff to the heart should his followers attempt to lift their hands against himself. Comprehending the position of affairs, Snorre's friends kept quiet. "Bjorn then asked the news." Snorre confesses that he had intended to kill him ; but adds, "thou tookest such a lucky grip of me at our meeting, that thou must have peace this time ; however it may have been determined before." The conversation is concluded by an agreement on the part of Bjorn to leave the country, as he feels it impossible to abstain from paying visits to Thured as long as he remains in the neighbourhood. Having manned a ship, Bjorn put to sea in the summer time. "When they sailed away, a northeast wind was blowing, which wind lasted long during that summer ; but of this ship was nothing heard since this long time." And so we conclude it is all over with the poor Champion of Breidavik ! Not a bit of it ! He turns up, thirty years afterwards. safe and sound, in the uttermost parts of the earth.

In the year 1029, a certain Icelander, named Gudlief, undertakes a voyage to Limerick, in Ireland. On his return home, he is driven out of his course by northeast winds, heaven knows where. After drifting for many days to the westward, he at last falls in with land. On approaching the beach, a great crowd of people

came down to meet the strangers, apparently with no very friendly intentions. Shortly afterwards, a tall and venerable chieftain makes his appearance, and, to Gudlief's great astonishment, addresses him in Icelandic. Having entertained the weary mariners very honourably, and supplied them with provisions, the old man bids them speed back to Iceland, as it would be unsafe for them to remain where they were. His own name he refused to tell; but having learnt that Gudlief comes from the neighbourhood of Snaefell, he puts into his hands a sword and a ring. The ring is to be given to Thured of Froda; the sword to her son Kjartan. When Gudlief asks by whom he is to say the gifts are sent, the ancient Chieftain answers, "Say they come from one who was a better friend of the Lady of Froda than of her brother Snorre of Helgafell." Wherefore it is conjectured that this man was Bjorn, the son of Astrand, Champion of Breidavik.

After this, Madam, I hope I shall never hear you depreciate the constancy of men. Thured had better have married Bjorn after all!

I forgot to mention that when Gudlief landed on the strange coast, it seemed to him that the inhabitants spoke Irish. Now, there are many antiquaries inclined to believe in the former existence of an Irish colony to the southward of the Vinland of the Northmen. Scattered through the Sagas are several notices of a distant country in the West, which is called Ireland ed Mekla—Great Ireland, or the White Man's land. When Pizarro penetrated into the heart of Mexico, a tradition already existed of the previous arrival of white men from the East. Among the Shawnasee Indians a story is still preserved of Florida having been once inhabited by white men, who used iron instruments. In 1658, Sir Erland the Priest had in his possession a chart, even then thought ancient, of "The Land of the White Men, or Hibernia Major, situated opposite Vinland the Good;" and Gaelic philologists pretend to trace a remarkable affinity between many of the American-Indian dialects and the ancient Celtic.

But to return to *The Foam*. After passing the cape, away we went across the spacious Brieda Fiord, at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour, reeling and bounding at the heels of the steamer which seemed scarcely to feel how uneven was the surface across which we were speeding. Down dropped Snaefell beneath the sea, and dim before us, clad in evening haze, rose the shadowy steeps of Bardestrand. The northwest division of Iceland consists of one huge peninsula, spread out upon the sea like a human hand, the fingers just reaching over the arctic circle; while up between them run the gloomy fiords, sometimes to the length of twenty, thirty, and even forty miles. Anything more grand and mysterious than the appearance of their solemn portals, as we passed across from bluff to bluff, it is impossible to conceive. Each might have served as a separate entrance to some poet's hell—so drear and fatal seemed the vista one's eye just caught receding between the endless ranks of precipice and pyramid.

There is something, moreover, particularly mystical in the effect of the gray, dreamy atmosphere of an arctic night, through whose uncertain medium mountain and headland loom as impalpable as the frontiers of a demon world; and as I kept gazing at the glimmering peaks, and monstrous crags, and shattered stratifications, heaped up along the coast in Cyclopian disorder, I understood how natural it was that the Scandinavian mythology, of whose mysteries the Icelanders were ever the natural guardians and interpreters, should have assumed that broad, massive simplicity which is its most beautiful characteristic. Amid the rugged features of such a country, the refinements of Paganism would have been dwarfed to insignificance. How out of place would seem a Jove, with his beard in ringlets—a trim Apollo—a sleek Bacchus—an ambrosial Venus—a slim Diana, and all their attendant groups of Oreads and Cupids—amid the ocean mists, and ice-bound torrents, the flame-scarred mountains, and four months' night—of a land which the opposing forces of heat and cold have selected for a battle-field!

The undeveloped reasoning faculty is prone to attach an undue value and meaning to the forms of things, and the infancy of a nation's mind is always more ready to worship the *manifestations* of a Power than to look beyond them for a cause. Was it not natural then that these northerns, dwelling in daily communion with this grand Nature, should fancy they could perceive a mysterious and independent energy

in her operations; and at last come to confound the moral contest man feels within him, with the physical strife he finds around him; to see in the returning sun—fostering into renewed existence the winter-stifled world—even more than a *type* of that spiritual consciousness which alone can make the dead heart stir; to discover even more than an *analogy* between the reign of cold, darkness and desolation, and the still blanker ruin of a sin-perverted soul? But in that iron clime, amid such awful associations—the conflict going on was too terrible—the contending powers too visibly in presence of each other, for the practical, conscientious Norse mind to be content with the puny godships of a Roman Olympus. Nectar, Sensuality, and Inextinguishable Laughter were elements of felicity too mean for the nobler atmosphere of their Walhalla; and to those active temperaments and healthy minds,—invigorated and solemnized by the massive mould of the scenery around them,—Strength, Courage, Endurance, and, above all, Self-sacrifice—naturally seemed more essential attributes of divinity than mere elegance and beauty. And we must remember, that whilst the vigorous imagination of the north was delighting itself in creating a stately dream-land, where it strove to blend, in a grand world-picture—always harmonious, though not always consistent—the influences which sustained both the physical and moral system of its universe, an under-current of sober Gothic common sense, induced it—as a kind of protest against the too material interpretation of the symbolism it had employed—to wind up its religious scheme by sweeping into the chaos of oblivion all the glorious fabric it had evoked, and proclaiming—in the place of the transient gods and perishable heaven of its Asgaard—that One Undivided Deity, at whose approach the pillars of Walhalla were to fall, and Odin and his peers to perish, with all the subtle machinery of their existence: while man—himself immortal—was summoned to receive, at the hands of the Eternal All-Father, the sentence that waited upon his deeds. It is true, this purer system belonged only to the early ages. As in the case of every false religion, the symbolism of the Scandinavian mythology lost with each succeeding generation something of its transparency, and at last degenerated into a gross superstition. But traces still remained, even down to the times of Christian ascendency, of the deep, philosophical spirit in which it had been originally conceived: and through its holy imagery, there ran a vein of tender humour, such as still characterizes the warm-hearted, laughter-loving northern races. Of this mixture of philosophy and fun, the following story is no bad specimen:—*

Once on a time, the two Œsir, Thor, the Thunder god, and his brother Lopt, attended by a servant, determined to go eastward to Jotunheim, the land of the giants, in search of adventures. Crossing over a great water, they came to a desolate plain, at whose further end tossing and waving in the wind, rose the tree-tops of a great forest. After journeying for many hours along its dusky labyrinths, they began to be anxious about a resting place for the night. "At last, Lopt perceived a very spacious house, on one side of which was an entrance as wide as the house itself, and there they took up their night-quarters. At midnight they perceived a great earthquake: the ground reeled under them and the house shook.

"Then up rose Thor and called to his companions. They sought about, and found a side-building to the right, into which they went. Thor placed himself at the door; the rest went and sat down further in, and were very much afraid.

"Thor kept his hammer in his hand ready to defend them. They then heard a terrible noise and roaring. As it began to dawn, Thor went out and saw a man lying in the wood not far from them; he was by no means small, and he slept and snored loudly. Then Thor understood what the noise was which they heard in the night. He buckled on his belt of power, by which he increased his divine strength. At the same instant the man awoke, and rose up. It is said that Thor was so much astonished that he did not dare to slay him with his hammer, but enquired his name. He called himself Skrymer. 'Thy name,' said he, 'I need not ask, for I know that thou art Asar-Thor. But what hast thou done with my glove?'

"Skrymer stooped and took up his glove,

* The story of Thor's journey has been translated from the Edda, both by the Howitts and Mr. Thorpe.

and Thor saw that it was the house in which they had passed the night, and that the outbuilding was the thumb."

Here follow incidents which do not differ widely from certain passages in the history of Jack the Giant Killer. Thor makes three several attempts to knock out the easy-going giant's brains during his slumber, in which he is represented as "snoring outrageously,"—and after each blow of the Thunder-god's hammer, Skrymer merely wakes up—strokes his beard—and complains of feeling some trifling inconvenience, such as a dropped acorn on his head—a fallen leaf, or—a little moss shaken from the boughs. Finally he takes leave of them,—points out the way to Utgard Loke's palace, advises them not to give themselves airs at his court,—as unbecoming "such little fellows" as they were, and disappears in the wood: "and"—as the old chronicler slyly adds—"it is not said whether the Œsir wished ever to see him again."

They then journey on till noon; till they come to a vast palace, where a multitude of men, of whom the greater number were immensely large, sat on two benches. "After this they advanced into the presence of the king, Utgard Loke, and saluted him. He scarcely deigned to give them a look, and said smiling: 'It is late to enquire after true tidings from a great distance; but is it not Thor that I see? Yet you are really bigger than I imagined. What are the exploits that you can perform? For no one is tolerated amongst us who cannot distinguish himself by some art or accomplishment?'

"'Then,' said Lopt, 'I understand an art of which I am prepared to give proof: and that is, that no one here can dispose of his food as I can.' Then answered Utgard Loke: 'Truly this *is* an art, if thou canst achieve it—which we will now see.' He called from the bench a man named Loge to contend with Lopt. They set a trough in the middle of the hall, filled with meat. Lopt placed himself at one end and Loge at the other. Both ate the best they could, and they met in the middle of the trough. Lopt had picked the meat from the bones, but Loge had eaten meat, bones and trough altogether. All agreed that Lopt was beaten. Then asked Utgard Loke what art the young man (Thor's attendant) understood? Thjalfe answered, that he would run a race with any one that Utgard Loke would appoint. There was a very good race-ground on a level field. Utgard Loke called a young man named Huge and bade him run with Thjalfe. Thjalfe runs his best, at three several attempts—according to received Saga customs,—but is, of course, beaten in the race.

"Then asked Utgard Loke of Thor what were the feats that he would attempt corresponding to the fame that went abroad of him? Thor answered that he thought he could beat any one at drinking. Utgard Loke said, 'Very good;' and bade his cup-bearer bring out the horn from which his courtiers were accustomed to drink. Immediately appeared the cup-bearer, and placed the horn in Thor's hand. Utgard Loke then said, 'that to empty that horn at one pull was well done: some drained it at twice; but that he was a wretched drinker who could not finish it at the third draught." Thor looked at the horn, and thought that it was not large, though it was tolerably long. He was very thirsty—lifted it to his mouth, and was very happy at the thought of so good a draught. When he could drink no more, he took the horn from his mouth, and saw, to his astonishment, that there was little less in it than before. Utgard Loke said: 'Well hast thou drunk? yet not much. I should never have believed but that Asar-Thor could have drunk more; however, of this I am confident, thou wilt empty it at the second time.' He drank again; but when he took away the horn from his mouth, it seemed to him that it had sunk less this time than the first; yet the horn might now be carried without spilling.

"Then said Utgard Loke: 'How is this, Thor? If thou dost not reserve thyself purposely for the third draught, thine honour must be lost? how canst thou be regarded as a great man, as the Œsir looks upon thee, if thou dost not distinguish thyself in other ways more than thou hast done in this?'

"Then was Thor angry, put the horn to his mouth, drank with all his might, and strained himself to the utmost; and when he looked into the horn it was now somewhat lessened. He gave up the horn, and would not drink any more. 'Now,' said Utgard Loke, 'now is it clear that thy strength is not so great as we supposed. Wilt thou try some other game, for we see that thou canst not succeed in this?' Thor an-

swered : ' I will now try something else ; but I wonder who, amongst the Œsir, would call that a little drink ! What play will you propose ?'

" Utgard Loke answered : ' Young men think it mere play to lift my cat from the ground ; and I would never have proposed this to Œsir Thor, if I did not perceive that thou art a much less man than I had thought thee.' Thereupon sprang an uncommonly great grey cat upon the floor. Thor advanced, took the cat round the body, and lifted it up. The cat bent its back in the same degree as Thor lifted ; and when Thor had lifted one of its feet from the ground, and was not able to lift it any higher, said Utgard Loke : ' The game has terminated just as I expected. The cat is very great, and Thor is low and small, compared with the great men who are here with us.'

" Then said Thor : ' Little as you call me, I challenge any one to wrestle with me, for now I am angry.' Utgard Loke answered, looking round upon the benches : ' I see no one here who would not deem it play to wrestle with thee ; but let us call hither the old Ella, my nurse ; with her shall Thor prove his strength, if he will. She has given many a one a fall who appeared far stronger than Thor is.' On this there entered the hall an old woman ; and Utgard Loke said she would wrestle with Thor. In short, the contest went so, that the more Thor exerted himself, the firmer she stood ; and now began the old woman to exert herself, and Thor to give way and severe struggles followed. It was not long before Thor was brought down on one knee. Then Utgard Loke stepped forward, bade them cease the struggle,and said that Thor should attempt nothing more at his court. It was now drawing towards night ; Utgard Loke showed Thor and his companions their lodging, where they were well accommodated.

" As soon as it was light the next morning, up rose Thor and his companions, dressed themselves, and prepared to set out. Then came Utgard Loke, and ordered the table to be set, where there wanted no good provisions, either meat or drink. When they had breakfasted, they set out on their way. Utgard Loke accompanied them out of the castle ; but, at parting, he asked Thor how the journey had gone off ; whether he had found any man more mighty than himself? Thor answered, that the enterprise had brought him much dishonour, it was not to be denied, and that he must esteem himself a man of no account, which much mortified him.

" Utgard Loke replied : ' Now will I tell thee the truth, since thou art out of my castle, where, so long as I live and reign, thou shalt never reenter ; and whither, believe me, thou hadst never come if I had known before what might thou possessest, and that thou wouldst so nearly plunge us into great trouble. False appearances have I created for thee, so that the first time when thou meet'st the man in the wood it was I ; and when thou wouldst open the provision-sack, I had laced together with an iron band, so that thou couldst not find the means to undo it. After that, thou struckest at me three times with the hammer. The first stroke was the weakest, and it had been my death had it hit me. Thou sawest by my castle a rock, with three deep square holes, of which one was very deep ; those were the marks of thy hammer. The rock I placed in the way of the blow, without thy perceiving it.

" ' So also in the games, when thou contendedst with my courtiers. When Lopt made his essay, the fact was this : he was very hungry, and ate voraciously ; but he who was called Loge, was *fire*, which consumed the trough as well as the meat. And Huge (mind) was my *thought* with which Thjalfe ran a race, and it was impossible for him to match it in speed. When thou drankest from the horn, and thoughtest that its contents grew no less, it was, notwithstanding, a great marvel, such as I never believed could have taken place. The one end of the horn stood in the sea, which thou didst not perceive ; and when thou comest to the shore, thou wilt see how much the ocean has diminished by what thou hast drunk. *Men will call it the ebb.*

" ' Further,' said he, ' most remarkable did it seem to me that thou liftedst the cat : and in truth, all became terrified when they saw that thou liftedst one of its feet from the ground. For it was no cat, as it seemed unto to thee, but the great serpent that lies coiled round the world. Scarcely had he length that his tai and head might reach the earth, and thou liftedst him so high up that it was but a little way to heaven. That was a marvellous wrestling that thou wrestledst with Ella (old age), for

never has there been any one, nor shall there ever be, let him approach what great age he will, that Ella shall not overcome.

"'Now we must part, and it is best for us on both sides that you do not often come to me; but if it should so happen, I shall defend my castle with such other arts that you shall not be able to effect anything against me?'

"When Thor heard this discourse, he grasped his hammer and lifted it into the air, but as he was about to strike, he saw Utgard Loke nowhere. Then he turned back to the castle to destroy it, and he saw only a beautiful and wide plain, but no castle."

So ends the story of Thor's journey to Jotunheim.

It was now just upon the stroke of midnight. Ever since leaving England, as each four-and-twenty hours we climbed up nearer to the pole, the belt of dusk dividing day from day had been growing narrower and narrower, until having nearly reached the Arctic circle, this,—the last night we were to traverse,—had dwindled to a thread of shadow. Only another half-dozen leagues more, and we would stand on the threshold of a four months' day! For the few preceding hours, clouds had completely covered the heavens, except where a clear interval of sky, that lay along the northern horizon, promised a glowing stage for the sun's last obsequies. But like the heroes of old he had veiled his face to die—and it was not until he dropped down to the sea that the whole hemisphere overflowed with glory and the gilded pageant concerted for his funeral gathered in slow procession round his grave: reminding one of those tardy honours paid to some great prince of song, who—left during life to languish in a garret—is buried by nobles in Westminster Abbey. A few minutes more the last fiery segment had disappeared beneath the purple horizon, and all was over.

"The king is dead—the king is dead—the king is dead! Long live the king!" And, up from the sea that had just entombed his sire, rose the young monarch of a new day; while the courtier clouds, in their ruby robes, turned faces still aglow with the favours of their dead lord, to borrow brighter blazonry from the smile of a new master.

A fairer or a stranger spectacle than the last Arctic sunset cannot well be conceived. Evening and morning—like kinsmen whose hearts some baseless feud has kept asunder—clasping hands across the shadow of the vanished night,

You must forgive me if sometimes I become a little magniloquent: for really, amid the grandeur of that fresh primæval world, it was almost impossible to prevent one's imagination from absorbing a dash of the local colouring. We seemed to have suddenly waked up among the colossal scenery of Keat's Hyperion. The pulses of young Titans beat within our veins. Time itself,—no longer frittered down into paltry divisions,—had assumed a more majestic aspect. We had the appetites of giants—was it unnatural we should also adopt "the large utterance of the early gods?"

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Brougham adjured his executors to publish this biography just as he had written it, so that it might be exclusively his own. The executors have complied of course; and the result is about as crude and undigested a heap of materials for a biography as ever was flung before the public. A great part of the volumes is filled with correspondence, pitchforked in with hardly a connecting thread of narrative, often uninteresting even to political students, and in great measure unintelligible to those who have not present to their minds the details of transactions now almost consigned to oblivion. Instances are not wanting of the carelessness and looseness characteristic of Brougham's mind. Lyndhurst is made in a very circumstantial anecdote to refer to Campbell's lives of the Chancellors many years before they were published. A still stranger blunder has been

pointed out by Lord Stanhope—the publication of an angry letter written by George II to Frederick Prince of Wales as a letter of George III to George IV. The very form and style of the document ought to have been a sufficient warning to any one acquainted with the history of the two periods. Anything in the shape of autobiography written by a man who took part in such events as those in which Brougham was an actor must have a certain value: other value the autobiography of Lord Brougham has none.

Brougham was in some respects a counterpart of Cicero. Neither of the two men belonged to the highest order of minds, but each had extraordinary gifts, above all a facility of acquisition and a power of work which enabled them to attain a wonderful degree of success in very various lines and to be intellectual miracles without being great men. In one sense the chairman of the Edinburgh banquet was not far wrong when he said that Brougham's achievements were greater than had ever been attained by the intellectual powers of a single and unaided man. The saying of Sugden has often been repeated that it was a pity Brougham did not know a little of everything. But if we reckon not merely by a knowledge of practise but by a knowledge of jurisprudence, Brougham as a lawyer was probably worth as much as a pedant like Sugden, while he was an incomparably greater orator and advocate; and he has left a real mark or other subjects, especially popular education, in connection with which, notwithstanding his rather shallow views of mental enlightenment, his name will always deserve grateful commendation. The roots of his eminence were his amazing strength of constitution and the extraordinary fund of nervous energy which played like galvanism through every movement of his strange frame and made that unique feature his nose almost revolve upon his face. In physique and all that directly depend on it at all events he was a giant. In the fifty-second year of his age he was leading on the northern circuit and at the same time "stumping" the immense constituency of Yorkshire, his election for which was perhaps the greatest triumph of his life. "It so happened," he says, "that I had an unusual number of briefs, some in very heavy cases. It was not possible either to give them up or to turn them over to my juniors. I was obliged after a night of hard reading and preparation to be in court every morning by half-past nine o'clock; then I had to address the jury, to examine and cross-examine witnesses—in short to work for my various clients just as though there had been no such thing pending as an election. Then, as soon as the court rose, indeed sometimes before, I jumped into a carriage and was driven as fast as four horses could go to the various towns—many of them twenty or thirty miles from York. At each town or considerable place I had to make a speech, never getting back to York till nearly midnight, and then I had my briefs to read for next day in court. This kind of life lasted nearly three weeks." He calls this the hardest work he ever went through in his life; but those who were best acquainted with his habits say that when he was at once a leading counsel at the bar and a leading, perhaps *the* leading, speaker in the House of Commons, he would go through a whole week with only two hours sleep each night, and at the end of the week give what was perhaps a still more extraordinary proof of his physical powers by making up his arrears of sleep at a stretch. It appears incidentally in this work that on one occasion he had been sitting up over cases all night, and that on the following evening he was at a dinner party, when he was summoned in great haste to the Queen and slept in the hackney coach all the way.

His political career was the natural one for a man of such powers and such a temperament cast among the various movements of a very stirring and progressive though not very deep-thinking age. As his physical energy declined and his sanguine and buoyant temper declined with it, he grew conservative; and though he has rather cunningly stopped short in his autobiography just at the turning point, the feelings of his latter years unquestionably cast their shade over his account of his strenuous, pugnacious and almost revolutionary prime. Had he been only what he describes himself as having been in these volumes he could never have excited the terror and horror which he unquestionably did excite among the conservative classes. Here he appears a moderate and cautious reformer, much more opposed to revolution than to reaction. But to the conservative mind in 1830 he appeared as a tremendous battering-ram shaking the foundations of all that was sacred in Church and State.

The mellowing influence of retrospective age is unquestionably shed over his conduct in the case between George IV and Queen Caroline. Of course we cannot question his assertion that he sincerely endeavoured to prevent the Queen from returning to England and thereby forcing on the prosecution. But he strongly mystified his contemporaries of his course or the whole was that of a mediator or a moderator of the capital. In fact the truth comes out in a passage respecting the relation between the Queen and Whitebread, where he says "it is not to be denied that both Whitebread and I took a peculiar interest in the case of the Princess of Wales, from the strong sense which we both had of the bad public conduct of her husband, his abandonment of

his principles, his desertion of his friends and his giving himself up to his and their political enemies: all our most cherished principles were included in an opposition to him which had become personal." Of course even family matters, in which the sovereigns and the members of the royal family are concerned necessarily assume a political character. As Brougham says with regard to the case of the Princess Charlotte, whose cause, as well as that of the Queen he espoused against her father. "Between the family of a sovereign and the children of a subject there is nothing in common. The members of a royal as compared with those of a private family are by law debarred from feelings common to humanity and from all free action. They cannot fall in love without the consent of the Crown; they may be over head and ears in that passion, but it must remain a dead letter to them unless the sovereign in council permits its indulgence. The king for a wife must choose some Protestant princess he has never seen; but this he must do for the sake of his people, and to secure a Protestant successor; and his heir comes into the world not in the privacy of the domestic household, but in the presence of a crowd of the great officers of state. All the tender feelings engendered in the private family, all the closest relations of parent and child must be disregarded as if they had no existence. Such is the penalty of exalted rank and the sacrifice royalty must make, in return for the very inadequate compensation of power and dignity." Still, a domestic quarrel in the royal family is not exactly the ground which a very generous nature would choose for a political attack. Moreover, the very principle which Brougham has stated as rendering the family affairs of princes amenable to political discussion, is one which entitles royal offenders against domestic morality to a large measure of indulgence. George IV. was compelled by state policy to marry a Protestant princess whom he had never seen, and who, when brought to him, proved to be morally coarse and physically repulsive. Had he been permitted to marry Mrs. Fitzherbert, with whom he was really and deeply in love, he would probably have been a far better man.

In opening the Queen's defence, Brougham threw out vague threats, which were supposed at the time to point only to recrimination against the King, whose life offered abundant ground for it. But it now appears that in the fury, we may almost call it madness, of the conflict, Brougham had determined, in the last resort, to impeach the King's own title, by proving that he had forfeited the Crown by marrying, while heir apparent, a Roman Catholic, Mrs. Fitzherbert. It is difficult to believe that so insane a determination could ever have been carried into effect. Supposing that the marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert could have been proved, the advocate would have proved at the same time that his client was a harlot, and her daughter, the Princess Charlotte, a bastard. But Parliament would never have allowed a lawyer's strategy, or the rancour of an angry politician, to throw the kingdom into confusion, by unsettling the title to the Crown. The marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert had been practically treated by the nation and Parliament as a nullity; Parliament had sanctioned the second marriage by making provision for the Princess Consort, and that sanction would of course have been upheld.

Brougham here protests his total disbelief of the charges against the Queen, saving certain "indiscretions." "Of the utter groundlessness of these charges we (her counsel) all had the most complete and unhesitating belief; and I quite as much as any of the others." The last words are probably intended to dissipate the impression, of the prevalence of which in English society Brougham was most likely aware, that he was in the habit of laughing at the credulity of Denman, who believed in the Queen's innocence. By a happy provision of nature, advocates almost always believe in the justice of their client's cause. But it may safely be said that the conviction of all the best informed persons in England was and is, that while the King's conduct had been detestable, and had afforded great excuse for the sins of his unhappy consort, the Queen had been guilty, to say the least, of something worse than indiscretion. That the popular sympathy was founded on indignation at her wrongs, not on belief in her innocence, Brougham himself gives a ludicrous proof. The enthusiastic crowd called her to the window of a house in which she was staying, and among other complimentary cries, saluted her with "Three cheers for Mr. Austin, the Queen's son."

Brougham does not fail to give us the peroration of his speech on Queen Caroline's trial, which he regarded as the masterpiece of his eloquence, and which, according to a current tradition, he wrote over fourteen times. If it is his masterpiece, the verdict must be that his oratory was forcible, as well as copious to excess, but that it fell decidedly short of the highest mark.

The history of the transactions connected with the Reform Bill is coloured, we have little doubt, in the same way. In his latter days Brougham had become naturally enough a strong advocate of the privileges of the peerage, and he probably looked back with rather pensive feelings on the coercion of the House of Lords to which he had been a party—of which indeed he had been the main instigator—in 1832. He gives us a graphic account of the interview in which he and Lord Grey entreated the King's assent

to the creation, if necessary, of a sufficient number of peers to carry the bill. The passage is, perhaps, the most interesting and important in these volumes. But Brougham intimates that the power would not have been used. "Since 1832 I have often asked myself the question whether, if no secession had taken place, and the peers had persisted in opposing the bill, we should have had recourse to the perilous creation? Above thirty years have rolled over my head since the perilous crisis of 1832. I speak as calmly upon this as I now do upon any political matter whatsoever, and *I cannot answer the question in the affirmative.*" The thirty years which had rolled over the ex-liberal's head, we suspect brought not only calmness, but unwillingness to admit an unpleasant fact. The nation in 1832, thanks in no small measure to Brougham's own inflammatory eloquence, was in no humour to be paltered with, and if the Whig ministers had shrunk from using, when it was in their hands, the only power afforded by the constitution of making the House of Lords defer to the national will, it is almost certain that something much more violent and objectionable would have been done. The policy ascribed by Brougham to himself and Grey was correctly called by the Duke of Wellington "playing a game of brag," and to play a game of brag is scarcely worthy of a statesman. Nor would the majesty of the House of Lords, for which Brougham here affects so much concern, have suffered much more by an actual creation of peers than it did by submission to the threat of such a creation, conveyed by Sir Herbert Taylor to the recalcitrant members in the name of the king. No degradation, indeed, can be deeper than that of voting against your conscience and your recently declared convictions under the palpable influence of fear.

At a later period the Duke of Wellington became the object of Brougham's ardent admiration, and almost of his sycophancy. Hence he gives as liberal a turn as he can to the Duke's conduct on the question of Reform, barely alluding to the dismissal of Huskisson, or the fatal declaration in the House of Lords, by which the Duke, probably from mere oratorical awkwardness as much as from any deliberate policy, broke down the bridge behind himself and his party, and committed them to an utterly hopeless and suicidal struggle against any measure of reform.

Another disturbing influence, egotism, is certainly traceable in the autobiography generally, and especially in the part relating to the Reform Bill. All political tradition is at fault if Brougham was, as he here represents himself, the guide and pillar of the Whig ministry. Tradition represents him, on the contrary, as having been throughout almost as much a source of embarrassment, from his volatility and imprudence, as he was of strength from his energy and oratoric power. One of his colleagues is reputed to have said of him, when he had gone on a tour to Scotland, that the next thing they would hear about him would be that he had been playing dominoes in the back parlour of a Scotch tavern for the great seal. It is very certain that nobody ever showed any disposition to take him into the government again, and that, discarded by his old associates, he soon began to veer over to the Conservative side. He here states that the Chancellorship was pressed upon him against his wish, on the ground that unless he would accept it, and thus become a member of the Cabinet, a government could not be formed. This statement is at variance with the general belief in English political circles that he was at first offered only the Attorney-Generalship, and wrested by force from Lord Grey the nomination to the higher post. We do not say or believe that he was capable of a deliberate mis-statement, but it is notorious that when his own reputation was concerned, his imagination had a great power of colouring the facts.

The vanity of Lord Brougham was extreme, and often breaks out amusingly in these volumes. It is an infirmity scarcely to be avoided by a great orator, who lives in the fumes of applause, and naturally fancies that an audience is expressing its agreement with all his opinions, when in fact it is only expressing its delight at the exhibition of his oratoric power.

Such a life as Brougham when at his zenith led, of incessant activity and incessant talking, forensic and parliamentary, is not favourable to reflection or, consequently, to sagacity and foresight. Great foresight is supposed by some to be displayed in one passage, in which it is predicted that "Napoleon's successor may, by dynastic aspirations by no means unnatural, or more probably by insane attempts at territorial aggrandizement, end his life a captive in a foreign prison; and despite the substantial benefits he has conferred upon his country, may find himself, like his mighty predecessor, abandoned, vilified and forgotten." But inspiration was hardly needed to see that the Napoleonic empire would revert to the policy of its founder, or that by reverting to the policy of its founder, it would bring upon itself a repetition of his doom. Against this apparent instance of insight into the future we may set a prediction, at least as confident, that the battle of Vittoria would soon be followed by the retreat of the Duke of Wellington, and another, uttered in January 1814, that the Allies would never dream of crossing the Rhine.

The judgments on contemporaries seem not unfair, though obviously coloured by personal feelings. The character of Lord Grey is drawn with a veryfriendly yet not an undiscriminating hand. The hatred of Canning which glows in the early pages does not

seem to have been finally retained; and it must be owned that Canning, if he was a man of genius, was also an adventurer in the bad sense of the term, and somewhat unscrupulous in his eager pursuit of power. Lord Campbell gets some hard blows, but it cannot be denied that he deserved them. He was a great lawyer, but his appetite for place and pelf was more than voracious, and his mendacious lives of the Chancellors evince want of conscientiousness as well as want of historical knowledge. Perhaps the portrait to which most exception will be taken is that of the late Lord Derby. "Stanley, like John Russell, came into the Cabinet some time after it was formed. His talents were of a very high, though not of the highest order. He was a perfectly ready and a very able debater, with great powers of clear and distinct statement, with a high-pitched voice, far from musical, but clearly heard in every part of the House. He argued closely, but he required much backing and cheering, and never could fight an uphill battle. In debate, he, like Canning, stuck at nothing in order to snatch an advantage. With the gravest face he would invent what he assumed his adversary to have said, but what he notoriously never did say. His judgment was *nil* or nearly so. He could make a statement, well aware that it would be answered, and committed the most unpardonable of all errors, that of suppressing a fact or ignoring a paper which he knew must be produced against him. He would invariably have lost his verdict at the bar by such blunders as these, which all proceeded from the desire to gain a momentary triumph." The old advocate comes out in the morality of the last sentence.

The executors of Lord Brougham, like the executors of Sir Robert Peel, were clearly bound to give effect to the wish of the testator, who had directed them to publish a dry and fragmentary memoir; but it is to be regretted in both cases that the option was not given of using the memoir as a portion of the materials for something more palatable and complete.

THOUGHTS UPON GOVERNMENT. By Arthur Helps. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Mr. Helps' intellectual reputation is such that he would have a right to be heard on any subject. But he claims a special right to be heard on his present subject, on the ground of his long official experience, and his present tenure of an appointment under the Privy Council, which, he says, compels its holder to have some insight into the working of all the offices under the Crown. His experience, however, has been official in the strictest sense of the term, not parliamentary; and the subject of his work, properly speaking, is not government, which would include legislative as well as executive authority, but administration. Bearing this in mind we may allow that there is reason in his proposition, that there will not be less but more need for government as civilization advances. Civilization, he argues, is mostly attended by complication, and also by a diminution of power as regards individual effort. He takes, as an instance, the case of lighting great cities. When the lighting depended on the owner of each house there was little need for government regulations; but now, no one private person can regulate the matter, or ensure good lighting for himself. The same is the case with water-supply, sewerage, locomotion, and other primary requisites of the comforts of life. The massing of the population and the division of labour tend in the same direction. Paternal government, in Mr. Helps' opinion, though it has an ill name, is a thing to be desired, and in free countries is sure to be kept within reasonable limits. The adulteration of drugs and the pursuit of pestilential trades are given as examples of the necessity of interference. It is not impossible that society, in jealously limiting the administrative action of government in free communities like our own, may be too much under the dominion of prejudices, derived from the errors of despotism in past ages, and inapplicable to our present condition.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Helps is a friend to extreme centralization. On the contrary, he dilates on the advantages of local government, which he regards as a good measure of the freedom and independence of the individuals composing a state. "Many of its advantages are obvious—such, for instance, as the use to be made of special local knowledge, which kind of knowledge can hardly ever be mastered by a central authority. But there are also great indirect advantages attendant upon any system of political government, in which local government has a large sphere of action. In the first place, it compels men, who would not otherwise be versed in the functions of government, to learn and exercise the art of governing. Again, it furnishes employment for those busy and somewhat restless persons who, if they do not find something to occupy their talents in local affairs, are apt to become agitators in imperial affairs—and that too with knowledge very disproportionate to their energy. Moreover, it tends to bring men of different classes together in the conduct of business; and there is hardly any way by which men can become better acquainted, and more readily learn the respective worth of each other than by being thus associated." Another advantage of local government in Mr. Helps' opinion is, that it teaches those engaged in it the difficulties of imperial government, and renders them just towards the rulers of the state. Some of those reasons are more specially applicable to the social and political circumstances of

the old country, but they are not inapplicable here.

The most important portion of the work, perhaps, is that relating to the civil service. Mr. Helps is strongly opposed to the system of competitive examination which has been adopted in England, and seems likely to be adopted in the United States. His objection to it is in effect that it will exclude men of high practical genius, who are often not docile in boyhood. But this objection seems to be based on a rather exaggerated estimate of the importance of the civil service. The examination system secures industry, a certain amount of ability, without which the candidate would be unable to produce his knowledge in the examination, and, if the proper certificates are required, good moral character and sufficient bodily health. No further qualifications are required for any but the highest places in the service; and it is hard if among a hundred elected by competitive examination one cannot be found who possesses high practical ability. Nobody proposes to apply the system of competitive examination to seats in Parliament or Cabinet offices, where practical genius finds its proper sphere, while in the duties of a clerk it will be generally useless, and if accompanied by an impatience of routine and a tendency to originality in action, positively inconvenient. If the present subjects of examination—Latin, mathematics and history—are not well chosen, let them be altered. If whist would be better, as Mr. Helps suggests, let whist be adopted. There must surely be some subjects an available knowledge of which is a fair test of good education and average abilities. No doubt selection by superiors would be better, if we could only find a perfectly impartial and trustworthy superior to select for us; but unluckily we have not yet succeeded in putting salt upon that bird's tail. It is remarkable that in other parts of the volume Mr. Helps dwells emphatically on the necessity of a high education for statesmen, particularly specifying the art of expression and a knowledge of history. The escape from the jobbery and corruption attaching to the nomination system does not seem to weigh much with Mr. Helps, yet it is important even in England and inestimable in the United States.

After all Mr. Helps only predicts the failure of the examination system; he does not say that it has failed, though it has now been pretty well tried both in England and in India. We happen to know that in India an official of the old school complained to one of our greatest practical statesmen of the inefficiency of the "competition Wallahs," and that the statesman in reply offered to take the whole batch of them at once off his hands. Sedan has settled the question for one generation in favour of high education for the public service.

The volume contains a good many valuable remarks, suggested by experience on the working of offices and boards. The following is a sample:—"In the conduct of councils there are several things to be observed by those who would make judicious use of such bodies, and especially by those who are placed at the head of them. *In this world so many things are decided by fatigue.* The council, if not guided by a skilful person in its discussions, will waste its time upon minor points, and in combating the unreason or the argumentativeness of some or one of its members; and then at the last a hasty decision has to be formed, which may be anything but the wisest that could be formed. Lord Bacon has given the world an essay on councils, full, as might be expected, of valuable thoughts, and not disdaining to discuss points apparently somewhat insignificant, such as the shape and size of the council table; but he does not notice the effect of weariness. This omission may be accounted for by the greater powers of endurance of our ancestors, who, moreover, were trained to listen to long discourses patiently, and were not so much oppressed with a variety of business as the men of the present generation are. With us I doubt not that the effect of weariness is one of the main elements of decision in any assemblage of men."

Official men will be grateful to Mr. Helps for protesting against needless encroachments on their time. "This want of time (for statesmanship) is one of the most serious evils affecting the government of this country—an evil which is steadily increasing. No sooner does a man attain to any eminence, in whatever calling it may be, then he is forthwith molested by constant demands which should be reserved to maintain that eminence and to make it useful to the world. It must be noted too that these demands are mostly made in matters which are extraneous to the calling in which the unfortunate man has arrived at distinction. It would be well if it were only his time which is thus unreasonably encroached upon. But we are often deluded by vague ideas about that word time. It is energy which is thus lowered and absorbed. People forget that the energy of their fellow-men is a limited quantity, and that a certain amount of energy is exhausted even by that which may appear to be but a small demand upon time." Mr. Helps says that going one day into the office of a statesman, who had retired into the country for rest, he found his private secretary sending off to him the private letters of that morning, a hundred and eight in number, to be followed by another batch in the afternoon. "No man," remarks Mr. Helps, "deals even in the most perfunctory manner with a hundred and eight letters without undergoing considerable exertion of mind."

In his chapter on the Privy Council Mr. Helps suggests that eminent men from the colonies, and those who have distinguished themselves in colonial administration, should occasionally be added to that body. This suggestion seems worthy of attention. A place in the Privy Council would be a more appropriate reward of colonial merit than knighthood, which has been somewhat vulgarized, or a baronetcy, which is out of place in a country where there is no security for the continuance of hereditary wealth.

Though his book is devoted mainly to administration, Mr. Helps gives his opinion on government in the larger sense. A Conservative, dedicating his work to Lord Derby, he regards the British Constitution as the best ever devised by man. He is strongly in favour of an Upper Chamber, and even holds that a man, on choosing a country wherein to reside, would do well to make the existence of an Upper Chamber a primary consideration—a view more gratifying to Quebec than to Ontario. He avows his conviction, however, that it would be very unwise, if it were possible, to maintain the House of Lords as it is, and proposes certain modifications—life peerages, official peerages, and a qualification of age. We fear that he, like other reformers of the House of Lords, will find it difficult to make the new piece sit well on the old garment.

Mr. Helps is a fine scholar, hut he has fallen into a curious little error on p. 106, by ascribing as an original idea to Machiavelli a classification of the different kinds of practical intellects, which Machiavelli merely translated from some well-known Greek lines.

A Manual of the Anatomy of Vertebrated Animals. By Thomas H. Huxley, L.L. D., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

It is altogether needless to remark that a work by Professor Huxley upon the Comparative Anatomy of Vertebrate Animals is certain to contain all that any student of this subject can possibly require. Though the work is not of large dimensions, an astonishing amount of facts are collected together in it, and are marshalled in order with all that lucidity and terseness for which Huxley has always been celebrated. The work opens with a short but exceedingly clear sketch of the phenomena of development as exhibited in the vertebrate animals. The remainder of the first, and the whole of the second chapter, extending to p. 100, are occupied with an admirable though condensed account of the general organization of the Vertebrata. The chief subjects treated of under this head are the true skeleton, the integumentary skeleton, when present, the muscular system, the nervous system and organs of sense, the alimentary system and teeth, the blood and lymph systems, the respiratory system, and the reproductive system. The remainder of the work, including three-fourths of the whole, is taken up with an exposition of the classification, morphology, and distribution in space and time of the classes of the Vertebrata. Each order of every class is carefully defined, and a very noticeable feature is the introduction of all extinct forms, when these differ sufficiently from living forms to constitute separate families. In this way a special value is given to the work in the eyes of the palæontological students. The style is so entirely technical, and the author has so rigidly confined himself to the bare facts of the subject, that there is almost no special point that can suitably be noticed here. Some, however, may be interested in knowing the classification of mankind into races, adopted by such an eminent authority. The character of the hair as affording the basis for a primary classification, and the different races of mankind are divided into two fundamental sections, according as they have woolly or smooth hair. The woolly-haired races (*Ulotrichi*) have crisp hair, which varies from yellow-brown to black; their eyes are normally dark, and they are "long-headed." In this section are included the Negroes and Bushmen of Africa beyond the Sahara, and the Negritos of the Malay peninsula and Archipelago, and of the Papuan Islands. The smooth-haired races (*Leiotrichi*) are sub-divided as follows:

1. The *Australoids*, with dark skin, hair, and eyes, wavy black hair, long skulls, and well-developed brow-ridges. Under this head are included the natives of Australia and the Dekhan.

2. The *Mongoloids*, with generally yellowish-brown or reddish-brown skins, and dark eyes, the hair long, black and straight, and the skull sometimes long and sometimes short. Under this head are included the Mongol, Tibetan, Chinese, Polynesian, Esquimaux and American races.

3. The *Xanthochroic* group, with pale skins, blue eyes and abundant fair hair, the skull being sometimes long, sometimes rounded. "The Slavonians, Teutons, Scandinavians, and the fair Celtic-speaking peoples are the chief representatives of this division; but they extend into North Africa and Western Asia."

4. The *Melanochroi*, or dark whites; "pale-complexioned people, with dark hair and eyes, and generally long, but sometimes broad skulls. These are the Iberians and 'black Celts' of Western Europe, and the dark-complexioned white people of the shores of the Mediterranean, Western Asia and Persia.

In conclusion, we need only say that the manual

is illustrated by one hundred and ten engravings of unusual merit and delicacy of execution, two-thirds of the whole number being original. Upon the whole, the work is perhaps better adapted for teacher than for the ordinary student, and a grave defect is the absence of any glossary. The index, also, might with advantage have been made somewhat fuller. In spite of these drawbacks, however, the work is one which must prove of the greatest value alike to the teacher and the learner of Comparative Anatomy.

MEMOIR OF ROBERT CHAMBERS, with Autobiographic Reminiscences of William Chambers. Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

"Over the doorway of an old house in the West Bow, which I passed several times daily," says the author of this memoir, "was the inscription, carved in stone—

"HE THAT THOLES OVERCOMES."

"I made up my mind to *thole*, a pithy old Scottish word signifying 'to bear with patience.'" The inscription might be taken as the motto of Scotland; and the biography of the Brothers Chambers is emblematic of the history of the Scottish nation. Their lives are a record of early struggles and hardships encountered with the utmost fortitude and self-denial, and, on the part of William at least, with the utmost cheerfulness. The cheerfulness is the more remarkable because the father of the two lads, though never opulent, had, during their childhood, been in comparatively comfortable circumstances, and the privations which they had to endure in youth were unfamiliar as well as severe. William Chambers, after weary service as an errand boy at a bookseller's, set up a book-stall with a little stock in trade furnished to him by a lucky accident; then acquired the means of printing and publishing on the humblest possible scale, and thus opened for himself the road to immense success. One of the pleasantest passages in the book is that which describes his first start as a printer, with his old ricketty press, and his thirty pounds of worn brevier type.

"My progress in compositorship was at first slow. I had to feel my way. A defective adjustment of the lines to a uniform degree of tightness was my greatest trouble, but this was got over. The art of working my press had next to be acquired, and in this there was no difficulty. After an interval of fifty years, I recollect the delight I experienced in working off my first impression, the pleasure of seeing hundreds of thousands of sheets pouring from machines in which I claim an interest being nothing to it. * * * * I think there was a degree of infatuation in my attachment to that jingling, creaking, wheezing little press. Placed at the only window in my apartment, within a few feet of my bed, I could see its outlines in the silvery moonlight when I awoke, and there in the glowing dawn did its figure assume distinct proportions. When daylight came fully in, it was impossible to resist the desire to rise and have an hour or two of exercise at the little machine."

On the tide of the cheap literature movement of 1832, the two brothers, as proprietors of *Chambers' Journal*, floated into golden fortune and high renown; and they continued to combine the calling of the writer with that of the printer and publisher, as when the old press was worked by William in "The Walk."

William Chambers being the biographer, it was perhaps unavoidable that we should have more of his early history than of Robert's; but we should have liked to have a little more of Robert's, if it were only that Robert being the more sensitive, and in that sense at least, the finer nature of the two, the endurance of early difficulties and hardships is more interesting in his case. Evidently his fortitude was taxed to the utmost.

"When the family quitted Edinburgh Robert accompanied them, but shortly afterward, with a considerable strain on finances, he was associated with me in my West Port lodgings; there, from the uncongenial habits with which he was brought in contact, he felt considerably out of place. I was fortunately absent during the greater part of the day in my accustomed duties; but he, after school hours, had to rely on such refuge as could be found at the unattractive fireside of our landlady, who, though disposed to be kind in her way, was so chilled by habits of penury as to give little consideration for the feelings of the poor scholar. He spoke to me of his sufferings and the efforts he made to assuage them. The want of warmth was his principal discomfort. Sometimes benumbed with cold, he was glad to adjourn to that ever hospitable retreat, the old Tolbooth, where, like myself, he was received as a welcome visitor by the West Enders; and it is not unworthy of being mentioned, that the oddities of character among those unfortunate, though on the whole joyous, prisoners, and their professional associates, not forgetting Durie, formed a fund of recollection on which we afterwards drew for literary purposes. That strange old prison with its homely arrangements was therefore, to him as to me, identified with early associations,—a thing the remembrance of which became to both a subject of life-long amusement. There was also some exhilaration for him in occasionally attending the nightly book-auctions, where, favoured with light and warmth, seated in a by-corner he

could study his lessons, as well as derive a degree of entertainment from the scene which was presented. A further source of evening recreation, but not until past nine o'clock, and then only for an hour, was found in those meetings with the brothers King and myself for mutual scientific instruction. Viewed apart from these solacements, his life was dreary in the extreme. Half-starved, unsympathized with, and looking for no comfort at home, he probably would have lost heart but for the daily exercises at school, where he stood as rival and class-fellow of Mackay's best pupils."

He describes himself as unable to afford candle or fire of his own, and "sitting beside his landlady's fire, if fire it could be called, which was only a little heap of embers, reading Horace and conning his dictionary by a light which required him to hold the books almost close to the grate."

It is not wonderful that, his prospect darkening more than ever through the misfortunes of his father, and kinsmen being unkind, the iron should have entered into his sensitive soul, and that he should have experienced a state of feeling quite unnatural in youth—"a stern and burning defiance of a social world in which we were humbly and coldly treated by former friends, differing only in external respects from ourselves." It is pleasant, after reading such passages, to see the fountain of benevolence flowing freely again in after life. "Mankind, in ignorance of the sweet drop of benevolence which they all, more or less, carry in their hearts, ready to bathe and overflow it in good time, have been too much in the habit of returning mistrust for mistrust, and doubting every one else because each of themselves was doubted. Hence a world of heart-burnings, grudgings, jealousies, mischief, &c., till some, even of the kindest people, were ashamed to seem kind, or to have a better opinion of things than their neighbours. Think what a fine thing it is to help to break up this general ice betwixt men's hearts, and you will no longer have any doubt of the propriety of the steps I have taken."

The book teems with vivid pictures of some of the most curious nooks and crannies of old Scottish life, in which every Scotchman will delight.

Perhaps, if Robert Chambers had been the writer, we should have had rather less of the gospel of worldly success, the precepts of which are reiterated in their pages with a somewhat ludicrous solemnity and earnestness. We begin almost to long for a biography, if it were possible, of some one who *did not* rise in life, but, ignobly content with the humble state to which he was called, found happiness in duty and affection.

THOUGHTS ON LIFE SCIENCE. By Edward Thring, M.A., (Benjamin Place), Head Master of Uppingham School. Second Edition. Enlarged and Revised. London and New York: Macmillan.

It is easy to understand the measure of popularity which this work has attained. To the anti-scientific party it must be very pleasant reading. Mr. Thring pitches into science and intellect *manibus pedibusque*, to use the expressive Latin phrase, and his fists and feet are pretty strong. He also pinches pretty hard in the way of sarcasm and innuendo, and when he has caught Materialistic Philosophy in a particularly tender part he dances off, as it were, and looks into her face with a pleasant grin to see how she likes it. We have no doubt that, to borrow Mr. Thring's words, this is "a time of discovery, change and delusion"—that the chimeras bred by the advance of science bear their full proportion to the advance of science itself. We have as little doubt of the fact that Physical Science, having achieved marvels in her own domain, and being naturally intoxicated by her success, is now stretching out her sceptre over a domain which, in the present state of our knowledge at all events, is not hers, and doing some very unscientific things in her impatience to make herself universal. By the confession of her highest professors she is unable to give any account of the origin or nature of animal life, and this being the case, she is not yet in a position to be throwing out slapdash theories about the origin and nature of moral and spiritual life. To point this out is to do good service to the cause of truth generally and to science herself, provided it be calmly and fairly done; but Mr. Thring, though often forcible, is seldom calm, and we think he is not always fair. He seems really to hate intellect, and there is hardly any mode of argument too invidious for him to employ for the discomfiture of those whom he assumes to be its worshippers. This is the style in which he proves what, perhaps, he might have assumed without proof—that power and intellect are subordinate to morality:—"No one can doubt that man comprises in himself different and sometimes conflicting faculties. Power and the power-instruments evidently put in a claim. Intellect is the great power-instrument, bodily strength and bodily skill the next. Let the case be put in this form: A ploughboy is employed to plough a field, a mechanical bodily work; but he feels within himself a great thirst for knowledge, aad he indulges it by studying science instead of ploughing, only ploughing just enough to escape detection. As the intellect is greater and better than bodily skill and the body, he cultivates the greater and better at the expense of the less and worse, and becomes at last, by constantly subtracting time from the common work he is set to do, a great man; and he dies and leaves behind

him an admirable work on the action of water, or whatever other point may be the knowledge-fetich of his day. Now it is clear that the love of knowledge is a higher thing than skill in ploughing, and a great geologist a higher kind of worker than a ploughman; the conclusion from these facts is that a ploughboy is right in stealing time from his employer, time which he has been paid for; is right in acting a lie day by day; is right in making this lie the centre-pivot of his life and his greatness; is right in having left out of his life problem all thought of truth in daily work, of honour between man and man, of the supreme Power which prescribes to all men their proper place. That is, if power and intellect are true ends. But power is not an end to strive for, nor the power-instrument the ruling excellence of man."

Against what man or men of straw is this directed? Does Mr. Thring fancy that Laplace or Goethe or Darwin, or any one else whom he chooses to take as a representative of intellect and an idol of the intellect-worshippers, ever imagined, or that any of their respective admirers ever imagined, that intellectual power was an object in itself independently of the purposes for which it was exercised. There are worshippers, of the Ritualistic Oratory of Canon Liddon as well as of the reasonings of Newton; but in neither case does the most fatuous of them consciously exclude from view the tendency of his idol's intellectual efforts to attain or propagate truth. The sneer at admirable works on the action of water is of a piece with a good many other passages in the work as—"A David at his father's sheepfold, or an Amos, a poor herdsman in his master's fields, gave us undying words of prayer and praise which we still use, and lived high and holy and pure lives; whilst the intellectual philosopher who did not belong to this class, the great Dr. This or Professor That of his day, the leader of the literary world, was chasing the slave girls, and offering a bull in sacrifice to Eros or Phœbus Apollo for a successful amour or a successful problem. So distinct was the empire of intellect from truth." We wonder whether Mr. Thring would undertake to prove what he here clearly insinuates, that there is traceable in ancient history a connection between high intellect and low morality. Physical science had not in those days reared her detested head; but were the philosophers, the historians, the orators, the poets of Greece and Rome, so far as we know, below the general moral level or above it? Few are so ignorant of literary history as not to be able easily to answer this question.

To Intellect Mr. Thring triumphantly opposes Reason, and of reason he thinks every man is endowed by the Creator with enough to guide him to all necessary truth; of which we can only say that it is a very comfortable faith.

Mr. Thring is the author of a work—a very good work by the way, and one which we wish he would revise and enlarge—on grammar; and he seems to us to be biased by the influence of his own pursuits in assigning to the study of language the place which it occupies in his philosophy as the first and most important part of science. "Science," he says, "starts with words and their value; for the value of words is the most important, as it is the first question that comes before science; for till this is secure, nothing else is secure." "Words," he reasons in a previous passage, "are as it were a pipe. Through that pipe, everything distinctive of man, all thought, all knowledge, passes. It is absolutely necessary therefore to arrive at some conclusion about words before any other thing is passed in review: for the simple reason that all other things must pass through words before they reach us. This is decisive." Is it not as decisive in favour of commencing science with the study of the eye, the indispensable organ of observation, as of commencing with the study of language, which no doubt is the indispensable organ of communication? Have the great scientific discoverers spent much time in the preliminary study of language; if they have not, may we not say, in answer to the question whether it is possible to be successful in science without that preliminary study, by saying *solvitur ambulando?* Mr. Thring is very eloquent on the mysterious agency of sound in conveying thought. "What is it that thus defies our search? Is it living? Is it dead? If it is living, how comes it that the words themselves perish in a moment, and are never anything but feelingless common air? If dead, how comes it that they burn with thought, touch hearts, teach, rule, pass on from life to life, always in communion with life, and sometimes, once spoken, never again drop out of heart-sovereignty. Reason tells us that words are more than mere air. Science tells us that scientifically they are nothing but mere air." Then follow some strong deductions in an anti-materialistic sense. But Mr. Thring forgets that whatever mystery attaches to sound as the vehicle of the aspirations of a saint, attaches to it equally as the vehicle of the sensations of a jackass.

The existence of a God and the fundamental doctrines of natural religion, are assumed from the outset, and Mr. Thring adds little in the way of intellectual confirmation, though once or twice, as in his remarks on Beauty, he is on a track which, if he could pursue it philosophically, or if he dislikes that term, methodically, might lead to valuable results. His argument on Miracles seems to resolve itself into an *argumentum ad verecundiam* addressed to human ignorance; but to prove that it would be impudence on our part, as beings of limited intelligence,

to deny the possibility of miracles, is not to prove that there is sufficient evidence of their having been performed. The difficulties found by criticism, or the "rebel-intellect," as Mr. Thring calls it, in Scripture, are disposed of by the dogmatic assertion that the Scriptures are a test of feeling designed to prove whether man loves rightly or not. The author of *Ecce Homo* gets his ears soundly boxed for carving a Christ out of Scripture ; and it is certain that his work, being without any critical basis, cannot have much permanent value ; but we do not see that his presumption in forming his own idea of Christ is much greater than that of Mr. Thring in laying it down that the Scriptures were written for, and are to be judged with reference to, an object not stated in the Scriptures themselves.

Mr. Thring's antipathy to Science and Philosophy will probably be reciprocated by its objects, and he will not be pressed to assume the objectionable title of a man of science or of a philosopher. But, as we said in commencing, he has a good deal of force, and his work is not without real value as a protest of the spiritual element against being hastily ignored or crushed out of existence by an encroaching physicism. He is sometimes particularly happy in terse sentences and apothegms:—"Perhaps the age of scientific research, no less than the age of maritime research we look back on, has its El Dorados and Fountains of Youth, and Prester Johns, as well as its America ; its gigantic delusions as well as its gigantic achievements." "Custom requires undisturbed possession to establish itself : whereas all the customs of all the world are beginning to be thrown together, and nothing will remain which has not real strength." "As well hunt a rabbit in a wood with a stick as try to kill a lie in an unwilling mind by force of words. "The subtlest form of a lie, truth out of proportion, is a special pitfall of able men." "The jewel of gold in the swine's snout only makes a more conspicuous hog." "As soon as power talks nonsense, it means to eat its victim." Mr. Thring had not the "American case" in his mind when he wrote that last sentence, but he could not have described it more happily.

THE PILGRIM AND THE SHRINE ; or passages from the life and correspondence of Herbert Ainslie. B. A., late a student of the Church of England. London : Chapman & Hall ; New York : Putnam & Sons.

Mr. Herbert Ainslie, a student of the Church of England, and destined for the ministry, is disturbed in his mind by the theological difficulties of the day ; and having a bigoted, evangelical father, who would be horrified at his opinions, and who insists on his taking holy orders, he goes forth physically and theologically into the wilderness, and, after trying the West Indies, becomes a gold-digger in California, and afterwards a settler in Australia. He meets with plenty of adventures, and has hair-breadth escapes from perils of the sea, disease, Indians and robbers. All the time he is ruminating and descanting on the difficulties of Christianity and the great problem of existence, the incidents with which he meets and the characters with whom he comes into contact, forming a series of pegs on which the theological and metaphysical dissertations are hung. After being long unsuccessful in his search both for gold and truth, he at last finds both where they are always found in novels, and we are landed in woman-worship, as the satisfactory substitute for all religion, and the complete solution of all the problems of the universe. But Miss Mary Travers is hardly a woman. In the honeymoon, at least, she is really a goddess. Of course she is unutterably beautiful. She unites something far above the highest feminine graces and tenderness, with something far above the highest male intellect and strength of character. She is a great statesman, a great philosopher, and a great artist. All the great poems in the world might have been written on her and she might have written all the great poems. She is Viola, Miranda, Beatrice and Cordelia all in one. She is the original of all the Madonnas. She is an exception to all limitations, is in perfect focus at all distances, and from all points of view looks her best. Epithets cannot describe her ; she is the quality itself ; not beautiful, but Beauty, not religious, but Religion. When you are fresh from her presence your manner is so bewitching that the rudest people offer you something to drink at their expense. Besides all this, she is an heiress. Now Betsey Jones, though above the average of her sex in good looks and in other respects, is only beautiful, not Beauty ; she is not always in perfect focus; great poems could not have been written upon her, nor could she have written a great poem; it would be gross flattery to call her the original of a single Madonna, or to identify her with any one of the female characters in Shakespeare. Nor has she a great fortune to make matrimony a garden of Eden. Union with her, therefore, though it may make you happy, cannot solve for you all the problems of the Universe, supply your need of a religion, or give you "an impetus from the Divine sufficient to influence and direct your whole life." Jones, her husband, though good-looking, sensible and well-informed, could never have sat for a St. Michael trampling on the devil, and is as little capable of standing in place of God to his wife as she is of discharging the same function

for him. Not being wholly devoid of modesty, he could never say in reference to himself, Mrs. and Master Jones, "Who dare limit the drama of the Holy Family to one single representation?" There are passages in the lovesick rhapsodies at the end of this story which we could not quote without shocking the feelings of a religious woman as well as the common sense of all. The first consequence of these extravagances is the growth of such philosophies as that of Eliza Farnham, who proclaims the natural sovereignity and spiritual infallibility of woman in virtue of the complexity of the female organs, holds that St. John, St. Paul, Plato, Shakespeare and Dante, if they had only known their proper places, were mere hodmen carrying coarse materials to be worked up into something more divine by her superior nature, and if Newton presumes to reason with her, tells him that "a Virginian does not reason with his slave." The next consequence will be a violent reaction, and a withdrawal of what is justly due to women. Put a man in a "shrine" and worship him as "the Infinite revealed in the most perfect Finite" and you will very soon degrade him below humanity; the experience of the United States has already gone far enough to show that the result in the case of a woman will be the same. Hard Calvinism, against which Herbert Ainslie is always railing, is in itself neither very lovely nor very rational; but it is lovely as well as rational compared with woman-worship, and it has made far nobler women than the spoilt idols of this new shrine.

To his Mary, Herbert owes it that "his whole being is pervaded and suffused with the soft, dreamy atmosphere of love." This is the way in which love suffuses the part of his being comprised in his relations with his old father and mother:

"P. S.—Since writing the above I have received the sad news of my father's death. This is a most unexpected blow to me. It had never occurred to me that we might never meet again. He would have rejoiced so in my happy prospects; for his heart was really a tender one in spite of the warp of that cursed religion which made a division between us. My mother writes proudly that he was faithful to the last, expressing his confidence in the atonement made for sin, as leaving God no excuse for refusing to receive him into bliss. 'But for that blessed sacrifice,' he said, 'what a wretch should I be now!' And so he died, seeing in God not the loving father of all, but only an avenger baffled of his victim. Would but I had been there to urge him to put his trust in God instead of in the miserable logic of his party.

"You will be glad to learn that I inherit sufficient to make me feel myself no longer an adventurer."

The last sentence shows that woman-worship does not exclude something very like wealth-worship. Christianity, even Calvinistic Christianity, at all events, does not ask whether a man has inherited enough to make him no longer an adventurer, before he is admitted to the shrine. As to the rest of the passage, it is "dreamy" enough if it pretends to be a description of the sentiments of Wesley, Wilberforce, Clarkson and Heber, but it is hardly "soft" as "love." So far as Herbert Ainslie retains any philosophy unabsorbed by Mary Travers, he is a Necessarian and a Pantheist. Why are not Evangelicals and Mr. and Mrs. Ainslie, senior, as necessary, and as much manifestations of all-pervading deity, as anything else in nature?

It is remarkable that as a married man Herbert Ainslie, though his theological antipathies remain unabated, seems to settle down into a practical church-goer, and to be inclined provisionally to teach his children the catechism; and that he welcomes the intelligence that his friend has taken a living, hoping that it is the prelude to a marriage. Surely he cannot think that, while truth is necessary to himself, established falsehood is good enough for his friend.

The moral difficulties of the Christian scheme, as it is commonly expounded by theologians, and the difficulties of natural theology generally, are often put in this book with remarkable force; so that the book may be useful to those engaged in the candid study of such questions. It may be useful also as a warning to parents against domestic intolerance, in an age when serious doubts are abroad, and are peculiarly apt to disturb the minds of intelligent and conscientious young men, especially of those destined for the ministry, and compelled to study theology for their calling. These we think are the limits of its value, at least as regards the theological part of it; for the narrative and descriptive part of it is interesting, and it is well written throughout. It bears a close resemblance to Mr. Froude's "Nemesis of Faith," but the story of youth harassed by religious doubts is so common in these days that we need not suspect plagiarism. The writer cannot be very learned, for he takes *adversaria* to mean contradictions.

The world has been brought face to face with questions at once of the most tremendous difficulty, and of import so deep that it is difficult to see, unless they can be solved, how human society can hold together. The truth must be sought by patient, reverent, learned and scientific inquiry, and we must all assist its seekers at least by our sympathy, and by protecting their conscientious efforts against persecution or misconstruction. But the key to the universe will not be found in a novelette, or even in the honeymoon divinity of a Miss Mary Travers.

FOUR PHASES OF MORALS:—Socrates, Aristotle, Christianity, Utilitarianism. By John Stuart Blackie, F.R.S.E., Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

There is in all that Professor Blackie speaks and writes a grotesqueness which prevents our sitting at his feet, but does not prevent our being amused and even occasionally instructed. The present work is a lively raid on the region of moral philosophy from the transcendentalist and tory quarter, and we should read it with pleasure, if it were only as a relief from the rather oppressive domination of physicists and utilitarians. The presentation of Socrates, if it contains nothing very new, is clear and vivid. The causes assigned for the great teacher's death are, however, in part at least, rather evolved from the Professor's inner consciousness and political sympathies, than educed from the established facts of history. The indictment was for religious innovation and the corruption of youth. This is a conservative indictment, and the precise legal embodiment of the charges levelled against Socrates in the satiric drama of the conservative Aristophenes. It was addressed obviously to vulgar orthodoxy, and from vulgar orthodoxy no doubt the sentence of condemnation was obtained. But the real motives of the prosecutors still remain, to us at least, a mystery, the key to which we suspect is lost with many other details of the political troubles of those times. We are rather surprised that Aristotle should be selected as one of the originators of the leading phases of morals. He is a wonderful analyst and nothing else. His Ethics contain no special motive power, nor, we should say, has any special type of character ever been formed by his influence. He dominated in the middle ages, he has even dominated to no small extent in modern Oxford; but, while both in medieval and in Oxford philosophy we find plenty of Aristotelian method and phraseology, it would be difficult to point to an Aristotelian character. In fact, whatever nominal deference Aristotle as a man of the world might pay to theistic belief, he was philosophically an atheist; and his type of perfect virtue involves a self-sufficiency and a self-appreciation clearly inconsistent with the sense of dependence upon God. The admission of Aristotle is rendered more singular by the exclusion of the founders of Stoicism, a phase of morals which was embodied in characters of the boldest and and strongest kind, which played an immense part in history, and which is far from having ceased to be influential even at the present day. As the fundamental distinction of Christian morality Professor Blackie rightly assigns its theological character, the motive power, or as the Professor terms it, "the steam-power," being entirely religious; whence also humility is a virtue as prominent in Christian ethics as self-respect is in those of Aristotle. The propagation of Christian ethics was the effusion of the Holy Spirit. The "aggressive attitude" of Christianity, as Professor Blackie after Chalmers terms it, springs from the same root. What Professor Blackie's personal views of Christianity as a revelation are, his book does not clearly indicate, and perhaps it would be impertinent to inquire. Priesthood, dogmatism, asceticism, and ritualism, are severely tossed whenever they come within reach of his horns; but he is an advocate for a national church, though we suspect the church he desires is one which would be wanting in "steam power" to extract tithes from the ordinary tax-payer, who fancies that in maintaining a church establishment he is providing for the propagation of some definite belief. The Professor's toryism shows itself in his extreme anxiety to relieve Christianity of the disgraceful imputation of forbidding war; what Christianity really prescribes, he thinks, is only fair fighting and military courtesy. We are not confident that St. John would have accepted the vindication.

When Professor Blackie gets among the Utilitarians he carries out the advice given by the Irishman to his son who was going to Donnybrook fair:—"Whenever you see a head, hit it." Locke gets hard epithets for his notion of innate ideas. He has given particular offence by saying that "children do not join general abstract speculations with their sucking-bottles and rattles." The consistency of his successors is dismissed as "a virtue which even thieves and murderers may achieve." Mill is accused of "extreme nonsensicality," and of "flinging open defiance in the face of reason, and making a public ovation of unmitigated nonsense." Hartley, Hume and Bain come off little better, though Hume gets the benefit of his nationality. Paley, a clerical dignitary, and, unlike most Utilitarians, a Conservative, passes comparatively unscathed. Utilitarianism, as a theory of morals, has in truth burst in attempting to stretch itself so as to embrace self-sacrifice. But partly from the same quarter, partly from that of the Darwinians, has arisen a question as to the genesis of conscience, which Professor Blackie imperfectly apprehends, and has not attempted to investigate.

Curious little crotchets crop up here and there. The Professor of Greek seems not very deeply to reprobate the classic practice of infanticide. We are frequently reminded that the author enjoys the inestimable advantage of being a Scotchman. The world is agreed, we believe, in regarding a somewhat obtrusive patriotism as a grace in the members

of small nationalities; but corporate self-approbation is carried somewhat high, when a Scotch writer speaks of "a great moral teacher or reformer, such as the Apostle Paul or Thomas Chalmers."

LITERARY NOTES.

The American people seem to have a fit of morality upon them at present, if we may judge from the works recently issued by New York publishers, on the vices and immoralities of their city life. The desire for sensational effect, however, seems so largely to enter into their denunciation of these vices, that one is apt to think that this "cry of outrage" is more affected than real. Unfortunately, there is reality enough in the social demoralization of New York and the other great cities of the Union to call for urgent, earnest and vigorous arraignment. But we cannot but think, that a more dignified handling of these vices and greater economy in the tinselled invective of these purists would be more effective. In the pictorial caricaturist we find the same loud and lavish exercise of his art—as in the Nast's cartoons of the Tammany Ring—which evince a vulgarity of treatment in decided contrast to the quiet, yet effective sketches of the English satirist. However, the dish seems to require strong seasoning to suit the American palate, and the rhetoric of the "Daniels come to judgment" must be favoured with all the claptrap of the stump to catch the people's ear. Recently we had from the pen of a Brooklyn clergyman, with all the exaggeration of style and reckless disregard of propriety and good taste, so largely typical of the American pulpit, a book on the depravity of New York fashionable life. The book bore the outre title of "The Abominations of Modern Society," and the American press everywhere greeted it as a "bold, brilliant and incisive work." Now, we have a book from a lady, though on another phase of American life; yet one, admittedly, calling for earnest and effective denunciation—and it has it, according to the prevailing taste, as far as the language employed by the author and the title of her book is concerned. "Get thee behind me, Satan," for this is its title,—is said to be a home-born book of home truths; and, no doubt, as the work has for its theme the lively subject of "Free-love, Free-marriage and Free-divorce," it will prove the literary sensation of the summer! Again, we have another startling work in "The Nether Side of New York; or the Crime, Poverty and Vice of the Great Metropolis;" and, we suppose, it will be claimed for this work that it discusses great social questions that affect humanity, and we must read and ponder, while a new regenerator of society dashes off his periods and reclaims the world. Then, there is a class of this literature that fastens itself on the medical profession, —the product, not of the coarse, libidinous charlatan, but the professional physiologist, &c., who affects to write with the strictest decorum, and who professes to be the physical saviour of society, yet whose plainness of speech and indiscreet discussion of subject is more apt to breed a moral plague in the land than any good his nostrums or prescriptions will do to alleviate suffering.

But we pass these productions by, and make a few notes in a more wholesome, though probably, a less exciting literature.

Prominent among the books of the month will be found several contributions to political science, the most important of which are Mr. Freeman's useful and instructive little manual on "The Growth of the English Constitution, from the Earliest Times," and Sir Edward Creasy's work on "The Imperial and Colonial Constitutions of the Britannic Empire." Mr. Arthur Help's "Thoughts upon Government," is noticed in our Review Department. Mr. Henry Reeves' "Royal and Republican France," is a collection of able papers originally contributed to the *Quarterlies;* and Mr. Mathew's "A Colonist on the Colonial Question," discusses Imperial relations with the Colonial possessions, and proposes a great federal parliament for the whole Empire. Mr. Jenning's compilation, "A Book of Parliamentary Anecdotes," published by the Messrs. Cassell, may be mentioned under this department; while in general literature, the re-issues may be noticed of Lord Brougham's collected writings, (A & C. Black,) and a new and popular edition, (The Kensington,) of Thackeray's Works, in twelve 8vo volumes.

In art, we simply notice, as an evidence of the growth of taste on this continent, a work about to appear in Boston (Osgood), by Walter Smith, State Director of Art Education in Massachusetts. It will be entitled "Art, Education, Scholastic and Industrial," and its objects are to show the benefits of art-studies, and to suggest systematic and profitable methods of pursuing them.

In social and industrial matters, we have the interesting Collection of Essays, second series, published under the auspices of the Cobden Club. The joint volume of Prof. J W. Fawcett, entitled, "Essays and Lectures on Social and Political Subjects"; and Prof. Leone Levi's "History of British Commerce and of the Economical progress of the English Nation." We observe that of the former of these a second edition has been called for, and of the latter, an American reprint is announced.

In Biography, and of some interest to Canadian readers, the Letters and Journals of a former Governor-General, the late Lord Elgin, will be particularly noticed.

In Theology, the principal issues have been of an historical and controversial character. These embrace Dean Stanley's "Lectures on the Scottish Church," and Prof. Rainy's reply to the Dean's assault; a second series of the "Church and the Age," a volume of lectures on the principles and present position of the Anglican Church; a variety of tractates on "The Athanasian Creed;" and the issue of vols. 3 and 4, on controversial matters, of the Messrs. T. T. Clark's new edition of St. Augustine's Works. In Poetry and Fiction, we have but space to chronicle the appearance of a new volume from Mr. Browning and Mr. Longfellow; and the reprint of Charles Levers' "Lord Kilgobbin;" and Lord Brougham's posthumous novel, "Albert Lunel."

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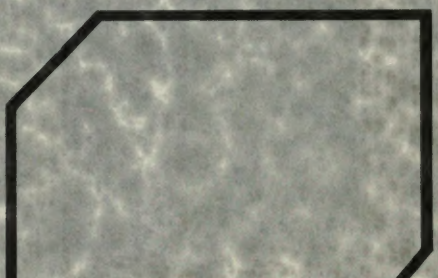

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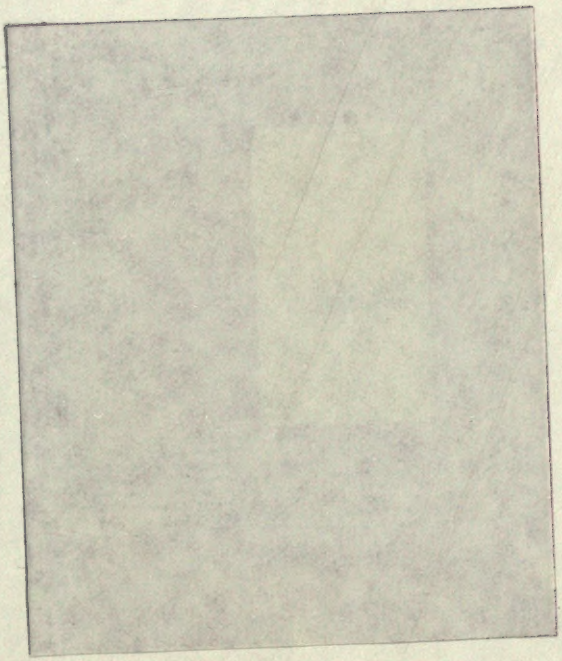
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